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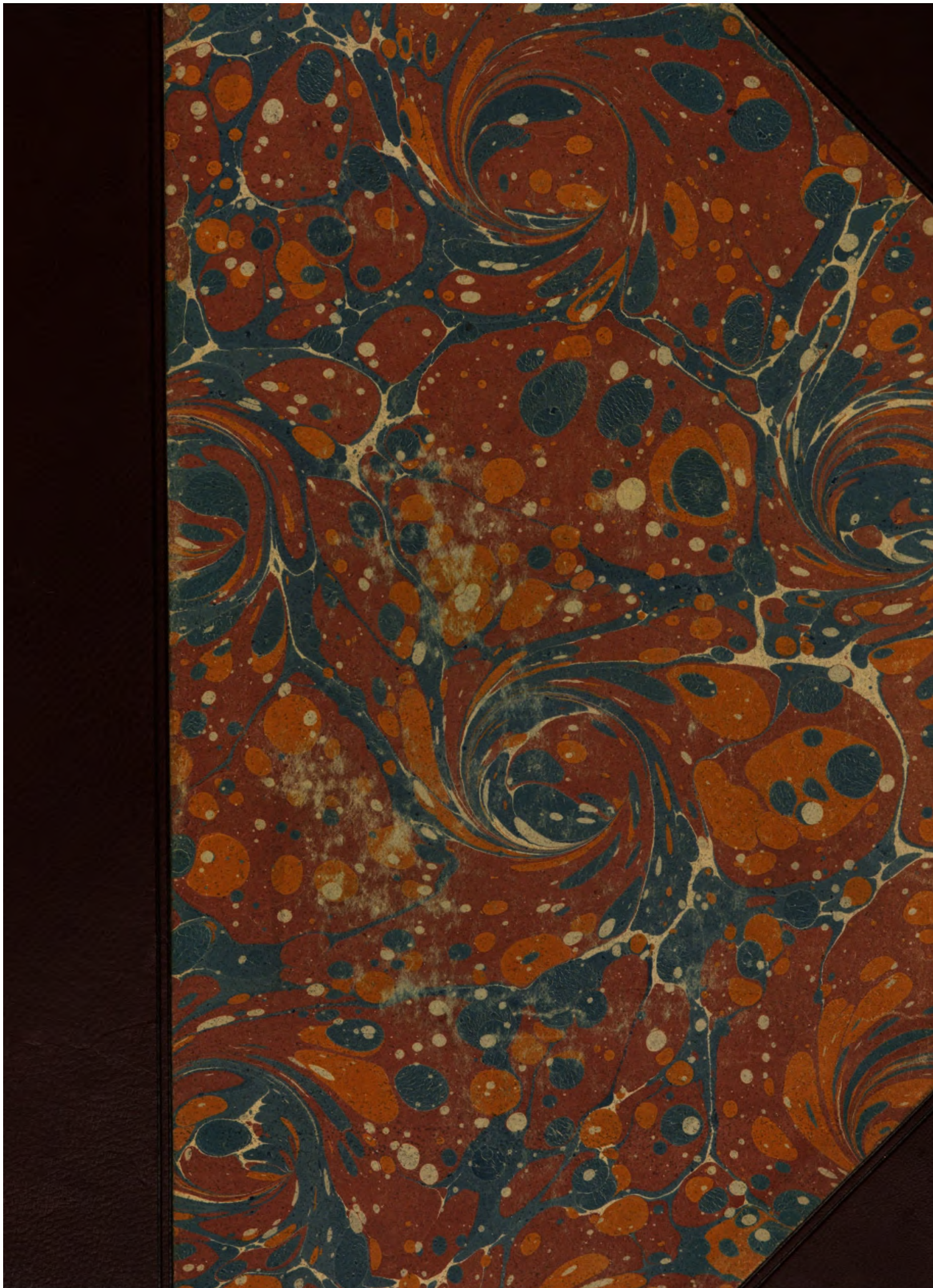
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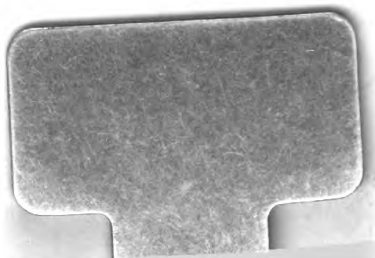
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Mr. Tom Stone

Mat. 5. 12

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The Moore

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
VALENTINIAN.

75
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Written by

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Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT,

66

AND

Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.



LONDON,

Printed for J. T. And Sold by J. Brown at the Black
Swan without Temple-Bar. 1717.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Valentinian, *Emperor of Rome.*

Æcius, *the Emperor's Loyal General.*

Balbus,

Proculus,

Chilax,

Licinius,

Maximus, *a great Soldier, Husband to Lucina.*

Lycias, *an Eunuch.*

Pontius, *an honest Cashier'd Centurion.*

Phidias, } *two bold and faithful Eunuchs, Servants*

Aretus, } *to Æcius.*

Afranius, *an eminent Captain.*

Paulus, *a Poet.*

Licippus, *a Courtier.*

W O M E N.

Eudoxia, *Empress, Wife to Valentinian.*

Lucina, *the chaste abused Wife of Maximus.*

Claudia,

Marcellina,

Ardelia,

Phorba,

Three Senators, *Physicians, Gentlemen and Soldiers.*

SCENE R O M E.

T H E



T H E
T R A G E D Y
O F
V A L E N T I N I A N .

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

Enter Balbus, Proculus, Chilax and Licinius.

Balb. I Never saw the like, she's no more stir'd,
No more another Woman, no more alter'd,
With any hopes or promises laid to her,
Let 'em be ne'er so weighty, ne'er so winning,
Than I am with the motion of my own Legs.

Pro. Chilax,

You are a Stranger yet in these designs,
At least in *Rome*; tell me, and tell me truth,
Did you e'er know in all your course of practice,
In all the ways of Woman you have run through,
(For I presume you have been brought up, *Chilax*,
As we, to fetch and carry.)

Chi. True, I have so.

Pro. Did you, I say again, in all this progress,
Ever discover such a piece of Beauty,
Ever so rare a Creature, and no doubt,
One that must know her worth too, and affect it,
Ay and be flatter'd, else 'tis none; and honest?
Honest against the Tide of all Temptations,
Honest to one Man, to her Husband only,
And yet not eighteen, not of Age to know
Why she is honest?

A 2

Chi.

Cbi. I confess it freely,
 I never saw her fellow, nor e'er shall:
 For all our *Gracian* Dames, all I have try'd,
 (And sure I have try'd a hundred, if I say two
 I speak within my Compass) all these Beauties,
 And all the constancy of all these Faces,
 Maids, Widows, Wives, of what degree or calling,
 So they be *Greeks*, and far, for there's my cunning,
 I would undertake and not sweat for't, *Proculus*,
 Were they to try again, say twice as many,
 Under a thousand Pound, to lay 'em Bed-rid;
 But this Wench staggers me.

Lyc. Do you see these Jewels?
 You would think these pretty baits; now I'll assure ye
 Here's half the Wealth of *Asia*.

Bal. These are nothing
 To the full Honours I propounded to her;
 I bid her think, and be, and presently
 Whatever her Ambition, what the Council
 Of others would add to her, what her Dreams
 Could more enlarge, what any Precedent
 Of any Woman rising up to Glory,
 And standing certain there, and in the highest,
 Could give her more, nay, to be Empress.

Pro. And cold at all these Offers?

Bal. Cold as Christal,
 Never to be thraw'd again.

Cbi. I try'd her further,
 And so far, that I think she is no Woman,
 At least as Women go now.

Lyc. Why what did you?

Cbi. I offer'd that, that had she been but Mistress
 Of as much Spleen as Doves have, I had reach'd her;
 A safe Revenge of all that ever hate her,
 The crying down for ever of all Beauties
 That may be thought come near her.

Pro. That was pretty.

Cbi. I never knew that way fail; yet I'll tell you
 I offer'd her a Gift beyond all yours,
 That, that had made a Saint start, well consider'd;
 The Law to be her Creature, she to make it,
 Her Mouth to give it, every Creature living
 From her Aspect to draw their good or evil,
 Fix'd in 'em spight of Fortune; a new Nature
 She should be call'd, and Mother of all Ages,
 Time should be hers, and what she did lame Virtue

Should

Should bless to all Posterities: Her Air,
Should give us Life, her Earth and Water feed us;
And last, to none but to the Emperor,
(And then but when she pleas'd to have it so,
She should be held for mortal.

Lyc. And she heard you?

Cbi. Yes, as a sick Man hears a noise, or he
That stands condemn'd his Judgment; let me perish,
But if there can be Virtue, if that Name
Be any thing but Name and empty Title,
If it be so as Fools have been pleas'd to feign it,
A Power that can preserve us after Ashes,
And make the Names of Men out-reckon Ages;
This Woman has a God of Virtue in her.

Bal. I would the Emperor were that God.

Cbi. She has in her

All the contempt of Glory and vain seeming
Of all the *Stoicks*, all the Truth of Christians,
And all their Constancy: Modesty was made
When she was first intended: When she blushes
It is the holiest thing to look upon;
The purest Temple of her Sect, that ever
Made Nature a blest Founder.

Pro. Is there no way
To take this *Pbenix*?

Lyc. None but in her Ashes.

Cbi. If she were fat, or any way inclining
To Ease or Pleasure, or affected Glory,
Proud to be seen and worship'd, 'twere a venture;
But on my Soul she's chaster than cold Camphire.

Bal. I think so too; for all the ways of Woman,
Like a full Sail, she bears against: I ask'd her
After my many Offers, walking with her,
And her as many down-denials, how
If the Emperor, grown mad with Love, should force her;
She pointed to a *Lucrece*, that hung by,
And with an angry look, that from her Eyes
Shot Vestal fire against me, she departed.

Pro. This is the first Wench I was ever pos'd in;
Yet I have brought young loving things together
This two and thirty Year.

Cbi. I find by this Wench
The Calling of a Bawd to be a strange,
A wise, and subtile Calling; and for none
But staid, discreet, and understanding People:
And, as the Tutor to great *Alexander*

Would

Would say, a young Man should not dare to read
 His Moral Books, till after five and twenty;
 So must that he or she, that will be bawdy,
 (I mean discreetly bawdy, and be trusted)
 If they will rise, and gain Experience,
 Well stept in Years, and Discipline, begin it,
 I take it 'tis no Boys play.

Bal. Well, what's thought of?

Pbo. The Emperor must know it.

Lyc. If the Women should chance to fail too.

Chi. As 'tis ten to one.

Pro. Why what remains, but new Nets for the purchase?

Chi. Let's go consider then; and if all fail,
 This is the first quick Eel, that sav'd her Tail.

[*Exe.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Lucina, Ardelia, and Phorba.

Ard. You still insist upon that Idol, Honour,
 Can it renew your Youth, can it add Wealth,
 That takes off Wrinkles; can it draw Mens Eyes
 To gaze upon you in your Age? Can Honour,
 That truly is a Saint to none but Soldiers,
 And look'd into, bears no Reward but Danger,
 Leave you the most respected Person living?
 Or can the common kisses of a Husband,
 (Which to a sprightly Lady is a labour)
 Make ye almost Immortal? Ye are cozen'd,
 The Honour of a Woman is her Praises;
 The way to get these, to be seen, and sought to,
 And not to bury such a happy Sweetness
 Under a smoaky Roof.

Luc. I'll hear no more.

Phor. That White, and Red, and all that blisfed Beauty,
 Kept from the Eyes, that make it so, is nothing:
 Then you are rarely fair, when Men proclaim it;
 The *Phenix*, were she never seen, were doubted.
 That most unvalued Horn the Unicorn
 Bears to oppose the Huntsman, were it nothing
 But Tale, and meer Tradition, would help no Man;
 But when the Virtue's known, the Honour's doubled:
 Virtue is either lame, or not at all.
 And Love a Sacrilege, and not a Saint,
 When it bars up the way to Mens Petitions.

Ard. Nay, ye shall love your Husband too; we come not
 To make a Monster of ye.

Luc. Are ye Women?

Ard.

Ard. You'll find us so, and Women you shall thank too,
If you have Grace to make your use.

Luc. Fye on ye.

Phor. Alas, poor bashful Lady! By my Soul,
Had ye no other Virtue but your Blushes,
And I a Man, I should run mad for those:
How daintily they set her off, how sweetly!

Ard. Come Goddess, come, you move too near the Earth,
I must not be, a better Orb stays for you:
Here; be a Maid, and take 'em.

Luc. Pray leave me.

Phor. That were a sin, sweet Lady, and a way
To make us guilty of your Melancholy;
You must not be alone; in Conversation
Doubts are resolv'd, and what sticks near the Conscience
Made easie, and allowable

Luc. Ye are Devils.

Ard. That you may one day bless for your damnation.

Luc. I charge ye in the name of Chastity,
Tempt me no more; how ugly ye seem to me?
There is no wonder Men defame our Sex,
And lay the Vices of all Ages on us,
When such as you shall bear the Names of Women:
If ye had Eyes to see your selves, or Sense
Above the base Rewards ye play the Bawds for;
If ever in your lives ye heard of Goodness,
Though many Regions off, as Men hear Thunder;
If ever ye had Mothers, and they Souls;
If ever Fathers, and not such as you are;
If ever any thing were constant in you,
Beside your Sins, or coming but your Courses,
If ever any of your Ancestors
Dy'd worth a noble deed, that would be cherish'd,
Soul-frighted with this black Infection,
You would run from one another, to Repentance,
And from your guilty Eyes drop out those Sins,
That made ye blind, and Beasts.

Phor. Ye speak well, Lady;
A sign of fruitful Education,
If your religious Zeal had Wisdom with it.

Ard. This Lady was ordain'd to bless the Empire,
And we may all give thanks for't.

Phor. I believe ye.

Ard. If any thing redeem the Emperor
From his wild flying Courses, this is she;
She can instruct him, if ye mark; she is wise too.

Phor.

The Tragedy of Valentinian.

Pbor. Exceeding wise, which is a wonder in her,
And so religious, that I well believe,
Though she would sin she cannot.

Ard. And besides,
She has the Empire's Cause in hand, not Love's;
There lies the main Consideration,
For which she is chiefly born.

Pbor. She finds that point
Stronger than we can tell her, and believe it
I look by her means for a Reformation,
And such a one, and such a rare way carried,
That all the World shall wonder at.

Ard. 'Tis true;
I never thought the Emperor had Wisdom,
Pity, or fair Affection to his Country,
'Till he profess this Love: Gods give 'em Children,
Such as her Virtues merit, and his Zeal.
I look to see a *Numa* from this Lady,
Or greater than *Octavius*.

Pbor. Do you mark too,
Which is a noble Virtue; how she blushes,
And what a flowing Modesty runs through her,
When we but name the Emperor?

Ard. But mark it,
Yes, and admire it too; for she considers,
Though she be fair as Heav'n, and virtuous
As holy Truth, yet to the Emperor
She is a kind of nothing but her Service,
Which she is bound to offer, and she'll do it;
And when her Country's Cause commands Affection,
She knows Obedience is the Key of Virtues,
Then fly the Blushes out like *Cupid's* Arrows:
And though the tye of Marriage to her Lord
Would fain cry, Stay *Lucina*; yet the Cause,
And general Wisdom of the Prince's Love,
Makes her find surer Ends, and happier;
And if the first were chaste, this is twice doubled.

Pbor. Her Tartness unto us too.

Ard. That's a wise one.

Pbor. I rarely like, it shews a rising Wisdom,
That chides all common Fools as dare enquire
What Princes would have private.

Ard. What a Lady
Shall we be blest to serve?

Luc. Go, get ye from me.
Ye are your Purfes Agents, not the Prince's:

Is this the virtuous Lore ye train'd me out to ?
Am I a Woman fit to imp your Vices ?
But that I had a Mother, and a Woman,
Whose ever-living Fame turns all it touches,
Into the good it self is, I should now
Even doubt my self, I have been search'd so near
The very soul of Honour: Why should you two,
That happily have been as chaste as I am,
Fairer I think by much, for yet your Faces,
Like ancient well-built Piles, shew worthy Ruins,
After that Angel-Age, turn mortal Devils?
For shame, for Woman-hood, for what ye have been,
For rotten Cedars have born goodly Branches ;
If ye have hope of any Heav'n, but Court,
Which like a Dream, you'll find hereafter vanish,
Or at the best, but subject to Repentance,
Study no more to be ill spoken of ;
Let Women live themselves ; if they must fall,
Their own Destruction find 'em, not your Feavers.

Arđ. Madam, ye are so excellent in all,
And I must tell it you with admiration,
So true a Joy ye have, so sweet a Fear,
And when ye come to Anger, 'tis so noble,
That for mine own Part, I could still offend,
To hear you angry ; Women that want that,
And your way guided (else I count it nothing)
Are either Fools or Cowards.

Phor. She were a Mistress for no private Greatness,
Could she not frown a ravish'd Kiss from Anger :
And such an Anger as this Lady learns us,
Stuck with such pleasing Dangers, Gods, I ask ye,
Which of ye all could hold from ?

Luc. I perceive ye,
Your own dark Sins dwell with ye, and that Price
You sell the Chastity of modest Wives at,
Run to Diseases with your Bones: I scorn ye,
And all the Nets ye have pitch'd to catch my Virtues,
Like Spiders Webs, I sweep away before me.
Go, tell the Emperor, ye have met a Woman,
That neither his own Person, which is God-like,
The World he rules, nor what that World can purchase,
Nor all the Glories subject to a *Cesar*,
The Honours that he offers for my Body,
The Hopes, Gifts, everlasting Flatteries,
Nor any thing that's his, and apt to tempt me,
No, not to be the Mother of the Empire,

And Queen of all the holy Fires he worships,
Can make a Whore of.

Ard. You mistake us, Lady.

Luc. Yet, tell him this has thus much weaken'd me,
That I have here his Knaves, and you his Matrons,
Fit Nurses for his Sins, which Gods forgive me,
But ever to be leaning to his Folly,
Or to be brought to love his Lust, assure him,
And from her Mouth, whose Life shall make it certain,
I never can: I have a Noble Husband,
Pray tell him that too, yet a Noble Name,
A Noble Family, and last a Conscience:
Thus much for your Answer: For your selves,
You have liv'd the Shame of Women, die the better. [Exit.

Phor. What's now to do?

Ard. Even as she said, to die,
For there's no living here, and Women thus,
I am sure for us two.

Phor. Nothing stick upon her?

Ard. We have lost a Mass of Mony; well, Dame Virtue,
Yet ye may halt, if good Luck serve.

Phor. Worms take her,
She has almost spoil'd our Trade.

Ard. So Godly!

This is ill Breeding, *Phorba.*

Phor. If the Women
Shou'd have a longing now to see this Monster,
And she Convert 'em all!

Ard. That may be, *Phorba*;
But if it be, I'll have the young Men gelded:
Come, let's go think, she must not 'scape us thus;
There is a certain Season, if we hit,
That Women may be rid without a Bit. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Maximus and Æcius.

