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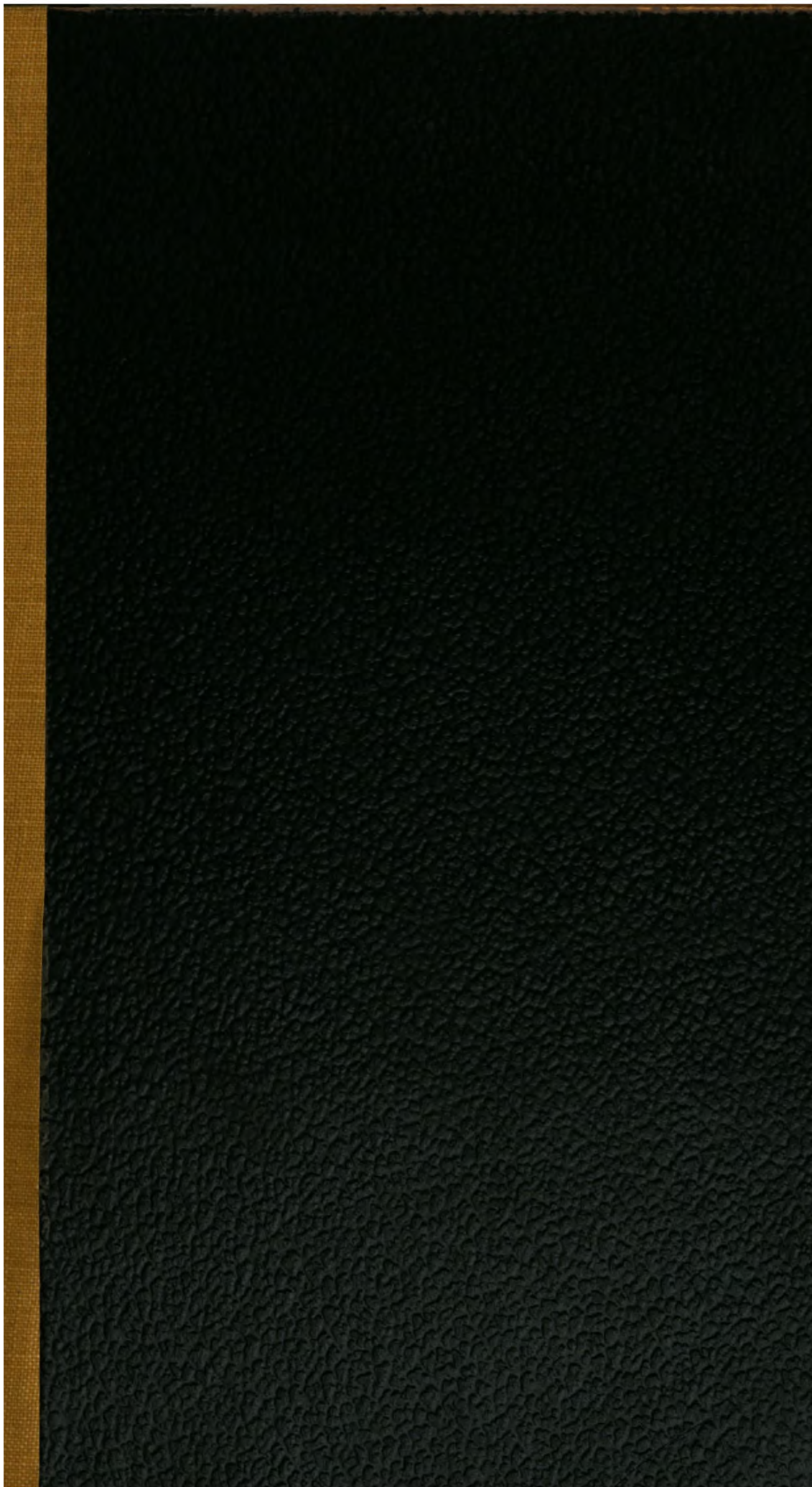
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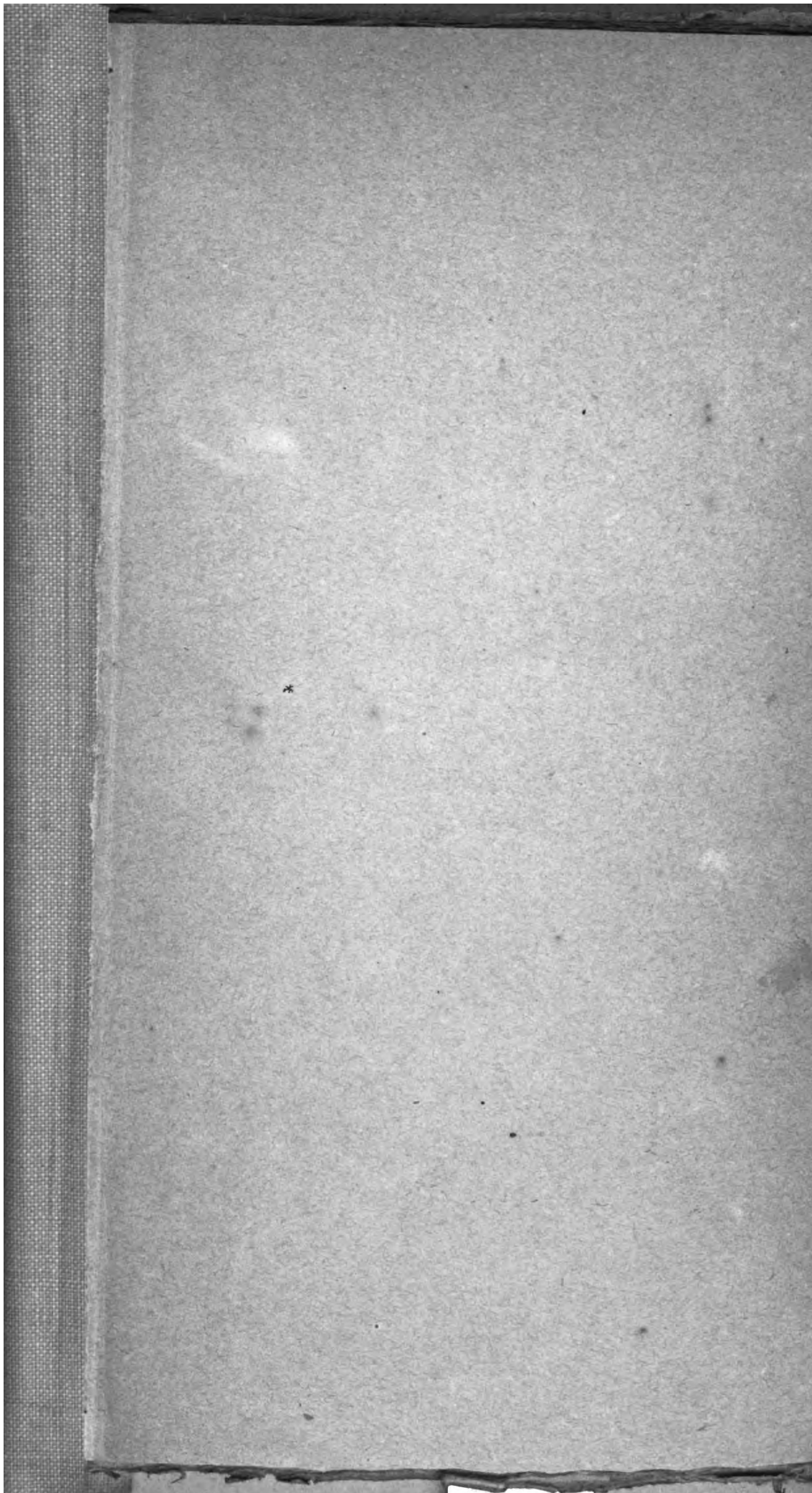


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MS. 3145







*V E N I C E* Preserv'd:

O R,

A P L O T Discover'd.

A

T R A G E D Y.

---

*Written by Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.*

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L O N D O N:

Printed for C. BATHURST and T. LOWNDS, Fleet-street.

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THE HISTORY OF THE

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THE HISTORY OF THE

TRAGEDY.

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TO HER GRACE the  
DUTCHESS of *Portsmouth*.

MADAM,

WERE it possible for me to let the World know, how intirely Your Grace's Goodness has devoted a poor Man to your Service. Where there Words enough in Speech to exprefs the mighty Sense I have of your great Bounty towards me; surely I should write and talk of it for ever: But your Grace has given me so large a Theme, and laid so very vast a Foundation, that Imagination wants Stock to build upon it; I am as one dumb when I would speak of it; and when I strive to write, I want a Scale of Thought sufficient to comprehend the Height of it. Forgive me then, Madam, if (as a poor Peasant once

A 2

made



made a Present of an Apple to an Error) I bring this small Tribute, the humble Growth of my little Garden, and lay it at your Feet. Believe it is paid you with the utmost Gratitude: Believe, that, so long as I have Thought to remember how very much I owe your generous Nature, I will have a Heart that shall be grateful for it. Your Grace, next Heaven, deserves it. I reply from me: That gave me Life, but in a hard Condition; till your extended Mercy taught me to prize the Gift, and the heavy Burden it was clogged with me, I mean, hard Fortune. When I was cast back by my Enemies, that with malicious Power had back and shaded me from those royal Blessings whose Warmth is all I have, or hope to live by; Your noble pity and Compassion for me, where I was cast backward from the Blessing, down in the Rear of Fortune, raised me up, placed me in the Shine, and I have felt its Comfort. You have again restored me to my native Right, for a ready Faith and Loyalty to my prince was the Inheritance my Father left me: however hardly my ill Fortune dealt me, 'tis what I prize so well, that I have pawn'd it yet, and hope I shall never be without it. Nature and Fortune were commonly in League, when You were born: as the first took Care to give you Birth

## DEDICATION.

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enough to enslave the Hearts of all the World; so the other resolv'd to do its Merit Justice, that none but a Monarch fit to rule the World should e'er possess it; and in it he had an Empire. The young Prince You have given him, by his blooming Virtues early declares the mighty Stock he came from: And as you have taken all the pious Care of a dear Mother, and a prudent Guardian, to give him a noble and generous Education; may it succeed according to his Merits and Your Wishes: May he grow up to be a Bulwark to his illustrious Father, and a Patron to his loyal Subjects; with Wisdom and Learning to assist him, whenever call'd to his Councils; to defend his Right against the Incroachments of Republicans in his Senates; to cherish such Men as shall be able to vindicate the Royal Cause; that good and fit Servants to the Crown may never be lost for want of a Protector. May he have Courage and Conduct fit to fight his Battles Abroad, and terrify his Rebels at Home: And, that all these may be yet more sure, may he never, during the Spring-time of his Years, when those growing Virtues ought with Care to be cherish'd in order to their Ripening; may he never meet with vicious Natures, or the Tongues of faithless, fordid, insipid Flatterers, to blast 'em. To

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DEDICATION.

conclude, may he be as great as the I  
of Fortune (with his Honour) shall be  
to make him: And may your Grace,  
are so good a Mistres, and so noble a  
troness, never meet with a less grateful  
vant, than,

M A D A M,

*Your Grace's*

*Intirely devoted Creatur*

THO. OTW

P

# PROLOGUE.

*IN these distracted Times, when each Man dreads  
 The bloody Stratagems of busy Heads :  
 When we have fear'd three Years we know not what,  
 'Till Witnesses began to die o' th' Rot ;  
 What made our Poet meddle with a Plot ?  
 Was't that he fancy'd, for the very Sake  
 And Name of Plot, his trifling Play might take ?  
 For there's not in't one Inch-board Evidence ;  
 But 'tis, he says, to Reason plain and Sense ;  
 And that he thinks a plausible Defence.  
 Were Truth by Sense and Reason to be try'd,  
 Sure all our Swearers might be laid aside ;  
 No ; of such Tools our Author has no Need,  
 To make his Plot, or make his Play succeed ;  
 He of black Bills has no prodigious Tales,  
 Or Spanish Pilgrims cast ashore in Wales :  
 Here's not one murder'd Magistrate, at least,  
 Kept rank, like Ven'son for a City Feast,  
 Grown four Days stiff, the better to prepare  
 And fit his pliant Limbs to ride in Chair.  
 Yet here's an Army rais'd, tho' under Ground,  
 But no Man seen, nor one Commission found :  
 Here is a Traytor too, that's very old,  
 Turbulent, subtile, mischievous, and bold,  
 Bloody, revengeful ; and—to crown his Part,  
 Loves Fumbling with a Wench with all his Heart :  
 'Till, after having many Changes past,  
 In spite of Age (Thanks t' Heaven) is hang'd at last :  
 Next is a Senator that keeps a Whore,  
 In Venice none a higher Office bore,  
 To Lewdness ev'ry Night the Leacher ran ;  
 Shew me, all London, such another Man ;  
 Match him at Mother Creswell's, if you can.  
 O Poland ! Poland ! had it been thy Lot  
 I' have heard in Time of this Venetian Plot,  
 Thou surely chosen hadst one King from thence,  
 And honour'd them, as thou hast England since.*

Drama-

You may remember (for I now will speak,  
 And urge its Baseness) when you first came Home  
 From Travel, with such Hopes as made you look'd on  
 By all Men's Eyes, a Youth of Expectation ;  
 Pleas'd with your growing Virtue, I receiv'd you ;  
 Courted, and sought to raise you to your Merits :  
 My House, my Table, nay, my Fortune too,  
 My very Self was yours, you might have us'd me  
 To your best Service, like an open Friend  
 I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine :  
 When, in Requital of my best Endeavours,  
 You treacherously practis'd to undo me,  
 Seduc'd the Weakness of my Age's Darling,  
 My only Child, and stole her from my Bosom :  
 Oh ! *Belvidera* !

*Jaff.* 'Tis to me you owe her.

Childless you had been else, and in the Grave  
 Your Name extinct ; no more *Priuli* heard of.  
 You may remember, scarce five Years are past,  
 Since in your Brigantine you sail'd to see  
 The *Adriatick* wedded by our Duke ;  
 And I was with you : Your unskilful pilot  
 Dash'd us upon a Rock ; when to your Boat  
 You made for Safety : Enter'd first yourself ;  
 Th'affrighted *Belvidera*, following next,  
 As she stood trembling on the Vessel's Side,  
 Was by a Wave wash'd off into the Deep :  
 When instantly I plung'd into the Sea,  
 And, buffeting the Billows to her Rescue,  
 Redeem'd her Life with half the Loss of mine.  
 Like a rich Conquest, in one Hand I bore her,  
 And with the other dash'd the saucy Waves,  
 That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my Prize :  
 I brought her, gave her to your despairing Arms :  
 Indeed you thank'd me ; but a nobler Gratitude  
 'Rose in her Soul : For from that Hour she lov'd me,  
 'Till for her Life she paid me with herself.

*Pri.* You stole her from me ; like a Thief you stole  
 her,  
 At dead of Night ; that cursed Hour you chose

To

To rifle me of all my Heart held dear.  
May all your Joys in her prove false like mine ;  
A sterile Fortune, and a barren Bed,  
Attend you both ; continual Discord make  
Your Days and Nights bitter and grievous still :  
May a hard Hand of a vexatious Need  
Oppress and grind you ; till at last you find  
The Curse of Disobedience all your Portion.

*Jaff.* Half of your Curse you have bestow'd in vain ;  
Heav'n has already crown'd our faithful Loves  
With a young Boy, sweet as his Mother's Beauty :  
May he live to prove more gentle than his Grandfire,  
And happier than his Father.

*Pri.* Rather live  
To hate the for his Bread, and din your Ears  
With hungry Cries ; whilst his unhappy Mother  
Sits down and weeps in Bitterness of Want.

*Jaff.* You talk, as if 'twould please you.

*Pri.* 'Twould, by Heav'n !  
Once she was dear indeed ; the Drops that fell  
From my sad Heart, when she forgot her Duty,  
The Fountain of my Life was not so precious :  
But she is gone ; and, if I am a Man,  
I will forget her.

*Jaff.* Would I were in my Grave.

*Pri.* And she too with thee :  
For, living here, you're but my curs'd Remembrancers,  
I once was happy.

*Jaff.* You use me thus, because you know my Soul  
Is fond of *Bel-videra* : You perceive  
My Life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me,  
Oh ! could my Soul ever have found Satiety ;  
Were I that Thief, the Doer of such Wrongs  
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me,  
But I might send her back to you with Contumely,  
And court my Fortune where she would be kinder ?

*Pri.* You dare not do't.

*Jaff.* Indeed, my Lord I dare not .  
My Heart, that awes me, is too much my Master :  
Three Years are past, since first our Vows were plighted,  
During

During which Time, the World must bear me witness,  
I've treated *Belvidera* like your Daughter,  
The Daughter of a Senator of *Venice*:  
Distinction, Place, Attendance, and Observance,  
Due to her Birth, she always has commanded:  
Out of my little Fortune I've done this;  
Because (tho' hopeless e're to win your Nature]  
The World might see I lov'd her for herself,  
Not as the Heiress of the great *Priuli*.

*Pri.* No more.

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

There's not a Wretch, that lives on common Charity,  
But's happier than me: For I've know  
The luscious Sweets of Plenty; every Night  
Have slept with soft Content about my Head,  
And never wak'd but to a Joyful Morning:  
Yet now must fall like a full Ear of Corn,  
Whose Blossom 'scap'd, yet's wither'd in the Ripening.

*Pri.* Home, and be humble, study to retrench;  
Discharge the lazy Vermin of thy Hall,  
Those Pageants of thy Folly:  
Reduce the glit'ring Trappings of thy Wife  
To humble Weeds, fit for thy little State:  
Then to some suburb Cottage both retire;  
Drudge to feed loathsome Life: get Brats and starve—  
Home, Home, I say. — [Exit.

*Jaff.* Yes, if my Heart would let me ———  
This proud, this swelling Heart: Home I would go,  
But that my Doors are hateful to my Eyes,  
Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping Creditors,  
Watchful as Fowlers when their Game will spring:  
I've now not fifty Ducats in the World,  
Yet still I'm in Love, and pleas'd with Ruin.  
Oh! *Belvidera*! Oh! she is my Wife ———  
And we will bear our wayward Fate together,  
But ne'er know Comfort more.

Enter Pierre.

*Pier.* My Friend, Good-morrow,  
How fares the honest Part'ner of my Heart?  
What, melancholy? not a Word to spare me!

*Jaff.*

*Jaff.* I'm thinking, *Pierre*, how that damn'd starving  
Call'd Honesty, got Footing in the World. [Quality,

*Pier.* Why, powerful Villainy first set it up,  
For its own Ease and Safety : Honest Men  
Are the soft easy Cushions, on which Knaves  
Repose and faten : Were all Mankind Villains  
They'd starve each other ; Lawyers would want Practice  
Cut-throats Rewards : Each Man would kill his Brother  
Himself ; none would be paid or hang'd for Murder :  
Honesty ! 'twas a Cheat invented first  
To bind the Hands of bold deserving Rogues,  
That Fools and Cowards might sit safe in Power,  
And lord it uncontroul'd above their Betters.

*Jaff.* Then Honesty is but a Notion ?

*Pier.* Nothing else.

