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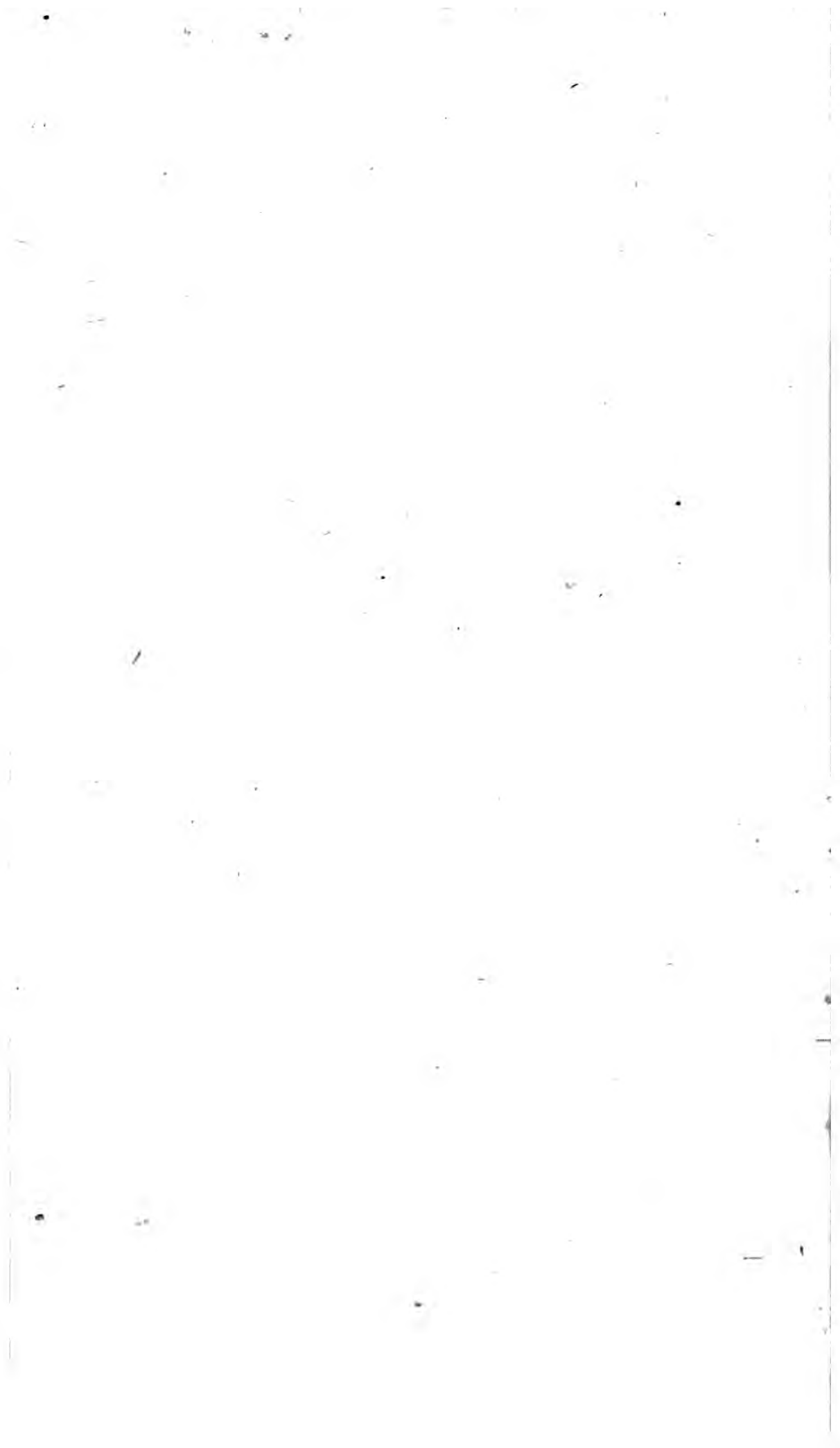