Max. I cannot blame the Nations, noble Friend,
That they fall off so fast from this wild Man,
When (under our Allegiance be it spoken,
And the most happy tye of our Affections)
The World's Weight groans beneath him; where lives Virtue,
Honour, Discretion, Wisdom? Who are clad,
And chosen to the steering of the Empire,
But Bawds, and singing Girls? O my Æcius!
The Glory of a Soldier, and the Truth

The Tragedy of Valentinian.

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Of Men made up for goodness sake, like Shells,
Grow to the ragged Walls for want of Action
Only your happy self, and I that love ye,
Which is a larger Means to me than Favour.

Æcius. No more, my worthy Friend, though these be Truths,
And though these Truths would ask a Reformation,
At least, a little squaring; yet remember
We are but Subjects, *Maximus*; Obedience
To what is done, and Grief for what is ill done,
Is all we can call ours: The Hearts of Princes
Are like the Temples of the Gods; pure Incence,
Until unhallowed Hands defile those Offerings,
Burns ever there; we must not put 'em out,
Because the Priests that touch those Sweets are wicked;
We dare not, dearest Friend, nay more we cannot,
While we consider why we are, and how,
To what Laws bound, much more to what Law-giver;
Whilst Majesty is made to be obey'd,
And not inquir'd into, whilst Gods and Angels
Make but a Rule as we do, though a stricter;
Like desperate and unseason'd Fools, let fly
Our killing Angers, and forsake our Honours.

Max. My Noble Friend, from whose Instructions
I never yet took Surfeit, weigh but thus much,
Nor think I speak it with Ambition,
For by the Gods I do not; why *Æcius*,
Why are we thus, or how become thus wretched?

Æcius. You'll fall again into your Fit.

Max. I will not.

Or are we now no more the Sons of *Romans*,
No more the followers of their happy Fortunes,
But conquer'd *Gauls*, or Quivers for the *Partians*?
Why is this Emperor, this Man we honour,
This God that ought to be——

Æci. You are too curious.

Max. Good, give me leave, why is this Author of us——

Æci. I dare not hear ye speak thus.

Max. I'll be modest;

Thus led away, thus vainly led away,
And we Beholders? misconceive me not,
I sow no Danger in my Words; but wherefore,
And to what end, are we the Sons of Fathers
Famous, and fast to *Rome*? Why are their Virtues
Stamp'd in the Dangers of a thousand Battels
For goodness sake; their Honours, time out daring?
I think for our Example.

Æci. Ye speak nobly.

Max. Why are we Seeds of these then, to shake Hands
With Bawds and base Informers, kiss Discredit,
And court her like a Mistress? Pray, your leave yet;
You'll say the Emperor is young, and apt
To take Impression rather from his Pleasures,
Than any constant Worthiness; it may be.
But, why do these, the People call his Pleasures,
Exceed the Moderation of a Man?
Nay, to say justly Friend, why are they Vices,
And such as shake our Wombs with Foreign Nations?

Æci. You search the Sore too deep, and I must tell ye,
In any other Man this had been boldness,
And so rewarded; pray depress your Spirit;
For though I constantly believe ye honest,
Ye were no Friend for me else, and what now
Ye freely spake, but good ye owe to th' Empire;
Yet take heed, worthy *Maximus*, all Ears
Hear not with that Distinction mine do; few
You'll find Admonishers, but Urgers of your Actions,
And to the heaviest, Friend; and pray consider,
We are but Shadows, Motions others give us;
And though our Pities may become the Times,
Justly our Powers cannot; make me worthy
To be your ever Friend in fair Allegiance,
But not in Force: For, durst mine own Soul urge me
(And by that Soul, I speak my just Affections)
To turn my Hand from Truth, which is Obedience,
And give the Helm my Virtue holds, to Anger,
Though I had both the blessings of the *Brutii*,
And both their Instigations, though my Cause
Carried a Face of Justice beyond theirs,
And as I am a Servant to my Fortunes,
That daring Soul, that first taught Disobedience,
Should feel the first Example: Say the Prince,
As I may well believe, seems vitious,
Who justly knows 'tis not to try our Honours?
Or say, he be an ill Prince, are we therefore
Fit Fires to purge him? No, my dearest Friend,
The Elephant is never won with Anger,
Nor must that Man that would reclaim a Lion,
Take him by th' Teeth.

Max. I pray mistake me not.

Æci. Our honest Actions, and the Light that breaks
Like Morning from our Service, chaste and blushing,
Is that that pulls a Prince back; then he sees,
And not till then truly repents his Errors,

The Tragedy of Valentinian.

13

When Subjects Chrystal Souls are Glasse to him :

Max. My ever honour'd Friend, I'll take your Counsel :

The Emperor appears, I'll leave ye to him,
And as we both affect him, may he flourish.

[*Exit.*

Enter the Emperor and Chilax.

Emp. Is that the best News?

Chi. Yet the best we know, Sir.

Emp. Bid *Maximus* come to me, and be gone then:
Mine own Head by my helper, these are Fools.
How now, *Æcius*, are the Soldiers quiet?

Æci. Better, I hope, Sir, than they were.

Emp. They are pleas'd, I hear,
To censure me extreamly for my Pleasures,
Shortly they'll fight against me.

Æci. Gods defend, Sir.

And for their Censures, they are such shrewd Judgers,
A Donative of ten Sesterties
I'll undertake shall make 'em ring your Praises,
More than they sang your Pleasurers.

Emp. I believe thee.

Art thou in Love, *Æcius*, yet?

Æci. O no Sir!

I am too coarse for Ladies ; my Embraces,
That only am acquainted with Alarms,
Would break their tender Bodies.

Emp. Never fear it,

They are stronger than ye think, they'll hold the Hammer.
My Empress swears thou art a lusty Soldier,
A good one I believe thee.

Æci. All that Goodness

Is but your Grace's Creature.

Emp. Tell me truly,

For thou dar'st tell me.

Æci. Any thing concerns ye,

That's fit for me to speak and you to pardon.

Emp. What say the Soldiers of me, and the same Words,
Mince 'em not, good *Æcius*, but deliver
The very Forms and Tongues they talk withal.

Æci. I'll tell your Grace, but with this Caution
You be not stirr'd ; for should the Gods live with us,
Even those we certainly believe are Righteous,
Give 'em but Drink, they would censure them too.

Emp. Forward.

Æci. Then to begin, they say you sleep too much,
By which they judge your Majesty too sensual,
Apt to decline your Strength to Ease and Pleasures ;

Then

And when you do not sleep, you drink too much,
 From which they fear Suspitions first, then Ruins;
 And when ye neither drink nor sleep, ye wench much,
 Which they affirm first breaks your Understanding,
 Then takes the Edge of Honour, makes us seem,
 That are the Ribs and Rampires of the Empire,
 Fencers, and beaten Fools, and so regarded:
 But I believe 'em not; for were these Truths,
 Your Virtue can correct them.

Emp. They speak plainly.

Æci. They say moreover (since your Grace will have it,
 For they will talk their Freedoms, though the Sword
 Were in their Throat) that of late time, like *Nero*,
 And with the same forgetfulness of Glory,
 You have got a vain of Filing, so they term it.

Emp. Some drunken Dreams, *Æcius*.

Æci. So I hope, Sir.

And that you rather study Cruelty,
 And to be feared for Blood, than lov'd for Bounty,
 Which makes the Nations, as they say, despise ye,
 Telling your Years and Actions by their Deaths,
 Whose Truth and strength of Duty made you *Cæsar*.
 They say besides, you nourish strange Devourers,
 Fed with the Fat o' th' Empire, they call Bawds,
 Lazy and lustful Creatures that abuse ye,
 A People, as they term 'em, made of Paper,
 In which the secret Sins of each Man's Monies
 Are sealed and sent a working.

Emp. What Sin's next?

For I perceive they have no mind to spare me.

Æci. Nor hurt ye, O my Soul, Sir! But such People
 (Nor can the Power of Man restrain it)
 When they are full of Meat and Ease, must prattle.

Emp. Forward,

Æci. I have spoken too much, Sir.

Emp. I'll have all.

Æci. It fits not

Your Ears should hear their Vanities; no Profit
 Can justly rise to you from their Behaviour,
 Unless ye were guilty of those Crimes.

Emp. It may be

I am so, therefore forward.

Æci. I have ever

Learn'd to obey, nor shall my Life resist it.

Emp. No more Apologies.

Æci. They grieve besides, Sir,

To see the Nations, whom our ancient Virtue
 With many a weary March and Hunger conquer'd,
 With loss of many a darling Life subdu'd,
 Fall from their fair Obedience, and even murmur
 To see the warlike Eagles mew their Honours
 In obscure Towns, that wont to prey on Princes;
 They cry for Enemies, and tell the Captains
 The Fruits of *Italy* are luscious, give us *Aegypt*,
 Or sandy *Africk* to display our Valours,
 There where our Swords may make us Meats, and Danger
 Digest our well-got Vyands. Here our Weapons,
 And Bodies that were made for shining Brass,
 Are both unedg'd and old with Ease and Women;
 And then they cry again, Where are the *Germans*,
 Lin'd with hot *Spain*, or *Gallia*, bring 'em on,
 And let the Son of War, steel'd *Mitbridates*,
 Lead up his winged *Partians* like a Storm,
 Hiding the Face of Heav'n with Showers of Arrows;
 Yet we dare fight like *Romans*; then, as Soldiers,
 Tyr'd with a weary March, they tell their Wounds,
 Even weeping ripe, they were no more, nor deeper,
 And glory in those Scars that make 'em lovely;
 And sitting where a Camp was, like sad Pilgrims,
 They reckon up the Times, and living Labours
 Of *Julius* or *Germanicus*, and wonder
 That *Rome*, whose Turrets once were topt with Honours,
 Can now forget the Custom of her Conquests:
 And then they blame your Grace, and say, Who leads us?
 Shall we stand here like Statues? Were our Fathers
 The Sons of lazy *Moors*, our Princes *Persians*,
 Nothing but Silks and Softness? Curses on 'em
 That first taught *Nero* Wantonness and Blood,
Tiberius Doubts, *Caligula* all Vices;
 For from the Spring of these, succeeding Princes—
 Thus they talk, Sir.

Emp. Well,

Why do you hear these Things?

Æci. Why do you do 'em?

I take the Gods to Witness, with more Sorrow,
 And more Vexation, do I hear these Taintures,
 Than were my Life dropt from me through an Hour-glass.

Emp. Belike then you believe 'em, or at least
 Are gl'd they should be so; take heed, you were better
 Build your own Tomb, and run into it living,
 Than dare a Prince's Anger.

Æci. I am Old, Sir,

And

And ten Years more addition, is but nothing:
 Now if my Life be pleasing to ye, take it,
 Upon my Knees, if ever any Service,
 As let me brag, some have been worthy notice,
 If ever any Worth or Trust ye gave me,
 Deserv'd a fair respect, if all my Actions,
 The hazards of my Youth, Colds, Burnings, Wants,
 For you and for the Empire, be not Vices;
 By that stile ye have stamp't upon me, Soldier,
 Let me not fall into the Hands of Wretches.

Emp. I understand ye not.

Æci. Let not this Body,
 That has look'd bravely in his Blood for *Cæsar*,
 And covetous of Wounds, and for your safety,
 After the scape of Swords, Spears, Slings, and Arrows,
 'Gainst which my beaten Body was mine Armour,
 The Seas, and thirsty Desarts, now be purchase
 For Slaves, and base Informers: I see Anger,
 And Death look through your Eyes: I am mark'd for slaughter,
 And know the telling of this Truth has made me
 A Man clean lost to this World; I embrace it;
 Only my last Petition, Sacred *Cæsar*,
 Is, I may dye a *Roman*.

Emp. Rise my Friend still,
 And worthy of my Love; reclaim the Soldier,
 I'll study to do so upon my self too;
 Go keep your Command, and prosper.

Æci. Life to *Cæsar*.

[*Exit.*

Enter Chilax.

Cbi. Lord *Maximus* attends your Grace.

Emp. Go tell him,
 I'll meet him in the Gallery.
 The Honesty of this *Æcius*,
 Who is indeed the Bulwark of the Empire,
 Has div'd so deep into me, that of all
 The Sins I covet, but this Woman's Beauty,
 With much Repentance, now I could be quit of:
 But she is such a Pleasure, being good,
 That though I were a God, she would fire my Blood.

[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Emperer, Maximus, Lycinius, Proculus, and Chilax,
as at Dice.

Emp. **N**AY ye shall set my Hand out, 'tis not just
I should neglect my fortune, now 'tis prosperous.

Lyc. If I have any thing to set your Grace,
But Cloaths or good Conditions, let me perish,
You have all my Mony, Sir.

Pro. And mine.

Chi. And mine too.

Max. Unless your Grace will credit us.

Emp. No bare Board.

Lyc. Then at my Garden-House.

Emp. The Orchard too.

Lyc. And't please your Grace.

Emp. Have at 'em.

Pro. They are lost.

Lyc. Why farewell Fig-trees.

Emp. Who sets more?

Chi. At my Horse, Sir.

Emp. The dap'd Spaniard?

Chi. He.

Emp. He's mine.

Chi. He is so.

Max. Your short Horse is soon curried.

Chi. So it seems, Sir;

So may your Mare be too, if luck serve.

Max. Ha?

Chi. Nothing, my Lord, but grieving at my Fortune.

Emp. Come, Maximus, you were not wont to finch thus.

Max. By Heav'n, Sir, I have lost all.

Emp. There's a Ring yet.

Max. This was not made to lose, Sir.

Emp. Some Love Token;

Set it I say.

Max. I do beseech your Grace,

Rather name any House I have.

Emp. How strange,

And curious you are grown of Toys? Redeem't,

If so I win it, when you please, to Morrow,

Or next Day, as ye will, I care not,

But only for my Luck sake: 'Tis not Rings

Can make me richer.

Max. Will you throw, Sir? There 'tis.

C

Emp.

Emp. Why then have at it fairly: Mine.

Max. Your Grace

Is only ever Fortunate: To Morrow,
An't be your Pleasure, Sir, I'll pay the Price on't.

Emp. To Morrow you shall have it without Price, Sir,
But this Day 'tis my Victory: Good *Maximus*,
Now I bethink my self, go to *Æcius*,
And bid him muster all the Cohorts presently;
They mutiny for Pay I hear, and be you
Assitant to him; when you know their Numbers,
Ye shall have Monies for 'em, and above
Something to stop their Tongues withal.

Max. I will, Sir:

And Gods preserve you in this Mind still.

Emp. Shortly I'll see 'em march my self.

Max. Gods ever keep ye.

Emp. To what end do you think this Ring shall serve now? [Exit.]
For you are Fellows only know by rote,
As Birds record their Lessons,

Cbi. For the Lady.

Emp. But how for her?

Cbi. That I confes I know not.

Emp. Then pray for him that do's: Fetch me an Eunuch
That never saw her yet; and you two see [Exit Chil.]
The Court made like a Paradise.

Lyc. We will, Sir.

Emp. Full of fair Shews and Musicks; all your Arts
(As I shall give Instructions) screw to th' highest,
For my main Piece is now a doing: And for fear
You should not take, I'll have another Engine,
Such as if Virtue be not only in her,
She shall not chuse but lean to, let the Women
Put on a graver shew of Welcome.

Pro. Well, Sir.

Emp. They are a thought too eager.

Enter Chilax and Lycias the Eunuch.

Cbi. Here's the Eunuch.

Eun. Long Life to *Cesar*.

Emp. I must use you, *Lycias*:

Come let's walk in, and then I'll shew ye all:
If Women may be frail, this Wench shall fall. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Claudia, and Marcellina.

Clau. Sirrah, what ails my Lady, that of late
She never cares for Company? *Mar.*

Mar. I know not,
Unless it be that Company causes Cuckolds.

Clau. That were a childish fear.

Mar. What were those Ladies
Came to her lately,
From the Court?

Clau. The same, Wench.
Some grave Instructors on my Life, they look
For all the World like old hatch'd Hilts.

Mar. 'Tis true, Wench.
For here and there, and yet they painted well too,
One might discover, where the Gold was worn,
Their Iron Ages.

Clau. If my Judgment fail not,
They have been sheath'd like rotten Ships.

Mar. It may be.

Clau. For if ye mark their Rudders, they hang weakly.

Mar. They have past the Line belike; Would't live, *Claudia*.
'Till thou wert such as they are?

Clau. Chimney-pieces.

Now Heav'n have Mercy on me, and young Men,
I had rather make a drallery 'till thirty,
While I were able to endure a Tempest,
And bear my Fights out bravely, 'till my Tackle
Whistled i'th' Wind, and held against all Weathers,
While I were able to bear with my Tyres,
And so discharge 'em, I would willingly
Live, *Marcellina*, not 'till Barnacles
Bred in my Sides.

Mar. Thou art i'th' right, Wench:
For who wou'd live, whom Pleasures had forsaken,
To stand at Mark, and cry a Bow short Signeur?
Were there not Men come hither too?

Clau. Brave Fellows.

I fear me Bawds of five i'th' Pound.

Mar. How know you?

Clau. They gave me great Lights to it.

Mar. Take heed, *Claudia*.

Clau. Let them take heed, the Spring comes on.

Mar. To me now,
They seem'd as noble Visitants.

Clau. To me now
Nothing less *Marcellina*, for I mark 'em,
And by this honest Light, for yet 'tis Morning,
Saving the Reverence of their gilded Doublets
And *Millan* Skins.

Mar. Thou art a strange Wench, *Claudia*.

Clau. Ye are deceiv'd, they shew'd to me directly
Court Crabbs that creep a side-way for their living,
I know 'em by the Breeches that they beg'd last.

Mar. Peace, my Lady comes; what may that be?

Enter Lucina, and Lycias the Eunuch.

Clau. A Sumner

That cites to her appear.

Mar. No more of that, Wench.

Eun. Madam, what answer to your Lord?

Luc. Pray tell him, I am subject to his Will.

Eun. Why weep you, Madam?

Excellent Lady, there are none will hurt you.

Luc. I do beseech you tell me, Sir.

Eun. What, Lady?

Luc. Serve ye Emperor?

Eun. I do.

Luc. In what Place?

Eun. In's Chamber, Madam.

Luc. Do you serve his Will too?

Eun. In fair and just Commands.

Luc. Are ye a Roman?

Eun. Yes noble Lady, and a Mantuan.

Luc. What Office bore your Parents?

Eun. One was Pretor.

Luc. Take then heed how you stain his Reputation.

Eun. Why, worthy Lady?

Luc. If ye know, I charge ye,

Ought in this Message, but what Honesty,
The Trust and fair Obedience of a Servant,
May well deliver, yet take heed, and help me.

Eun. Madam, I am no Broker.

Clau. I'll be hang'd then.

Eun. Nor base Procurer of Mens Lusts; Your Husband
Pray'd me to do this Office, I have done it,
It rests in you to come, or no.

Luc. I will, Sir.

Eun. If ye mistrust me, do not.

Luc. Ye appear so worthy,
And to all my Sense so honest,
And this is such a certain sign ye have brought me,
That I believe.

Eun. Why should I cozen you?

Or were I brib'd to do this Villany,
Can Money prosper, or the Fool that takes it,
When such a Virtue falls?