Like Wit, much talk'd of, not to be defin'd :  
He that pretends to most too has least Share in't :  
'Tis a ragged Virtue. Honesty ! no more on't.

*Jaff.* Sure thou art honest ?

*Pier.* So indeed Men think me ;

But they are mistaken, *Jaffier* : I am a Rogue  
As well as they ;  
A fine gay bold-fac'd Villain, as thou seest me.  
'Tis true, I pay my Debts, when they're contracted ;  
I steal from no Man ; would not cut a Throat  
To gain Admission to a great Man's Purse,  
Or a Whore's Bed ; I'd not betray my Friend  
To get his Place or Fortune ; I scorn to flatter  
A blown-up Fool above me or crush the Wretch beneath  
Yet, *Jaffier*, for all this I am a Villain. [me :

*Jaff.* A Villain !

*Pier.* Yes, and a most notorious Villain ;  
To see the Sufferings of my Fellow-creatures,  
And own myself a Man : To see our Senators  
Cheat the deluded People with a Shew  
Of Liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of.  
'They say, by them our Hands are free from Fetters,  
Yet whom they please they lay in Safest Bonds ;  
Bring whom they please to Infamy and Sorrow ;  
Drive us like Wrecks down the rough Tide of Power,  
Whilst no Hold is to save us from Destruction.



All that bear this are Villains, and I one,  
Not to rouse up at the greatest Call of Nature,  
And check the Growth of these domestic Spoilers,  
That make us Slaves, and tell us 'tis our Charter.

*Jaff.* Oh! *Aquilina*! Friend, to lose such Beauty,  
The dearest Purchase of thy noble Labours!  
She was thy Right by Conquest, as by Love.

*Pier.* Oh! *Jaffier*! I had so fix'd my Heart upon her,  
That, where so'er I fram'd a Scheme of Life  
For Time to come, she was my only Joy,  
With which I wish'd to sweeten future Cares;  
I fancy'd Pleasures, none, but one that loves  
And doats as I did, can imagine like 'em:  
When in the Extremity of all these Hopes  
In the most charming Hour of Expectation,  
Then, when our eager Wishes soar the highest,  
Ready to stoop and grasp the lovely Game,  
A haggard Owl, a worthless Kite of Prey,  
With his foul Wings sail'd in, and spoil'd my Quarry.

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

*Pier.* Curse on the common Good that's so protected.  
Where every Slave, that heaps up Wealth enough  
To do much Wrong, becomes the Lord of Right:  
I, who believ'd no Ill could e'er come near me,  
Found in the Embraces of my *Aquilina*  
A wretched old, but itching Senator,  
A wealthy Fool, that had bought out my Title:  
A Rogue that uses Beauty like a Lamb-skin,  
Barely to keep him warm; that filthy Cuckow too  
Was, in my Absence, crept into my Nest,  
And spoiling all my Brood of noble Pleasure.

*Jaff.* Didst thou not chace him thence?

*Pier.* I did, and drove

The rank old-bearded *Hero* flinking Home:  
The Matter was complain'd of in the Senate,  
I summon'd to appear, and censur'd basely,  
For violating something they call *Privilege*—  
'Tis his was the Recompence of my Service:  
Would I'd been rather beaten by a Coward,  
A Soldier's Mistress, *Jaffier*, is his Religion;

When

When that's profan'd, all other Ties ate broken :  
That even dissolves all former Bonds of Service ;  
And from that Hour I think myself as free  
To be the Foe, as e'er the Friend of *Venice*—  
Nay, dear Revenge, whene'er thou call'st, I'm ready.

*Jaff.* I think no Safety can be here for Virtue,  
And grieve, my Friend, as much as thou, to live  
In such a wretched State as this of *Venice*,  
Where all agree to spoil the publick Good ;  
And Villains fatten with the brave Man's Labours.

*Pier.* We've neither Safety, Unity, nor Peace, my Friend,  
For the Foundation's lost of common Good ;  
Justice is lame as well as blind amongst us ;  
The Laws (corrupted to their Ends that make 'em)  
Serve but for Instruments of some new Tyranny,  
That every Day starts up to enslave us deeper.  
Now could this glorious Cause but find out Friends  
To do it right, oh *Jaffier!* then might'st thou  
Not wear these Seals of Woe upon thy Face ;  
The proud *Priuli* should be taught Humanity,  
And learn to value such a Son as thou art.  
I dare not speak, but my Heart bleeds this Moment.

*Jaff.* Curs'd be the Cause, tho' I thy Friend be part  
Let me partake the Troubles of thy Bosom, [on't:  
For I am us'd to Mis'ry, and perhaps  
May find a Way to sweeten't to thy Spirit.

*Pier.* Too soon 'twill reach thy Knowledge—

*Jaff.* Then from thee  
Let it proceed. There's Virtue in thy Friendship,  
Would make the saddest Tale of Sorrow pleasing,  
Strengthen my Constancy, and welcome Ruin,

*Pier.* Then thou art ruin'd !

*Jaff.* that I long since knew ;  
I and ill Fortune have been long acquainted.

*Pier.* I pass'd this very Moment by thy Door,  
And found them guarded by a Troop of Villains ;  
The Sons of publick Rapine were destroying.  
They told me, by the Sentence of the Law  
They had Commission to seize all thy Fortune :  
Nay more, *Priuli's* cruel Hand had sign'd it.  
Here stood a Ruffian with a horrid Face,

Lording it o'er a Pile of massy Plate,  
 Tumbled into a Heap for publick Sale;  
 There was another making villainous Jest  
 At thy Undoing, he had ta'en Possession  
 Of all thy ancient most domestick Ornaments,  
 Rich Hangings intermix'd and wrought with Gold;  
 The very Bed, which on thy Wedding-Night  
 Receiv'd thee to the Arms of *Belvidera*;  
 The Scene of all thy Joys was violated  
 By the coarse Hands of filthy Dungeon Villains,  
 And thrown amongst the common Lumber.

*Jaff.* Now thank Heav'n——

*Pier.* Thank Heav'n! for what?

*Jaff.* That I'm not worth a Ducat. [Venice,

*Pier.* Curse thy dull Stars, and the worst Fate of  
 Where Brothers, Friends, and Fathers are all false;  
 Where ther's no Truth, no Truth; where Innocence  
 Stoops under vile Oppressions, and Vice lords it.  
 Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how at last  
 Thy beauteous *Belvidera*, like a Wretch  
 That's doom'd to Banishment, came weeping forth,  
 Shining thro' Tears, like *April-Suns* in Showers,  
 That labour to o'ercome the Cloud that loads 'em;  
 Whilst two young Virgins, on whose Arms she lean'd,  
 Kindly look'd up, and at her Grief grew sad,  
 As if they catch'd the Sorrows that fell from her;  
 E'en the lewd Rabble, that where gather'd round  
 To see the Sight, stood mute when they beheld her;  
 Govern'd their roaring Throats, and grumbled Pity;  
 I cou'd have hugg'd the greasy Rogues: They pleas'd me.

*Jaff.* I thank thee for this Story from my Soul,  
 Since now I know the worst that can befall me,  
 Ah, *Pierre*! I have a Heart that could have borne  
 The roughest Wrong my Fortune could have done me;  
 But when I think what *Belvidera* feels,  
 The Bitterness her tender Spirit tastes of,  
 I own myself a Coward: Bear my Weakness;  
 If, throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,  
 I play the Boy, and blubber in thy Bosom.  
 Oh! I shall drown thee with my Sorrows.

*Pier.* Burn,

First

First burn, and level *Venice* to thy Ruin.  
 What! Starve like Beggars Brats in Frosty Weather  
 Under a Hedge, and whine ourselves to Death!  
 Thou, or thy Cause, shall never want Assistance,  
 Whilst I have Blood or Fortune fit to serve thee:  
 Command my Heart; thou'rt every Way its Master.

*Jaff.* No, there's a secret Pride in bravely doing.

*Pier.* Rats die in Holes and Corners, Dogs run mad;  
 Man knows a braver Remedy for Sorrow;  
 Revenge, the Attribute of Gods; they stamp'd it  
 With their great Image on our Natures. Die!  
 Consider well the Cause, that calls upon thee;  
 And, if thou'rt base enough, die then: Remember  
 Thy *Belvidera* suffers, *Belvidera*!  
 Die——damn first——what! Be decently interr'd  
 In a Church Yard, and mingle thy brave Dust  
 With stinking Rogues, that rot in dirty Winding-sheets,  
 Surfeit-slain Fools, the common Dung o'th'Soil!

*Jaff.* Oh!

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

*Jaff.* Swear! By Sea and Air; by Earth, by Heav'n  
 and Hell,

I will revenge my *Belvidera's* Tears.

Hark thee, my Friend —— *Priuli* —— is —— a Senator.

*Pier.* A Dog.

*Jaff.* Agreed.

*Pier.* Shoot him.

*Jaff.* With all my Heart.

No more; Where shall we meet at Night?

*Pier.* I'll tell thee;

On the *Rialto*' every Night at Twelve  
 I take my Evening's Walk of Meditation;  
 There we two'll meet, and talk of precious  
 Mischiefs——

*Jaff.* Farewel.

*Pier.* At Twelve.

*Jaff.* At any Hour; my Plagues  
 Will keep me waking. (Ex. Pierre.  
 Tell me why, good Heaven,  
 Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the Spirit,  
 Aspiring Thoughts and elegant Desires.

That fill the happiest Man ? Ah rather why  
 Didst thou not form me fordid as my Fate,  
 Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens ?  
 Why have I Sense to know the Curse that's on me ?  
 Is this just Dealing, Nature ? *Belvidera* !

*Enter Belvidera.*

Poor *Belvidera* !

*Bel.* Lead me, lead me, my Virgins,  
 To that kind Voice. My Lord, my Love, my Refuge !  
 Happy my Eyes, when they behold thy Face !  
 My heavy Heart will leave its doleful Beating  
 At Sight of thee, and bound with sprightly Joys.  
 Oh smile ! as when our Loves were in their Spring,  
 And cheer my fainting Soul.

*Jaff.* As when our Loves  
 Were in their Spring ! has then our Fortune chang'd ;  
 Art thou not *Belvidera*, still the same,  
 Kind, good, and tender, as my Arms first found thee ?  
 If thou art alter'd, where shall I have Harbour ?  
 Were ease my loaded Heart ? Oh ! where complain ?

*Bel.* Does this appear like Change, or Love decaying,  
 When thus I throw myself into thy Bosom,  
 With all the Resolution of strong Truth ?  
 Beats not my Heart, as 'twould alarm thine  
 To a new Charge of Bliss ? I Joy more in thee,  
 Than did thy Mother when she hugg'd thee first,  
 And bless'd the Gods for all her Travel past.

*Jaff.* Can there in Woman be such glorious Faith ?  
 Sure all ill Stories of thy Sex are false !  
 Oh Woman ! lovely Woman ! Nature made thee  
 To temper Man : We had been Brutes without you ;  
 Angels are painted fair to look like you :  
 There's in you all that we believe of Heaven,  
 Amazing Brightness, Purity and Truth,  
 Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love.

*Bel.* If Love be Treasure, we'll be wond'rous rich ;  
 I have so much, my Heart will surely break with't :  
 Vows can't express it. When I would declare  
 How great's the Joy, I'm dumb with the big Thought ;  
 I swell, I sigh, and labour with my Longing.  
 O ! lead me to some Desert wide and wild,

Barren

Barren as our Misfortunes, where my Soul  
May have its Vent, where I may tell aloud  
To the high Heavens and ev'ry lift'ning Planet.  
With what a boundless Shock my Bosom's fraught ;  
Where I may thow my eager Arms about thee.  
Give Loose to Love, with Kisses kinding Joy,  
And let off all the Fire that's in my Heart.

*Jaff.* Oh *Bel-videra!* doubly I'm a Beggar,  
Undone by Fortune, and in Debt to thee.  
Want, worldly Want, that hungry meagre Friend.  
Is at my Heels, and chaces me in View.  
Can'st thou bear Cold and Hunger? Can these Limbs,  
Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,  
Endure the bitter Gripes of smarting Poverty?  
When banish'd by our Miseries abroad  
(As suddenly we shall be) to seek out  
In some fair Climate, where our Names are Strangers,  
For charitable Succour; wilt thou then,  
When in a Bed of Straw we shrink together,  
And the bleak Winds shall whistle round our Heads;  
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then  
Hush my Cares thus, and shelter me with Love?

*Bel.* Oh! I will love thee, even in Madnefs love thee;  
Tho' my distracted Senses should forsake me,  
I'd find some Intervals, when my poor Heart  
Should 'swage itself, and be let loose to thine.  
Tho' the bare Earth be all our Resting-place,  
Its Roots our Food, some Clift our Habitation,  
I'll make this Arm a Pillow for thine Head;  
As thou fighting ly'st, and swell'd with Sorrow,  
Creep to thy Bosom, pour the Balm of Love  
Into thy Soul, and kiss thee to thy Rest;  
'Then praise our God, and watch thee till the Morning,

*Jaff.* Hear this, you Heav'ns! and wonder how you  
made her:

Reign, reign, ye Monarchs that divide the World,  
Busy Religion ne'er will let you know  
Tranquility and Happiness like mine;  
Like gaudy Ships, the obsequious Billows fall,  
And rise again, to lift you in your Pride;  
They wait but for a Storm, and then devour you:

I in

I in my private Bark already wreck'd,  
 Like a poor Merchant driven to unknown Land,  
 That had by Chance pack'd up his choicest Treasure  
 In one dear Casket, and sav'd only that ;  
 Since I must wander farther on the Shore,  
 Thus hug my little, but my precious Store,  
 Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my Fate no more. *Ex.* }

---

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

*Enter Pierre and Aquilina.*

*Aqui.* **B**Y all thy Wrongs, thou'rt dearer to my Arms  
 Than all the Wealth of *Venice* : Prithee stay,  
 And let us love to Night.

*Pier.* No : There's Fool,  
 There's Fool about thee : When a Woman sells  
 Her Flesh to Fools, her Beauty's lost to me ;  
 They leave a tainted Sully, where they've pass'd ;  
 There's such a baneful Quality about 'em,  
 E'en spoils Complexions with their Nauseousness ;  
 They infect all they touch : I cannot think  
 Of tasting any Thing that a Fool has pall'd.

*Aqui.* I loath and scorn that Fool thou mean'st as much  
 Or more than thou can'st ; but the Beast has Gold,  
 That makes him necessary ; Power too,  
 To qualify my Character, and poise me  
 Equal with peevish Virtue that beholds  
 My liberty with Envy : In their Hearts  
 They're loose as I am ; but an ugly Power  
 Sits in their Faces, and frights Pleasures from them.

*Pier.* Much good may't do you, Madam, with your  
 Senator.

*Aqui.* My Senator ! why, canst thou think that Wretch  
 E'er fill'd thy *Aquilina's* Arms with Pleasure ?  
 Think'st thou because I sometimes give him Leave  
 To foil himself at what he is unfit for ;  
 Because I force myself t'endure and suffer him,  
 Think'st thou I love him ? No, by all the Joys  
 Thou ever gav'st me, his Presence is my Penance ;

The

The worst Thing an old Man can be's a Lover,  
A mere *Memento mori* to poor Woman :  
I never lay by his decrepid Side,  
But all that Night I ponder'd on my Grave.

*Pier.* Would he were well sent thither.

*Aqui.* That's my Wish too :

For then, my *Pierre*, I might have Cause, with Pleasure,  
To play the Hypocrite : Oh ! how could I weep  
Over the dying Dotard, and kiss him too,  
In hopes to smother him quite ; then, when the Time  
Was come to pay my Sorrows at his Funeral,  
(For he has already made me Heir to Treasures  
Would make me out act a real Widow's Whining)  
How could I frame my Face to fit my Mourning !  
With wringing Hands attend him to the Grave,  
Fall swooning on his Hearse ; take mad Possession  
E'en of the dismal Vault, where he lay buried ;  
There, like th' *Ephesian* Matron, dwell, till thou,  
My lovely Soldier, com'st to my Deliverance ;  
Then, throwing up my Veil, with open Arms  
And laughing Eyes, run to new dawning Joy.

*Pier.* No more ; I've Friends to meet me here to Night,  
And must be private. As you prize my Friendship,  
Keep up your Coxcomb ; let him not pry nor listen,  
Nor frisk about the House, as I have seen him,  
Like a tame mumping Squirrel with a Bell on ;  
Curs will be abroad to bite him if you do.

*Aqui.* What Friinds to meet ! may'nt I be of your  
Council ?

*Pier.* How ! a Woman ask Questions out of Bed !  
Go to your Senator ; ask him what pass'es  
Amongst his Brethren : He'll hide nothing from you :  
But pump me not for Politicks, no more.  
Give Order, that whoever in my Name  
Comes here, receive Admittance. So good Night.

*Aqui.* Must we ne'er meet again ! embrace no more ?  
Is Love so soon and utterly forgotten ? [on't.

*Pier.* As you henceforward treat your Fool, I'll think

*Aqui.* Curs'd be all Fools, and doubly curs'd myself,  
The worst of Fools—I die if he forsakes me ;  
And how to keep him Heaven or Hell instruct me. [Ex.

SCENE,



SCENE, *the Rialto.**Enter Jaffier.*

*Jaff.* I'm here, and thus the Shades of Night around  
 I look as if all Hell were in my Heart, [me,  
 And I in Hell. Nay, surely 'tis so with me! —  
 For, every Step I tread, methinks some Fiend  
 Knocks at my Breast, and bids it not be quiet.  
 I've heard, how desperate Wretches, like myself,  
 Have wander'd out at this dead Time of Night,  
 To meet the Foe of Mankind in his Walk :  
 Sure I'm so curs'd, that, tho' of Heav'n forsaken,  
 No Minister of Darknes cares to tempt me.  
 Hell, Hell, why sleep'st thou ?

*Enter Pierre.*

*Pier.* Sure I've staid too long :  
 The Clock has struck, and I may lose my Profelyte.  
 Speak, who goes there ?

*Jaff.* A Dog, that comes to howl  
 At yonder Moon. What's he, that asks the Question ?

*Pier.* A Friend to Dogs, for they are honest Creatures,  
 And ne'er betray their Masters, never fawn  
 On any that they love not. Well met, Friend

*Jaffier !*

*Jaff.* The same. O *Pierre*, thou'rt come in Season,  
 I was just going to pray.

*Pier.* Ah ; that's mechanick ;  
 Priests make a Trade on't, and yet starve by't too ;  
 No Praying ; it spoils Business, and Time's precious.  
 Where's *Belvidera* ? —

*Jaff.* For a Day or two  
 I've lodg'd her privately, till I see farther  
 What Fortune will do with me. Prithee, Friend,  
 If thou would'st have me fit to hear good Counsel,  
 Speak not of *Belvidera* —

*Pier.* Speak not of her !

*Jaff.* Oh no !

*Pier.* Nor name her ? May be I wish her well.

*Jaff.* Whom well ?

*Pier.* Thy Wife, thy lovely *Belvidera*.

I hope

I hope a Man may wish his Friend's Wife well,  
And no Harm done.