Luc. Ye speak well, Sir;
Wou'd all the rest that serve the Emperor
Had but your way.

Clau. And so they have *ad unguem*.

Luc. Pray tell my Lord, I have receiv'd his Token,
And will not fail to meet him; yet, good Sir, thus much
Before you go, I do beseech ye too,
As little notice as ye can, deliver
Of my Appearance there.

Eun. It shall be, Madam,
And so I wish you Happiness.

Luc. I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Tumult and Noise within. Enter Æcius pursuing Pontius the Captain, and Maximus following.

Max. Temper your self, Æcius.

Pon. Hold, my Lord.

I am a Roman, and a Soldier.

Max. Pray, Sir.

Æci. Thou art a lying Villain, and a Traitor;
Give me my self, or by the Gods, my Friend,
You'll make me dangerous; how dar'st thou pluck
The Soldiers to Sedition, and I living,
And sow Rebellion in 'em, and even then
When I am drawing out to action?

Pon. Hear me.

Max. Are ye a Man?

Æci. I am a true hearted, *Maximus*,
And if the Villain live, we are dishonour'd.

Max. But hear him what he can say.

Æci. That's the way
To pardon him; I am so easie-natur'd,
That if he speak but humbly I forgive him.

Pon. I do beseech ye, noble General.

Æci. H'as found the way already; give me room,
One stroke, and if he scape me then, h'as Mercy.

Pon. I do not call ye Noble, that I fear ye,
I never car'd for Death; if ye will kill me,
Consider first for what, not what you can do;
'Tis true, I know ye for my General,
And by that great Prerogative may kill:
But do it justly then.

Æci. He argues with me:
By Heav'n a made up Rebel.

Max. Pray consider,

What

What certain grounds ye have for this.

Æci. What grounds?

Did I not take him preaching to the Soldiers
How lazily they liv'd, and what Dishonours
It was to serve a Prince so full of Woman?
Those were his very words, Friend.

Max. These, *Æcius*,

Though they were rashly spoke, which was an Error
(A great one, *Pontius*) yet from him that hangers
For Wars, and brave Employment, might be pardon'd.
The Heart, and harbour'd Thoughts of Ill, make Traitors,
Not spleeny Speeches. *Æci.* Why should you protect him?

Go too, it shews not honest. *Max.* Taint me not,
For that shews worse, *Æcius*: All your Friendship,

And that pretended Love ye lay upon me,

Hold back my Honesty, is like a Favour

You do your Slave to day, to morrow hang him.

Was I your Bosom-piece for this? *Æci.* Forgive me;

The Nature of my Zeal, and for my Country,

Makes me sometimes forget my self; for know,

Though I must strive to be without my Passions,

I am no God: For you, Sir, whose Infection

Has spread it self like Poison through the Army,

And cast a killing fog on fair Allegiance,

First thank this noble Gentleman, ye had dy'd else.

Next from your Place, and honour of a Soldier,

I here seclude you. *Pon.* May I speak yet? *Max.* Hear him.

Æci. And while *Æcius* holds a Reputation,

At least Command, ye bear no Arms for Rome, Sir.

Pon. Against her I shall never: The condemn'd Man

Has yet that privilege to speak, my Lord;

Law were not equal else. *Max.* Pray hear, *Æcius*;

For happily the fault he has committed,

Though I believe it mighty, yet consider'd,

If Mercy may be thought upon, will prove

Rather a hasty Sin, than heinous. *Æci.* Speak.

Pon. 'Tis true, my Lord, ye took me tyr'd with Peace,

My Words almost as ragged as my Fortunes:

'Tis true, I told the Soldier whom we serv'd,

And then bewail'd, we had an Emperor

Led from us by the flourishes of Fencers;

I blam'd him too for Women. *Æci.* To the rest, Sir.

Pon. And like enough, I blest him then as Soldiers

Will do sometimes: 'Tis true I told 'em too,

We lay at Home, to shew our Country

We durst go naked, durst want Meat, and Mony;

And

And when the Slave drinks Wine, we durst be thirsty:
I told 'em this too, that the Trees and Roots
Were our best Pay-masters; the Charity
Of longing Women, that had bought our Bodies,
Our Beds, Fires, Taylors, Nurses; nay, I told 'em,
(For you shall hear the greatest Sin, I said, Sir)
By that time there be Wars again, our Bodies,
Laden with Scars and Aches, and ill Lodgings,
Heats, and perpetual Wants, were fitter Prayers,
And certain Graves, than cope the Foe on Crutches:
'Tis likely too, I counsel'd 'em to turn
Their warlike Pikes to Plough-shares, their sure Targets
And Swords hatch'd with the Blood of many Nations,
To Spades, and pruning Knives, for these get Mony,
Their warlike Eagles, into Daws, or Starlings,
To give an *Ave Caesar* as he passes,
And be rewarded with a thousand Drachma's:
For thus we get but Years and Beets. *Æci.* What think you,
Were these Words to be spoken by a Captain,
One that should give Example? *Max.* 'Twas too much.
Pon. My Lord, I did not wooe 'em from the Empire,
Nor bid 'em turn their daring Steel 'gainst *Caesar*;
The Gods for ever hate me, if that Motion
Were part of me: Give me but Employment, Sir,
And way to live, and where you hold me vicious,
Bred up in Mutiny; my Sword shall tell ye,
And if you please, that Place I held, maintain it,
'Gainst the most daring Foes of *Rome*, I am honest,
A lover of my Country, one that holds
His Life no longer his, than kept for *Caesar*.
Weigh not (I thus low on my Knee beseech you)
What my rude Tongue discover'd, 'twas my Want,
No other part of *Pontius*: You have seen me,
And you, my Lord, do something for my Country,
And both beheld the Wounds I gave and took,
Not like a backward Traitor. *Æci.* All this Language
Makes but against you, *Pontius*, you are cast,
And by mine Honour, and my Love to *Caesar*,
By me shall never be restored; in my Camp
I will not have a Tongue, though to himself,
Dare talk but near Sedition; as I govern,
All shall obey; and when they want, their Duty
And ready Service shall redress their Needs,
Not prating what they would be. *Pon.* Thus I leave ye,
Yet shall my Prayers still, although my Fortunes
Must follow you no more, be still about ye,

Gods give ye where ye fight the Victory,
 Ye cannot cast my Wishes. *Æci.* Come my Lord,
 Now to the Field again. *Max.* Alas poor *Pontius!* [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Chilax at one Door, Lycinius and Balbus at another.

Lyc. How now? *Cbi.* She's come.

Bal. Then I'll to the Emperor. [Exit.

Cbi. Do; Is the Musick placed well? *Lyc.* Excellent.

Cbi. *Lycinius*, you and *Proculus* receive her
 In the great Chamber, at her Entrance,
 Let me alone; and do you hear *Lycinius*,
 Pray let the Ladies ply her further off,
 And with much more Discretion; One Word more.

Lyc. Well.

Cbi. Are the Jewels, and those ropes of Pearl,
 Laid in the way she passes?

Enter Emperor, Balbus and Proculus.

Lyc. Take no care, Man. [Ex. *Lyc.*

Emp. What, is she come? *Cbi.* She is, Sir; but 'twere best
 Your Grace were seen last to her. *Emp.* So I mean;
 Keep the Court empty, *Proculus.* *Pro.* 'Tis done, Sir.

Emp. Be not too sudden to her. *Cbi.* Good your Grace
 Retire, and Man your self; let us alone
 We are no Children this way: Do you hear, Sir?
 'Tis necessary that her Waiting-women
 Be cut off in the Lobby, by some Ladies,
 They'd break the business else. *Emp.* 'Tis true, they shall.

Cbi. Remember your place, *Proculus.*

Pro. I warrant ye.

[Exeunt *Emp. Balb. and Pro.*

Enter Lucina, Claudia, and Marcellina.

Cbi. She enters; Who are Waitors there? The Emperor
 Calls for his Horse to air himself. *Luc.* I am glad
 I come so happily to take him absent,
 This takes away a little fear; I know him,
 Now I begin to fear again: Oh Honour,
 If ever thou hadst Temple in weak Woman,
 And Sacrifice of Modesty burnt to thee,
 Hold me fast now, and help me. *Cbi.* Noble Madam,
 Ye are welcome to the Court, most nobly welcome,
 Ye are a Stranger, Lady. *Luc.* I desire so.

Cbi. A wondrous Stranger here, nothing so strange:
 And therefore need a Guide, I think. *Luc.* I do, Sir,
 And that a good one too. *Cbi.* My Service, Lady,
 Shall be your Guard in this Place: But pray ye tell me,

Are

Are ye resolv'd a Courtier? *Luc.* No, I hope, Sir.
Clau. You are, Sir. *Cbi.* Yes, my fair one. *Clau.* So it seems,
 You are so ready to bestow your self.
 Pray what might cost those Breeches?
Cbi. Would you wear 'em?
 Madam, ye have a Witty Woman. *Mar.* Two, Sir,
 Or elle ye underbuy us. *Luc.* Leave your talking:
 But is my Lord here, I beseech ye, Sir?
Cbi. He is, sweet Lady, and must take this kindly,
 Exceeding kindly of ye, wondrous kindly,
 Ye com: so far to visit him: I'll guide ye.
Luc. Whither? *Cbi.* Why, to your Lord. *Luc.* Is it so hard, Sir,
 To find him in this place without a Guide?
 For I would willingly not trouble you.
Cbi. It will be so for you that are a Stranger;
 Nor can it be a trouble to do service
 To such a worthy Beauty, and beside —
Mar. I see he will go with us. *Clau.* Let him amble.
Cbi. It fits not that a Lady of your reckoning,
 Should pass without Attendants. *Luc.* I have two, Sir.
Cbi. I mean without a Man: You'll see the Emperor?
Luc. Alas, I am not fit, Sir. *Cbi.* You are well enough;
 He'll take it wondrous kindly: Hark. *Luc.* Ye flatter;
 Good Sir, no more of that. *Cbi.* Well, I but tell ye.
Luc. Will ye go forward; since I must be Man'd,
 Pray take your Place. *Clau.* Cannot ye Man us too, Sir?
Cbi. Give me but time. *Mar.* And you'll try all things?
Cbi. No, I'll make ye no such promise. *Claud.* If ye do, Sir,
 Take heed ye stand to't. *Cbi.* Wondrous merry Ladies.
Luc. The Wenches are dispos'd, pray keep your way, Sir. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Lycinius, Proculus, and Balbus.
Lyc. She is coming up the Stairs; Now the Musick;
 And as that stirs her, let's set on: Perfumes there.
Pro. Discover all the Jewels. *Lyc.* Peace. [*Musick.*

S O N G S.

Now the lusty Spring is seen,
 Golden Yellow, gaudy Blue,
 Daintily invite the View.
 Every where, on every Green,
 Roses blushing as they blow,
 And inticing men to pull,
 Lillies whiter than the Snow,
 Woodbines of sweet Honey full.

The Tragedy of Valentinian.

All Love's Emblems, and all cry,
Ladies, if not pluck'd we die.

Yet the lusty Spring hath staid,
Blushing red and purest White,
Daintily to Love invite,
Every Woman, every Maid;
Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting Men to taste,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waste,
All Love's Emblems, and all cry,
Ladies, if not pluck'd we die.

S E C O N D.

Hear ye, Ladies, that despise,
What the mighty Love has done,
Fear Examples, and be wise,
Fair Calisto was a Nun,
Læda sailing on the Stream,
To deceive the hopes of Man,
Love accounting but a Dream,
Doated on a silver Swan.
Danae in a Brazen Tower,
Where no Love was, lov'd a Shower.

Hear ye Ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do:
Fear the fierceness of the Boy,
The chaste Moon he makes to woo:
Vesta kindling holy Fires,
Circled round about with Spies,
Never dreaming loose Desires,
Doating at the Altar dies.
Ilion in a short Hour higher,
He can build, and once more fire.

Enter Chilax, Lucina, Claudia, and Marcellina.

Luc. Pray Heav'n my Lord be here, for now I fear it.
Well Ring, if thou bee't counterfeit, or stol'n,
As by this Preparation I suspect it,
Thou hast betray'd thy Mistress: Pray, Sir, forward,
I would fain see my Lord. Chi. But tell me, Madam,
How do ye like the Song? Luc. I like the Air well,
But for the Words, they are lascivious,
And over-light for Ladies. Chi. All ours love 'em.

Luc. 'Tis like enough, for yours are loving Ladies.

Lyc. Madam, ye are welcome to the Court. Who waits?

Attendants

Attendants for this Lady. *Luc.* Ye mistake, Sir; I bring no Triumph with me. *Lyc.* But much Honour.

Pro. Why this was nobly done, and like a Neighbour; So freely of your self to be a Visitant, The Emperor shall give ye thanks for this. *Luc.* O no, Sir; There's nothing to deserve 'em. *Pro.* Yes, your Presence.

Luc. Good Gentlemen be patient, and believe I come to see my Husband, on Command too, I were no Courtier else. *Lyc.* That's all one, Lady, Now ye are here, you're welcome; and the Emperor, Who loves ye but too well— *Luc.* No more of that, Sir, I came not to be Catechiz'd. *Pro.* Ah, Sirrah;

And have we got you here? faith, Noble Lady, We'll keep ye one Month Courtier. *Luc.* Gods defend, Sir, I never lik'd a Trade worse. *Pro.* Hark ye. *Luc.* No, Sir.

Pro. Ye are grown the strangest Lady. *Luc.* How? *Pro.* By Heav'n, 'Tis true I tell ye, and you'll find it. *Luc.* I? I'll rather find my Grave, and so inform him.

Pro. Is it not pity, Gentlemen, this Lady (Nay I'll deal roughly with ye, yet not hurt ye) Should live alone, and give such heav'nly Beauty Only to Walls and Hangings? *Luc.* Good Sir, Patience: I am no Wonder, neither come to that end, Ye do my Lord an injury to stay me, Who, though you are the Prince's, yet dare tell ye, He keeps no Wife for your ways. *Bal.* Well, well, Lady;

However you are pleas'd to think of us, Ye are welcome, and ye shall be welcome. *Luc.* Shew it In that I come for then, in leading me Where my lov'd Lord is, not in flattery: [*Jewels shew'd.*

Nay ye may draw the Curtain, I have seen 'em, But none worth half my Honesty. *Clau.* Are these, Sir, Laid here to take? *Pro.* Yes, for your Lady, Gentlewomen.

Mar. We had been doing else. *Bal.* Meaner Jewels Would fit your Worths. *Clau.* And meaner Cloaths your Bodies.

Luc. The Gods shall kill me first. *Lyc.* There's better dying P'ch' Emperor's Arms; go to, but be not angry— These are but Talks, sweet Lady.

Enter Phorba and Ardelia.

Phor. Where is this Stranger? Rushes, Ladies, Rushes; Rushes as green as Summer for this Stranger.

Pro. Here's Ladies come to see you. *Luc.* You are gone then? I take it 'tis your Cue. *Pro.* Or rather Manners; You are better fitted, Madam, we but tire ye, Therefore we'll leave ye for an Hour, and bring Your much lov'd Lord unto you.

[*Exeunt.*
Luc.

Luc. Then I'll thank ye.

I am Betray'd for certain; well *Lucina*,
If thou do'st fall from Virtue, may the Earth,
That after Death should shoot up Gardens of thee
Spreading thy living Goodness into Branches,
Fly from thee, and the hot Sun find thy Vices.

Pbor. You are a welcome Woman. *Ard.* Bless me Heav'n,
How did you find the way to Court? *Luc.* I know not;
Would I had never trod it. *Pbor.* Pr' thee tell me,

Good noble Lady, and good sweet Heart love us,
For we love thee extremely; is not this Place
A Paradise to live in? *Luc.* To those People
That know no other Paradise but Pleasure;
That little I enjoy contents me better.

Ard. What, heard ye any Musick yet? *Luc.* Too much.

Pbor. You must not be thus forward; what, this Gown
Is one o'th' prettiest by my Troth, *Ardelia*,
I ever saw yet; 'twas not to frown in, Lady,
Ye put this Gown on when ye came. *Ard.* How do ye?
Alas poor Wretch, how cold it is! *Luc.* Content ye;
I am as well as may be, and as temperate,
If ye will let me be so: Where's my Lord?
For there's the business that I came for, Ladies.

Pbor. We'll lead ye to him, he's i'th' Gallery.

Ard. We'll shew ye all the Court too. *Luc.* Shew me him,
And ye have shew'd me all I come to look on.

Pbor. Come on, we'll be your Guides, and as ye go,
We have some pretty Tales to tell ye, Lady,
Shall make ye merry too; ye come not here,
To be a sad *Lucina*. *Luc.* Would I might not.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chilax and Balbus.

Chi. Now the soft Musick; *Balbus* run.

Bal I fly, Boy.

[*Exit Balbus.*

Chi. The Women by this time are worming of her,——
If she can hold out them, the Emperor
Takes her to task: He has her; hark the Musick.

[*Musick.*

Enter Emperor and Lucina.

Luc. Good your Grace,
Where are my Women, Sir?

Emp. They are wise, beholding
What you think scorn to look on, the Court's Bravery:
Would you have run away so sily, Lady,
And not have seen me? *Luc.* I beseech your Majesty,
Consider what I am, and whose. *Emp.* I do so.

Luc. Believe me, I shall never make a Whore, Sir.

Emp. A Friend ye may, and to that Man that loves ye,
More than you love your Virtue. *Luc.* Sacred *Cesar*.

Emp.

Emp. You shall not kneel to me, Sweet. *Luc.* Look upon me,
And if ye be so cruel to abuse me,
Think how the Gods will take it ; Does this Beauty
Afflict your Soul ? I'll hide it from you ever,
Nay more, I will become so leprous,
That ye shall curse me from ye: My dear Lord
Has serv'd ye ever truly, fought your Battels,
As if he daily long'd to dye for *Caesar* ;
Was never Traitor, Sir, nor never tainted
In all the Actions of his Life. *Emp.* I know it.

Luc. His Fame and Family have grown together,
And spread together like to sailing Cedars,
Over the *Roman* Diadem ; oh let not,
As ye have any Flesh that's human in you,
The having of a modest Wife decline him,
Let not my Virtue be the Wedge to break him ;
I do not think ye are lascivious,
These wanton Men belye ye, you are *Caesar*,
Which is the Father of the Empire's Honour,
Ye are too near the Nature of the Gods,
To wrong the weakest of all Creatures, Women.

Emp. I dare not do it here. Rise fair *Lucina*,
I did but try your Temper, ye are honest,
And with the Commendations wait on that
I'll lead ye to your Lord, and ye to him :
Wipe your fair Eyes: He that endeavours Ill,
May well delay, but never quench his Hell.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Chilax, Lycinius, Proculus, and Balbus.

Cbi. 'TIS done, *Lycinius.* *Lyc.* How ? *Cbi.* I shame to tell it ;
If there be any Justice, we are Villains,
And must be so rewarded. *Bal.* If it be done,
I take it 'tis no time now to Repent it ;
Let's make the best o'th' Trade. *Pro.* Now Veng'ance take it.
Why should not he have settled on a Beauty,
Whose Honesty stuck in a piece of Tissue,
Or one a Ring might rule, or such a one
That had an itching Husband to be honourable,
And Ground to get it: If he must have Women,
And no allay without 'em, why not those
That know the Misery, and are best able
To play again with Judgment ? Such as she is,
Grant they be won with long Seige, endless Travel,
And brought to Opportunity with Millions,

Yet

The Tragedy of Valentinian.

Yet when they come to Motion, their cold Virtue
Keeps 'em like Cakes of Ice; I'll melt a Chrystal,
And make a dead Flint fire himself, e'er they
Give greater Heat, than now departing Embers
Give to old Men that watch 'em. *Lyc.* A good Whore
Had sav'd all this, and happily as wholesome;
Ay, and the thing once done too, as well thought of;
But this same Chastity forsooth. *Pro.* A Pox on't.
Why should not Women be as free as we are?
They are, but not in open, and far free'r,
And the more bold ye bear your self, more Welcome,
And there is nothing ye dare say, but Truth,
But they dare hear.

Enter Emperor and Lucina.

Chi. The Emperor! Away,
And if we can repent, let's Home and pray.

[*Exeunt.*]

Emp. Your only Virtue now is Patience,
Take heed, and save your Honour; if you talk —

Luc. As long as there is Motion in my Body,
And Life to give me Words, I'll cry for Justice.

Emp. Justice shall never hear ye, I am Justice.

Luc. Wilt thou not kill me, Monster, Ravisher,
Thou bitter Bane o'th' Empire, look upon me,
And if thy guilty Eyes dare see these Ruins,
Thy wild Lust hath laid level with Dishonour,
The Sacrilegious Razing of this Temple,
The Mother of thy black Sins would have blush'd at;
Behold and Curse thy self; the Gods will find thee,
That's all my Refuge now, for they are Righteous.
Vengeance and Horror circle thee; the Empire,
In which thou liv'st a strong continued Surfeit,
Like Poison will disgorge thee, good Men raze thee
For ever being read again, — but Vicious
Women, and tearful Maids, make Vows against thee;
Thy own Slaves, if they hear of this, shall hate thee;
And those thou hast corrupted first fall from thee;
And if thou let'st me live, the Soldier,
Tyr'd with thy Tyrannies, break through Obedience,
And shake his strong Steel at thee. *Emp.* This prevails not;
Nor any Agony ye utter, Lady.

If I have done a Sin, curse her that drew me,
Curse the first Cause, the Witchcraft that abus'd me,
Curse those fair Eyes, and curse that heav'nly Beauty,
And curse your being Good to me. *Luc.* Glorious Thief,
What Restitution can'st thou make to save me?

Emp. I'll ever Love, and Honour you. *Luc.* Thou can'st not,
For

For that which was mine Honour, thou hast murder'd,
And can there be a Love in Violence?

Emp. You shall be on'y mine. *Luc.* Yet I like better
Thy Villany, than Flattery, that's thine own,
The other basely counterfeit; fly from me,
Or for thy Safety sake and Wisdom kill me,
For I am worse than thou art; thou may'st pray,
And so recover Grace; I am lost for ever,
And if thou let'st me live, th'art lost thy self too.

Emp. I fear no Loss but Love, I stand above it.

Luc. Call in your Lady Bawds, and gilded Pandars,
And let them triumph too, and sing to *Caesar*,
Lucina's fallen, the chaste *Lucina's* conquer'd.
Gods, what a wretched Thing has this Man made me?
For I am now no Wife for *Maximus*,

No Company for Women that are virtuous,
No Family I now can claim, nor Country,
Nor Name, but *Caesar's* Whore. O sacred *Caesar*,
(For that should be your Title) was your Empire,
Your Rods, and Axes, that are Types of Justice,
Those Fires that ever burn, to beg you Blessings,
The Peoples Adoration, Fear of Nations,
What Victory can bring ye Home, what else
The useful Elements can make your Servants,
Even Light it self, and Suns of Light, Truth, Justice,
Mercy, and Starlike Piety, sent to you,
And from the Gods themselves, to ravish Women?
The Curses that I owe to Enemies,
Even those the *Sabines* sent, when *Romulus*
(As thou hast me) ravish'd their noble Maids,
Made more, and heavier, light on thee. *Emp.* This helps not.

Luc. The Sins of *Tarquin* be remember'd in thee,
And where there has a chaste Wife been abus'd,
Let it be thine, the Shame thine, thine the Slaughter,
And last for ever, thine, the fear'd Example.
Where shall poor Virtue live, now I am fall'n?
What can your Honours now, and Empire make me,
But a more glorious Whore? *Emp.* A better Woman:
But if ye will be blind, and scorn it, who can help it?
Come leave these Lamentations, they do nothing
But make a Noise, I am the same Man still,
Were it to do again; therefore be wiser,
By all this holy Light, I should attempt it,
Ye are so Excellent, and made to ravish,
There were no Pleasure in you else. *Luc.* Oh Villain!

Emp. So bred for Man's amazement, that my Reason

And

And every help to hold me right has lost me ;
 The God of Love himself had been before me,
 Had he but Power to see ye ; tell me justly,
 How can I chuse but Err then ? If ye dare,
 Be mine, and only mine, for ye are so precious,
 I envy any other should enjoy ye,
 Almost look on ye ; and your daring Husband
 Shall know h' as kept an Off'ring from the Empire,
 Too Holy for his Altars ; be the mightiest,
 More than my self I'll make it : If ye will not,
 Sit down with this, and silence, for whi h Wisdom
 Ye shall have Use of me, and much Honour ever,
 And be the same you were ; if ye divulge it,
 Know I am far above the Faults I do,
 And those I do, I am able to forgive too ;
 And where your Credit in the Knowledge of it,
 May be with Glos enough suspected, mine
 Is as mine own Command shall make it : Princes,
 Though they be sometime subject to loose Whispers,
 Yet wear they two-edg'd Swords for open Censures :
 Your Husband cannot help ye, nor the Soldier ;
 Your Husband is my Creature, they my Weapons,
 And only where I bid 'em, strike ; I feed 'em.
 Nor can the Gods be angry at this Action,
 For as they make me most, they mean me happiest,
 Which I had never been without this Pleasure :
 Consider, and farewell : You'll find your Women
 At Home before ye, they have had some Sport too,
 But are more thankful for it.

[Exit Emperor.]

Luc Destruction find thee.

Now which way must I go ? My honest House
 Will shake to shelter me, my Husband fly me,
 My Family, because they are Honest, and desire to be so,
 Must not endure me, not a Neighbour know me :
 What Woman now dare see me without Blushes,
 And pointing as I pass, There, there, behold her,
 Look on her little Children, that is she,
 That handsome Lady, mark. O my sad Fortunes !
 Is this the end of Goodness, this the Price
 Of all my early Prayers to protect me ?
 Why then I see there is no God but Power,
 Nor Virtue now alive that cares for us,
 But what is either Lame or Sensual,
 How had I been thus wretched else ?

Enter Maximus and Æcius.

Æci. Let Titius

Command

Command the Company that *Pontius* lost,
 And see the Fosses deeper. *Max.* How now sweet Heart,
 What make you here, and thus? *Æci.* *Lucina* weeping?
 This must be much Offence. *Max.* Look up and tell me,
 Why are you thus? My Ring? O Friend, I have found it!
 Ye were at Court, Sweet? *Luc.* Yes, this brought me thither.

Max. Rise, and go Home: I have my Fears, *Æcius*:
 Oh my best Friend, I am ruin'd; go *Lucina*,
 Already in thy Tears, I have read thy Wrongs,
 Already found a *Cæsar*; go thou Lilly,
 Thou sweetly drooping Flow'r: Go silver Swan,
 And sing thine own sad Requiem: Go *Lucina*,
 And if thou dar'st, out-live this wrong. *Luc.* I dare not.

Æci. Is that the Ring ye lost? *Max.* That, that, *Æcius*,
 That cursed Ring, my self, and all my Fortunes:
 'Thas pleas'd the Emperor, my noble Master,
 For all my Services, and Dangers for him,
 To make me mine own Pandar; was this Justice?
 Oh my *Æcius*, have I liv'd to bear this?

Luc. Farewel for ever, Sir. *Max.* That's a sad saying;
 But such a one becomes ye well, *Lucina*:
 And yet methinks we should not part so lightly,
 Our Loves have been of longer growth, more rooted
 Than the sharp Word of one Farewel can scatter.
 Kiss me: I find no *Cæsar* here; these Lips
 Taste not of Ravisher in my Opinion.

Was it not so? *Luc.* O! Yes. *Max.* I dare believe thee,
 For thou wert ever Truth it self, and Sweetness:
 Indeed she was, *Æcius.* *Æci.* So she is still.

Max. Once more: O my *Lucina*; O my Comfort,
 The Blessing of my Youth, the Life of my Life.

Æci. I have seen enough to stagger my Obedience:
 Hold me ye equal Gods, this is too sinful.

Max. Why wert thou chosen out to make a Whore of?
 To me thou wert too chaste: Fall Christal Fountains,
 And ever feed your Streams you rising Sorrows,
 Till you have dropt your Mistress into Marble.
 Now go for ever from me. *Luc.* Long farewel, Sir.
 And as I have been Loyal, Gods think on me.

Max. Stay, let me once more bid Farewel, *Lucina*,
 Farewel thou excellent Example of us,
 Thou starry Virtue, fare thee well, seek Heav'n,
 And there by *Cassiopeia* shine in Glory,
 We are too base and dirty to preserve thee.

Æci. Nay, I must kiss too: Such a Kiss again,
 And from a Woman of so ripe a Virtue,

Æcius must not take: Farewel thou *Phoenix*,
 If thou wilt die, *Lucina*; which well weigh'd
 If you can cease a while from these strange Thoughts,
 I wish were rather alter'd. *Luc.* No. *Æci.* Mistake not.
 I would not stain your Honour for the Empire,
 Nor any way decline you to Discredit,
 'Tis not my fair Profession, but a Villain's:
 I find and feel your Loss as deep as you do,
 And am the same *Æcius*, still as Honest,
 The same Life I have still for *Maximus*,
 The same Sword wear for you, where Justice wills me,
 And 'tis no dull one: Therefore misconceive not:
 Only I would have you live a little longer,
 But a short Year. *Max.* She must not. *Luc.* Why so long, Sir,
 Am I not grey enough with Grief already?

Æci. To draw from that wild Man a sweet Repentance,
 And Goodness in his Days to come. *Max.* They are so,
 And will be ever coming, my *Æcius*.

Æci. For who knows, but the sight of you, presenting
 His sworn Sins at the full, and your fair Virtues,
 May like a fearful Vision fright his Follies,
 And once more bend him right again, which Blessing
 (If your dark Wrongs would give you leave to read)
 Is more than Death, and the Reward more glorious:
 Death only eases you; this, the whole Empire:
 Besides compell'd, and forc'd with Violence,
 To what ye have done, the Deed is none of yours,
 No nor the Justice neither; ye may live,
 And still a worthier Woman, still more honour'd:
 For are those Trees the worse we tear the Fruits from?
 Or should the Eternal Gods desire to perish,
 Because we daily violate their Truths,
 Which is the Chastity of Heav'n? No, Lady,
 If ye dare live, ye may: And as our Sins
 Makes them more full of Equity and Justice,
 So this compulsive wrong makes you more perfect:
 The Empire too will bless ye. *Max.* Noble Sir,
 If she were any thing to me but Honour,
 And that that's wedded to me too, laid in,
 Not to be worn away without my Being;
 Or could the Wrong be hers alone, or mine,
 Or both our Wrongs, not ty'd to after Issues,
 Not born anew in all our Names and Kindreds,
 I would desire her live; nay more, compel her:
 But since it was not Youth, but Malice did it;
 And not her own, nor mine, but both our Losses,

Nor stays it there, but that our Names must find it
 Even those to come; and when they Read, she liv'd,
 Must they not ask how often she was ravish'd,
 And make a doubt she lov'd that more than Wedlock?
 Therefore she must not live. *Æci.* Therefore she must live,
 To teach the World such Deaths are superstitious.

Luc. The Tongues of Angels cannot alter me;
 For could the World again restore my Credit,
 As fair and absolute as first I bred it,
 That World I should not trust again. The Empire
 By my Life can get nothing but my Story,
 Which whilst I breath must be but his Abuses:
 And where ye counsel me to live, that *Cæsar*
 May see his Errors, and repent, I'll tell ye,
 His Penitence is but Encrease of Pleasures,
 His Prayers never said but to deceive us;
 And when he weeps, as you think for his Vices,
 'Tis but as killing Drops from baleful Eugh-Trees
 That rot their honest Neighbour: If he can grieve,
 As one that yet desires his free Conversion,
 And almost glories in his Penitence,
 I'll leave him Robes to mourn in, my sad Ashes.

Æci. The farewels then of happy Souls be with thee,
 And to thy Memory be ever sung
 The Praises of a just and constant Lady;
 This sad Day whilst I live, a Soldier's Tears
 I'll offer on thy Monument, and bring
 Full of thy noble self with Tears untold yet,
 Many a worthy Wife, to weep thy Ruin.

Max. All that is Chast, upon thy Tomb shall flourish,
 All living Epitaphs be thine; Time, Story,
 And what is left behind to piece our Lives,
 Shall be no more abus'd with Tales and Trifles,
 But full of thee, stand to Eternity.

Æci. Once more farewell, go find *Elysium*,
 There where the happy Souls are crown'd with Blessings,
 There where 'tis ever Spring, and ever Summer.

Max. There where no bed-rid Justice comes; Truth, Honour,
 Are Keepers of that blessed Place; go thither,
 For here thou livest chaff Fire in rotten Timber.

Æci. And so our last Farewels.]

Max. Gods give the Justice.

[Exit *Lucina*.]

Æci. His Thoughts begin to work; I fear him, yet
 He ever was a noble *Roman*, but
 I know not what to think on't, he hath suffer'd
 Beyond a Man, if he stand this. *Max.* *Æcius*,

Am I alive, or has a dead Sleep seiz'd me?

It was my Wife the Emperor abus'd thus;

And I must say, I am glad I had her for him;

Must I nor, my *Æcius*? *Æci.* I am stricken

With such a stiff Amazement, that no Answer

Can readily come from me, nor no Comfort:

Will ye go Home, or go to my House? *Max.* Neither:

I have no Home, and you are mad *Æcius*

To keep me Company, I am a Fellow

My own Sword would forsake, not ty'd unto me:

A Pander is a Prince, to what I am fallen;

By Heav'n I dare do nothing. *Æci.* Ye do better.

Max. I am made a branded Slave, *Æcius*,

And yet I bless the Maker;

Death O' my Soul, must I endure this tamely?

Must *Maximus* be mention'd for his Tales?

I am a Child too; what should I do railing?

I cannot mend my self, 'tis *Cæsar* did it,

And what am I to him? *Æci.* 'Tis well consider'd;

However you are tainted, be no Traitor,

Time may out-wear the first, the last lives ever.

Max. O that thou wert not living, and my Friend.

Æci. I'll bear a wary Eye upon your Actions,

I fear ye *Maximus*, nor can I blame thee

If thou break'st out, for by the Gods thy Wrong

Deserves a general Ruin: Do ye love me?

Max. That's all I have to live on. *Æci.* Then go with me,

Ye shall not to your own House. *Max.* Nor to any;

My Grievs are greater far than Walls can compass,

And yet I wonder how it happens with me,

I am not dangerous, and O' my Conscience

Should I now see the Emperor i'th' heat on't,

I should not chide him for't, an Awe runs through me,

I feel it sensibly, that binds me to it,

'Tis at my Heart now, there it sits and rules,

And methinks 'tis a pleasure to obey it.

Æci. This is a Mask to cozen me; I know ye,

And how far ye dare do; no *Roman* farther,

Nor with more fearless Valour; and I'll watch ye:

Keep that Obedience still. *Max.* Is a Wife's loss

(For her abuse, much good may do his Grace,

I'll make as bold with his Wife, if I can)

More than the fading of a few fresh Colours,

More than a lusty Spring lost?

Æci. No more, *Maximus*, to one that truly lives.

Max. Why then I care not, I can live well enough, *Æcius.*

For

For look you, Friend, for Virtue, and those Trifles,
They may be bought, they say. *Æci.* He's craz'd a little,
His Grief has made him talk things from his Nature.

Max. But Chastity is not a thing, I take it,
To get in *Rome*, unless it be bespoken
A hundred Year before; is it *Æcius*?
By'r Lady, and well handled too i'th' breeding.

Æci. Will ye go any way? *Max.* I'll tell thee, Friend,
If my Wife for all this should be a Whore now,
A kind of kicker out of Sheets, 'twould vex me,
For I am not angry yet; the Emperor
Is young and handsome, and the Woman Flesh,
And may not these two couple without scratching?

Æci. Alas, my noble Friend. *Max.* Alas not me,
I am not wretched, for there's no Man miserable
But he that makes himself so. *Æci.* Will ye walk yet?

Max. Come, come, she dare not die, Friend, that's the truth on't,
She knows the inticing Sweets and Delicacies
Of a young Prince's pleasures, and I thank her,
She has made a way for *Maximus* to rise by:

Will't not become me bravely? Why do you think
She wept, and said she was Ravish'd? Keep it here
And I'll discover to you. *Æci.* Well. *Max.* She knows
I love no bitten Flesh, and out of that hope
She might be from me, she contriv'd this Knavery;
Was it not monstrous. Friend? *Æci.* Does he but seem so,
Or is he Mad indeed? *Max.* O Gods, my Heart!

Æci. Would it wou'd fairly break.

Max. Methinks I am somewhat wilder than I was,
And yet I thank the Gods I know my Duty.

Enter Claudia.

Clau. Nay ye may spare your Tears; she's dead,
She is so. *Max.* Why so it should be: How?

Clau. When first she enter'd
Into her House, after a World of weeping,
And blushing like the Sun-set, as we see her;
Dare I, said she, defile this House with Whore,
In which his noble Family has flourish'd?
At which she fell, and stir'd no more; we rub'd her.

Max. No more of that; be gone. Now my *Æcius*, [*Exit Clau.*
If thou wilt do me pleasure, weep a little,
I am so parch'd I cannot: Your Example
Has brought the Rain down now: Now lead me, Friend,
And as we walk together, let's pray together truly,
I may not fall from Faith. *Æci.* That's nobly spoken.

Max.

Max. Was I not wild, *Æcius*? *Æci.* Somewhat troubled.

Max. I felt no Sorrow then: Now I'll go with ye,
But do not name the Woman: Fye, what Fool
Am I to weep thus? Gods, *Lucina*, take thee,
For thou wert even the best, and worthiest Lady.

Æci. Good Sir, no more, I shall be melted with it.

Max. I have done, and good Sir comfort me.
Would there were Wars now.

Æci. Settle your Thoughts, come.

Max. So I have now, Friend,
Of my deep Lamentations here's an end.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Pontius, Phidias, and Aretus.

Phi. By my Faith, Captain *Pontius*, besides pity
Of your fall'n Fortunes, what to say I know not,
For 'tis too true the Emperor desires not,
But my best Master, any Soldier near him.