*Jaff.* Y' are merry, *Pierre.*

*Pier.* I am so :

Thou shalt smile too, and *Belvidera* smile :

We'll all rejoice : here's something to buy Pins ;

[*Gives him a Purse.*]

Marriage is chargeable.

*Jaff.* I but half wish'd

To see the Devil, and he's here already. Well !

What must this buy, Rebellion, Murder, Treason ?

Tell me, which Way I must be damn'd for this.

*Pier.* When last we parted, we'd no Qualms like  
these,

But entertain'd each other's Thoughts like Men,  
Whose Souls were well acquainted. Is the World  
Reform'd since our last Meeting ; what new Miracles  
Have happen'd ? Has *Priuli's* Heart relented ?  
Can he be honest ?

*Jaff.* Kind Heav'n, les heavy Curses

Gall his old Age ; Cramps, Aches rack his Bones,  
And bitterest Disquiet ring his Heart.

Oh ! let him Live till life become his burden ;

Let him groan under't long, linger an Age

In the worst Agonies and Pangs of Death,

And find its Ease, but late.

*Pier.* Nay, could'it thou not

As well my Friend, have stretch'd the Curse to all  
The Senate round, as to one single Villain ?

*Jaff.* But Curses stick not : Could I kill with Cursing.

By Heav'n I know not thirty Heads in *Venice*

Should not be blasted : Senators should rot

Like Dogs on Dunghills : But their Wives and Daughters

Die of their own Diseases. Oh ! for a Curse

To kill him !

*Pier.* Daggers, Daggers, are much better.

*Jaff.* Ha !

*Pier.* Daggers.

*Jaff.* But where are they ?

*Pier.* Oh ! a Thousand

May be dispos'd of in honest Hands in *Venice.*

*Jaff.*

*Jaff.* Thou talk'ft in Clouds.

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

*Jaff.* A thousand Daggers all in honest Hands !  
And have I not a Friend will ftick one here ?

*Pier.* Yes, if I thought thou wert not to be cherish'd  
T' a nobler Purpose, I would be that Friend,  
But thou haft better Friends; Friends whom thy Wrongs  
Have made thy Friends; Friends worthy to be call'd fo.  
I'll trust thee with a Secret : There are Spirits  
This Hour at Work. But as thou'rt a Man,  
Whom I have pick'd and chosen from the World,  
Swear that thou wilt be true to what I utter :  
And when I've told thee that which only Gods,  
And Men like Gods, are privy to, then swear  
No Chance or Change shall wrest it from thy Bosom.

*Jaff.* When thou would'ft bind me, is there Need of  
Oaths ?

(Green-sickness Girls lose Maidenheads with such Coun-  
For thou'rt fo near my Heart, that thou may'ft see  
Its bottom, found its Strength and Firmness to thee :  
Is Coward, Fool, or Villain in my Face ?  
If I seem none of these, I dare believe  
Thou would'ft not use me in a little Cause,  
For I am fit for Honour's roughest Task ;  
Nor never yet found Fooling was thy Province :  
And for a villainous inglorious Enterprize  
I know my Heart fo well, I dare lay mine  
Before thee, set it to what Point thou wilt.

*Pier.* Nay, 'tis a Cause thou wilt be fond of, *Jaffier* ;  
For it is founded on the noblest Basis,  
Our Liberties, our natural Inheritance :  
There's no Religion, no Hypocrisy in't :  
We'll do the Business, and ne'er fast and pray for't :  
Openly act a Deed the World may gaze  
With Wonder at, and envy when 'tis done.

*Jaff.* For Liberty !

*Pier.* For Liberty, my Friend ;  
Thou shalt be freed from base *Priuli's* Tyranny,  
And thy sequester'd Fortunes heal'd again :  
I shall be free from those opprobrious Wrongs,

That

That prefs me now, and bend my Spirit downward;  
All *Venice* free, and every growing Merit  
Succeed to its just Right: Fools shall be pull'd  
From Wisdom's Seat; those baleful unclean Birds  
Those lazy Owls, who (perch'd near Fortune's Top)  
Sit only watchful with their heavy Wings  
To cuff down new fledg'd Virtues, that would rise  
To nobler Heights, and make the Grove harmonious.

*Jaff.* What can I do?

*Pier.* Can't thou not kill a Senator?

*Jaff.* Were there one wise or honest, I could kill him  
For herding with that Nest of Fools or Knaves.  
By all my Wrongs, thou talk'st as if Revenge  
Were to be had; and the brave Story warms me.

*Pier.* Swear then!

*Jaff.* I do, by all those glittering Stars,  
And you great ruling Planet of the Night,  
By all good Powers above and ill below,  
By Love and Friendship dearer than my Life,  
No Pow'r or Death shall make me false to thee.

*Pier.* Here we embrace, and I'll unlock my Heart.  
A Council's held hard by, where the Destruction  
Of this great Empire's hatching: There I'll lead thee,  
But be a Man, for thou art to mix with Men  
Fit to disturb the Peace of all the World,  
And rule it when 'tis wildest——

*Jaff.* I give thee Thanks  
For this kind Warning: Yes I'll be Man;  
And charge thee, *Pierre*, when'er thou seest my Fears  
Betray me less, to rip this Heart of mine  
Out of my Breast, and shew it for a Coward's.  
Come, let's be gone, for from this Hour I chase  
All little Thoughts, all tender human Follies  
Out of my Bosom: Vengeance shall have Room:  
Revenge!

*Pier.* And Liberty!

*Jaff.* Revenge! Revenge——

*The SCENE changes to Aquilina's House, the Greek  
Courtezan.*

*Enter Renault.*

*Ren.* Why was my Choice Ambition, the worst Ground

C

A Wretch

A Wretch can build on ? 'tis, indeed, at a Distance,  
 A good Prospect, tempting to the View ;  
 The Height delights us, and the Mountain-top  
 Looks beautiful, because 'tis nigh to Heav'n ;  
 But we ne'er think how sandy's the Foundation,  
 What Storm will batter, and what Tempest shake us.  
 Who's there ?

*Enter Spinosa.*

*Spin. Renault,* Good-morrow, for by this Time  
 I think the Scale of Night has turn'd the Blance,  
 And weighs up Morning ? Has the Clock struck Twelve ?

*Ren.* Yes ; Clocks will go as they are set : But Man,  
 Irregular Man's ne'er constant, never certain :  
 I've spent at least three precious Hours of Darknes  
 In waiting dull Attendance ; 'tis a Curse  
 Of diligent Virtue to be mix'd, like mine,  
 With giddy Tempers, Souls but half resolv'd.

*Spin.* Hell seize that Soul amongst us it can frighten.

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

*Enter Elliot.*

O, Sir, welcome !

You are an *Englishman* : When Treason's hatching,  
 One might have thought you'd not have been behind-  
 hand.

In what Whore's Lap have you been lolling ?  
 Give but an *Englishman* his Whore and Ease,  
 Beef, and a Sea coal Fire, he's yours for ever.

*Eli. Frenchman,* you are saucy.

*Ren.* How ?

*Enter Bedamar the Ambassador, Theodore, Barmveil,  
 Durand, Brabe, Revillido, Mezzana, Ternon, Re-  
 trofi, Conspirators.*

*Bed.* At Difference, fie ?

Is this a Time for Quarrels ? Thieves and Rogues  
 Fall out and brawl : Should Men of your high Calling,  
 Men separated by the Choice of Providence  
 From the gross Heap of Mankind, and set here  
 In this Assembly as in one great Jewel,  
 T' adorn the bravest Purpose it e'er smil'd on ;  
 Should you, like Boys, wrangle for Trifles ?

*Ren.* Boys !

*Bed.*

*Bed.* *Renault*, thy Hand.

*Ren.* I thought I'd given my Heart  
Long since to every Man that mingles here ;  
But grieve to find it trusted with such Tempers,  
That can't forgive my forward Age its Weakness.

*Bed.* *Eliot*, thou once had'st Virtue ; I have seen  
Thy stubborn Temper bend with God-like Goodness,  
Not half thus courted : 'Tis thy Nation's Glory  
To hug the Foe that offers brave Alliance.  
Once more embrace, my Friends—we'll all embrace—  
United thus, we are the mighty Engine  
Must twist the rooted Empire from its Basis,  
Totters not it already ?

*Eli.* Would 'twere tumbling.

*Bed.* Nay, it shall down : This Night we seal its Ruin.

*Enter Pierre.*

Oh ! *Pierre*, thou art welcome.  
Come to my Breast, for by its Hopes thou look'st  
Lovely dreadful, and the Fate of *Venice*  
Seems on thy Sword already, Oh ! my *Mars* !  
The Poets that feign'd a God of War,  
Sure prophesy'd of thee.

*Pier.* Friends, was not *Brutus*,  
(I mean that *Brutus*, who in open Senate  
Stabb'd the first *Cæsar* that usurp'd the World)  
A gallant Man ?

*Ren.* Yes, and *Cataline* too ;  
Tho' Story wrong his Fame : For he conspir'd  
To prop the reeling Glory of his Country :  
His Cause was good.

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

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

*Bed.* No, *Pierre*, the Deed's near Birth : Fate seems  
to have set

The Business up, and given it to our Care :  
I hope there's not a Heart or Hand amongst us,  
But is firm and ready.

*All.* All.

28. VENICE Preserv'd :

We'll die with *Bedamar*.

*Bed.* O Men

Matchless ! as will your Glory be hereafter:  
The Game is for a matchless Prize, if won :  
If lost, disgraceful Ruin.

*Ren.* Who can lose it ?

The publick Stock's a Beggar ; one *Venetian*  
Trusts not another ; Look into their Stores  
Of general Safety ; empty Magazines,  
A tatter'd Fleet, a murmuring unpaid Army,  
Bankrupt Nobility, a harras'd Commonalty,  
A factious, giddy, and divided Senate,  
Is all the Strength of *Venice* : Let's destroy it ;  
Let's fill their Magazines with Arms to awe them,  
Man out their Fleet, and make their Trade maintain it ;  
Let loose their murmuring Army on their Masters  
To pay themselves with Plunder ; lop their Nobles  
To the base Roots, whence most of them first sprung ;  
Enslave the Rout, whom Smarting will make humble ?  
Turn out their droning Senate, and possess  
That Seat of Empire which our Souls were fram'd for.

*Pier.* Ten thousand Men are armed at your Nod,  
Commanded all by Leaders fit to guide  
A Battle for the Freedom of the World :  
This wretched State has starv'd them in its Service ;  
And, by your Bounty quicken'd, they're resolv'd  
To serve your Glory, and revenge their own :  
They've all their different Quarters in this City,  
Watch for the Alarm and grumble 'tis so tardy.

*Bed.* I doubt not, Friend, but thy unwearied Diligence  
Has still kept waking, and it shall have Ease ;  
After this Night it is resolv'd we meet  
No more, till *Venice* owns us for her Lords.

*Pier.* How lovely the *Adriatic* Whore,  
Dress'd in her Flames, will shine ! devouring Fames !  
Such as shall burn her to the watry Bottom,  
And hiss in her Foundation.

*Bed.* Now, if any  
Amongst us, that owns this glorious Cause,  
Have Friends or Interest he'd wish to save,  
Let it be told : The general Doom is seal'd

But

But I'd forego the Hopes of a World's Empire,  
Rather than wound the Bowels of my Friend.

*Pier.* I must confess, you there have touch'd my  
I have a Friend, hear it! such a Friend! [*Weakness,*  
My Heart was ne'er shut to him. Nay I tell you:  
He knows the very Business of this Hour;  
But he rejoices in the Cause, and loves it:  
We've chang'd a Vow to live and die together,  
And he's at Hand to ratify it here.

*Ren.* How! all betray'd.

*Pier.* No—I've dealt nobly with you,  
I've brought my All into the publick Stock:  
I'd but one Friend, and him I'll share amongst you:  
Receive and cherish him; or if, when seen  
And search'd, you find him worthless, as my Tongue  
Has lodg'd this Secret in his faithful Breast,  
To ease your Fears I wear a Dagger here  
Shall rip it out again, and give you Rest.  
Come forth, thou only Good I e'er could boast of.

*Enter Jaffier with a Dagger.*

*Bed.* His Prefence bears the Shew of manly Virtue.

*Jaff.* I know you'll wonder all, that thus uncall'd  
I dare approach this Place of fatal Councils;  
But I'm amongst you, and by Heav'n it glads me  
To see so many Virtues thus united  
To restore Justice, and dethrone Oppression.  
Command this Sword, if you would have it quiet,  
Into this Breast; but, if you think it worthy  
To cut the Throats of Reverend Rogues in Robes,  
Send me into the curs'd assembled Senate:  
It shrinks not, tho' I meet a Father there.  
Would you behold this City flaming? Here's  
A Hand shall bear a lighted Torch at Noon  
To th' Arsenal, and set its Gates on Fire.

*Ren.* You talk this well, Sir.

*Jaff.* Nay——by Heaven I'll do this.  
Come, come, I read Distrust in all your Faces:  
You fear me a Villain, and indeed it's odd  
To hear a Stranger talk thus, at first Meeting,  
Of Matters that have been so well debated;  
But I come ripe with Wrongs, as you with Councils:



I hate this Senate, a Foe to *Venice* ;  
 A Friend to none, but men resolv'd like me  
 To push on Mischief. Oh! did you but know me,  
 I need not talk thus!

*Bed.* *Pierre*, I must embrace him.

My Heart beats to this Man, as if it knew him.

*Ren.* I never lov'd these Huggers.

*Jaff.* Still I see

The Cause delights me not. Your Friend survey me  
 As I were dangerous——But I come arm'd  
 Against all Doubts, and to your Trust will give  
 A Pledge, worth more than all the World can pay for,  
 My *Belvidera*. Oh! my *Belvidera*!

*Bed.* What Wonder next?

*Jaff.* Let me intreat you,

As I have henceforth Hope to call you Friends,  
 That all but the Ambassador, this  
 Grave Guide of Councils, with my Friend that owns me,  
 Withdraw a While to spare a Woman's Blushes.

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

*Bed.* *Pierre*, whither will this Ceremony lead us?

*Jaff.* My *Belvidera*! *Belvidera*!

*Enter Belvidera.*

*Belv.* Who?

Who calls so loud at this late peaceful Hour?  
 That Voice was wont to come in gentle Whispers,  
 And fill my Ears with the soft Breath of Love:  
 Thou hourly Image of my Thoughts, where art thou?

*Jaff.* Indeed 'tis late.

*Belv.* Oh! I have slept and dreamt,  
 And dreamt again: Where hast thou been, thou Loiterer?  
 Tho' my Eyes clos'd, my Arms have still been open'd:  
 Stretch'd every Way betwixt my broken Slumbers,  
 To search if thou wer't come to crown my Rest:  
 There's no Repose without thee: Oh! the Day  
 Too soon will break, and wake us to our Sorrow:  
 Come, come to Bed and bid thy Cares Good-night.

*Jaff.* Oh! *Belvidera*! we must change the Scence,  
 In which the past Delights of Love were tasted,  
 The poor sleeps little; we must learn to watch  
 Our Labours late and early every Morning;

'Midst

'Midst Winter Frosts, thin clad and fed with Sparing,  
Rise to our Toils, and drudge away the Day.

*Belv.* Alas! where am I! whither is't you lead me?  
Methinks I read Distraction in your Face,  
Something less gentle than the Fate you tell me.  
You shake and tremble too! your Blood runs cold!  
Heav'ns guard my Love, and bless his Heart with Pa-  
tience.

*Jaff.* That I have Patience, let our Fate bear Witness,  
Who has ordain'd it so, that thou and I,  
(Thou, the divinest Good Man e'er possess'd,  
And I, the wretched 'st of the Race of Man)  
This very Hour without one Tear must part.

*Belv.* part! must we part? Oh! am I then forsaken?  
Why drag you from me? whither are you going?  
My Dear! my Life! my Love!

*Jaff.* Oh! Friend!

*Belv.* Speak to me.

*Jaff.* Take her from my Heart,  
She'll gain such Hold else, I shall ne'er get loose;  
I charge thee take her, but with tender 'st Care  
Relieve her Troubles, and assuage her Sorrows.

*Ren.* Rise, Madam, and command amongst your  
Servants.

*Jaff.* To you, Sir, and your Honours, I bequeath her,  
And with her this, when I prove unworthy——

[*Gives a Dagger.*]

You know the rest—— Then strike it to her Heart;  
And tell her, he who three whole happy Years  
Lay in her Arms, and each Night repeated  
The passionate Vows still of increasing Love,  
Sent that Reward for all her Truth and Sufferings.

*Belv.* Nay, take my Life, since he has sold it cheaply;  
Or send me to some distant Clime your Slave!  
But let it be far off, lest my Complaining  
Should reach his guilty Ears, and shake his Peace.

*Jaff.* No, *Belvidera*, I've contriv'd thy Honour:  
Trust to my Faith, and be but Fortune kind  
To me, as I'll preserve that Faith unbroken,  
When next we meet, I'll lift thee to a Height  
Shall gather all the gazing World about thee,

To

To wonder what strange Virtue plac'd thee there.  
But, if we ne'er meet more—

*Belv.* O? thou unkind one;  
Ne'er meet more! have I deserv'd this from you?  
Look on me, tell me, tell me; speak thou dear Deceiver.  
Why am I separated from thy Love?  
If I am false, accuse me; but if true,  
Don't, prithee don't, in Poverty forsake me?  
But pity the sad Heart, that's torn with Parting.  
Yet hear me? yet recal me—*[Ex. Ren. Bed. and Belv.]*

*Jaff.* Oh! My Eyes,  
Look not that Way, but turn yourselves a While  
Into my Heart, and be wean'd altogether.  
My Friend, where art thou?

*Pier.* Here, my Honour's Brother.

*Jaff.* Is *Belvidera* gone?

*Pier.* *Ranault* has led her

Back to her own Apartment; but, by Heav'n,  
Thou must not see her more, till our Work's over.

*Jaff.* No?

*Pier.* Not for your Life.

*Jaff.* O *Pierre*, wer't thou but she,  
How I would Pull thee down into my Heart,  
Gaze on thee till my Eye-strings crack'd with Love;  
Till all my Sinews with its Fire extended,  
Fix'd me upon the Rack of ardent Longing:  
Then, swelling, fighting, raging to be blest,  
Come like a panting Turtle to thy Breast;  
On thy soft Bosom hovering, bill and play,  
Confess the Cause why last I fled away;  
Own 'twas a Fault, but swear to give it o'er.  
And never follow false Ambition more. *[Exeunt.]*

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Aquilina and her Maid.*

*Aqui.* TELL him I am gone to Bed; tell him I am not at home; tell him I've better Company with me, or any thing; tell him, in short, I will not see him, the eternal troublesome vexatious Fool: He's worse Company than an ignorant Physician——I'll not be disturb'd at these unreasonable Hours.

*Maid.* But, Madam! He's here already, just enter'd the Doors.

*Aqui.* Turn him out again, you unnecessary, useles, giddy-brain'd Afs: If he will not be gone, set the House a Fire, and burn us both: I'd rather meet a Toad in my Dish, than an old hideous Animal in my Chamber to Night.