Are. And when he understands, he cast your Fortunes
For Disobedience, how can we incline him
(That are but under Persons to his Favours)
To any fair Opinion? Can ye Sing?

Pon. Not to please him, *Aretus*, for my Songs
Go not to th' Lute, or Viol, but to th' Trumpet,
My Tune kept on a Target, and my Subject
The well struck Wounds of Men, not Love, or Women.

Phi. And those he understands not. *Pon.* He should, *Phidias*.

Are. Could you not leave this killing way a little?
You must it here you would plant your self, and rather
Learn as we do, to like what those affect
That are above us: Wear their Actions,
And think they keep us warm too: What they say,
Though oftentimes they speak a little foolishly,
Not stay to construe, but prepare to execute,
And think however the end falls, the business
Cannot run empty-handed. *Phi.* Can ye flatter,
And if it were put to you, lie a little?

Pon. Yes, if it be a Living. *Are.* That's well said then.

Pon. But must these Lies and Flatteries be believ'd, then?

Phi. Oh yes, by any means. *Pon.* By any means then,
I cannot lie, nor flatter. *Are.* Ye must swear too,
If ye be there. *Pon.* I can swear, if they move me.

Phi. Cannot ye forswear too. *Pon.* The Court for ever,
If it be grown so wicked.

Are. You should procure a little too. *Pon.* What's that?
Mens honest sayings for my Truth? *Are.* Oh no, Sir:
But Womens honest Actions for your trial.

Pon. Do you do all these things? *Phi.* Do you not like 'em?
Pon.

Pon. Do ye ask me seriously, or trifle with me?
I am not so low yet, to be your Mirth.

Are. You do mistake us, Captain, for sincerely,
We ask you how you like 'em? *Pon.* Then sincerely
I tell ye I abhor 'em: They are ill ways,
And I will starve before I fall into 'em.

The Doers of 'em Wretches, their base hungers
Cares not whose Bread they eat, nor how they get it.

Are. What then, Sir? *Pon.* If you profess this Wickedness,
Because ye have been Soldiers, and born Arms,
The Servants of the brave *Æcius*,
And by him put to th' Emperor, give me leave,
Or I must take it else, to say ye are Villains,
For all your Golden Coats, Deboish'd, base Villains,
Yet I do wear a Sword to tell ye so.

Is this the way you mark out for a Soldier,
A Man that has commanded for the Empire,
And born the Reputation of a Man?

Are there not lazy things enough call'd Fools and Cowards,
And poor enough to be preferr'd for Pandars,
But wanting Soldiers must be Knaves too? ha:

This the trim course of Life: Were not ye born Bawds,
And so inherit but your Rights? I am poor,
And may expect a worse; yet digging, pruning,
Mending of broken Ways, carrying of Water,
Planting of Worts, and Onions, any thing
That's honest, and a Man's, I'll rather chuse,
Ay, and live better on it, which is juster,

Drink my well-gotten Water with more Pleasure,
When my Endeavour's done, and Wages paid me,
Than you do Wine, eat my course Bread not curst,
And mend upon't; your Diets are Diseases;
And sleep as soundly, when my Labour bids me,
As any forward Pandar of ye all,

And rise a great deal honest; my Garments,
Though not as yours, the soft furs of the Empire,
Yet may be warm, and keep the biting Wind out,
When every single Breath of poor Opinion

Finds you through all your Velvets. *Are.* You have hit it,
Nor are we those we seem; the Lord *Æcius*

Put us good Men to th' Emperor, so we have serv'd him,
Though much neglected for it: So dare be still:

Your Curses are not ours: We have seen your Fortune,
But yet know no way to redeem it: Means,
Such as we have, ye shall not want, brave *Pontius*,
But pray be temperate, if we can wipe out

The way of your Offences, we are yours, Sir;
And you shall live at Court an honest Man too.

Pbi. That little Meat and Means we have, we'll share it,
Fear not to be as we are; what we told ye,
Were but meer tryals of your Truth: You're worthy,
And so we'll ever hold ye; suffer better,
And then ye are a right Man, *Pontius*;
If my good Master be not ever angry,
Ye shall command again.

Pon. I have found two good Men: Use my Life,
For it is yours, and all I have to thank ye.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Maximus.

Max. There's no way else to do it, he must die,
This Friend must die, this Soul of *Maximus*,
Without whom I am nothing but my Shame,
'This perfectness that keeps me from Opinion,
Must dye, or I must live thus branded ever:
A hard choice, and a fatal; Gods ye have given me
A way to credit, but the Ground to go on,
Ye have level'd with that precious Life I love most.
Yet I must on, and through; for if I offer
To take my way without him, like a Sea
He bears his high Command, 'twixt me and Vengeance,
And in my own Road sinks me, he is honest,
Of a most constant Loyalty to *Cæsar*,
And when he shall but doubt, I dare attempt him,
But make a question of his Ill, but say
What is a *Cæsar*, that he dare do this,
Dead sure he cuts me off: *Æcius* dies,
Or I have lost my self: Why should I kill him?
Why should I kill my self? for 'tis my killing,
Æcius is my Root, and wither him,
Like a decaying Branch, I fall to nothing.
Is he not more to me than Wife, than *Cæsar*?
Though I had now my safe Revenge upon him,
Is he not more than Rumour, and his Friendship
Sweeter than the love of Women? What is Honour
We all so strangely are bewitch'd withal?
Can it relieve me if I want? he has;
Can Honour, 'twixt the incensed Prince, and Envy,
Bear up the Lives of worthy Men? he has;
Can Honour pull the Wings of fearful Cowards,
And make 'em turn again like Tygers? he has,
And I have liv'd to see this, and preserv'd so;

Why

Why should this empty word incite me then
 To what is ill, and cruel? let her perish:
 A Friend is more than all the World, than Honour;
 She is a Woman, and her Loss the less,
 And with her go my Grievs: But hark ye, *Maximus*,
 Was she not yours? Did she not die, to tell ye
 She was a Ravish'd Woman? Did not Justice
 Nobly begin with her, that not deserv'd it,
 And shall he live that did it? Stay a little,
 Can this Abuse die here? Shall not Mens Tongues
 Dispute it afterward, and say I gave
 (Affecting dull Obedience, and tame Duty,
 And led away with fondness of a Friendship)
 The only Virtue of the World to Slander?
 Is not this certain, was not she a chaste one,
 And such a one, that no compare dwelt with her,
 One of so sweet a Virtue, that *Æcius*,
 Even he himself, this Friend that holds me from it,
 Out of his worthy Love to me, and Justice,
 Had it not been on *Cesar*, he'd reveng'd her?
 By Heav'n he told me so; what shall I do then?

Enter a Servant.

Can other Men affect it, and I cold?
 I fear he must not live. *Serv.* My Lord, the General
 Is come to seek ye. *Max.* Go, intreat him to enter:
 O brave *Æcius*, I could wish thee now
 As far from Friendship to me, as from Fears,
 That I might cut thee off, like that I weigh'd not
 Is there no way without him, to come near it?
 For out of honesty he must destroy me
 If I attempt it; he must dye as others,
 And I must lose him; 'tis necessity,
 Only the time, and means is all the difference;
 But yet I would not make a Murther of him,
 Take him directly for my doubts; he shall dye,
 I have found a way to do it, and a safe one,
 It shall be Honour to him too: I know not
 What to determine certain, I am so troubled,
 And such a deal of Conscience presses me;
 Would I were dead my self.

Enter Æcius.

Æci. You run away well;
 How got you from me, Friend?

Max. That that leads mad Men;
 A strong Imagination made me wander.

Æci. I thought ye had been more settled. *Max.* I am well,

F

But

But you must give me leave a little sometimes

To have a buzzing in my Brains. *Æci.* Ye are dangerous,

But I'll prevent it if I can; ye told me

You would go to th' Army. *Max.* Why, to have my Throat cut,

Must he not be the bravest Man, *Æcius,*

That strikes me first? *Æci.* You promised me a Freedom
From all these Thoughts, and why should any strike you?

Max. I am an Enemy, a wicked one,

Worse than the Foes of Rome, I am a Coward,

A Cuckold, and a Coward, that's two Causes

Why every one should beat me. *Æci.* Ye are neither;

And durst another tell me so, he dy'd for't.

For thus far on mine Honour, I'll assure you

No Man more lov'd than you, and for your Valour,

And what ye may be, fair; no Man more follow'd.

Max. A doughty Man indeed: But that's all one,

The Emperor, nor all the Princes living

Shall find a flaw in my Coat; I have suffer'd,

And can yet; let them find Inflictions,

I'll find a Body for 'em, or I'll break it.

'Tis not a Wife can thrust me out; some look'd for't,

But let 'em look 'till they are blind with looking,

They are but Fools; yet there is Anger in me,

That I would fain disperse, and now I think on't,

You told me, Friend, the Provinces are stirring,

We shall have sport I hope then, and what's dangerous

A Battel shall beat from me. *Æci.* Why do ye eye me

With such a settled look? *Max.* Pray tell me this,

Do we not love extremely? I love you so.

Æci. If I should say I lov'd not you as truly,

I should do that I never durst do, lie.

Max. If I should dye, would it not grieve you much?

Æci. Without all doubt. *Max.* And could you live without me?

Æci. It would much trouble me to live without ye,

Our Loves, and loving Souls have been so us'd

But to one Household in us: But to dye

Because I could not make you live, were Woman,

Far much too weak; were it to save your Worth,

Or to redeem your Name from rooting out,

To quit you bravely fighting from the Foe,

Or fetch ye off, where Honour had engag'd ye,

I ought, and would dye for ye. *Max.* Truly spoken.

What Beast but I, that must, could hurt this Man now?

Would he had ravish'd me, I would have paid him,

I would have taught him such a Trick, his Eunuchs

Nor all his black-ey'd Boys dreamt of yet;

The Tragedy of Valentinian.

43

By all the Gods I am mad now; now were *Cæsar*
Within my reach, and on his glorious top
The Pile of all the World, he went to nothing;
The Destinies, nor all the Dames of Hell,
Were I once grapt'd with him, should relieve him,
No not the hope of Mankind more; all perished;
But this is Words and Weakness.

Æci. Ye look strangely.

Max. I look, but as I am, I am a Stranger.

Æci. To me?

Max. To every one, I am no *Roman*;
Nor what I am do I know.

Æci. Then I'll leave ye.

Max. I find I am best so, if ye meet with *Maximus*
Pray bid him be an honest Man for my sake,
You may do much upon him; for his Shadow,
Let me alone.

Æci. Ye were not wont to talk thus,
And to your Friend; ye have some Danger in you,
That willingly would run to Action.
Take heed, by all our love take heed.

Max. I, Danger?

I, willing to do any thing, I dig.
Has not my Wife been dead two Days already?
Are not my Mournings by this time Moth-eaten?
Are not her Sins dispers'd to other Women,
And many one ravish'd to relieve her?
Have I shed Tears these twelve Hours?

Æci. Now ye weep.

Max. Some lazy drops that staid behind.

Æci. I'll tell ye,

And I must tell ye Truth, were it not hazard,
And almost certain Loss of all the Empire,
I would win with ye: Were it any Man's
But his Life, that is Life of us, he lost it
For doing of this Mischief: I would take it,
And to your rest give ye a brave Revenge:
But as the Rule now stands, and as he rules,
And as the Nations hold in Disobedience,
One Pillar failing, all must fall; I dare not:
Nor is it just you should be suffer'd in it,
Therefore again take heed: On foreign Foes
We are our own Revengers, but at Home
On Princes that are eminent and ours,
'Tis fit the Gods should judge us: Be not rash,
Nor let your angry Steel cut those ye know not;

For by this fatal Blow, if ye dare strike it,
 As I see great Aims in ye, those unborn yet,
 And those to come, of them and these succeeding,
 Shall bleed the Wrath of *Maximus*: For me,
 As ye now bear your self, I am your Friend still,
 If ye fall off I will not flatter ye;
 And in my Hands, were ye my Soul, you perish'd:
 Once more be careful, stand, and still be worthy,
 I'll leave ye for this Hour.

[Exit.]

Max. Pray do. 'Tis done:
 And Friendship, since thou canst not hold in Dangers,
 Give me a certain Ruin, I must through it.

[Exit.]

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

Enter Emperor, Lycinius, Chilax, and Balbus.

Emp. DEAD? *Chi.* So 'tis thought, Sir.
Emp. How? *Lyc.* Grief, and Disgrace,
 As People say. *Emp.* No more, I have too much on't,
 Too much by you, you whetters of my Follies,
 Ye Angel formers of my Sins, but Devils;
 Where is your cunning now? You would work Wonders,
 There was no Chastity above your Practice,
 You would undertake to make her love her Wrongs,
 And doat upon her Rape: Mark what I tell ye,
 If she be dead—— *Chi.* Alas, Sir! *Emp.* Hang ye Rascals,
 Ye blasters of my Youth, if she be gone,
 'Twere better ye had been your Fathers Camels,
 Ground under daily weights of Wood and Water:
 Am I not *Cæsar*? *Lyc.* Mighty, and our Maker.
Emp. Than thus have given my Pleasures to Destruction.
 Look she be living, Slaves. *Lyc.* We are no Gods, Sir,
 If she be dead, to make her new again.

Emp. She cannot dye, she must not dye; are those
 I plant my Love upon but common Livers?
 Their Hours as others, told 'em? Can they be Ashes?
 Why do ye flatter a Belief into me
 That I am all that is, the World's my Creature,
 The Trees bring forth their Fruits when I say Summer,
 The Wind, that knows no limit but his wildness,
 At my Command moves not a Leaf; the Sea
 With his proud Mountain Waters envying Heav'n,
 When I say Still, run into chrystal Mirrors,
 Can I do this and she dye? Why ye Bubbles,
 That with my least Breath break, no more remember'd;

Ye

Ye Moths that fly about my Flame and perish,
 Ye golden Canker-worms, that eat my Honours,
 Living no longer than my Spring of Favour:
 Why do ye make me God that can do nothing?
 Is she not dead? *Cbi.* All Women are not with her.

Emp. A common Whore serves you, and far above ye,
 The Pleasures of a Body lam'd with Lewdness,
 A meer perpetual Motion makes ye happy:
 Am I a Man to traffick with Diseases?
 Can any but a Chastity serve *Cesar*?
 And such a one the Gods would kneel to purchase?
 You think, because you have bred me up to Pleasures,
 And almost run me over all the rare ones,
 Your Wives will serve the turn: I care not for 'em.
 Your Wives are Fencers Whores, and shall be Footmens.
 Though sometimes my nice Will, or rather Anger
 Have made ye Cuckolds for variety;
 I would not have ye hope, nor dream, ye poor ones,
 Always so great a Blessing from me; go
 Get your own Infamy hereafter, Rascals,
 I have done too nobly for ye, ye enjoy
 Each one an Heir, the royal Seed of *Cesar*,
 And I may curse ye for't; your wanton Gennets,
 That are so Proud, the Wind gets 'em with Fillies,
 Taught me this foul Intemperance: Thou *Licinius*,
 Hast such a *Messalina*, such a *Lais*,
 The Backs of Bulls cannot content, nor Stallions,
 The Sweat of fifty Men a Night do's nothing.

Lic. Your Grace but jests, I hope. *Emp.* 'Tis Oracle.
 The Sins of other Women put by hers
 Shew off like Sanctities: Thine's a Fool, *Cbilax*,
 Yet she can tell to twenty, and all Lovers,
 And all lien with her too, and all as she is,
 Rotten, and ready for an Hospital.

Yours is a holy Whore, Friend *Balbus*. *Bal.* Well, Sir.

Emp. One that can pray away the Sins she suffers,
 But not the Punishments: She has had ten Bastards,
 Five of 'em now are Lictors, yet she prays;
 She has been the Song of *Rome*, and common *Pasquil*;
 Since I durst see a Wench, she was Camp Mistrefs,
 And muster'd all the Cohorts, paid 'em too,
 They have it yet to shew, and yet she prays;
 She is now to enter old Men that are Children,
 And have forgot their Rudiments: Am I
 Left for these wither'd Vices? And but one,
 But one of all the World that could content me,

And

And snatch'd away in shewing? If your Wives
 Be not yet Witches, or your selves, now be so
 And save your Lives, raise me this noble Beauty
 As when I forc'd her, full of Constancy,
 Or by the Gods— *Lic.* Most sacred *Cesar.* *Emp.* Slaves.

Lic. Good *Proculus.* *Pro.* By Heav'n you shall not see it,
 It may concern the Empire. *Emp.* Ha! What said'st thou?
 Is she not dead? *Pro.* Not any one I know, Sir;
 I come to bring your Grace a Letter, here
 Scatter'd belike i'th' Court: 'Tis sent to *Maximus*,
 And bearing Danger in it. *Emp.* Danger? Where?
 Double our Guard. *Pro.* Nay no where, but i'th' Letter.

Emp. What an afflicted Conscience do I live with,
 And what a Beast am I grown? I had forgotten
 To ask Heav'n Mercy for my Fault, and was now
 Even ravishing again her Memory.

I find there must be Danger in this Deed:
 Why do I stand disputing then, and whining?
 For what is not the Gods to give, they cannot,
 Though they would link their Powers in one, do mischief.

This Letter may betray me; get ye gone;
 And wait me in the Garden, guard the House well, [Exeunt.]

And keep this from the Empress. The Name *Maximus*
 Runs through me like a Fever; this may be
 Some private Letter upon private Business,
 Nothing concerning me: Why should I open't?

I have done him wrong enough already; yet
 It may concern me too, the Time so tells me;
 The wicked Deed I have done, assures me 'tis so.
 Be what it will, I'll see it, if that be not.

Part of my Fears, among my other Sins,
 I'll purge it out in Prayers: How? What's this?