*Enter Antonio.*

*Ant.* Nacky, Nacky, Nacky——how dost do, Nacky? Hurry, durry. I am come, little Nacky; past Eleven o' Clock, a late Hour; Time in all Conscience to go to Bed, Nacky——Nacky, did I say? Ah, Nacky, Aquilina, lina, lina, quilina, quilina, quilina, Aquilina, Naquilina, Naquilina, Acky, Acky, Nacky Nacky, Queen Nacky, ——come, let's to Bed——you Fubhs, you Pugg you——you little Puffs——Purree, Tuzzy——I am a Senator.

*Aqui.* You are a Fool, I am sure.

*Ant.* May be so too, Sweetheart: Never the worse Senator for all that. Come, Nacky, Nacky, let's have a Game at Romps, Nacky.

*Aqui.* You would do well, Signor, to be troublesome here no longer, but leave me to myself; be sober and go Home, Sir.

*Ant.* Home, Madona!

*Aqui.* Ay, Home, Sir. Who am I?

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

*Aqui.* I find you are resolv'd to be troublesome; and so to make short of the Matter in few Words, I hate you,  
detest

detest you, loath you, I am weary of you, sick of you — hang you, you are an old, silly, impertinent, impotent, sollicitous Coxcomb; crazy in your Head, and lazy in your Body, love to be meddling with every thing, and, if you had no Money, you are good for nothing.

*Ant.* Good for nothing! Hurry durry, I'll try that presently. Sixty-one Years old, and good for nothing! that's brave: [*To the Maid*] Come, come, come Mrs. Fiddle-Faddle, turn you out for a Season: Go, turnout, I say, it is our Will and Pleasure to be private some Moments——out, out, when you are bid too—[*Puts her out and locks the Door*] Good for nothing you say?

*Aqui.* Why what are you good for?

*Ant.* In the first Place, Madam, I am old, and consequently very wise, very wise, *Madona*, d'ye mark that? In the second Place, take Notice if you please, that I am a Senator, and, when I think fit, can make Speeches, *Madona*. Hurry durry, I can make a Speech in the Senate-House now and then—would make your Hair stand an End, *Madona*.

*Aqui.* What care I for your Speeches in the Senate-House; if you would but be silent here, I should thank you.

*Ant.* Why I can make Speeches to thee too, my lovely *Madona*; for Example —— My cruel Fair one [*Takes out a Purse of Gold and at every Pause shakes it.*] Since it is my Fate, that you should with your Servant angry prove; tho' late at Night —— I hope 'tis not too late with this to gain Reception for my Love—There's for thee, my little *Nicky Nacky*—take it, here take it— I say take it, or I'll throw it at your Head—how now, Rebel!

*Aqui.* Truly, my illustrious Senator, I must confess your Honour is at present most profoundly eloquent indeed.

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

*Aqui.* No, Sir, if you please, I can know my Distance, and stand.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Stand! How *Nacky* up and I down! Nay, then let me exclaim with the Poet,

*Shew me a Case more pitiful who can,  
A standing Woman and a falling Man.*

Hurry durry—not fit down—see this, ye Gods.  
You won't fit down?

*Aqui.* No, Sir,

*Ant.* Then look you now, suppose me a Bull, a *Basan-Bull*, the Bull of Bulls, or any Bull. Thus up I get and with my Brows thus bent—I broo, I say I broo, I broo, I broo. You won't fit down will you—I broo—

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

*Aqui.* Well, Sir, I must endure this. *[She fits down.]* Now your Honour has been a Bull, pray what Beast will your Worship please to be next?

*Ant.* Now I'll be a Senator again, and thy Lover, little *Nicky Nacky*. *[He fits by her.]* Ah! Toad, Toad, Toad, Toad! spit in my Face a little, *Nacky*,--spit in my Face prithee, spit in my Face never so little: Spit but a little bit—spit, spit, spit, spit when you are bid, I say; do, prithee spit—now, now, now, spit; what you won't spit, will you? Then I'll be a Dog.

*Aqui.* A Dog, my Lord!

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

*Aqui.* Well, with all my Heart. But let me beseech your Dogship to play your Tricks over as fast as you can, that you may come to stinking the sooner, and be turn'd out of Doors as you deserve.

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

*Aqui.* Hold, hold, hold, Sir, I beseech you: What is't you do? If Curs bite, they must be kick'd, Sir: Do you see, kick'd thus.

*Ant.* Ay, with all my Heart: Do, kick, kick on, now I am under the Table, kick again—kick harder—harder yet, bough waugh waugh, waugh, bough—

Odd I'll have a Snap at thy Shins--bough waugh waugh,  
waugh, bough—odd, she kicks bravely—

*Aqui.* Nay, then I'll go another Way to work with  
you: And I think here's an Instrument fit for the Pur-  
pose!

[Fetches a Whip and a Bell.

What, bite your Mistrefs, Sirrah! out of Doors you  
Dog, to Kennel, and be hang'd.—bite your Mistrefs  
by the Legs, you Rogue— [She whips him.

*Ant.* Nay, prithee *Nacky*, now thou art too loving:  
Hurry durry, add, I'll be a Dog no longer.

*Aqui.* Nay, none of your Fawning and Grinning:  
But be gone, or here's your Discipline: What bite your  
Mistrefs by the Leg, you Mungrel! out of Doors—  
hout, hout, to Kennel, Sirrah, go.

*Ant.* This is very barbarous Usage, *Nacky*, very bar-  
barous; look you, I will not go—I will not stir from  
the Door, that I resolve—hurry durry, what shut me  
out? [She whips him out.

*Aqui.* Ay, if you come here any more to Night, I'll  
have my Footman lug you, you Cur; What bite your  
poor Mistrefs *Nacky*, Sirrah!

Enter Maid.

*Maid.* Heaven's! Madam what's the Matter?

[He howls at the Door like a Dog.

*Aqui.* Call my Footmen hither presently.

Enter two Footmen.

*Maid.* They're here already, Madam, all the House  
is alarm'd with a strange Noise, that no-body knows  
what to make of

*Aqui.* Go, all of you, and turn that troublesome Beast  
in the next Room out of my House—If ever I see him  
within these Walls again without my Leave for his Ad-  
mittance, you sneaking Rogues—I'll have you poison'd  
all poison'd like Rats; every Corner of the House shall  
stink of one of you; Go, and learn hereafter to know  
my Pleasure. So; now for my *Pierre*.

Thus, when the Godlike Lover is displeas'd,  
We sacrifice our Fool, and he's appeas'd Exeunt.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

*Enter Belvidera.*

*Bel.* I'm sacrific'd ! I'm sold ! betray'd to Shame !  
 Inevitable Ruin has inclos'd me !  
 No sooner was I to my Bed repair'd  
 To weigh and (weeping) ponder my Condition,  
 But the old hoary Wretch, to whose false Care  
 My Peace and Honour was intrusted, came  
 (Like *Tarquin*) ghastly with infernal Lust.  
 Oh ! thou *Roman Lucrece* ! thou could'st find Friends to  
 vindicate thy Wrong ?  
 I never had but one, and he's prov'd false :  
 He that should guard my Virtue has betray'd it ;  
 Left me ! Undone me ! Oh that I could hate him !  
 Where shall I go ? Oh whither, whither wander !

*Enter Jaffier.*

*Jaff.* Can *Belvidera* want a Resting-place,  
 When these poor Arms are ready to receive her !  
 Oh ! 'tis in vain to struggle with Desires.  
 Strong is my Love to thee ; for, every Moment  
 I'm from thy Sight, the Heart within my Bosom  
 Mourns like a tender Infant in its Cradle,  
 Whose Nurse had left it : Come, and with the Songs  
 of gentle Love persuade it to its Peace.

*Bel.* I fear the stubborn Wanderer will not own me ;  
 'Tis grown a Rebel, to be rul'd no longer,  
 Scorns the indulgent Bosom that first lull'd it ;  
 And, like a disobedient Child, disdains  
 The soft Authority of *Belvidera*.

*Jaff.* There was a Time——

*Bel.* Yes, yes, there was a Time  
 When *Belvidera's* Tears, her Cries, and Sorrows,  
 Were not despis'd ; when if she chanc'd to sigh,  
 Or look but sad ;—— there was indeed a Time  
 When *Jaffier* would have ta'en her in his Arms,  
 Eas'd her declining Head upon his Breast ;  
 And never left her till he knew the Cause.  
 But let her now weep Seas,  
 Cry till she rend the Earth, sigh till she burst

D

Her



Her Heart asunder; still she bears it all,  
Deaf as the Wind, and as the Rocks unshaken.

*Jaff.* Have I been deaf? Am I the Rock unmov'd,  
Against whose Root Tears beat, and Sighs are sent?  
In vain have I beheld thy Sorrows calmly!  
Witness against me, Heav'ns, have I done this?  
Then bear me in a Whirlwind back again,  
And let that angry dear One ne'er forgive me.  
Oh! thou too rashly censur'st of my Love!  
Could'st thou but think how I have spent this Night,  
Dark and alone, no Pillow to my Head,  
Rest in my Eyes, nor Quiet in my Heart!  
Thou would'st not, *Belvidera*, surely thou would'st not  
Talk to me thus, but like a pitying Angel,  
Spreading thy Wings, come settle on my Breast  
And hatch warm comforts there, e're Sorrow freeze it.

*Belv.* Why then, poor Mourner, in what baleful Corner  
Hast thou been talking with that Witch, the Night?  
On what cold Stone hast thou been stretch'd along,  
Gathering the grumbling Winds about thy Head,  
To mix with theirs the Accent of thy Woes?  
Oh! now I find the cause my Love forsakes me:  
I am no longer fit to bear a Share  
In his Concernments: My weak female Virtue  
Must not be trusted: 'Tis too frail and tender.

*Jaff.* Oh! *Porcia!* *Porcia!* What a Soul was thine?

*Belv.* That *Porcia* was a Woman; and when *Brutus*,  
Big with the Fate of Rome, (Heav'n guard thy Safety!)  
Conceal'd from her the Labours of the Mind;  
She let him see her Blood was great as his,  
Flow'd from a Spring as noble, and a Heart  
Fit to partake his troubles, as his Love.  
Fetch, fetch that Dagger back, the dreadful Dower  
Thou gav'st last Night in parting with me; strike it  
Here to my Heart, and as the Blood flows from it,  
Judge if it run not pure as *Cato's* Daughter's.

*Jaff.* Thou art good, and I indeed unworthy,  
Unworthy so much Virtue: Teach me how  
I may deserve such matchless Love as thine,  
And see with what Attention I'll obey thee.

*Belv.* Do not despise me: That's the All I ask.

*Jaff.*

*Jaff.* Despise thee! Hear me——

*Belv.* Oh! Thy charming Tongue  
Is but too well acquainted with my Weakness;  
Knows, let it name but Love, my melting Heart  
Dissolves within my Breast; till with clos'd Eyes  
I reel into thy Arms, and all's forgotten.

*Jaff.* What shall I do?

*Belv.* Tell me, be just, and tell me,  
Why dwells that busy Cloud upon thy Face?  
Why am I made a Stranger? Why that sigh,  
And I not know the Cause? Why when the World  
Is wrap'd in Rest, why chuses then my Love  
To wander up and down in horrid Darkness,  
Loathing his Bed, and these desiring Arms?  
Why are these Eyes Blood-shot with tedious Watching,  
Why starts he now, and looks as if he wish'd  
His Fate were finished? Tell me, ease my Fear;  
Lest, when we next Time meet, I want the Power  
To search into the Sickness of thy Mind,  
But talk as wildly then, as thou look'st now

*Jaff.* Oh! *Belvidera!*

*Belv.* Why was I last Night deliver'd to a Villain?

*Jaff.* Ha! a Villain?

*Belv.* Yes, to a Villain! Why at such an Hour  
Meets that Assembly, all made up of Wretches,  
That look as Hell had drawn them into League?  
Why, I in this Hand, and in that a Dagger,  
Was I deliver'd with such dreadful Ceremonies?  
“*To you, Sirs, and to your Honour I bequeath her,*  
“*And with her this: Whene'er I prove unworthy—*  
“*You know the rest—then strike it to her Heart.*”  
Oh! why's that *rest* conceal'd from me? must I  
Be made the Hostage of a hellish Trust?  
For such I know I am; that's all my Value:  
But, by the Love and Loyalty I owe thee,  
I'll free thee from the bondage of these Slaves;  
Straight to the Senate, tell 'em all I know,  
All that I think, all that my Fears inform me.

*Jaff.* Is this the *Roman* Virtue? this the Blood  
That boasts its Purity with *Cato's* Daughter!  
Would she have e'er betray'd her *Brutus*?

*Belv.* No :

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

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

*Belv.* Look not upon me as I am a Woman,  
But as a Bone, thy Wife, thy Friend ; who long  
Has had Admission to thy Heart, and there  
Study'd the Virtues of thy gallant Nature :  
Thy Constancy, thy Courage, and thy Truth,  
Have been my daily Lesson : I have learn'd 'em.  
And, bold as thou, can suffer or despise  
'The worst of Fates for thee, and with thee share 'em.

*Jaff.* Oh ! thou divinest Power ! look down and hear  
My Prayers ! instruct me to reward this Virtue !  
Yet think a little, er'e thou tempt me further ;  
Think I've a Tale to tell will shake thy Nature,  
Melt all this boasted Constancy thou talk'st of,  
Into vile Tears and despicable Sorrow :  
Then if thou should'st betray me !

*Belv.* Shall I swear ?

*Jaff.* No, do not swear : I would not violate  
Thy tender Nature with so rude a Bond :  
But as thou hop'st to see me live my Days,  
And love thee long, lock this within thy Breast :  
Iv'e bound myself by all the strictest Sacraments,  
Divine and Human——

*Belv.* Speak !

*Jaff.* To kill thy Father——

*Belv.* My Father !

*Jaff.* Nay, the Throats of the whole Senate  
Shall bleed, my *Belvidera* : He, amongst us,  
'That spares his Father, Brother, or his Friend,  
Is damn'd. How rich and beauteous will the Face  
Of Ruin look, when these wide Streets run Blood ?  
I, and the glorious Partners of my Fortune,  
Shouting, and striding o'er the prostrate Dead  
Still to new Waste ; whilst thou far off in Safety,  
Smiling, shalt see the Wonders of our Daring ;  
And, when Night comes, with Praise and Love re-  
ceive me.

*Belv.* Oh !

*Jaff.*

*Jaff.* Have a Care, and shrink not even in Thought:  
For if thou do'st——

*Belv.* I know it, thou wilt kill me.

Do, strike thy Sword into this Bosom; Lay me  
Dead on the Earth, and then thou wilt be safe.  
Murder my Father! tho' his cruel Nature  
Has persecuted me to my Undoing:  
Driven me to basest Wants; can I behold him,  
With Smiles of Vengeance, butcher'd in his Age?  
The sacred Fountain of my Life destroy'd?  
And can'st thou shed the Blood, that gave me Being?  
Nay, be a Traytor too, and sell thy Country?  
Can thy great Heart descend so vilely low,  
Mix with hir'd Slaves, Bravoes, and common Stabbers,  
Nose-slitters, Alley-lurking Villians! join  
With such a Crew, and take a Ruffian's Wages  
To cut the Throats of Wretches as they sleep?

*Jaff.* Thou wrong'st me, *Belvidera!* I've engag'd  
With Men of Souls; fit to reform the Ills  
Of all Mankind: There's not a Heart amongst them  
But's stout as Death, yet honest as the Nature  
Of Man first made, e're Fraud and Vice were Fashions.

*Belv.* What's he to whose curs'd Hands last Night  
thou gav'st me?

Was that well done? Oh! I could tell a Story  
Would rouze thy Lion Heart out of its Den,  
And make it rage with terrifying Fury.

*Jaff.* Speak on, I charge thee.

*Belv.* Oh! my Love, if e'er

Thy *Belvidera's* Peace deserv'd thy Care,  
Remove me from this Place: Last Night, last Night!

*Jaff.* Distract me not, but give me all the Truth.

*Belv.* No sooner wert thou gone, and I alone,  
Left in the Power of that old Son of Mischief;  
No sooner was I lain on my sad Bed,  
But that vile Wretch approach'd me, loose, unbutton'd,  
Ready for Violation: Then my Heart  
Throbb'd with its Fears: Oh! how I wept and sigh'd!  
And shrunk and trembled! wish'd in vain for him  
That should protect me! Thou, alas, wert gone.

*Jaff.* Patience sweet Heav'n, till I make Vengeance sure.

*Belv.* He drew the hideous Dagger forth, thou gav'st  
And with upbraiding Smiles he said, *Behold it,* [him,  
*This is the Pledge of a false Husband's Love:*

And in my Arms then press'd, and would have clasp'd  
But with my Cries I scar'd this Coward-Heart, (me;  
'Till he withdrew, and mutter'd Vows to Hell.

These are thy Friends! with these thy Life, thy Honour,  
Thy Love all stak'd, and all will go to Ruin.

*Jaff.* No more; I charge thee keep this Secret close;  
Clear up thy Sorrows, look as if thy Wrongs  
Were all forgot, and treat him like a Friend,  
As no Complaint were made. No more; retire,  
Retire, my Life, and doubt not of my Honour;  
I'll heal his Failings, and deserve thy Love.

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

*Jaff.* Return no more! I would not live without thee  
Another Night to purchase the Creation.

*Belv.* When shall we meet again?

*Jaff.* Anon at Twelve  
I'll steal myself to thy expecting Arms,  
Come like a travell'd Dove, and bring thee Peace.

*Belv.* Indeed!

*Jaff.* By all our Loves.

*Belv.* 'Tis hard to part:  
But sure no Falshood ever look'd so fairly.  
Farewel; remember Twelve. (Exit.

*Jaff.* Let Heav'n forget me,  
When I remember not thy Truth, thy Love.  
How curs'd is my Condition, toss'd and jostled  
From every Corner; Fortune's common Fool,  
The Jest of Rogues, an instrumental Ass,  
For Villians to lay Loads of Shame upon,  
And drive about just for their Ease and Scorn.

*Enter Pierre.*

*Pier.* *Jaffier!*

*Jaff.* who calls?

*Pier.* A Friend, that could have wish'd  
'T' have found thee otherwise employ'd: what hunt  
A Wife on the dull Soil! sure a staunch Husband  
Of all Hounds is the dullest. Wilt thou never,

Never

Never be wean'd from Caudles and Confections?  
 What feminine Tales hast thou been list'ning to  
 Of unair'd Shirts, Catarrhs and Tooth-ach, got  
 By thin-sol'd Shoes? Damnation! that a Fellow,  
 Chosen to be a Sharer in the Destruction  
 Of a whole People, should sneak thus in Corners  
 To ease his fullsome Lust, and fool his Mind.

*Jaff.* May not a Man then trifle out an Hour  
 With a kind Woman, and not wrong his Calling!

*Pier.* Not in a Cause like ours.

*Jaff.* Then, Friend, our Cause  
 Is in a damn'd Condition: For, I'll tell thee,  
 That Canker-worm, call'd *Leachery*, has touch'd it;  
 'Tis tainted vilely: Would'st thou think it? *Renault*  
 (That mortify'd old wither'd Winter Rogue)  
 Loves simple Fornication like a priest;  
 I found him out for watering at my Wife;  
 He visited her last Night, like a kind Guardian:  
 Faith, she has some Temptation, that's the Truth on't

*Pier.* He durst not wrong his Trust.

*Jaff.* 'Twas something late though,  
 To take the Freedom of a Lady's Chamber.

*Pier.* Was she in Bed?

*Jaff.* Yes, Faith! in Virgin-sheets  
 White as her Bosom, *Pierre*, dish'd neatly up,  
 Might tempt a weaker Appetite to taste.  
 Oh! how the old Fox stunk, I warrant thee,  
 When the rank Fit was on him.

*Pier.* Patience guide me!

He us'd no Violence?

*Jaff.* No, no, out on't, Violence!  
 Play'd with her Neck! brush'd her with his grey Beard,  
 Struggl'd and touz'd, tickl'd her till she squeak'd a little,  
 May be, or so—but not a Jot of Violence—

*Pier.* Damn him.

*Jaff.* Ay, so say I: But hush, no more on't;  
 All hitherto is well, and I believe  
 Myself no Monster yet: Tho' no Man knows  
 What Fate he's born to. Sure 'tis near the Hour  
 We all should meet for our concluding Orders:  
 Will the Ambassador be here in Person?

*Pier.*

*Pier.* No: he has sent Commission to that Villain Renault  
To give the executing Charge: [nault  
I'd have thee be a Man, if possible,  
And keep thy Temper; for a brave Revenge  
Ne'er comes too late.

*Jaff.* Fear not, I am as cool as Patience.  
Had he compleated my Dishonour, rather  
Than hazard the Success our Hopes are ripe for,  
I'd bear it all with mortifying Virtue.

*Pier.* He's yonder, coming this Way thro' the Hall;  
His Thoughts seem full.

*Jaff.* Prithee retire and leave me  
With him alone: I'll put him to some Trial;  
See how his rotten Part will bear the Touching.

*Pier.* Be careful then. [Exit.

*Jaff.* Nay, never doubt, but trust me.  
What, be a Devil! take a damning Oath  
For shedding native Blood! Can there be a Sin  
In merciful Repentance? Oh! this Villain!

*Enter Renault.*

*Ren.* Perverse and peevish: What a Slave is Man  
To let his itching Flesh thus get the better of him?  
Dispatch the Tool her Husband — that were well.  
Who's there?

*Jaff.* A Man.

*Ren.* My Friend, my near Ally,  
The Hostage of your Faith, my beauteous Charge, is  
very well.

*Jaff.* Sir, are you sure of that?  
Stands she in perfect Health? Beats her Pulse even?  
Neither too hot nor cold?

*Ren.* What means that Question?

*Jaff.* Oh! Women have fantastick Constitutions,  
Inconstant as their Wishes, always wavering,  
And never fix'd: Was it not boldly done  
Even at first Sight to trust the Thing I lov'd  
(A tempting Treasure too) with Youth so fierce  
And vigorous as thine? But thou'art honest.

*Ren.* Who dare accuse me?

*Jaff.* Curs'd be he that doubts  
Thy Virtue; I have try'd it, and declare,

Were

Were I to chuse a Guardian of my Honour,  
I'd put it in thy keeping : For I know thee.

*Ren.* Know me !

*Jaff.* Ay, know thee : There's no Falshood in thee,  
Thou look'st just as thou art ; let us embrace.  
Now would'st thou cut my Throat, or I cut thine.

*Ren.* You dare not do't.

*Jaff.* You lye, Sir.

*Ren.* How !

*Jaff.* No more.

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

*Enter Spinosa, Theodore, Eliot, Revellido, Durand,  
Bramveil, and the rest of the Conspirators.*

*Ren.* *Spinosa, Theodore.*

*Spin.* The same.

*Ren.* You are welcome.

*Spin.* You are trembling, Sir.

*Ren.* 'Tis a cold Night, indeed ; I am aged,  
Full of Decay, and natural Infirmities ; [*Pier. re-enters*  
We shall be warm, my Friends, I hope, To-morrow.

*Pier.* 'Twas not well done ; thou should'st have stroak'd  
And not have gaul'd him. [him,

*Jaff.* Damn him, let him chew on't.  
Heav'n ! Where am I ? beset with curst Friends,  
That wait to damn me ! What a Devil's Man,  
When he forgets his Nature——hush, my Heart.

*Ren.* My Friends, 'tis late : Are we assembled all ?  
Where's *Theodore* ?

*Tho.* At hand.

*Ren.* *Spinosa.*

*Spin.* Here.

*Ren.* *Bramveil.*

*Bram.* I am ready.

*Ren.* *Durande and Brabe.*

*Dur.* Command us ;

We are both prepar'd.

*Ren.* *Mezzana, Revellido,*

*Ternon, Retrosi :* Oh ! You're Men I find,  
Fit to behold your Fate, and meet her Summons :  
To-morrow's rising Sun must see you all  
Deck'd in your Honours. Are the Soldiers ready ?

*All.* AH, all.

*Ren.*



*Ren.* You *Durand*, with your Thousand must possess  
*St. Mark's*; you Captain, know your Charge already;  
 'Tis to secure the Ducal Palace: You,  
*Brabe*, with a hundred more, must gain the *Secque*:  
 With the like Number, *Bram-veil*, to the *Procurale*.  
 Be all this done with the least Tumult possible,  
 'Till in each Place you post sufficient Guards:  
 Then sheathe your Swords in every Breast you meet.

*Jaff.* Oh! reverend Cruelty! damn'd bloody Villain!

*Ren.* During this Execution, *Durand*, you  
 Must in the Midst keep your Battalia fast;  
 And, *Theodore*, be sure to plant the Cannon  
 That may command the Streets; whilst *Revellido*,  
*Mazzano*, *Ternon*, and *Retrofi* guard you  
 This done, we'll give the general Alarm,  
 Apply Petards, and force the Ars'nal Gates;  
 Then fire the City round in several Places,  
 Or with our Cannon (if it dare resist)  
 Batter to Ruin. But above all I charge you,  
 Shed Blood enough, spare neither Sex nor Age,  
 Name nor Condition; if there lives a Senator  
 After To-morrow, though the dullest Rogue  
 That e'er said nothing, we have lost our Ends:  
 If possible, let's kill the very Name  
 Of Senator, and bury it in Blood.

*Jaff.* Merciless horrid Slave——Ay, Blood enough!  
 Shed Blood enough, old *Renault*! how thou charm'st me!

*Ren.* But one thing more, and then Farewel, till Fate  
 Join us again, or separate us ever:

First let's embrace. Heav'n knows who next shall thus  
 Wing ye together: But let us all remember,

We wear no common Cause upon our Sword:

Let each Man think, that on his single Virtue

Depends the Good and Fame of all the rest;

Eternal Honour, or perpetual Infamy.

Let us remember, through what dreadful Hazards

Propitious Fortune hitherto has lead us:

How often on the Brink of some Discovery

Have we stood tottering, yet still kept our Ground

So well, that the busiest Searchers ne'er could follow

Those subtle Tracks, which puzzled all Suspicion;

You droop, Sir.

*Jaff.*

*Jaff.* No: with most profound Attention  
I've heard it all, and wonder at thy Virtue.

*Ren.* Tho' there be yet few Hours 'twixt them and  
Are not the Senate lull'd in full Security, [Ruin,  
Quiet and satisfy'd, as Fools are always?  
Never did so profound Repose fore-run  
Calamity so great: Nay, our good Fortune  
Has blinded the most piercing of Mankind,  
Strengthen'd the fearfullest, charm'd the most suspicious,  
Confounded the most subtle: For we live,  
We live my Friends, and quickly shall our Life  
Prove fatal to these Tyrants: Let's consider,  
That we destroy Oppression, Avarice,  
A people nurs'd up equally with Vices  
And loathsome Lusts, which Nature most abhors,  
And such as without Shame she cannot suffer.

*Jaff.* Oh! *Belvidera*, take me to thy Arms,  
And shew where's my Peace, for I have lost it. (*Exit.*)

*Ren.* Without the least Remorse then let's resolve  
With Fire and Sword t' exterminate these Tyrants;  
And when we shall behold these curs'd Tribunals  
Stain'd by the Tears and Sufferings of the Innocent,  
Burning with Flames rather from Heav'n than ours,  
The raging, furious, and unpitying Soldier  
Pulling his reeking Dagger from the Bosoms  
Of gasping Wretches; Death in every Quarter,  
With all that sad Disorder can produce  
To make a Spectacle of Horror; then,  
Then let us call to mind, my dearest Friends,  
That there is nothing pure upon the Earth;  
That the most valu'd Things have most Alloys,  
And that in Change of all those vile Enormities,  
Under whose Weight this wretched Country labours,  
The Means are only in our Hands to crown them.

*Pier.* And may those Powers above, that are propitious  
To gallant Minds, record this Cause and bless it.

*Ren.* Thus happy, thus secure of all we wish for,  
Should there, my Friends, be found amongst us one  
False to this glorious Enterprize, what Fate,  
What Vengeance were enough for such a Villain?

*Eli.* Death here without Repentance, Hell hereafter.

*Ren.*

*Ren.* Let that be my Lot, if, as here I stand,  
Lifted by Fate among her darling Sons,  
Tho' I had one only Brother, dear by all  
The strictest Ties of Nature; tho' one Hour  
Had given us Birth, one Fortune fed our Wants,  
One only Love, and that but of each other,  
Still fill'd our Minds: Could I have such a Friend  
Join'd in this Cause, and had but Ground to fear  
He meant foul Play; may this right Hand drop from me,  
If I'd not hazard all my future Peace,  
And stab him to the Heart before you. Who?  
Who would do less? wouldst thou not *Pierre*, the same?

*Pier.* You've singled me, Sir, out for this hard Question,  
As if twere started only for my Sake?  
Am I the Thing you fear? Here, here's my Bosom,  
Search it with all your Swords: Am I a Traytor?

*Ren.* No: But I fear your late commended Friend  
Is little less: Come, Sirs, 'tis now no Time  
To trifle with our Safety, Where's this *Jaffier*?

*Spin.* He left the Room just now in strange Disorder.

*Ren.* Nay, there is Danger in him: I observ'd him;  
During the Time I took for Explanation,  
He was transported from most deep Attention  
To a Confusion which he could not smother.  
His Looks grew full of Sadness and Surprize,  
All which betray'd a wavering Spirit in him,  
That labour'd with Reluctancy and Sorrow,  
What's requisite for Safety must be done  
With speedy Execution; he remains  
Yet in our Power: I for my own Part wear  
A Dagger——

*Pier.* Well.

*Ren.* And I could wish it——

*Pier.* Where?

*Ren.* Bury'd in his Heart.

*Pier.* Away; we're yet all Friends;  
No more of this, 'twill breed ill Blood among us.

*Spin.* Let us all draw our Swords and search the House,  
Pull him from the dark Hole where he sits brooking  
O'er his cold Fears, and each Man kill his Share of him.

*Pier.* Who talks of killing? who's he'll shed the Blood,  
That's

That's dear to me? Is't you, or you, Sir?  
 What, not one speak? how you stand gaping all  
 On your grave Oracle, your wooden God there!  
 Yet not a Word! Then, Sir, I'll tell y' a Secret;  
 Suspicion's but at best a Coward's Virtue. [To Ren.

Ren. A Coward!— (Handles his Sword,

Pier. Put up thy Sword, old Man,  
 Thy Hand shakes at it, Come, let's heal this Breach;  
 I am too hot: We yet may all live Friends.

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

Pier. Again! Who's that?

Spin. 'Twas I.

Theod. And I.

Ren. And I.

Eli. And all.

Ren. Who are on my Side?

Spin. Every honest Sword,  
 Let's die like Men, and not be sold like Slaves.

Pier. One such Word more, by Heav'n I'll to the Se-  
 And hang ye all like Dogs, in Clusters. (nate  
 Why peep your Coward Swords half out their Shells  
 Why do you not all brandish them like mine?  
 You fear to die, and yet dare talk of killing.

Ren. Go to the Senate and betray us! haste,  
 Secure thy wretched Life; we fear to die  
 Less than thou dar'st be honest.

Pier. That's rank Falshood;  
 Fear'st not thou Death? Fie, there's a knavish Itch  
 In that salt Blood, an utter Foe to Smarting.  
 Had *Jaffer's* Wife prov'd kind, he'd still been true.  
 Faugh—how that stinks?  
 Thou die! thou kill my Friend, or thou, or thou,  
 With that lean, wither'd Face!

Away; disperse all to your several Charges,  
 And meet To-morrow where your Honour calls you;  
 I'll bring that Man, whose Blood you so much thirst for,  
 And you shall see him venture for you fairly—  
 Hence, hence, I say [Exit Renault angrily.

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

Theod. 'Twas too far urg'd against the Man you lov'd.

E

Ren.



*Ren.* Here take our Swords, and crush them with your

*Spin.* Forgive us, gallant Friend. [Feet.

*Pier.* Nay, now you've found

The Way to melt, and cast me as you will :

I'll fetch this Friend, and give him to your Mercy :

Nay, he shall die, if you will take him from me.

For your Repose, I'll quit my Heart's best Jewel ;

But would not have him torn away by Villains,

A spiteful Villainy.

*Spin.* No, may you both

For ever live, and fill the World with Fame. [cord?

*Pier.* Now ye'are too kind. Whence rose all this Dis-

Oh ! What a dangerous Precipice have we 'scap'd!

How near a Fall was all we'd long been building!

What an eternal Blot had stain'd our Glories,

If one, the bravest and the best of Men,

Had fall'n a Sacrifice to rash Suspicion,

Butcher'd by those whose Cause he came to cherish!

O ! could you know him all, as I have known him,

How good he is, how just, how true, how brave,

You would not leave this Place till you had seen him ;

Humbled yourselves before him, kiss'd his Feet,

And gain'd Remission for the worst of Follies.

*Come but To-morrow, all your Doubts shall end,*

*And to your Loves me better recommend,*

*That I've preserv'd your Fame, and sav'd my Friend.* }

(Exeunt.

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## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Jaffier and Belvidera.*

*Jaff.* **W**Here dost thou lead me? Ev'ry Step I move,  
Methinks I tread upon some mangled Limb  
Of a rack'd Friend: O my charming Ruin!  
Where are we wandering?

*Belv.* To eternal Honour.

You do a Deed shall chronicle thy Name,  
Among the glorious Legends of those few,

That

That have sav'd sinking Nations: Thy Renown  
Shall be the future Song of all the Virgins,  
Who by thy Piety have been preserv'd  
From horrid Violation? Every Street  
Shall be adorn'd with Statues to thy Honour,  
And at thy Feet this great Inscription written,  
*Remember him that propp'd the Fall of Venice.*

*Jaff.* Rather, remember him, who, after all  
The sacred Bonds of Oaths and holier Friendship,  
In fond Compassion to a Woman's Tears,  
Forgot his Manhood, Virtue, Truth, and Honour  
To sacrifice the Bosom that reliev'd him  
Why wilt thou damn me?

*Belv.* Oh! Inconstant Man!  
How will you promise! How will you decieve!  
Do, return back, and replace me in my Bondage,  
Tell all thy Friends how dang'rously thou lov'it me,  
And let thy Dagger do its Bloody Office.  
Oh! that kind Dagger, *Jaffier*, how 'twill look  
Struck thro' my Heart, drench'd in my Blood to th' Hilt;  
Whilst these poor dying Eyes shall with their Tears  
No more Torment thee, then thou wilt be free:  
Or if thou think'it it nobler, let me live,  
Till I'm a Victim to the hateful Lust  
Of that Infernal Devil, that old Friend,  
That's damn'd himself, and would undo Mankind.  
Last Night, my Love!

*Jaff.* Name it not again:  
It shews a beastly Image to my Fancy,  
Will wake me into Madness. Oh! the Villain!  
That durst approach such Purity as thine  
On Terms so vile: Destruction, swift Destruction,  
Fall on my Coward Head, and make my Name  
The common Scorn of Fools, if I forgive him:  
If I forgive him! If I not revenge  
With utmost Rage, and most unstaying Fury,  
Thy Suffering, thou dear Darling of my Life.

*Belv.* Delay no longer then, but to the Senate,  
and tell the dismall'it Story ever utter'd:  
Tell 'em what Bloodshed, Rapines, Defolations,  
Have been prepar'd: How near's the fatal Hour.

Save thy poor Country, save the reverend Blood  
 Of all its Nobles, which To-morrow's Dawn  
 Must else see shed: Save the poor tender Lives  
 Of all those little Infants, with the Swords  
 Of Murderers are whetting for this Moment:  
 Think thou already hear'st their dying Screams,  
 Think that thou see'st their sad distracted Mothers  
 Kneeling before thy Feet, and begging Pity:  
 With torn dishevel'd Hair, and streaming Eyes,  
 Their naked mangl'd Breasts besmear'd with Blood;  
 And even the Milk, with which their fondled Babes  
 Softly they hush'd, dropping in Anguish from 'em:  
 Think thou see'st this, and then consult thy Heart.

*Jaff.* Oh!

*Belv.* Think too, if you lose this present Minute,  
 What Miseries the next Day brings upon thee:  
 Imagine all the Horrors of that Night;  
 Murder and Rapine, Waste and Desolation,  
 Confus'dly raging: Think what then may prove  
 My Lot; the Ravisher may then come safe,  
 And 'midst the Terror of the Publick Ruin  
 Do a damn'd Deed; perhaps may lay a Train  
 To catch thy Life: Then where will be Revenge,  
 The dear Revenge that's due to such a Wrong?

*Jaff.* By all Heav'n's Power, prophetick Truth  
 dwells in thee,

For every Word thou speak'st strikes thro' my Heart,  
 Like a new Light, and shews it how't has wander'd.  
 Just what thou'st made me, take me *Belvidera*,  
 And lead me to the Place where I'm to say  
 This bitter Lesson! where I must betray  
 My Truth, my Virtue, Constancy, and Friends:  
 Must I betray my Friend? Ah! take me quickly;  
 Secure me well before that Thought's renew'd;  
 If I relapse once more, all's lost for ever.

*Belv.* Hast thou a Friend more dear than *Belvidera*?

*Jaff.* No thou art my Soul itself, Wealth, Friend-  
 ship, Honour,  
 All present Joys, and Earnest of all future  
 Are summ'd in thee: Methinks when in thy Arms,  
 Thus leaning on thy Breast, one Minute's more

Than

Than a long thousand Years of vulgar Hours.  
Why was such Happiness not given to me pure?  
Why dash'd with cruel Wrongs, and bitter Warnings?  
Come, lead me forward now like a tame Lamb  
To Sacrifice. Thus, in his fatal Garlands  
Deck'd fine and pleas'd, the Wanton skips and plays,  
*Trots by th' enticing flatt'ring Priestess' Side,*  
*And much transported with its Pride,*  
*Forgets his dear Companions of the Plain;*  
*'Till, by her bound he's on the Altar lain,*  
*Yet then too hardly bleats, such Pleasure's in the Pain.* }

*Enter Officer, and six Guards.*

*Off.* Stand, who goes there?