[*Letter read.*] Lord *Maximus*, you love *Aecius*,
 And are his noble Friend too; bid him be less,
 I mean less with the People, Times are dangerous:

The Army is his; the Emperor in doubts,
 And as some will not stick to say, declining;
 You stand a constant Man in either Fortunes;
 Perswade him, he is lost else: Though Ambition
 Be the last Sin he touches at, or never;

Yet what the People mad with loving him,
 And as they willingly desire another,
 May tempt him to, or rather force his Goodness,
 Is to be doubted mainly: He is all,

(As he stands now) but the meer name of *Cesar*;
 And should the Emperor inforce him lesser,

Not

Not coming from himself, it were more dangerous:
 He is Honest, and will hear you: Doubts are scatter'd,
 And almost come to growth in every Household:
 Yet in my foolish Judgment, were this master'd;
 The People that are now but Rage, and his,
 Might be again Obedience: You shall know me
 When Rome is fair again; 'till when I love you.
 No Name! This may be cunning, yet it seems not;
 For there is nothing in it but is certain,
 Besides my safety. Had not good *Germanicus*,
 That was as Loyal, and as straight as he is,
 If not prevented by *Tiberius*,
 Been by the Soldiers forc'd their Emperor?
 He had, and 'tis my Wisdom to remember it.
 And was not *Corbulo*, even that *Corbulo*,
 That ever Fortunate and living *Roman*,
 That broke the Heart Strings of the *Partians*,
 And brought *Arfaxes* Line upon their Knees,
 Chain'd to the Awe of *Rome*, because he was thought
 (And but in Wine once) fit to make a *Cesar*,
 Cut off by *Nero*? I must seek my Safety:
 For 'tis the same again, if not beyond it:
 I know the Soldier loves him more than Heav'n,
 And will adventure all his Gods to raise him;
 Me he hates more than Peace: What this may breed,
 If dull Security and Confidence
 Let him grow up, a Fool may find, and laugh at.
 But why Lord *Maximus*, I injur'd so,
 Should be the Man to counsel him, I know not;
 More than he has been Friend, and lov'd Allegiance:
 What now he is I fear, for his Abuses
 Without the People dare draw Blood. Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

* *Serv.* Your Grace. *Emp.* Call *Phidias* and *Aretus* hither:
 I'll find a Day for him too; times are dangerous,
 The Army his, the Emperor in Doubts:
 I find it is too true; did he not tell me,
 As if he had intent to make me Odious,
 And to my Face, and by a way of Terror,
 What Vices I was ground'd in, and almost
 Proclaim'd the Soldiers hate against me? Is not
 The sacred Name and Dignity of *Cesar*
 (Were this *Acus* more than Man) sufficient
 To shake off all his Honesty? He's dangerous
 Though he be good, and though a Friend, a fear'd one,
 And such I must not sleep by: Are they come yet?

I do believe this Fellow, and I thank him;
'Twas time to look about, if I must perish,
Yet shall my Fears go foremost.

Enter Phidias and Aretus.

Phi. Life to *Cesar*.

Emp. Is Lord *Æcius* waiting? *Phi.* Not this Morning,
I rather think he's with the Army. *Emp.* Army?

I do not like that Army: Go unto him,
And bid him straight attend me, and do ye hear,
Come private without any; I have Business
Only for him. *Phi.* Your Grace's Pleasure. [*Exit Phidias.*

Emp. Go;

What Soldier is the same, I have seen him often,
That keeps you Company, *Aretus*? *Are.* Me, Sir?

Emp. Ay, you Sir.

Are. One they call *Pontius*, an't please your Grace.

Emp. A Captain? *Are.* Yes, he was so;
But speaking something roughly in his Want,
Especially of Wars, the noble General
Out of a strict Allegiance cast his Fortunes.

Emp. H'as been a valiant Fellow. *Are.* So he's still.

Emp. Alas, the General might have pardon'd Follies,
Soldiers will Talk sometimes. *Are.* I am glad of this.

Emp. He wants Preferment, as I take it. *Are.* Yes, Sir;
And for that noble Grace his Life shall serve.

Emp. I have a Service for him:

I shame a Soldier should become a Beggar;
I like the Man, *Aretus*. *Are.* Gods protect ye.

Emp. Bid him repair to *Proculus*, and there
He shall receive the Business, and Reward for't:
I'll see him settled too, and as a Soldier,
We shall want such.

The Sweets of Heav'n still Crown ye,
I have a fearful Darkness in my Soul,
And 'till I be deliver'd, still am dying. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Maximus alone.

Max. My way has taken: All the Court's in Guard,
And Business every where, and every Corner
Full of strange Whispers: I am least in Rumour,

Enter Æcius and Phidias.

And so I'll keep my self. Here comes *Æcius*,
I see the Bait is swallow'd: If he be lost
He is my Martyr, and my way stands open,
And Honour on thy Head, his Blood is reckon'd. *Æci.*

Æci. Why how now Friend, what make ye here unarm'd?
Are ye turn'd Merchant? *Max.* By your fair perswasion,
And such a Merchant trafficks without danger;
I have forgotten ail, *Æcius*,
And which is more, forgiven. *Æci.* Now I love ye,
Truly I do, ye are a worthy *Roman*.

Max. The fair Repentance of my Prince to me
Is more than Sacrifice of Blood and Vengeance;
No Eyes shall weep her Ruins, but mine own.

Æci. Still ye take more Love from me: Virtuous Friend,
The Gods make poor *Æcius* worthy of thee.

Max. Only in me y'are poor, Sir: And I worthy
Only in being yours: But why your Arm thus,
Have ye been hurt, *Æcius*? *Æci.* Bruis'd a little;
My Horse fell with me, Friend; which 'till this Morning
I never knew him do. *Max.* Pray Gods it bode well;
And now I think on't better, ye shall back,
Let my Perswasions rule ye. *Æci.* Back! Why, *Maximus*?
The Emperor commands me come. *Max.* I like not
At this time his Command. *Æci.* I do at all Times,
And all Times will obey it, why not now then?

Max. I'll tell ye why, and as I have been govern'd,
Be you so, noble Friend: The Court's in Guard,
Arm'd strongly, for what Purpose, let me fear;
I do not like your going. *Æci.* Were it Fire,
And that Fire certain to consume this Body,
If *Cesar* sent, I would go; never fear, Man,
If he take me, he takes his Arms away.
I am too plain and true to be suspected.

Max. Then I have dealt unwisely. *Æci.* If the Emperor,
Because he meerly may, will have my Life,
That's all he has to work on, and all shall have:
Let him, he loves me better: Here I wither,
And happily may live, 'till ignorantly
I run into a Fault worth Death: Nay more, Dishonour.
Now all my Sins, I dare say those of Duty
Are printed here, and if I fall so happy,
I bless the Grave I lye in, and the Gods
Equal, as dying on the Enemy,
Must take me up a Sacrifice. *Max.* Go on then,
And I'll go with ye. *Æci.* No, ye may not, Friend.

Max. He cannot be a Friend, bars me *Æcius*;
Shall I forsake ye in my doubts? *Æci.* Ye must.

Max. I must not, nor I will not; have I liv'd
Only to be a Carpet Friend for pleasure?
I can endure a Death as well as *Cato*

Nor none must go along. *Max.* I have a Sword too,
And once I could have us'd it for my Friend.

Æci. I need no Sword, nor Friend in this, pray leave me;
And as ye love me, do not over-love me;
I am commanded none shall come: At Supper
I'll meet ye, and we'll drink a Cup or two;
Ye need good Wine, ye have been sad: Farewel.

Max. Farewel my noble Friend; let me embrace ye
E'er ye depart; it may be one of us
Shall never do the like again. *Æci.* Yes often.

Max. Farewel, good dear *Æcius.* *Æci.* Farewel *Maximus,*
'Till Night: Indeed you doubt too much. [Exit.

Max. I do not:

Go worthy Innocent, and make the number
Of *Cæsar's* sins so great, Heav'n may want Mercy.
I'll hover hereabout to know what passes:
And if he be so devilish to destroy thee,
In thy Blood shall begin his Tragedy. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter Proculus, and Pontius.

Pro. Besides this, if you do it, you enjoy
The noble Name *Patrician*: More than that too,
The Friend of *Cæsar* ye are stil'd: there's nothing
Within the hopes of *Rome*, or present being,
But you may safely say is yours. *Pon.* Pray stay, Sir;
What has *Æcius* done to be destroy'd?

At least I would have a colour. *Pro.* Ye have more,
Nay all that may be given, he is a Traitor,
One, any Man would strike that were a Subject.

Pon. Is he so foul? *Pro.* Yes a most fearful Traitor.

Pon. A fearful Plague upon thee, for thou lyest.
I ever thought the Soldier would undo him
With his too much Affection. *Pro.* Ye have hit it,
They have brought him to Ambition.

Pon. Then he is gone.

Pro. The Emperor, out of a foolish pity,
Would save him yet. *Pon.* Is he so mad? *Pro.* He's madder
Would go to th' Army to him. *Pon.* Would 'a so?

Pro. Yes, *Pontius*; but we consider— *Pon.* Wisely.

Pro. How else, Man, that the State lies in it.

Pon. And your Lives too. *Pro.* And every Man's. *Pon.* He did me
All the Disgrace he could. *Pro.* And scurvily.

Pon. Out of a Mischief meerly: Did you mark it?

Pro. Yes, well enough. Now ye have means to quit it;

The

The deed done, take his Place. *Pon.* Pray let me think on't,
'Tis ten to one I do it. *Pro.* Do, and be happy. [*Exit Pro.*]

Pon. This Emperor is made of nought but mischief,
Sure, Murther was his Mother: None to lop,
But the main Link he had? Upon my Conscience
The Man is truly honest, and that kills him;
For to live here, and study to be true,
Is all one to be Traitors: Why should he dye?
Have they not Slaves and Rascals for their Off'rings
In full abundance; Bawds more than Beasts for slaughter?
Have they not finging Whores enough and Knaves too,
And millions of such Martyrs to sink *Charon*,
But the best Sons of *Rome* must sail too? I will shew him
(Since he must Dye) a way to do it truly:
And though he bears me hard, yet shall he know,
I am born to make him blest me for a Blow. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Phidias, Aretus and Æcius:

Phi. Yet ye may scape to th' Camp, we'll hazard with ye.

Are. Lose not your Life so basely, Sir: Ye are arm'd,
And many when they see your Sword out, and know why,
Must follow your Adventure. *Æci.* Get ye from me;

Is not the Doom of *Cæsar* on this Body,
Do not I bear my last Hour here, now sent me?
Am I not old *Æcius*, ever dying?

You think this Tenderness and Love you bring me,
'Tis Treason, and the strength of Disobedience,
And if ye tempt me further, ye shall feel it:

I seek the Camp for Safety, when my Death
Ten times more glorious than my Life, and lasting
Bids me be happy: Let the Fool fear dying,
Or he that weds a Woman for his Honour,
Dreaming no other Life to come but Kisses;

Æcius is not now to learn to suffer:

If ye dare shew a just Affection, kill me,
I stay but those that must: Why do ye weep?

Am I so wretched to deserve Mens Pities?

Go give your Tears to those that lose their Worths,
Bewail their Miseries, for me wear Garlands,
Drink Wine, and much; sing Peans to my Praise,
I am to triumph, Friends, and more than *Cæsar*,
For *Cæsar* fears to die, I love to die.

Phi. O my dear Lord! *Æci.* No more, go, go, I say;
Shew me not signs of Sorrow, I deserve none;
Dare any Man lament, I should die nobly?

Am I grown Old to have such Enemies?
 When I am dead, speak honourably of me,
 That is, preserve my Memory from dying;
 There if you needs must weep your ruin'd Master,
 A Tear or two will seem well: This I charge ye,
 (Because ye say you yet love old *Æcius*)
 See my poor Body burnt, and some to sing
 About my Pile, and what I have done and suffer'd,
 If *Cæsar* kill not that too: At your Barquers,
 When I am gone, if any chance to number
 The Times that have been sad and dangerous,
 Say how I fell, and 'tis sufficient:
 No more I say, he that laments my End
 By all the Gods dishonours me; begone
 And suddenly, and wisely from my Dangers,
 My Death is catching else. *Phi.* We fear not dying.

Æci. Yet fear a wilful Death, the just Gods hate it,
 I need no Company to that, that Children
 Dare do alone, and Slaves are proud to purchase;
 Live 'till your Honesties, as mine has done,
 Make this corrupted Age sick of your Virtues,
 Then die a Sacrifice, and then ye know
 The noble Use of dying well, and *Roman*.

Are. And must we leave ye, Sir? *Æci.* We must all die,
 All leave our selves, it matters not, where, when,
 Nor how, so we die well: And can that Man that does so
 Need Lamentation for him? Children weep
 Because they have offended, or for Fear,
 Women for want of Will, and Anger; is there
 In noble Man, that truly feels both poises
 Of Life and Death, so much of this wet weakness
 To drown a glorious Death in Child and Woman?
 I am asham'd to see ye; yet ye move me,
 And were it not my Manhood would accuse me,
 For covetous to live, I should weep with ye.

Phi. O we shall never see you more. *Æci.* 'Tis true;
 Nor I the miseries that *Rome* shall suffer,
 Which is a benefit Life cannot reckon:
 But what I have been, which is just and faithful;
 One that grew old for *Rome*, when *Rome* forgot him,
 And for he was an honest Man durst die,
 Ye shall have daily with ye: Could that dye too,
 And I return no Traffick of my Travels,
 No pay to have been Soldier, but this Silver,
 No *Annals* of *Æcius*, but he liv'd,
 My Friends ye had cause to weep, and bitterly;

The common Overflows of tender Women,
 And Children new born crying, were too little
 To shew me their most wretched: If Tears must be,
 I should in Justice weep 'em, and for you,
 You are to live, and yet behold those slaughters
 The dry and wither'd Bones of Death would bleed at:
 But sooner, than I have time to think what must be,
 I fear you'll find what shall be; if ye love me,
 Let that word serve for all; be gone and leave me;
 I have some little practice with my Soul,
 And then the sharpest Sword is welcom't; go,
 Pray be gone, ye have obey'd me living,
 Be not for shame now stubborn; so I thank ye,
 And farewell, a better Fortune guide ye. [*Ex. Phi. and Arc.*
 I am a little thirsty, not for fear,
 And yet it is a kind of fear, I say so;
 Is it to be a just Man now again,
 And leave my Flesh unthought of? 'Tis departed:
 I hear 'em come, who strikes first?
 I stay for ye:

Enter Balbus, Chilax and Lycinius.

Yet I will dye a Soldier, my Sword drawn,
 But against none: Why do ye fear? Come forward.

Bal. You were a Soldier, *Chilax.* *Cbi.* Yes, I muster'd,
 But never saw the Enemy. *Lyc.* He's drawn,
 By Heav'n I dare not do it. *Æci.* Why do ye tremble?
 I am to die, come ye not now from *Cesar,*

To that end, speak? *Bal.* We do, and we must kill ye,
 'Tis *Cesar's* will. *Cbi.* I charge you put your Sword up,

That we may do it handsomely. *Æci.* Ha, ha, ha,
 My Sword up, handsomly? where were ye bred?

Ye are the merriest Murderers, my Masters,

I ever met withal; come forward Fools,

Why do ye stare? Upon mine Honour, Bawds,

I will not strike ye. *Lyc.* I'll not be first. *Bal.* Nor I.

Cbi. You had best die quietly: The Emperor
 Sees how you bear your self. *Æci.* I would die, Rascals,
 If you would kill me quietly. *Bal.*——— Of *Proculus,*

He promis'd us to bring a Captain hither,

That has been us'd to kill. *Æci.* I'll call the Guard,

Unless you will kill me quickly, and proclaim

What beastly, base, and cowardly Companions,

The Emperor has trusted with his safety:

Nay I'll give out, ye fell of my side, Villains.

Strike home, ye bawdy Slaves. *Cbi.* By Heav'n he'll kill us,

I mark'd his Hand, he waits but time to reach us,

Now

Now do you offer. *Æci.* If ye do mangle me,
And kill me not at two Blows, or at three,
Or not so stagger me, my Senses fail me,
Look to your selves.

Chi. I told ye. *Æci.* Strike me manly,
And take a thousand Strokes.

Enter Pontius.

Bal. Here's *Pontius*.

Pon. Not kill'd him yet?

Is this the Love ye bear the Emperor?

Nay then, I see ye are Traitors all, have at ye. [*Lyc. runs away.*

Chi. Oh I am hurt! *Bal.* And I am kill'd. [*Ex. Chi. and Bal.*

Pon. Die Bawds;

As ye have liv'd and flourish'd. *Æci.* Wretched Fellow,
What hast thou done? *Pon.* Kill'd them that durst not kill,
And you are next. *Æci.* Art thou not *Pontius*?

Pon. I am the same you cast, *Æcius*,
And in the Face of all the Camp disgrac'd.

Æci. Then so much nobler, as thou wert a Soldier,
Shall my Death be: Is it Revenge provok'd thee,
Or art thou hir'd to kill me? *Pon.* Both. *Æci.* Then do it.

Pon. Is that all? *Æci.* Yes. *Pon.* Would you not live?

Æci. Why should I,

To thank thee for my Life? *Pon.* Yes, if I spare it.

Æci. Be not deceiv'd; I was not made to thank
For any Courtesie, but killing me,
A Fellow of thy Fortune; do thy Duty.

Pon. Do not you fear me? *Æci.* No. *Pon.* Nor love me for it?

Æci. That's as thou dost thy Business. *Pon.* When you are dead,
Your Place is mine, *Æcius*. *Æci.* Now I fear thee,
And not alone thee *Pontius*, but the Empire.

Pon. Why, I can govern, Sir. *Æci.* I would thou could'st
And first thy self: Thou canst fight well, and bravely,
Thou canst endure all Dangers, Heats, Colds, Hungers;
Heav'n's angry Flashes are not suddener,
Than I have seen thee executè; nor more mortal;
The winged Feet of flying Enemies
I have stood and view'd thee Mow away like Rushes,
And still kill the Killer: Were thy Mind
But half so sweet in Peace, as rough in Dangers,
I dy'd to leave a happy Heir behind me;
Come strike, and be a General. *Pon.* Prepare then:

And for I see your Honour cannot lessen,
And 'twere a shame for me to strike a dead Man,
Fight your short Span out. *Æci.* No, thou know'st I must not,
I dare not give thee so much 'Vantage of me,

As Disobedience? *Pon.* Dare ye not defend ye,
Against your Enemy? *Æci.* Not sent from *Caesar*,

I have no Power to make such Enemies;
For as I am condemn'd, my naked Sword
Stands but a Hatchment by me; only held
To shew I was a Soldier. Had not *Caesar*

Chain'd all Defence in this Doom, Let him die,
Old as I am, and quench'd with Scars, and Sorrows,
Yet would I make this wither'd Arm do wonders,
And open in an Enemy such Wounds

Mercy would weep to look on. *Pon.* Then have at ye,
And look upon me, and be sure ye fear not:
Remember who you are, and why you live,
And what I have been to you: Cry not hold,
Nor think it base Injustice I should kill ye.

Æci. I am prepar'd for all. *Pon.* For now, *Æcius*,
Thou shalt behold and find I was no Traitor,
And as I do it, bless me; die as I do. [*Pon. kills himself.*]

Æci. Thou hast deceiv'd me, *Pontius*, and I thank thee;
By all my hopes in Heav'n, thou art a *Roman*.

Pon. To shew you what you ought to do, this is not;
For slander's self would shame to find you Coward,
Or willing to out-live your Honesty:

But noble Sir, ye have been jealous of me,
And held me in the Rank of dangerous Persons,
And I must dying say it was but Justice,
Ye cast me from my Credit; yet believe me,
For there is nothing now but Truth to save me,
And your Forgiveness, though ye held me hainous,
And of a troubled Spirit, that like Fire

Turns all to Flames it meets with, ye mistook me;
If I were Foe to any thing, 'twas Ease,
Want of the Soldiers Due, the Enemy,
The Nakedness we found at home, and Scorn,

Children of Peace, and Pleasures, no regard
Nor comfort for our Scars, but how we got 'em,
To rusty Time, that eat our Bodies up,

And even began to prey upon our Honours,
To wants at Home, and more than Wants, Abuses;
To them, that when the Enemy invaded

Made us their Saints, but now the Sores of *Rome*;
To silken Flattery, and Pride plain'd over,
Forgetting with what Wind their Feathers sail,

And under whose Protection their soft Pleasures
Grow full and numberless: To this I am Foe,
Not to the State, or any point of Duty:

And

And let me speak but what a Soldier may,
Truly I ought to be so; yet I err'd,
Because a far more noble Sufferer
Shew'd me the way to patience, and I lost it:
This is the end I die, Sir; to live basely,
And not the Follower of him that bred me,
In full account and Virtue, *Pontius* dare not,
Much less to out-live what is good, and flatter.