*Belv.* Friends.

*Jaff.* Friends, *Belvidera?* hide me from my Friends;  
By Heav'n I'd rather see the Face of Hell,  
Than meet the Man I love.

*Off.* But what Friends are you?

*Jaff.* Friends to the Senate, and the State of *Venice.*

*Off.* My Orders are to seize on all I find  
At this late Hour, and bring 'em to the Council,  
Who are now sitting.

*Jaff.* Sir, you shall be obey'd.

Hold, Brute, stand off, none of your Paws upon me:  
Now the Lot's cast, and Fate do what thou wilt.

*[Exeunt guarded:]*

## SCENE II. *The Senate-house.*

*Where appear sitting the Duke of Venice, Priuli, Antonio,*  
*and eight other Senators.*

*Duke.* *Antony, Priuli, Senators of Venice,*  
Speak, why are we assembled here this Night;  
What have you to inform us of, concerns  
The State of *Venice*' Honour or its Safety?

*Pri.* Could Words express the Story I've to tell you,  
Fathers, these Tears were useless, these sad Tears  
That fall from my old Eyes; but there is Cause  
We all should weep, tear off these purple Robes,  
And wrap ourselves in Sackcloth, sitting down



On the sad Earth, and cry aloud to Heav'n:  
Heav'n knows if yet there be an Hour to come,  
E're Venice be no more.

*All Sen.* How!

*Pri.* Nay, we stand  
Upon the very Brink of gaping Ruin.  
Within this City's form'd a dark Conspiracy  
To massacre us all, our Wives and Children,  
Kindred and Friends, our Palaces and Temples  
To lay in Ashes: Nay, the Hour too fix'd;  
The Swords, for aught I know, drawn e'en this Moment,  
And the wild Waste begun. From unknown Hands  
I had this Warning: But, if we are Men,  
Let's not be tamely butcher'd, but do something  
That may inform the World, in After-ages,  
Our Virtue was not ruin'd, tho' we were. [*A Noise without.*  
Room, Room, make Room for some Prisoners—

*Sen.* Let's raise the City.

*Enter Officer and Guards.*

*Pri.* Speak there. What Disturbance?

*Off.* Two Prisoners have the Guards seiz'd in the Street,  
Who say, they come to inform this reverend Senate  
About the present Danger.

*Enter Jaffier and Belvidera guarded.*

*All* Give 'em Entrance—Well, who are you?

*Jaff.* A Villain.

*Ant.* Short and pithy:  
The Man speaks well.

*Jaff.* Would every Man, that hears me,  
Would deal so honestly, and own his Title.

*Duke.* 'Tis rumour'd, that a Plot has been contriv'd  
Against this State; that you have a Share in't too.  
If you are a Villain, to redeem your Honour  
Unfold the Truth, and be restor'd with Mercy.

*Jaff.* Think not, that I to save my Life came hither;  
I know its Value better; but in Pity  
To all those Wretches, whose unhappy Dooms  
Are fix'd and seal'd. You see me here before you,  
The sworn and covenanted Foe of Venice:  
But use me as my Dealings may deserve,  
And I may prove a Friend.

*Duke.*

*Duke.* The Slave capitulates;  
Give him the Tortures.

*Jaff.* That you dare not do,  
Your Fear won't let you, nor the longing Iich  
To hear the Story which you dread the Truth of:  
Truth which the Fear of Smart shall ne'er get from me.  
Cowards are scar'd with Threat'nings? Boys are whipt  
Into Confessions: But a steady Mind  
Acts of itself, ne'er asks the Body Counsel.  
Give him the Tortures! Name but such a Thing  
Again, by Heaven I'll shut these Lips for ever.  
Not all your Racks, your Engines, or your Wheels,  
Shall force a Groan away, that you may guesf at.

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

*Duke.* Name your Conditions.

*Jaff.* For myself full Pardon,  
Besides the Life of two and twenty Friends,

[*Delivers a List.*  
Whose Names are here enroll'd : Nay, let their Crimes  
Be ne'er so monst'rous, I must have the Oaths  
And sacred Promise of this reverend Council,  
That in a full Assembly of the Senate  
The Thing I swear be ratify'd. Swear this,  
And I'll enfold the Secret of your Danger.

*All.* We'll swear.

*Duke.* Propose the Oath.

*Jaff.* By all the Hopes  
You have of Peace and Happiness hereafter,  
Swear.

*All.* We all swear.

*Jaff.* To grant me what I've ask'd,  
Ye swear?

*All.* We swear.

*Jaff.* And as ye keep the Oath,  
May you and your Posterity be blefs'd,  
Or curs'd for ever.

*All.* Else be curs'd for ever.

*Jaff.* Then here's the List, and with't the full Disclose  
Of all that threatens you, [Delivers another Paper.  
Now, Fate thou hast caught me,

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Why, what a dreadful Catalogue of Cut-throats is here! I'll warrant you not one of these Fellows but has a Face like a Lion. I dare not so much as read their Names over.

*Duke.* Give Order, that all diligent Search be made To seize these Men; their Characters are publick. The Paper intimates their Rendeavour To be at the House of the fam'd *Grecian Courtezan*, Call'd *Aquilina*; see the Place secur'd.

*Ant.* What? my *Nicky, Nacky!* Hurry, durry! *Nicky Nacky* in the Plot——I'll make a Speech. Most Noble Senators.

What headlong Apprehensions drive you on,  
Right, noble, wise, and truly solid Senators,  
To violate the Laws and Rights of Nations?  
The Lady is a Lady of Renow:  
'Tis true, she holds a House of fair Reception,  
And, tho' I say't myself, as many more  
Can say as well as I.

2. *Sen.* My Lord, long Speeches  
Are frivolous here, when Dangers are so near us;  
We all well know your Interest in that Lady;  
The World talks loud on't

*Ant.* Verily I have done;  
I say no more.

*Duke.* But, since he has declar'd  
Himself concern'd, pray, Captain, take great Caution  
To treat the Fair one as becomes her Character,  
And let her Bed-chamber be search'd with Decency.  
You, *Jaffier*, must with Patience bear till Morning:  
To be our Prisoner.

*Jaff.* Would the Chains of Death  
Had bound me safe, e're I had known this Minute.  
I've done a Deed will make my Story hereafter  
Quoted in Competition with all ill Ones;  
The Story of Wickedness shall run  
Down thro' the low Traditions of the Vulgar,  
And Boys be taught to tell the tale of *Jaffier*.

*Duke.* Captain withdraw your Prisoner.

*Jaff.* Sir, if possible, [me;  
Lead me where my own Thoughts themselves may lose  
Where

Where I may doze out what I've left of Life,  
Forget myself, and this Day's Guilt and Flashood.  
Cruel Remembrance, how shall I appease thee?

[*Ex. guarded. Noise without.*

More Traytors; Room, Room, make Room there.

*Duke.* How's this, Guards?

Where are our Guards? Shut up the Gates, the Treason's  
Already at our Doors. [*Enter Officer.*

*Off.* My Lord, more Traytors  
Seiz'd in the vey Acts of Consultation;  
Furnish'd with Arms and Instruments of Mischief.  
Bring in the Prisoners

*Enter. Pierre, Renault, Theodore, Eliot, Revellido, and  
other Conspirators in Fetters.*

*Pier.* You, my Lords and Fathers  
(As you are pleas'd to call yourselves) of *Venice*;  
If you sit here to guide the Course of Justice,  
Why these disgraceful Chains upon the Limbs  
That have so often labour'd in your Service?  
Are these the Wreaths of Triumph ye bestow  
On those, that bring you Conquests Home, and Honours?

*Duke.* Go on; you shall be heard, Sir.

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

*Pier.* Are these the Trophies I've deserv'd for fighting  
Your Battles with Confederated Powers?  
When Winds and Seas conspir'd to overthrow you;  
And brought the Fleets of *Spain* to your own Harbours;  
And you, great Duke, shrunk trembling in your Palace,  
And saw your Wife, the *Adriatick*, plough'd  
Like a lewd Whore, by bolder Prows than yours,  
Stepp'd not I forth, and taught your loose *Venetians*  
The Task of Honour, and the Way of Greatness?  
Rais'd you from your capitulating Fears  
To stipulate the Terms of su'd-for Peace?

And this my Recompence! If I'm a Traytor,  
Produce my Charge; or shew the Wretch that's base  
And brave enough, to tell me I'm a Traytor,

*Duke.* Know you one *Jaffier*? [*All the Consp. murmur.*

*Pier.* Yes, and know his Virtue.

His Justice, Truth, his general Worth, and Sufferings  
From a hard Father, taught me first to love him.

*Enter*

*Enter Jaffier guarded.*

*Duke.* See him brought forth.

*Pier.* My Friend too bound! nay then  
Our Fate has conquer'd us, and we fall.  
Why droops the Man whose Welfare's so much mine,  
They're but one thing? These reverend Tyrants, *Jaffier,*  
Call us Traytors: Art thou one, my Brother?

*Jaff.* To thee I am the falsest, veriest Slave  
That e'er betray'd a generous, trusting Friend,  
And gave up Honour to be sure of Ruin:  
All our fair Hopes, which Morning was to have crown'd,  
Has this curs'd Tongue o'erthrown.

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

*Duke.* Say; will you make Confession  
Of your vile Deeds, and trust the Senate's Mercy?

*Pier.* Curs'd be your Senate: Curs'd your Constitution:  
The Curse of growing Factions and Divisions  
Still vex your Councils, shake your publick Safety,  
And make the Robes of Government you wear  
Hateful to you, as these base Chains to me.

*Duke.* Pardon, or Death!

*Pier.* Death! honourable Death!

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

*All Consp.* No shameful Bonds, but honourable Death.

*Duke.* Break up the Council, Captain, guard your  
Prisoners.

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

[*Ex. All the Senators.*]

*Pier.* Come, where's my Dungeon? Lead me to my  
It will not be the first Time I have lodg'd hard (Straw:  
To do the Senate Service.

*Jaff.* Hold one Moment.

*Pier.* Who's he disputes the Judgment of the Senate?  
Presumptuous Rebel—on— [Strikes *Jaff.*

*Jaff.* By Heav'n, you stir not,  
I must be heard, I must have Leave to speak:  
Thou hast disgrac'd me, *Pierre,* by a vile blow:  
Had not a Dagger done thee nobler Justice?  
But use me as thou wilt, thou can'st not wrong me,

For

For I am fallen beneath the basest Injuries:  
 Yet look upon me with an Eye of Mercy,  
 With Pity and with Charity behold me;  
 Shut not thy Heart against a Friend's Repentance;  
 But, as there dwells a godlike Nature in thee,  
 Listen with Mildness to my Supplications.

*Pier.* What whining Monk art thou? what holy Cheat,  
 That would'st inroach upon my credulous Ears,  
 And can'st thus vilely? hence! I know thee not;  
 Dissemble and be nasty: Leave, Hypocrite.

*Jaff.* Not know me, *Pierre!*

*Pier.* No, know thee not; what art thou?

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

*Pier.* Thou *Jaffier!* thou once lov'd valu'd Friend!  
 By Heav'n's thou ly'st; the Man so call'd, my Friend,  
 Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant,  
 Noble in Mind, and in his Person lovely,  
 Dear to my Eyes, and tender to my Heart:  
 But thou a wretched, base, false, worthless Coward,  
 Poor even in Soul, and loathsome in thy Aspect:

All Eyes must shun thee, and all Hearts detest thee.  
 Prithee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,  
 Like something baneful, that my Nature's chill'd at.

*Jaff.* I have not wrong'd thee, by these Tears I have  
 But still am honest, true, and, hope too valiant; [not,  
 My Mind still full of thee, therefore still noble.  
 Let not thy Eyes then shun me, nor thy Heart:  
 Detest me utterly: Oh! look upon me,  
 Look back and see my sad, sincere Submission!  
 How my Heart swells, as e'en 'twould burst my Bosom;  
 Fond of its Goal, and labouring to be at thee;  
 What shall I do? what say to make thee hear me?

*Pier.* Hast thou not wrong'd me? dar'st thou call thyself  
 That once lov'd, valu'd Friend of mine,  
 And swear thou hast not wrong'd me? Whence these  
 Chains?

Whence the vile Death, which I may meet Moment?  
 Whence this Dishonour, but from thee, thou false one?

*Jaff.*—All's true; yet grant one Thing, and I've done  
 asking.

*Pier.* What's that?

*Jaff.*

*Jaff.* To take thy Life on such Conditions  
The Council have propos'd: Thou and thy Friends  
May yet live long, and to be better treated.

*Pier.* Life! ask my Life! confess! record myself  
A Villain for the Privilege to breathe,  
And carry up and down this cursed City  
A discontented and repining Spirit,  
Burdensome to itself, a few Years longer,  
To lose it, may be, at last, in a lewd Quarrel  
For some new Friend, teacherous and false as thou art!  
No, this vile World and I have long been jangling,  
And cannot part on better Terms than now,  
When only Men like thee are fit to live in't.

*Jaff.* By all that's just——

*Pier.* Swear by some other Powers,  
For thou hast broke that sacred Oath too lately.

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

*Pier.* not leave me!

*Jaff.* No; thou shalt not force me from thee:  
Use me reproachfully, and like a Slave;  
Tread on me, buffet me, heap Wrongs on Wrongs  
On my poor Head; I'll bear it all with Patience  
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly Cruelty:  
Lie at thy Feet and kifs 'em, tho' they spurn me,  
Till wounded by my Sufferings thou relent,  
And raise me to thy Arms with dear Forgiveness.

*Pier.* Art thou not——

*Jaff.* What?

*Pier.* A Traytor?

*Jaff.* Yes.

*Pier.* A Villain?

*Jaff.* Granted.

*Pier.* A Coward, a most scandalous Coward,  
Spiritlefs, void of Honour, one who has sold  
Thy everlasting Fame for shameless Life?

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

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

Base as thou'rt false——

*Jaff.*

*Jaff.* No; 'tis to me that's granted:  
'The Safety of thy Life was all I aim'd at,  
In Recompence for Faith and Trust so broken.

*Pier.* I scorn it more, because preserv'd by thee;  
And as when first my foolish Heart took Pity  
On thy Misfortunes, fought thee in thy Miseries,  
Reliev'd thy Wants, and rais'd thee from thy State  
Of Wretchedness, in which thy Fate had plung'd thee,  
To rank thee in my List of Noble Friends;  
All I receiv'd, in Surety for thy Truth,  
Were unregarded Oaths, and this, this Dagger,  
Given with a worthless Pledge thou since hast stol'n.  
So I restore it back to thee again;  
Swearing by all those Powers which thou hast violated,  
Never from this curs'd Hour to hold Communion,  
Friendship, or Interest with thee, tho' our Years  
Were to exceed those limited the World.  
Take it—Farewel—for now I owe the nothing.

*Jaff.* Say thou wilt live then.

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

*Jaff.* Oh *Pierre!*

*Pier.* No more.

*Jaff.* My Eyes won't loose the Sight of thee,  
But languish after thine, and ake with Gazing.

*Pier.* Leave me—Nay, then thus, thus I throw thee  
from me;  
And Curses great as is thy Falshood catch thee. [*Exit.*

*Jaff.* Amen.

He's gone, my Father, Friend, Preserver,  
And here's the Portion he has left me, [*Holds the Dagger up.*  
This Dagger: Well remember'd, with this Dagger  
I gave a solemn Vow of dire Importance;  
Parted with this and *Belvidera* together.  
Have a Care, Mem'ry drive that thought no farther;  
No, I'll esteem it as a Friend's last Legacy,  
Treasure it up within this wretched Bosom,  
Where it may grow acquainted with my Heart,  
That, when they meet, they start not from each other.  
So, now for Thinking: A Blow, call'd Traytor, Villain;  
Coward, dishonourable Coward, fough!

F

Oh!



Oh! for a long sound Sleep, and so forget it.  
Down, busy Devil.

*Enter Belvidera.*

*Belv.* Whither shall I fly?  
Where hide me and my Miseries together?  
Where's now the *Roman* Constancy I boasted?  
Sunk into trembling Fears and Desperation.  
Nor daring to look up to that dear Face  
Which us'd to smile, even on my Faults, but, down  
Bending these miserable Eyes to Earth,  
Must move in Penance, and implore much Mercy.

*Jaff.* Mercy! kind Heav'n has surely endless Stores  
Hoarded for thee, Blessings yet untasted:  
Let Wretches, loaded hard with Guilt, as I am,  
Bow with the Weight, and groan beneath the Burden,  
Creep with a Remnant of that Strength they've left  
Before the Footstool of that Heav'n they've injur'd.  
Oh! *Belvidera*! I'm the wretched'st Creature  
E'er crawl'd on Earth: Now, if thou'art Virtue, help me.  
Take me into thy Arms, and speak the Words of Peace  
To my divided Soul, that wars within me,  
And raises every Sense to my Confusion:  
By Heav'n I'm tortering on the very Brink  
Of Peace; and thou art all the Hold I've left.

*Belv.* Alas! I know thy Sorrows are most mighty:  
I know thou'art Cause to mourn, to mourn, my *Jaffier*,  
With endless Cries, and never-ceasing Wailing;  
Thou'art lost——

*Jaff.* Oh I've lost what can't be counted;  
My Friend too, *Belvidera*, that dear Friend,  
Who next to thee was all my Health rejoic'd in,  
Has us'd me like a Slave, shamefully us'd me:  
'Twould break thy pitying Heart to hear the Story.  
What shall I do? Resentment, Indignation,  
Love, Pity, Fear, and Mem'ry how I've wrong'd him,  
Distract my Quiet with the very Thought on't,  
And tear my Heart to Pieces in my Bosom.

*Belv.* What has he done?

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

*Belv.* Why?

*Jaff.* Oh! he has us'd me! yet by Heav'n I bear it;  
He

He has us'd me, *Belvidera* ! But first swear  
That, when I've told thee, thou wilt not loath me utterly,  
Tho' vilest Blots and Stains appear upon me ;  
But still at least with charitable Goodness  
Be near me in the Pangs of my Affliction ;  
Nor scorn me, *Belvidera*, as he has done.

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

Speak, what's the Cause, I'm grown into Distrust ?  
Why thought unfit to hear my Love's Complaining ?

*Jaff.* Oh !

*Belv.* Tell me.

*Jaff.* Bear my Failings, for they're many,  
Oh ! my dear Angel ! in that Friend I've lost  
All my Soul's Peace ; for every Thought of him  
Strikes my Sense hard, and deads it in my Brains ;  
Would'st thou believe it ?

*Belv.* Speak.

*Jaff.* Before we parted,  
E're yet his Guards had led him to his Prison,  
Full of severest Sorrows for his Sufferings,  
With Eyes o'erflowing, and a bleeding Heart,  
Humbling myself almost beneath my Nature,  
As at his Feet I kneel'd, and su'd for Mercy ;  
Forgetting all our Friendship, all the Dearness  
In which we've liv'd so many Years together,  
With a reproachful Hand he dash'd a Blow :  
He struck me, *Belvidera*, by Heav'n he struck me !  
Buffeted, call'd me Traytor, Villain, Coward.  
Am I a Coward ? Am I a Villain ? Tell me :  
Thou'rt the best Judge, and mad'st me, if I am so.  
Damnation ! Coward !

*Belv.* Oh ! forgive him, *Jaffier* ;  
And, if his Sufferings wound thy Heart already,  
What will they do To-morrow ?

*Jaff.* Hah !

*Belv.* To-morrow,  
When thou shalt see him stretch'd in all the Agonies  
Of a tormenting and a shameful Death ;  
His bleeding Bowels, and his broken Limbs,  
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering Villain,

64 V E N I C E *Preserv'd* :

What will thy Heart do then! sure 'twiſt ſtream  
Like my Eyes now.

*Jaff.* What means thy dreadful Story?  
Death, and To-morrow? Broken Limbs and Bowels?  
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering Villain?  
By all my Fears I ſhall ſtart out to Madneſs  
With bravely gueſſing, if the Truth's hid longer.

*Belv.* The faithful Senators, 'tis they've decreed it:  
They ſay according to our Friend's Request,  
They ſhall have Death, and no ignoble Bondage:  
Declare their promis'd Mercy all as forfeited:  
False to their Oaths, and deaf to Interceſſion;  
Warrants are paſſ'd for publick Death To-morrow.

*Jaff.* Death! doom'd to die! condemn'd, unhear'd!  
unpleaded!

*Belv.* Nay, cruel'ſt Racks and Torments are preparing  
To force Confeſſion from their dying Pangs.

Oh! do not look ſo terribly upon me!  
How your Lips ſhake, and all your Face diſorder'd!  
What means my Love?

*Jaff.* Leave me, I charge thee leave me—— Strong  
Temptations

Wake in my Heart.

*Belv.* For what?

*Jaff.* No more, but leave me.

*Belv.* Why?

*Jaff.* Oh! by Heav'n I love thee with that Fondneſs,  
I would not have thee ſtay a Moment longer,  
Near theſe curs'd Hands: Are they not cold upon thee?

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

*Belv.* No, everlaſting Comfort's in thy Arms.  
To lean thus on thy Breſt is ſofter Eaſe,  
Than downy Pillows deck'd on Leaves of Roſes.

*Jaff.* Alas! thou think'ſt not of the Thorns 'tis filled  
with:

Fly, er're they gaul the: There's a lurking Serpent  
Ready to leap, and ſting thee to the Heart:  
Art thou not terrify'd?

*Belv.* No.

*Jaff.* Call to Mind

What

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

*Belv.* Hah!

[*Mischief?*]

*Jaff.* Where's my Friend? my Friend, thou smiling  
Nay, shrink not, now 'tis too late; thou should'st have fled  
When thy Guilt first had Cause; for dire Revenge  
Is up, and raging for my Friend. He groans!  
Hark how he groans! his Screams are in my Ears  
Already; see, they've fix'd him on the Wheel,  
And now they tear him—Murder! perjur'd Senate!  
Murder—oh!—hark thee, Traitors! thou hast done this!  
Thanks to thy Tears, and false persuading Love.  
How her Eyes speak! O thou bewitching Creature!

(*Fumbling for his Dagger.*)

Madness can't hurt thee: Come thou little Trembler,  
Creep even into my Heart, and there lie safe;  
'Tis thy own Citadel—hah—yet stand off.  
Heav'n must have Justice, and my broken Vows  
Will sink me else beneath its reaching Mercy.  
I'll wink, and then 'tis done——

*Belv.* What means the Lord

Of me, my Life and Love? What's in thy Bosom.  
Thou grasp'st at so? Nay, why am I thus treated?

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

What wilt thou do? Ah! do not kill me. *Jaffier:*  
Pity these Panting Breasts, and trembling Limbs,  
That us'd to clasp thee when thy Looks were milder,  
That yet hang heavy on my unpurg'd Soul;  
And plunge it not into eternal Darkness.

*Jaff.* Know, *Belvidera*, when we parted last,  
I gave this Dagger with thee, as in Trust  
To be thy Portion, if I e'er prov'd false.  
On such Condition was my Truth believ'd:  
But now 'tis forfeited, and must be paid for.

(*Offers to stab her again.*)

*Belv.* Oh! Mercy!

[*Kneeling.*]

*Jaff.* Nay, no Struggling.

*Belv.* Now then kill me.

[*Leaps upon his Neck, and kisses him.*]

While thus I cling about thy cruel Neck,  
Kiss thy revengeful Lips, and die in Joys  
Greater than any I can guess hereafter.

*Jaff.* I am, I am a Coward, witness'd, Heav'n,  
Witness it, Earth, and ev'ry Being witness:  
'Tis but one Blow! Yet my immortal Love,  
I cannot longer bear a Thought to harm thee,

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

The Seal of Providence is sure upon thee;  
And thou wert born for yet unheard-of Wonders:  
O! thou wert either born to save or damn me.  
By all the Power that's given thee o'er my Soul,  
By thy resistless Tears and conquering Smiles,  
By the victorious Love that still waits on thee;  
Fly to thy cruel Father, save my Friend,  
Or all our future Quiet's lost for ever.  
Fall at his Feet, cling round his reverend Knees:  
Speak to him with thy Eyes, and with thy Tears  
Melt his hard Heart, and wake dead Nature in him,  
Crush him in th' Arms, torture him with thy Softness

*Nor, till thy Prayers are granted, set him free,  
But conquer him as thou hast conquer'd me.* (Exit.)

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

*Enter Priuli solus.*

*Pri* **W**HY, cruel Heav'n, have my unhappy Days  
Been lengthen'd to this sad one? Oh! Dif-  
And deathless Infamy is fall'n upon me. (honour  
Was it my Fault? Am I a Traytor? No.  
But then, my only Child, my Daughter wedded:  
There my best Blood runs foul, and a Disease  
Incurable has seiz'd upon my Memory,  
To make it rot and stink to after-ages.  
Curs'd be the fatal Minute when I got her;  
Or would that I'd been any Thing but Man,  
And rais'd an Issue which would ne'er have wrong'd me.  
'The miserablest Creatures (Man excepted)  
Are not the less esteem'd, tho' their Posterity  
Degenerate from the Virtues of their Fathers:  
'The vilest Beasts are happy in their Offspring,

While

While only Man gets Traytors, Whores, and Villains.  
Curs'd be the Name, and some swift Blow from Fate  
Lay his Head deep, where mine may be forgotten.

*Enter Belvidera in a long Mourning Veil.*

*Bel.* He's there, my Father, my inhuman Father,  
That for three Years has left an only Child  
Expos'd to all the Outrages of Fate,  
And cruel Ruin!—oh!—

*Pri.* What Child of Sorrow  
Art thou that com'st wrapt up in Weeds of Sadness,  
And mov'st as if thy Steps were towards a Grave?

*Belv.* A Wretch who from the very Top of Happiness  
Am fallen into the lowest Depths of Misery,  
And want your pitying Hand to raise me up again.

*Pri.* Indeed thou talk'st as thou hadst tasted Sorrows?  
Would I could help thee.

*Belv.* 'Tis greatly in your Power:  
The World too speaks you charitable; and I,  
Who ne'er ask'd Alms before, in that dear Hope  
Am come a Begging to you, Sir.

*Pri.* For what?

*Belv.* Oh! well regard me, is this Voice a strange one?  
Consider too, when Beggars once pretend  
A Case like mine, no little will content 'em.

*Pri.* What would'st thou beg for?

*Belv.* Pity and Forgiveness. [*Throws up her Veil.*]  
By the kind tender Names of Child and Father,  
Hear my Complaints, and take me to your Love.

*Pri.* My Daughter!

*Belv.* Yes, your Daughter, by a Mother  
Virtuous and noble, faithful to your Honour,  
Obedient to your Will, kind to your Wishes,  
Dear to your Arms. By all the Joys she gave you,  
When in her blooming Years she was your Treasure,  
Look kindly on me; in my Face behold  
The Lineaments of her's you've kiss'd so often,  
Pleading the Cause of your poor cast-off Child.

*Pri.* Thou art my Daughter.

*Belv.* Yes—and you've oft told me,  
With Smiles of Love and chaste paternal Kisses,  
I'd much Resemblance of my Mother.

*Pri.*

*Pri.* Oh!

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

*Belv.* Nay, do not call to Memory  
My Disobedience, but let Pity enter  
Into your Heart, and quite deface the Impression.  
For could you think how mine's perplex'd, what Sadness,  
Fears and Dispairs distract the Peace within me.  
Oh! you would take me into your dear, dear Arms,  
Hover with strong Compassion o'er your young One,  
To shelter me with a protecting Wing  
From the black gather'd Storm, that's just, just breaking.

*Pri.* Dont talk thus.

*Belv.* Yes, I must; and you must hear too,  
I have a Husband.

*Pri.* Damn him.

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

*Pri.* Ha! what means my Child?

*Belv.* Oh! there's but this short Moment  
'T'wixt me and Fate; Yet send me not with Curfes  
Down to my Grave; afford me one kind Blessing  
Before we part: Just take me in your Arms,  
And recommend me with a Prayer to Heav'n,  
That I may die in Peace; and when I'm dead——

*Pri.* How my Soul's catch'd!

*Belv.* Lay me, I beg you, lay me  
By the dear Ashes of my tender Mother,  
She would have pity'd me, had Fate yet spar'd her.

*Pri.* By Heav'n, my aking Heart forebodes much  
Mischief.

Tell me thy Story, for I'm still thy Father.

*Belv.* No: I'm still contented.

*Pri.* Speak.

*Belv.* No Matter.

*Pri.* Tell me,

By yon blest'd Heav'n, my Heart runs o'er with Fond-

*Belv.* Oh! [ness.

*Pri.* Utter't

*Belv.* Oh! my Husband, my dear Husband,  
Carries

Carries a Dagger in his once kind Bosom,  
To pierce the Heart of your poor *Belvidera*.

*Pri.* Kill thee!

*Belv.* Yes, kill me. When he pass'd his Faith  
And Covenant against your State and Senate,  
He gave me up a Hostage for his Truth:  
With me a Dagger, and a dire Commission,  
Whene'er he fail'd, to plunge it thro' this Bosom.  
I learnt the Danger, chose the Hour of Love  
T' attempt his Heart, and bring it back to Honour.  
Great Love prevail'd, and blest'd me with Success;  
He came, confess'd, betray'd his dearest Friends  
For promis'd Mercy. Now they're doom'd to suffer,  
Gall'd with Remembrance of what then was sworn,  
If they are lost, he vows t'appease the Gods  
With this poor Life, and make my Blood th'Atone-

*Pri.* Heav'ns! (ment.

*Belv.* Think you saw what pass'd at our last Parting:  
Think you beheld him like a raging Lion,  
Pacing the Earth, and tearing up his Steps,  
Fate in his Eyes, and roaring with the Pain  
Of burning Fury: Think you saw his one Hand  
Fix'd on my Throat, whilst the extended other  
Grasp'd a keen threat'ning Dagger: Oh! 'twas thus  
We last embrac'd, when, trembling with Revenge,  
He dragg'd me to the Ground, and at my Bosom  
Presented horrid Death; cry'd out, my Friends,  
Where are my Friends? swore, wept, rag'd, threaten'd,  
lov'd;

For he yet lov'd, and that dear Love preserv'd me  
To this last Trial of a Father's Pity.  
I fear not Death, but cannot bear a Thought  
That that dear Hand should do the unfriendly Office.  
If I was ever then your Care, uow hear me;  
Fly to the Senate, save the promis'd Lives  
Of his dear Friends, e're mine be made the Sacrifice.

*Pri.* Oh! my Heart's Comfort!

*Belv.* Will you not, my Father?  
Weep not, but answer me.

*Pri.* by Heav'n I will  
Not one of 'em but what shall be immortal.

Canst



Canst thou forgive me all my Follies past,  
 I'll henceforth be indeed a Father; never,  
 Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,  
 Dear as the vital Warmth that feeds my Life,  
 Dear as these Eyes that weep in Fondness o'er thee:  
 Peace to thy Heart. Farewel.

*Belv.* Go, and remember

'Tis *Belvidera's* Life her Father pleads for. (*Ex. severally.*)

*Enter Antonio.*

Hum, hum, ha!

Signor *Priuli*, my Lord *Priuli*, my Lord, my Lord.  
 my Lord: Now we Lords love to call one another by  
 our Titles. My Lord, my Lord, my Lord,—Pox on  
 him, I am a Lord as well as he. And so let him fid-  
 dle—I'll warrant him he's gone to the Senate-house,  
 and I'll be there too soon enough for somebody. Odd  
 —here's a tickling Speech about the Plot, I'll prove  
 there's a Plot with a Vengeance,——Would I had it  
 without Book; let me see——

Most reverend Senators,

That there is a Plot, surely by this Time no Man that  
 hath Eyes or Understanding in his Head will presume to  
 doubt; 'tis as plain as the Light in the Cucumber—no  
 —hold there—Cucumber does not come in yet—'tis  
 as plain as the Light in the Sun, or as the Man in the  
 Moon, even at Noon-day. It is indeed a Pumpkin-  
 Plot, which, just as it was mellow, we have gather'd, and  
 now we have gather'd it, prepar'd and dress'd it, shall  
 we throw it like a pickled Cucumber, out at the Win-  
 dow? No: That it is not only a bloody, horrid, exe-  
 crable, damnable, and audacious Plot: but it is, as I  
 may so say, a saucy Plot: And we all know most Re-  
 verend Fathers, that what is Sauce for a Goose is Sauce  
 for a Gander: Therefore, I say, as those blood-thirsty  
 Ganders of the Conspiracy would have destroy'd us  
 Geese of the Senate, let us make hast to destroy them:  
 so I humbly move for Hanging—Hah! hurry, durry,  
 ——I think this will do; though I was something out  
 at first, about the Sun and the Cucumber.

*Enter Aquilina.*

*Aqui.* Good-morrow, Senator.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* *Nacky*, my dear *Nacky*; *Morrow*, *Nacky*, odd I am very brisk, very merry, very pert, very jovial—ha a a a—kifs me, *Nacky*; how dost thou do, my little tory rory Strumpet? Kifs me, I say, *Hussy*, kifs me.

*Aqui.* Kifs me *Nacky*! hang you, *Sir Coxcomb*, hang you, *Sir*.

*Ant.* Haity taity, is it so indeed? With all my Heart, Faith—*Hey, then up go we.* Faith, *Hey*—*then up we go we*, dum dum derum dump. [Sings.

*Aqui.* Signor.

*Ant.* *Madona*.

*Aqui.* Do you intend to die in your Bed?

*Ant.* About threescore Years hence much may be done, my Dear.

*Aqui.* You'll be hang'd, Signor.

*Ant.* Hang'd, Sweet-heart, prithee be quiet; hang'd quoth-a, that's a merry Conceit with all my Heart; why thou jok'st, *Nacky*; thou art given to Joking, I'll swear; well, I protest, *Nacky*; nay, I must protest, and will protest, that I love Joking dearly, Man. And I love thee for Joking, and I'll kifs thee for Joking, and towse thee for Joking; and odd, I have a devilish Mind to take thee aside about that *Busines* for Joking too, odd I have; and *Hey, then up go we*, dum dum derum dump. [Sings.

*Aqui.* See you this, *Sir*? [Draws a Dagger.

*Ant.* O Laud, a Dagger! Oh! Laud! it is naturally my Aversion, I cannot endure the Sight on't; hide it for Heaven's sake, I cannot look that Way till it be gone—hide it, hide it, oh! oh! hide it.

*Aqui.* Yes, in your Heart I'll hide it.

*Ant.* My Heart! what, hide a Dagger in my Heart's Blood!

*Aqui.* Yes, in thy Heart, thy Throat, thou pamper'd Devil?

Thou hast help'd to spoil my Peace, and I'll have Vengeance

On thy curs'd Life for all the bloody Senate,  
The perjur'd faithless Senate: Where's my Lord,  
My Happiness, my Love, my God, my Heroe,  
Doom'd by thy accursed Tongue, among the rest,

T'a

T'a shameful Rack? By all the Rage that's in me,  
I'll be whole Years in murdering thee.

*Ant.* Why, *Nacky*?

Wherefore so passionate? What have I done: what's  
the Matter, my dear *Nacky*? Am not I thy Love, thy  
Happinefs, thy Lord, thy Heroe, thy Senator, and e-  
very Thing in the World, *Nacky*.

*Aqui.* Thou! think'st thou, thou art fit to meet my  
To bear the eager Clasps of my Embraces? [Joys:  
Give me *Pierre*, or ———

*Ant.* Why, he's to be hang'd, little *Nacky*;  
Trufs'd up for Treason, and so forth, Child.

*Aqui.* Thou ly'st; stop down thy Throat that hellish  
Sentence,

Or 'tis thy last: Swear that my Love shall live,  
Or thou art dead

*Ant.* Ah! h h h.

*Aqui.* Swear to recall his Doom;  
Swear at my Feet, and tremble at my Fury.

*Ant.* I do; now if you would but kick a little bit, one  
Ah! h h h. [Kick now.

*Aqui.* Swear, or ———

*Ant.* I do by these dear fragrant Feet [Nacky.  
And little Toes, sweet as, e e e e, my *Nicky*, *Nacky*,

*Aqui.* How! [and Troth.

*Ant.* Nothing but untie thy Shoe-strings a little, Faith  
That's all, that's all, as I hope to live, *Nacky*, that's all

*Aqui.* Nay, then ———

*Ant.* Hold; hold, thy Love, thy Lord, thy Heroe,  
Shall be preserv'd and safe.

*Aqui.* Or may this Poniard  
Rust in my Heart.

*Ant.* With all my Soul.

*Aqui.* Farewell.

[*Ex. Aquil.*

*Ant.* Adieu: Why, what a bloody-minded inveterate  
termagant Strumpet have I been plagu'd with! oh! h h!  
Yet more! nay, then I die, I die—I'm dead already.

[*Stretches out himself.*

*Enter Jaffier.*

*Jaff.* Final Destruction seize on all the World,  
Bend down, ye Heav'ns, and, shutting round this Earth,  
Crush

Crush the vile Globe into its first Confusion ;  
 Scorch it with elemental Flames to one curs'd Cinder,  
 And all us little Creepers in't call'd Men  
 Burn, burn to nothing : But let *Venice* burn  
 Hotter than all the rest : Here kindle Hell,  
 Ne'er to extinguish ; and let Souls hereafter  
 Groan here in all those Pains, which mine feels now.

*Enter Belvidera.*

*Belv.* My Life——— [Meeting him.

*Jaff.* My Plague——— [Turning from him.

*Belv.* Nay, then I see my Ruin :  
 If I must die !

*Jaff.* No, Death's this Day too busy ;  
 Thy Father's ill-tim'd Mercy came too late.  
 I thank thee for thy Labours though, and him too :  
 But all my poor betray'd unhappy Friends  
 Have Summons to prepare for Fate's black Hour ;  
 And yet I live.

*Belv.* Then be the next my Doom :  
 I see thou hast pass'd my Sentence in thy Heart,  
 And I'll no longer weep or plead against it,  
 But with the humblest, most obedient Patience  
 Meet thy dear Hands, and kiss 'em when they wound me.  
 Indeed I am willing, but I beg thee do it  
 With some Remorse ; and when thou giv'st the Blow,  
 View me with Eyes of relenting Love,  
 And shew me Pity, for 'twill sweeten Justice.