Æci. I want a Name to give thy Virtue, Soldier,
For only Good is far below thee, *Pontius*,
The Gods shall find thee one; thou hast fashion'd Death,
In such an Excellent and Beauteous manner,
I wonder Men can live: Canst thou speak once more,
For thy Words are such Harmony, a Soul
Would chuse to fly to Heav'n in. *Pon.* A farewell:
Good noble General your Hand, forgive me,
And think what ever was displeasing you,
Was none of mine: Ye cannot live. *Æci.* I will not:
Yet one word more. *Pon.* Dye nobly: *Rome* farewell:
And *Valentinian* fall, thou hast broke thy bases.
In Joy ye have given me a quiet Death,
I would strike more Wounds, if I had more Breath. [Dies.

Æci. Is there an hour of Goodness beyond this?
Or any Man would out-live such a dying,
Would *Cesar* double all my Honours on me,
And stick me o'er with Favours, like a Mistress;
Yet would I grow to this Man: I have lov'd,
But never doated on a Face 'till now:
O Death thou art more than Beauty, and thy pleasure
Beyond Posterity: Come Friends and kill me;
Cesar be kind, and send a thousand Swords,
The more, the greater is my fall: Why stay ye?
Come, and I'll kiss your Weapons: Fear me not,
By all the Gods I'll honour ye for killing:
Appear, or through the Court, and World, I'll search ye:
My Sword is gone; Ye are Traitors if ye spare me,
And *Cesar* must consume ye; all base Cowards?
I'll follow ye, and e'er I dye proclaim ye,
The Weeds of *Italy*; the Drofs of Nature.
Where are ye, Villains, Traitors, Slaves. [Exit.

Enter Proculus, and three others running over the Stage.

Pro. I knew h'ad kill'd the Captain. *i.* Here's his Sword.

Pro. Let it alone, 'twill fight it self else; Friends,
An hundred Men are not enough to do it,
I'll to the Emperor and get more Aid.

Æci. None strike a poor condemn'd Man! *Pro.* He is Mad:
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Shift for yourselves, my Masters.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Æcius.

Æci. Then *Æcius,*

See what thou dar'st thy self; hold my good Sword,
Thou hast been kept from Blood too long, I'll kiss thee,
For thou art more than Friend now, my Preserver,
Shew me the way to Happiness, I seek it:
And all you great ones, that have fall'n as I do,
To keep your Memories and Honours living,
Be present in your Virtues, and assist me,
That like strong *Cato*, I may put away
All Promises, but what shall crown my Ashes;
Rome, Fare thee well: Stand long, and know to Conquer
Whilst there is People, and Ambition:
Now for a Stroke shall turn me to a Star:
I come ye blessed Spirits, make me Room
To live for ever in *Elizium*:
Do Men fear this? O that Posterity
Could learn from him but this, that loves his Wound,
There is no Pain at all in dying well,
Nor none are lost, but those that make their Hell. [*Kills himself.*]

Enter Proculus and two others.

1 Witbin. He's dead, draw in the Guard again.

Pro. He's dead indeed,

And I am glad he's gone; he was a Devil:
His Body, if his Eunuchs come, is theirs;
The Emperor, out of his Love to Virtue,
Has given 'em that: Let no Man stop their Entrance. [*Exit.*]

Enter Phidias and Aretus.

Pbi. O my most noble Lord! Look here *Aretus*,
Here's a sad sight. *Are.* O Cruelty! O *Cesar*!
O Times that bring forth nothing but Destruction,
And Overflows of Blood! Why wast thou kill'd?
Is it to be a just Man now again,
As when *Tiberius* and wild *Nero* reign'd,
Only assurance of his Overthrow?

Pbi. It is, *Aretus*: He that would live now,
Must, like the Toad, feed only on Corruptions,
And grow with those to Greatness: Honest Virtue,
And the true *Roman* Honour, Faith and Valour,
That have been all the Riches of the Empire,
Now like the fearful Tokens of the Plague,
Are meer fore-runners of their ends that owe 'em.

Are. Never enough lamented Lord: Dear Master,

Enter Maximus.

Of whom now shall we learn to live like Men?

H

From

From whom draw out our Actions just and worthy?
 Oh thou art gone, and gone with thee all Goodness,
 The great Example of all Equity,
 O thou alone a *Roman*, thou art perish'd,
 Faith, Fortitude, and constant Nobleness;
 Weep *Rome*, weep *Italy*, weep all that knew him,
 And you that fear'd him as a noble Foe,
 (If Enemies have honourable Tears)
 Weep this decay'd *Æcius* fall'n, and scatter'd
 By foul and base Suggestion. *Pbi.* O Lord *Maximus*,
 This was your worthy Friend. *Max.* The Gods forgive me:
 Think not the worse, my Friends, I shed not Tears,
 Great Grievs lament within; yet now I have found 'em:
 Would I had never known the World, nor Women,
 Nor what that cursed Name of Honour was,
 So this were once again *Æcius*:

But I am destin'd to a mighty Action,
 And beg my pardon, Friend, my Vengeance taken,
 I will not be long from thee: Ye have a great loss,
 But bear it patiently, yet to say Truth,
 In Justice 'tis not sufferable: I am next,
 And were it now, I would be glad on't: Friends,
 Who shall preserve you now? *Are.* Nay, we are lost too.

Max. I fear ye are, for likely such as love
 The Man that's fall'n, and have been nourish'd by him,
 Do not stay long behind: 'Tis held no Wisdom.
 I know what I must do, O my *Æcius*,
 Canst thou thus perish, pluck'd up by the Roots,
 And no Man feel thy Worthiness? From Boys
 He bred you both, I think. *Pbi.* And from the poorest.

Max. And lov'd ye as his own. *Are.* We found it, Sir.

Max. Is not this a loss then? *Pbi.* O, a loss of losses,
 Our Lives, and ruins of our Families,
 The utter being nothing of our Names,
 Were nothing near it. *Max.* As I take it too,
 He put ye to the Emperor. *Are.* He did so.

Max. And kept ye still in Credit. *Pbi.* 'Tis most true, Sir.

Max. He fed your Fathers too, and made them Means,
 Your Sisters he prefer'd to noble Wedlocks;
 Did he not, Friends? *Are.* O yes, Sir. *Max.* As I take it
 This worthy Man would not be now forgotten,
 I tell ye to my Grief, he was basely murder'd;
 And something would be done, by those that lov'd him:
 And something may be: Pray stand off a little.
 Let me bewail him private: O my dearest.

Pbi. *Aretus*, if we be not sudden, he out-does us,
 I know he points at Vengeance; we are cold,

And

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And base ungrateful Wretches, if we shun it:
 Are we to hope for more Rewards or Greatness,
 Or any thing but Death, now he is Dead?
 Dar'st thou resolve? *Are.* I am perfect. *Phi.* Then like Flowers
 That grew together all we'll fall together,
 And with us that that bore us: When 'tis done,
 The World shall stile us two deserving Servants:
 I fear he will be before us. *Are.* This Night, *Phidias.*
Phi. No more.

Max. Now worthy Friends I have done my mournings,
 Let's burn this noble Body: Sweets as many
 As Sun-burnt *Meroe* breeds, I'll make a Flame of
 Shall reach his Soul in Heav'n: He that shall live
 Ten Ages hence, but to rehearse this Story,
 Shall with the sad Discourse on't darken Heav'n,
 And force the painful Burdens from the Wombs
 Conceiv'd a-new with Sorrow: Even the Grave
 Where mighty *Sylla* sleeps shall rend asunder
 And give her shadow up, to come and groan
 About our Piles, which will be more, and greater
 Than green *Olympus*, *Ida*, or old *Latmus*
 Can feed with Cedar, or the East with Gums,
 Greece with her Wines, or *Thessaly* with Flowers,
 Or willing Heav'n can weep for in her Showers. [Exe.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Phidias with his Dagger in him, and Aretus poison'd.

Are. HE has his last.
Phi. Then come the worst of Danger,
Aretus, to thy Soul we give a *Cesar*;
 How long is't since ye gave it him? *Are.* An hour,
 Mine own two Hours before him: How it boils me!
Phi. It was not to be cur'd, I hope. *Are.* No, *Phidias*,
 I dealt above his Antidotes: Physicians
 May find the Cause, but where the Cure? *Phi.* Done bravely,
 We are got before his Tyranny, *Aretus.*
Are. We had lost our worthiest end else, *Phidias.*
Phi. Canst thou hold out a while? *Are.* To torture him
 Anger would give me leave, to live an Age yet;
 That Man is poorly spirited, whose Life
 Runs in his Blood alone, and not in's Wishes.
 And yet I swell, and burn like flaming *Aetna*,
 A thousand new found Fires are kindled in me,
 But yet I must not dye this four Hours, *Phidias.*

Pbi. Remember who dyes with thee, and despise Death.

Are. I need no Exhortation; the Joy in me,
Of what I have done, and why, makes Poison Pleasure,
And my most killing Torments, Mistresses.
For how can he have time to die, or pleasure,
That falls as Fools unsatisfied, and simple?

Pbi. This that consumes my Life, yet keeps it in me,
Nor do I feel the danger of a dying,
And if I but endure to hear the Curses
Of this fell Tyrant dead, I have half my Heav'n.

Are. Hold thy Soul fast but for four Hours, *Pbidias*,
And thou shalt see to Wishes beyond ours,
Nay more, beyond our Meanings.

Pbi. Thou hast steel'd me :
Farewel *Aretus*, and the Souls of good Men,
That as ours do, have left their *Roman* Bodies
In brave Revenge for Virtue, guide our Shadows.
I would not faint yet. *Are.* Farewel, *Pbidias*,
And as we have done nobly, Gods look on us. [Exe. severally.

S C E N E II.

Enter Lycias, and Proculus.

Lyc. Sicker and sicker, *Proculus*? *Pro.* Oh *Lycias*,
What shall become of us? Would we had dy'd
With happy *Chilax*, or with *Balbus* Bed-rid,
And made too lame for Justice.

Enter Licinius.

Licin. The soft Musick;
And let one sing to fasten Sleep upon him:
Oh Friends, the Emperor! *Pro.* What say the Doctors?
Licin. For us a most sad saying, he is poison'd,
Beyond all Cure too. *Lyc.* Who? *Licin.* The Wretch *Aretus*,
That most unhappy Villain. *Lyc.* How do you know it?

Licin. He gave him drink last: Let's disperse and find him;
And since he has open'd Misery to all,
Let it begin with him first: Softly, he slumbers.

*Enter Emperor sick in a Chair, with Eudoxia, the Empress, Physicians,
and Attendants.*

Musick and Song.

Care-charming Sleep, thou Easer of all Woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thy Life dispose,
On this afflicted Prince, fall like a Cloud
In gentle Showers, give nothing that is loud;
Or painful to his Slumbers; easie, sweet,
And as a purling Stream, thou Son of Night,

Pass.

Pass by his troubled Senses; sing his Pain
Like hollow murmuring Wind, or silver Rain:
Into this Prince gently, oh gently slide,
And kiss him into Slumbers like a Bride.

Emp. Oh! Gods, Gods: Drink, Drink, colder, colder
Than Snow on Scythian Mountains: O my Heart strings!

Eud. How do's your Grace? *Phys.* The Empress speaks, Sir.

Emp. Dying, dying, *Eudoxia*, dying. *Phys.* Good Sir, Patience.

Eud. What have ye given him? *Phys.* Precious Things, dear Lady,
We hope shall Comfort him. *Emp.* O flatter'd Fool,
See what thy God-head's come to: Oh *Eudoxia*!

Enter Proculus, Licinius with Aretus.

Eud. O Patience, Patience, Sir. *Emp. Danubius*
I'll have brought through my Body. *Eud.* Gods give Comfort.

Emp. And *Volga*, on whose Face the North Wind freezes.
I find an hundred Hells, an hundred Piles

Already to my Funerals are flaming,
Shall I not drink? *Phys.* You must not, Sir. *Emp.* By Heav'n

I'll let my Breath out that shall burn ye all
If ye deny me longer; Tempests blow me,
And Inundations that have drank up Kingdoms

Flow over me, and quench me: Where's the Villain?

Am I immortal now, ye Slaves? by *Numa*

If he do 'scape: Oh! oh! *Eud.* Dear Sir. *Emp.* Like *Nero*,

But far more terrible, and full of Slaughter,
I'th' midst of all my Flames I'll fire the Empire:

A thousand Fans, a thousand Fans to cool me:

Invite the gentle Winds, *Eudoxia*. *Eud.* Sir.

Emp. Oh do not flatter me, I am but Flesh,

A Man, a mortal Man: Drink, drink, ye Dunces;

What can your Doses now do, and your Scrapings,

Your Oils, and Mithridates? If I do die,

You only Words of Health, and Names of Sickness,

Finding no true Disease in Man but Money,

That talk your selves into Revenues, oh!

And e'er you kill your Patients, beggar 'em,

I'll have ye dead, and dry'd. *Pro.* The Villain, Sir;

The most accursed Wretch. *Emp.* Be gone, my Queen,

This is no fight for thee: Go to the Vestals,

Cast holy Incense in the Fire, and offer

One powerful Sacrifice to free thy *Cesar*.

Pro. Go, go, and be Happy.

[Exit *Eudoxia*.

Are. Go, but give no Ease,

The Gods have set thy last Hour, *Valentinian*,

Thou art but Man, a bad Man too, a Beast,

And like a sensual bloody Thing thou dyest.

Pro. Oh—Traitor! *Are.* Curse your selves ye Flatterers,
And howl your Miseries to come, ye Wretches,
You taught him to be poison'd. *Emp.* Yet no Comfort?

Are. Be not abus'd with Priests, nor Pothecaries,
They cannot help thee: Thou hast now to live
A short half Hour, no more, and I ten Minutes!
I gave thee Poison for *Aecius's* sake,
Such a destroying Poison would kill Nature;
And for thou shalt not die alone, I took it.
If Mankind had been in thee at this Murder,
No more to People Earth again, the Wings
Of old Time clipt for ever, Reason lost,
In what I had attempted; yet, O *Cæsar*,
To purchase fair Revenge, I had poisoned them too.

Emp. Oh Villain: I grow hotter, hotter. *Are.* Yes;
But not near my Heat yet; what thou feel'st now,
Mark me with horror *Cæsar*, are but Embers
Of Lust and Lechery thou hast committed:
But there be Flames of Murder. *Emp.* Fetch out Tortures!

Are. Do, and I'll flatter thee, nay more, I'll love thee:
Thy Tortures to what now I suffer, *Cæsar*,
At which thou must arrive too, e'er thou dy'st,
Are lighter, and more full of Mirth than Laughter.

Emp. Let 'em alone: I must drink. *Are.* Now be mad;
But not near me yet. *Emp.* Hold me, hold me, hold me,
Hold me; or I shall burst else. *Are.* See me *Cæsar*,
And see to what thou must come for thy Murder;
Millions of Womens Labours, all Diseases.

Emp. Oh my afflicted Soul too! *Are.* Womens Fears, Horrors,
Despairs, and all the Plagues the hot Sun breeds—

Emp. *Aecius*, O *Aecius*! O *Lucina*!

Are. Are but my Torments Shadows.

Emp. Hide me Mountains;
The Gods have found my Sins: Now break.

Are. Not yet, Sir;
Thou hast a pull beyond all these. *Emp.* Oh Hell!

Oh Villain, cursed Villain! *Are.* O brave Villain,
My Poison dances in me at this deed:

Now *Cæsar*, now behold me, this is Torment,
And this is thine before thou dyest, O am Wildfire:

The brazen Bull of *Phalaris* was feign'd,
The miseries of Souls despising Heav'n,
But Emblems of my Torments.

Emp. Oh! Quench me, quench me, quench me,

Are. Fire a Flattery;
And all the Poet's Tales of sad *Avernus*,

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To my Pains less than Fictions: Yet to shew thee
What constant love I bore my murder'd Master;
Like a South-wind, I have sung through all these Tempests
My Heart, my wether'd Heart, fear, fear thou Monster,
Fear the just Gods, I have my Peace — [He dies.

Emp. More Drink.

A thousand April Showers fall in my Bosom:
How dare ye let me be tormented thus?
Away with that prodigious Body, Gods,
Gods, let me ask ye what I am, ye lay
All your inflictions on me, hear me, hear me;
I do confess I am a Ravisher,
A Murderer, a hated *Cesar*; oh!
Are there not Vows enough, and flaming Altars,
The Fat of all the World for Sacrifice,
And where that fails, the Blood of thousand Captives,
To purge those Sins? But I must make the Incense:
I do despise ye all, ye have no Mercy,
And wanting that, ye are no Gods, your Parole
Is only preach'd Abroad to make Fools fearful,
And Women made of Awe, believe your Heaven:
Oh Torments, Torments, Torments, Pains above Pains,
If ye be any thing but Dreams, and Ghosts,
And truly hold the Guidance of Things mortal;
Have in your selves times past, to come, and present,
Fashion the Souls of Men, and make Flesh for 'em,
Weighing our Fates, and Fortunes beyond Reason,
Be more than all the Gods, great in Forgiveness;
Break not the goodly Frame ye build in Anger;
For you are things, Men teach us, without Passions,
Give me an Hour to know ye in: Oh save me
But so much perfect time ye make a Soul in,
Take this Destruction from me; no ye cannot,
The more I would believe ye, more I suffer,
My Brains are Ashes, now my Heart, my Eyes, Friends,
I go, I go, more Air, more Air; I am mortal. [He dies.

Pro. Take in the Body: Oh *Licinius*,
The Misery that we are left to suffer;
No pity shall find us. *Licin.* Our Lives deserve none:
Would I were chain'd again to slavery,
With any hope of Life. *Pro.* A quiet Grave,
Or a Consumption now, *Licinius*,
That we might be too poor to kill, were something.

Licin. Let's make our best use, we have Money, *Proculus*,
And if that cannot save us, we have Swords,

Pro. Ye, but we dare not dye. *Licin.* I had forget that:

There's

There's other Countries then. *Pro.* But the same hate still,
Of what we are. *Licin.* Think any thing, I'll follow.

Enter a Messenger.

Pro. How now, what News?

Mess. Shift for your selves, ye are lost else:
The Soldier is in Arms for great *Æcius*,
And their Lieutenant-General that stop'd 'em,
Cut in a thousand pieces: They march hither
Beside, the Women of the Town have murder'd
Phorba, and loose *Ardelia*, *Caesar's* She-Bawds.

Licin. Then here's no staying, *Proculus.* *Pro.* O *Caesar*,
That we had never known thy Lusts: Let's fly,
And where we find no Woman's Man let's dye. [Exe.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Maximus.