*Jaff.* Shew Pity to the ?

*Belv.* Yes, and when thy Hands,  
 Charg'd with my Fate, came trembling to the Deed,  
 As thou hast done a Thousand Thousand dear Times  
 To this poor Breast, when kinder Rage hath brought thee,  
 When our stung Hearts have leap'd to meet each other,  
 And melting Kisses seal'd our Lips together ;  
 When Joys have left me gasping in thy Arms,  
 So let my Death come now, and I'll not shrink from't.

*Jaff.* Nay, *Belvidera*, do not fear my Cruelty,  
 Nor let the Thoughts of Death perplex thy Fancy ;  
 But answer me to what I shall demand,  
 With a firm Temper and unshaken Spirit.

*Belv.* I will when I've done weeping———

G

*Jaff.*

*Jaff.* Fie, no more on't—  
How long is't since that miserable Day  
We wedded first?

*Belv.* Oh! h h!

*Jaff.* Nay, keep in thy Tears'  
Lest they unman me too.

*Belv.* Heav'n knows I cannot;  
The Words you utter sound so very sadly,  
The Streams will follow—

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

*Belv.* But was't a miserable Day?

*Jaff.* A curs'd one.

*Belv.* I thought it otherwise; and you've oft sworn,  
In the transporting Hours of warmest Love,  
When sure you spoke the Truth, you've sworn you blest'd

*Jaff.* 'Twas a rash Oath (it.

*Belv.* Then why am I not curs'd too?

*Jaff.* No, *Belvidera*, by th' eternal Truth,  
I doat with too much Fondness.

*Belv.* Still so kind!

Still then do you love me?  
*Jaff.* Nature, in her Workings,  
Inclines not with more Ardour to Creation,  
Than I do now towards thee: Man ne'er was blest'd,  
Since the first Pair met, as I have been.

*Belv.* Then sure you will not curse me?

*Jaff.* No, I'll bless thee.

I came on purpose, *Belvidera*, to bless thee.  
'Tis now, I think, three Years, we've liv'd together.

*Belv.* And may no fatal Minute ever part us,  
Till, reverend grown for Age and Love, we go  
Down to one Grave, as our last Bed, together;  
There sleep in Peace, till an eternal Morning.

*Jaff.* When will that be? (Sighing.

*Belv.* I hope long Ages hence.

*Jaff.* Have I not hitherto (I beg thee tell me  
Thy very Fears] us'd thee with tender't Love?  
Did e'er my Soul rise up in Wrath against thee?  
Did I e'er frown, when *Belvidera* smil'd?  
Or, by the least unfriendly Word, betray  
Abating Passion? Have I ever wrong'd thee?

*Belv.* No.

*Jaff.*

*Jaff.* Has my Heart, or have my Eyes e'er wander'd  
To any other Woman?

*Belv.* Never, never—I were the worst of false Ones,  
Should I accuse thee.

I own I've been too happy, blest above  
My Sex's Charter.

*Jaff.* Did I not say I came to bless thee?

*Belv.* Yes.

*Jaff.* Then hear me, bounteous Heav'n;  
Pour down your Blessings on this beautiful Head,  
Where everlasting Sweets are always springing,  
With a continual giving Hand: Let Peace,  
Honour, and Safety always hover round her;  
Feed her with Plenty, let her Eyes ne'er see  
A Sight of Sorrow, nor her Heart know Mourning:  
Crown all her Days with Joy, her Nights with Rest,  
Harmless as her own Thoughts; and prop her Virtue  
To bear the Loss of one that too much lov'd;  
And comfort her with Patience in our Parting.

*Belv.* How, Parting, Parting!

*Jaff.* Yes, for ever Parting;

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

*Belv.* Oh! call back

Your cruel Blessing; stay with me and curse me!

*Jaff.* No, 'tis resolv'd.

*Belv.* Then hear me too, just Heav'n:

Pour down your Curses on this wretched Head  
With never-ceasing Vengeance; let Despair,  
Danger, and Infamy, nay all, surround me;  
Starve me with Wantings; let my Eyes ne'er see  
A Sight of Comfort, nor my Heart know Peace,  
But dash my Days with Sorrow, Nights with Horrors  
Wild as my own Thoughts now, and let loose Fury  
To make me mad enough for what I lose,  
If I must lose him. If I must? I will not,  
Oh! turn and hear me!

*Jaff.* Now hold, Heart, or never.

*Belv.* By all the tender Days we've liv'd together,  
By all our charming Nights and Joys that crown'd' em,

Pity my sad Condition ; speak, but speak.

*Jaff.* Oh! h h!

*Belv.* By these Arms that now cling round thy Neck,  
By this dear Kifs, and by Ten Thousand more,  
By these poor streaming Eyes——

*Jaff.* Murder! unhold me:  
By th'immortal Destiny that doom'd me

[*Draws his Dagger.*

To this curs'd Minute, I'll not live one longer ;  
Resolve to let me go, or see me fall——

*Belv.* Hold, Sir, be patient.

*Jaff.* Hark, the dismal Bell [ *Passing-Bell tolls.*  
Tolls out for Death! I must attend its Call too ;  
For my poor Friend, my dying *Pierre*, expects me :  
He sent a Message to require I'd see him  
Before he dy'd, and take his last Forgiveness.  
Farewel, for ever.

*Belv.* Leave thy Dagger with me,  
Bequeath me something——Not one Kifs at parting ;  
Oh! my Poor Heart, when wilt thou break ;

[*Going out, looks back at him.*

*Jaff.* Yet stay :

We have a Child, as yet a tender Infant ;  
Be a kind Mother to him when I am gone,  
Breed him in Virtue, and the Paths of Honour,  
But never let him know his Father's Story ;  
I charge thee guard him from the Wrongs my Fate  
May do his future Fortune, or his Name.

Now——nearer yet—— ( *Approaching each other.*

Oh! that my Arms were riveted  
Thus round thee ever! But my Friends! my Oath!  
This, and no more.

[*Kisses her.*

*Belv.* Another sure another,  
For that poor little One you've ta'en such Care of,  
I'll giv't him truly.

*Jaff.* So now farewel.

*Belv.* For ever?

*Jaff.* Heav'n knows for ever; all good Angels guard  
thee. [ *Exit.*

*Belv.* All ill ones sure had Charge of me this Moment.  
Curs'd be my Days, and doubly curs'd my Nights.

Which

Which I must now mourn out in widow'd Tears;  
Blasted be every Herb, and Fruit, and Tree;  
Curs'd be the Rain that falls upon the Earth,  
And may the general Curse reach Man and Beast;  
Oh! give me Daggers, Fire or Water:  
How I could bleed, how burn, how drown, the Waves  
Huzzing and foaming round my sinking Head,  
Till I descended to the peaceful Bottom!  
Oh! there's all Quiet, here all Rage and Fury:  
The Air's too thin, and pierces my weak Brain;  
I long for thick substantial Sleep: Hell! Hell!  
Burst from the Center, rage and roar aloud.  
If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am.

*Enter Priuli and Servants.*

Who's there? [*They seize her.*]

*Pri.* Run, seize, and bring her safely home,  
Guard her as you would do Life: Alas, poor Creature!

*Belv.* What to my Husband? then conduct me quickly;  
Are all Things ready? Shall we die most gloriously?

Say not a Word of this to my old Father:  
Murmuring Streams, soft Shades, and springing Flowers,

Lutes, Laurels, Seas of Milk, and Ships of Amber. [*Ex.*]

SCENE opening discovers a Scaffold, and a Wheel prepar'd for the Execution of Pierre; then enter Officers, Pierre and Guards, a Friar, Executioner, and a great Rabble.

*Off.* Room, Room there—stand all by, make Room for the Prisoner.

*Pier.* My Friend not yet come?  
*Friar.* Why are you so obstinate?

*Pier.* Why you so troublesome, that a poor Wretch can't die in Peace,

But you, like Ravens, will be croaking round him?—

*Friar.* Yet Heav'n—

*Pier.* I tell the, Heav'n and I are Friends:  
I ne'er broke Peace with't yet by cruel Murders,

Rapine, or Perjury, or vile Deceiving:  
But liv'd in moral Justice towards all Men:

Nor am a Foe to the most strong Believers,  
I lowe'er my own short-sighted Faith confines me.



*Friar.* But an All-seeing Judge——

*Pier.* You say my Conscience  
Must be my Accuser; I have search'd that Conscience,  
And find no Records there of Crimes that scare me.

*Friar.* 'Tis strange you should want Faith.

*Pier.* You want to lead  
My Reason blind-fold, like a hamper'd Lion,  
Check'd of its nobler Vigour; then when bated  
Down to obedient Tameness, make it couch,  
And shew strange Tricks, which you call Signs of Faith.  
So silly Souls are gall'd, and you get Money,  
Away; no more: Captain, I'd have hereafter  
This Fellow write no Lyes of my Conversion,  
Because he has crept upon my troubled Hours.

*Enter Jaffier.*

*Jaff.* Hold: Eyes be dry;  
Heart, strengthen me to bear  
This hideous Sight, and humble me: Take  
The last Forgiveness of a dying Friend,  
Betray'd by the vile Falshood to his Ruin.  
Oh! *Pierre!*

*Pier.* Yet nearer.

*Jaff.* Crawling on my Knees,  
And prostrate on the Earth, let me approach thee:  
How shall I look up to thy injur'd Face,  
'That always us'd to smile with Friendship on me?  
It darts an Air of so much manly Virtue,  
That I methinks, look little in thy Sight,  
And Stripes are fitter for me than Embraces.

*Peer.* Dear to my Arms, tho' thou'st undone my Fame,  
I can't forget to love thee: Prithee, *Jaffier,*  
Forgive that filthy Blow my Passion dealt thee;  
I am now preparing for the Land of Peace,  
And fain would have the charitable Wishes  
Of all good Men, like thee, to bless my Journey.

*Jaff.* Good! I am the vilest Creature, worse than e'er  
Suffer'd the shameful Fate thou'rt going to taste of.  
Why was I sent for to be us'd thus kindly?  
Call, call me Villain, as I am; describe  
The foul Complexion of my hateful Deeds;  
Lead me to th' Rack, and stretch me in thy Stead;

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I've Crimes enough to give it its full Load,  
And do it Credit: Thou wilt but spoil the Use on't,  
And honest Men hereafter bear its Figure  
About 'em as a Charm from treacherous Friendship.

*Off.* The Time grows short, your Friends are dead  
already.

*Jaff.* Dead!

*Pier.* Yes, dead, *Jaffier*; they've all dy'd like Men too!  
Worthy their Character.

*Jaff.* And what must I do?

*Pier.* Oh! *Jaffier*!

*Jaff.* Speak aloud thy burthen'd Soul,  
And tell thy Troubles to thy tortur'd Friend.

*Pier.* Friend! Could'st thou yet be a Friend, a ge-  
nerous Friend,

I might hope Comfort from thy noble Sorrows.  
Heav'n knows I want a Friend.

*Jaff.* And a kind one,

That would not thus scorn my repenting Virtue,  
Or think, when he's to die, my Thoughts are idle.

*Pier.* No! Live, I charge the *Jaffier*.

*Jaff.* Yes I will live:

But it shall be to see thy Fall reveng'd  
At such a Rate as *Venice* long shall groan for.

*Pier.* Wilt thou?

*Jaff.* I will, by Heav'n,

*Pier.* Then still thour't noble,

And I forgive thee, Oh!——yet——shall I trust thee?

*Jaff.* No? I've been false already.

*Pier.* Do'st thou love me?

*Jaff.* Rip up my Heart, and satisfy thy Doubtings.

*Pier.* Curse on this Weakness. [*He weeps.*]

*Jaff.* Tears! Amazement! Tears!

I never saw thee melted thus before;  
And know there's something 'abouring in thy Bosom  
That must have Vent: Tho' I'm a Villain, tell me.

*Pier.* See'st thou that Engine?? [*Pointing to Wheel.*]

*Jaff.* Why?

*Pier.* Is't fit a Soldier, who has liv'd with Honour,  
Fought Nations Quarrels, and been crown'd with Con-  
Be expos'd a common Carcase on a Wheel? [*quest,*

*Jaff.*

*Jaff.* Hah !

*Pier.* Speak : Is't fitting :

*Jaff.* Fitting ?

*Pier.* Yes, it's fitting ?

*Jaff.* What's to be done ?

*Pier.* I'd have thee undertake

Something that's noble to preserve my Memory  
From the Disgrace that's ready to attain it.

*Off.* The day grows late, Sir.

*Pier.* I'll make haste. Oh ! *Jaffier !*

Tho' thou'st betray'd me, do me some Way Justice.

*Jaff.* No more of that : Thy Wishes shall be satisfy'd ;  
I have a Wife, and she shall bleed : my Child too  
Yield up his little Throat, and all

T'appease thee——

[*Going away, Pierre holds him.*

*Pier.* No—this—no more. *He whispers Jaffier.*

*Jaff.* Hah ! Is't then so ?

*Pier.* Most certainly.

*Jaff.* I'll do't.

*Pier.* Remember.

*Off.* Sir,

*Pier.* Come now I'm ready.

[*He and Jaffier ascend the Scaffold.*

Captain, you should be a Gentleman of Honour ;  
Keep off the Rabble, that I may have room  
To entertain my Fate, and die with Decency.

Come. *Takes off his Gown, Executioner prepares to*

*Friar.* Son. *[bind him.*

*Pier.* Hence, Temper.

*Off.* Stand off, Priest.

*Pier.* I thank you, Sir,

You'll think on't ?

[*To Jaffier.*

*Jaff.* 'Twon't grow stale before To-morrow.

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

[*Executioner having bound him.*

*Jaff.* Have at thee,

Thou honest Heart, then—here— *[Stabs him.*

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

*Friar.* Damnable Deed !

*Pier.* Now thou hast indeed been faithful.

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This was done nobly — We have deceived the Senate.

*Jaff.* Bravely.

*Pier.* Ha, ha, ha — oh! oh!

[*Dies.*

*Jaff.* Now, ye curs'd Rulers,

Thus of the Blood y've shed I make Libation,  
And sprinkle it mingling: May it rest upon you,  
And all your Race; be henceforth Peace a Stranger  
Within your Walls; let Plagues and Famine waste  
Your Generations — Oh! poor *Belvidera!*

Sir, I have a Wife, bear this in Safety to her,  
A Token that with my dying Breath I blest'd her,  
And the dear little Infant behind me.

I'm sick — I'm quiet. (*Jaffier dies.*

*Off.* Bear this News to the Senate,  
And guard their Bodies till there's farther Orders:  
Heav'n grant I die so well (*Scene shuts upon them.*

*Soft Musick.* Enter *Belvidera* distracted, led by two of  
her Women, *Priuli* and *Servants.*

*Pri.* Strengthen her Heart with Patience, pitying  
Heav'n.

*Belv.* Come, come, come, come, nay, come  
to Bed.

*Prithee,* my Love. The Winds; hark how they whistle;  
And the Rain beats: Oh! how the Weather shrinks me!  
You are angry now, who cares? Pish, no indeed.  
Chuse then, I say you shall not go, you shall not.  
Whip your Ill-nature; get you gone then; oh!

[*Jaffier's Ghost arises.*

Are you return'd? See, Father, here he's come again,  
Am I to blame to love him? O thou dear one.

(*Ghost sinks.*

Why do you fly me? Are you angry still then?

*Jaffier,* where art thou? Father, why do you do thus?  
Stand off, don't hide him from me. He's there somewhere,  
Stand off, I say: What gone? Remember't, Tyrant:  
I may revenge myself for this Trick, one Day,  
I'll do't — I'll do't. *Renault's* a nasty Fellow;  
Hang him, hang him, hang him.

*Enter Officer and others.*

*Pri.* News, what News: (*Officer whispers Priuli.*

*Off.* Most sad, Sir;

*Jaffier.*

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

*Pri.* Daughter.

*Belv.* Ha! look there!

*(The Ghosts of Jaffier and Pierre rise together, both bloody.)*  
My Husband bloody and his Friend too! Murder!

Who has done this? Speak to me, thou sad Vision;

*(Ghost sinks.)*

On these poor trembling Knees I beg it: Vanish'd—  
Here they went down: Oh! I'll dig, dig the Den up.

You shan't delude me thus. Ho, *Jaffier, Jaffier*.

Peep up, and give me but a Look. I have him!

I've got him, Father: Oh! now how I'll smuggle him!

My Love! my Dear! my Blessing! help me! help me!

They have hold on me, and drag me to the Bottom.

Nay—now they pull so hard—farewel— *(She dies.)*

*Maid.* She's dead,

Breathless and dead.

*Pri.* Then guard me from the Sight on't:

Lead me into some Place that's fit for Mourning;

Where the free Air, Light, and the chearful Sun

May never enter: Hang it round with Black;

Set up one Taper, that may light a Day,

As long as I've to live: And there all leave me:

*Sparing no Tears, when you this Tale relate,*

*But bid all cruel Fathers dread my Fate.*

*(Exeunt Omnes.)*



# EPILOGUE.

**T**HE Text is done, and now for Application,  
 And when that's ended, pass your Approbation.  
 Though the Conspiracy's prevented here,  
 Methinks I see another hatching there:  
 And there's a certain Faction fain would sway,  
 If they had Strength enough, and damn this Play:  
 But this the Author bid me Boldy say,  
 If any take this Plainness in ill part,  
 He's glad on't from the Bottom of his Heart:  
 Poets in Honour of the Truth should write,  
 With the same Spirit brave Men for it fight.  
 And though against him causeless Hatreds rise,  
 And daily where goes of late he spies  
 The Scowles of sullen and revengeful Eyes;  
 'Tis what he knows, with much Contempt, to bear,  
 And serves a Cause too good to let him fear.  
 He fears no Poison from an incens'd Drab,  
 No Ruffian's five Foot Sword, nor Rascal's Stab;  
 For any other Snares of Mischieflaid,  
 Not a Rose-Alley Cudgel Ambuscade,  
 From any private Cause where Malice reigns,  
 Or general Pique all Blockheads have to Brains;  
 Nothing shall damn his Pen, when Truth does call.  
 No, not the \* Picture-mangler at Guildhall.  
 The Rebel-Tribe, of which that Vermin's one,  
 Have now set forward, and their Course begun?

\* The Rascal that cut the Duke of York's Picture.

And

*And while that Prince's Figure they deface,  
As they before had massacred his Name,  
Durst their base Fears but look him in the Face,  
They'd use his Person as they've us'd his Fame :*

*A Face in which such Lin'ments they read  
Of that great Martyr's, whose rich Blood they shed,  
That their Rebellious Hate they still retain,  
And in his Son would murder him again.  
With Indignation then let each brave Heart  
Rouze and unite, to take his injur'd Part ;  
'Till Royal Love and Goodness call him Home,  
And Songs of Triumph meet him as he come :  
'Till Heav'n his Honour and our Peace restore,  
And Villains never wrong his Virtue more.*

F I N I S.