Max. Gods, what a Sluce of Blood have I let open!
My happy Ends are come to birth, he's dead,
And I reveng'd; the Empire's all a-fire,
And Desolation every where inhabits:
And shall I live that am the Author of it,
To know *Rome* from the Awe o'th' World, the Pity?
My Friends are gone before too, of my sending,
And shall I stay? Is ought else to be liv'd for?
Is there another Friend, another Wife,
Or any third holds half their Worthiness,
To linger here alive for? Is not Virtue
In their two everlasting Souls departed,
And in their Bodies first Flame fled to Heav'n?
Can any Man discover this, and love me?
For though my Justice were as white as Truth,
My Way was crooked to it, that condemns me:
And now *Æcius*, and my honour'd Lady,
That were Preparers to my rest and quiet,
The Lines to lead me to *Elizium*;
You that but slept before me, on assurance
I would not leave your Friendship unrewarded,
First smile upon the Sacrifice I have sent ye,
Then see me coming boldly. Stay, I am foolish,
Somewhat too sudden to mine own Destruction,
This great end of my Vengeance may grow greater:
Why may not I be *Caesar*? Yet no dying;
Why should I not catch at it? Fools and Children
Have had that Strength before me, and obtain'd it,
And as the Danger stands, my Reason bids me,
I will, I dare; my dear Friends pardon me,
I am not fit to die yet, if not *Caesar*;

I am sure the Soldier loves me, and the People,
 And I will forward, and as goodly Cedars
 Rent from *Oeta* by a sweeping Tempest
 Jointed again, and made tall Masts, defie
 Those angry Winds that split 'em, so will I
 New-piece again, above the Fate of Women,
 And made more perfect far, than growing private,
 Stand and defie bad Fortunes: If I rise,
 My Wife was ravish'd well; If then I fall,
 My great Attempt honours my Funeral.

[Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter three Senators and Affranius.

1 *Sen.* Guard all the Posterns to the Camp, *Affranius*,
 And see 'em fast, we shall be rifled else;
 Thou art an honest, and a worthy Captain.

2 *Sen.* Promise the Soldier any thing. 3 *Sen.* Speak gently,
 And tell 'em we are now in Council for 'em.
 Labouring to chuse a *Caesar* fit for them,
 A Soldier, and a Giver, 1 *Sen.* Tell 'em further,
 Their free and liberal Voices shall go with us.

2 *Sen.* Nay more, a Negative say we allow 'em.

3 *Sen.* And if our Choice displease 'em, they shall name him.

1 *Sen.* Promise three Donatives, and large, *Affranius*.

2 *Sen.* And *Caesar* once elected, present Foes,
 With distribution of all Necessaries,
 Corn, Wine and Oil. 3 *Sen.* New Garments, and new Arms,
 And equal Portions of the Provinces
 To them, and to their Families for ever.

1 *Sen.* And see the City strengthened.

Affa. I shall do it.

[Exit *Affranius*.

2 *Sen.* *Sempronius*, these are woful Times. 3 *Sen.* O *Brutus*!
 We want thy Honesty again; these *Caesars*,
 What noble Consults got with Blood, in Blood
 Consume again, and scatter. 1 *Sen.* Which way shall we?

2 *Sen.* Not any way of Safety I can think on.

3 *Sen.* Now go our Wives to Ruin, and our Daughters,
 And we Beholders, *Fulvius*. 1 *Sen.* Every thing
 Is every Man's that will. 2 *Sen.* The Vestals now
 Must only feed the Soldier's Fire of Lust,
 And sensual Gods be glutt'd with those Offerings,
 Age like the hidden Bowels of the Earth
 Open'd with Swords for Treasure. Gods defend us,
 We are Chaff before their Fury else. 2 *Sen.* Away,
 Let's to the Temples. 1 *Sen.* To the Capitol,
 'Tis not a time to Pray now, let's be strengthen'd.

I

Enter

*The Tragedy of Valentinian.**Enter Affranus.*

3 *Sen.* How now *Affranus*: What good News? *Affra.* A *Cæsar*.
 1 *Sen.* Oh! Who? *Affra.* Lord *Maximus* is with the Soldier,
 And all the Camp rings *Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar*;
 He forc'd the Empress with him for more Honour.
 2 *Sen.* A happy Choice: Let's meet him. 3 *Sen.* Blessed Fortune.
 1 *Sen.* Away, away, make room there, room there, room.

[Exeunt Senators. Flourish.]

Within. Lord *Maximus* is *Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar*;
 Hail *Cæsar Maximus.* *Affra.* Oh turning People!
 Oh People excellent in War, and govern'd;
 In Peace more raging than the furious North,
 When he ploughs up the Sea, and makes him Br ne,
 Or the loud falls of *Nile*; I must give way,
 Although I neither love nor hope this.
 Or like a rotten Bridge that dares a Current,
 When he is swell'd and high crackt, and Farewel.

*Enter Maximus, Eudoxia, Senators and Soldiers.**Sen.* Room for the Emperor. *Sold.* Long Life to *Cæsar*.

Affra. Hail *Cæsar Maximus.* *Emp. Max.* Your Hand, *Affranus*.
 Lead to the Palace, there my Thanks in general,
 I'll shower among ye all: Gods give me Life,
 First to defend the Empire, then you Fathers,
 And valiant Friends, the Heirs of Strength and Virtue,
 The Rampiers of old *Rome*, of us the Refuge;
 To you I open this Day all I have,
 Even all the hazard that my Youth hath purchas'd,
 Ye are my Children, Family, and Friends,
 And ever so respected shall be, forward.
 There's a Proscription, grave *Sempronius*,
 'Gainst all the Flatterers, and lazy Bawds
 Led loose-ly'd *Valentinian* to his Vices,
 See it effected.

*[Flourish.]**Sen.* Honour wait on *Cæsar*.*Sold.* Make room for *Cæsar*, there.*[Exe. all but Affra.]*

Affra. Thou hast my Fears,
 But *Valentinian* keeps my Vows: Oh Gods!
 Why do we like to feed the greedy Raven
 Of these blown Men, that must before they stand,
 And fixt in Eminence, cast Life on Life,
 And trench their Safeties in with Wounds, and Bodies?
 Well froward *Rome*, thou wilt grow weak with changing,
 And die without an Heir, that lov'ft to breed
 Sons for the killing hate of Sons: For me,
 I only live to find an Enemy.

[Exit.]

S C E N E

SCENE V.

Enter Paulus, a Poet; and Licippus, a Gentleman.

Pau. When is the Inauguration? *Licip.* Why, to Morrow.

Pau. 'Twill be short time. *Licip.* Any device that's handsome.

A Cupid, or the God o'th' Place will do it,

Where he must take the Fasces. *Pau.* Or a Grace.

Licip. A good Grace has no Fellow. *Pau.* Let me see,

Will not his Name yield something? *Maximus*

By th' way of Anagram? I have found out *Axis*,

You know he bears the Empire. *Licip.* Get him Wheels too,

'Till be a cruel Carriage else. *Pau.* Some Songs too.

Licip. By any means some Songs: But very short ones,

And honest Language *Paulus*, without bursting,

The Air will fall the sweeter. *Pau.* A Grace must do it.

Licip. Why, let a Grace then. *Pau.* Yes, it must be so;

And in a Robe of blue too, as I take it.

Licip. This Poet is a little Kin to th' Painter

That could paint nothing but a ramping Lion,

So all his learned Fancies are blue Graces.

Pau. What think ye of a Sea-nymph, and a Heav'n?

Licip. Why what should she do there, Man? There's no Water.

Pau. By th' Mafs, that's true, it must be a Grace, and yet

Methinks a Rain-bow. *Licip.* And in Blue. *Pau.* Oh yes!

Hanging in Arch above him, and i'th' middle.

Licip. A shower of Rain. *Pau.* No, no, it must be a Grace.

Licip. Why prithee Grace him then. *Pau.* Or *Orpheus*,

Coming from Hell. *Licip.* In Blue too. *Pau.* 'Tis the better;

And as he rises, full of Fires. *Licip.* Now Bless us,

Will not that spoil his Lute-strings, *Paulus*? *Pau.* Singing,

And crossing of his Arms. *Licip.* How can he play then?

Pau. It shall be a Grace, I'll do it. *Licip.* Prithee do,

And with as good a Grace as thou canst possible;

Good Fury *Paulus*, be i'th' Morning with me,

And pray take Measure of his Mouth that speaks it. [Exe.

SCENE VI.

Enter Maximus and Eudoxia.

Max. Come my best lov'd *Eudoxia*: Let the Soldier

Want neither Wine, nor any thing he calls for,

And when the Senate's ready give us Notice;

In the mean time leave us,

Oh my dear Sweet!

Eud. Is't possible your Grace

Should undertake such Dangers for my Beauty,

If it were Excellent? *Max.* By Heav'n 'tis all

The World has left to brag of. *Eud.* Can a Face

Long since bequeath'd to Wrinkles with my Sorrows,
 Long since raz'd out o' th' Book of Youth and Pleasure,
 Have power to make the strongest Man o'th' Empire,
 Nay the most stay'd, and knowing what is Woman,
 The greatest aim of Perfectness Men liv'd by,
 The most true, constant lover of his Wedlock,
 Such a still blowing Beauty Earth was proud of,
 Lose such a noble Wife, and wilfully;
 Himself prepare the way, nay make the Rape?
 Did ye not tell me so? *Max.* 'Tis true *Eudoxia.*

Eud. Lay desolate his dearest piece of Friendship,
 Break his strong Helm he steer'd by, sink that Virtue,
 That Valour, that even all the Gods can give us,
 Without whom he was nothing, with whom worthiest,
 Nay more, arrive at *Cesar*, and kill him too,
 And for my sake? Either ye love too dearly,
 Or deeply ye dissemble, Sir. *Max.* I do so;
 And 'till I am more-strengthen'd, so I must do;
 Yet would my Joy, and Wine had fashion'd out
 Some safer Lie.— Can these things be, *Eudoxia*,
 And I dissemble? Can there be but Goodness
 And only thine, dear Lady, any end,
 Any Imagination but a lost one,
 Why I should run this Hazard? O thou Virtue!
 Were it to do again, and *Valentinian*,
 Once more to hold thee, sinful *Valentinian*,
 In whom thou wert set, as Pearls are in salt Oysters,
 As Roses are in rank Weeds, I would find
 Yet to thy sacred self a dearer Danger,
 The Gods knows how I honour thee. *Eud.* What love, Sir,
 Can I return for this, but my Obedience?
 My Life, if so you please, and 'tis too little.

Max. 'Tis too much to redeem the World.

Eud. From this Hour,

The Sorrows for my dead Lord, fare ye well,
 My living Lord has dry'd ye; and in Token,
 As Emperor this Day I honour ye,
 And the great Caster new of all my Wishes,
 The Wreath of living Lawrel, that must compass
 That sacred Head, *Eudoxia* makes for *Cesar*:
 I am methinks too much in love with Fortune;
 But with you, ever Royal Sir, my Maker,
 The once more Summer of me, meer in Love,
 Is poor Expression of my Doting. *Max.* Sweetest.

Eud. Now of my Troth ye have bought me dear, Sir!

Max. No, had I at loss of Mankind.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

End. Now ye flatter.

Mess. The Senate waits your Grace. Max. Let 'em come on,
And in a full Form bring the Ceremony:
This Day I am your Servant, Dear, and proudly
I'll wear your honour'd Favour. End. May it prove so. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Enter Paulus and Licippus.

Licip. Is your Grace done? Pau. 'Tis done.

Licip. Who speaks? Pau. A Boy.

Licip. A dainty blue Boy, Paulus? Pau. Yes.

Licip. Have ye view'd the Work above?

Pau. Yes, and all up, and ready.

Licip. The Empress does you simple Honour, Paulus,
The Wreath your blue Grace must present, she made.
But hark ye, for the Soldiers? Pau. That's done too:
I'll bring 'em in, I warrant ye. Licip. A Grace too?

Pau. The same Grace serves for both. Licip. About it then:
I must to the Cup-board; and be sure, good Paulus,
Your Grace be fasting, that he may hang cleanly:
If there should need another Voice, what then?

Pau. I'll hang another Grace in. Licip. Grace be with ye. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Enter in State Maximus, Eudoxia, with Soldiers and Gentlemen of
Rome, the Senators, and Rods and Axes born before them.
A Synnet with } { With a Banquet prepar'd, with
Trumpets. } { Hautboys, Musick, Song, Wreath.

3 Sen. Hail to thy Imperial Honour sacred Caesar,
And from the old Rome take these Wishes;
You holy Gods, that hitherto have held,
As Justice holds her Ballance equal poi'd,
This glory of our Nation, this full Roman,
And made him fit for what he is, confirm him:
Look on this Son, O Jupiter, our helper,
And Romulus, thou Father of our Honour,
Preserve him like thy self, Just, Valiant, Noble,
A Lover and Increaser of his People;
Let him begin with Numa, stand with Cato,
The first five Years of Nero be his Wishes,
Give him the Age and Fortune of Emylius,
And his whole Reign, renew a great Augustus.

SONG.

Honour that is ever living,
Honour that is ever giving,

Honour

The Tragedy of Valentinian.

*Honour that sees all and knows,
Rorb the Ebbs of Man and Flows;
Honour that rewards the best,
Sends thee thy rich Labour's rest;
Thou hast studied still to please her,
Therefore now she calls thee Cæsar;*
Chorus. *Hail, hail, Cæsar, hail and stand,
And thy Name out-live the Land,
Noble Fathers, to his Brows,
Bind this Wreath with thousand Vows.*

*All. Stand to Eternity. Max. I thank ye, Fathers,
And as I rule, may it still grow or wither:
Now to the Banquet, ye are all my Guests,
This Day be liberal Friends, to Wine we give it;
And smiling Pleasures: Sit, my Queen of Beauty;
Fathers, your Places: These are fair Wars, Soldiers,
And thus I give the first charge to ye all;
You are my Second, Sweet, to every Cup,
I add unto the Senate, a new Honour,
And to the Sons of Mars a Donative.*

S O N G.

*God Lycus ever young,
Ever Honour'd, ever Sung;
Stain'd with Blood of lusty Grapes,
In a thousand lusty Shapes;
Dance upon the Mazers brim,
In the Crimson Liquor swim;
From thy plenteous Hand Divine,
Let a River run with Wine;
God of Youth, let this day here
Enter neither Care nor Fear.*

*Boy. Bellona's Seed, the Glory of old Rome,
Envy of conquer'd Nations, nobly come,
And to the fulness of your warlike noise
Let your Feet move, make up this hour of Joys;
Come, come I say, range your fair Troop at large,
And your high measure turn into a Charge.*

Semp. The Emperor's grown heavy with his Wine.

Affr. The Senate stays, Sir, for your thanks. Semp. Great Cæsar.

End. I have my wish. Afr. Wilt please your Grace speak to him.

End. Yes, but he will not hear, Lords.

Semp. Stir him, Lucius; the Senate must have thanks.

2 Sen. Luc. Your Grace, Sir, Cæsar.

End. Did I not tell you he was well: He's dead.

Semp.

Semp. Dead? Treason, guard the Court, let no Man pass;
Soldiers, your *Cesar's* murder'd. *Eud.* Make no tumult,
Nor arm the Court, ye have his Killer with ye;
And the just cause, if ye can stay the hearing:
I was his Death; that Wreath that made him *Cesar*,
Has made him Earth. *Sold.* Cut her in thousand pieces.

Eud. Wise Men would know the Reason first: To die,
Is that I wish for, *Romans*, and your Swords,
The heaviest way of Death: Yet Soldiers grant me,
That was your Empress once, and honour'd by ye,
But so much time to tell ye why I kill'd him,
And weigh my Reasons well, if Man be in you;
Then if ye dare, do cruelly condemn me.

Affr. Hear her ye noble *Romans*, 'tis a Woman,
A Subject not for Swords, but Pity: Heav'n,
If she be guilty of malicious Murder,
Has given us Laws to make Example of her;
If only of Revenge, and Blood hid from us,
Let us consider first, then execute.

Semp. Speak, bloody Woman. *Eud.* Yes. This *Maximus*,
That was your *Cesar*, Lords, and noble Soldiers,
(And if I wrong the dead, Heav'n perish me;
Or speak to win your Favours, but the Truth)
Was to his Country, to his Friends, and *Cesar*,
A most malicious Traitor. *Semp.* Take heed, Woman.

Eud. I speak not for Compassion. Brave *Æcius*,
(Whose blessed Soul, if I lye, shall afflict me,)
The Man that all the World lov'd, you ador'd,
That was the Master-piece of Arms, and Bounty;
Mine own Grief shall come last: This Friend of his,
This Soldier, this your right Arm, noble *Romans*,
By a base Letter to the Emperor,
Stufft full of Fears, and poor Suggestions,
And by himself unto himself directed,
Was cut off basely, basely, cruelly;
Oh Loss, oh Innocent! Can ye now kill me?
And the poor State, my noble Lord, that knew not
More of this Villain, than his forced fears,
Like one foreseen to satisfy, dy'd for it:
There was a Murder too, *Rome* would have blush'd at;
Was this worth being *Cesar*? or my Patience? nay, his Wife,
By Heav'n he told it me in Wine, and Joy,
And swore it deeply, he himself prepar'd
To be abus'd, how? let me grieve, not tell ye;
And weep the Sins that did it: And his end
Was only me, and *Cesar*: But me he ly'd in.

These are my Reasons, Romans, and my Soul
Tells me sufficient; and my Deed is Justice:
Now as I have done well, or ill, look on me.

Affr. What less could Nature do, what less had we done,
Had we known this before? *Romans*, she is righteous;
And such a piece of Justice Heav'n must smile on:
Bend all your Swords on me, if this displease ye,
For I must kneel, and on this virtuous hand
Seal my new Joy and Thanks; thou hast done truly.

Semp. Up with your Arms, ye strike a Saint else, *Romans*.
May' st thou live ever spoken our Protector:
Rome yet has many noble Heirs: Let's in
And pray before we chuse, then plant a *Cesar*
Above the reach of Envy, Blood, and Murder.

Affr. Take up the Body, nobly to his Urn,
And may our Sins and his together burn.

[*Exeunt. A dead March.*]

EPILOGUE.

WE wou'd fain please ye, and as fain be pleas'd;
Tis but a little Liking, both are eas'd:
We have your Mony, and you have our Ware,
And to our Understanding good and fair:
For your own Wisdom's sake be not so mad,
T' acknowledge ye have bought things dear and bad:
Let not a brack i' th' Staff, or here and there
The fading Gloss, a general L. s. appear:
We know ye take up worse Commodities,
And dearer pay yet think your Bargain's wise;
We know in Meat and Wine, ye fling away
More Time and Wealth, which is but dearer Pay,
And with the Reckoning all the Pleasure lost.
We bid ye not unto repenting Cost:
The Price is easie, and so light the Play,
That ye may new digest it every Day
Then noble Friends, as ye would chuse a Mistress,
Only to please the Eye a while, and kiss,
'Till a good Wife be got: So let this Play
Hold ye a while, until a better may.

F I N I S.