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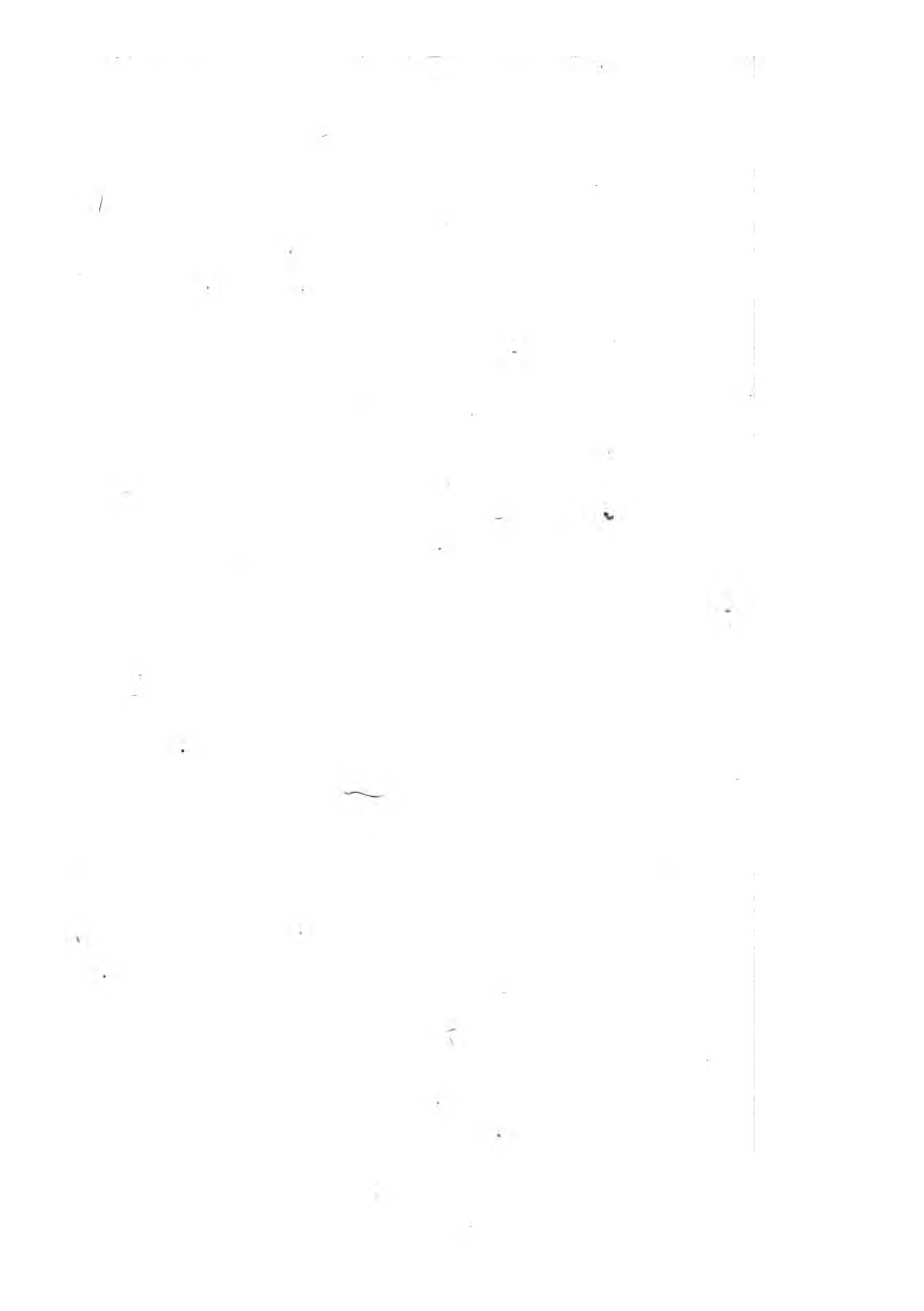
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8 MAY 1956







THE
Dramatick Works

OF

Mr. Nathanael Lee.

VOL. II.

THE

ENCYCLOPEDIA

OF

ARTS AND SCIENCES

VOL. II.

THE
DRAMATICK
WORKS

OF

Mr. *Nathanael Lee.*

VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING

MITHRIDATES, || CONSTANTINE
King of *Pontus.* || the GREAT.
CÆSAR BORGIA. || DUKE OF GUISE.



L O N D O N;

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, the corner
of *Essex-Street* in the *Strand*; D. BROWNE, at the
Black-Swan, and R. WELLINGTON, at the *Dol-*
phin and Crown, without *Temple-Bar*; J. WEL-
LINGTON; A. BETTESWORTH and F. CLAY,
in Trust for B. WELLINGTON.

MDCCXXXIV.

THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES

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G. Vander Gucht inv. & Sculp

MITHRIDATES,
King of PONTUS;
A
TRAGEDY,

Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL,
By Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by Mr. NAT. LEE.

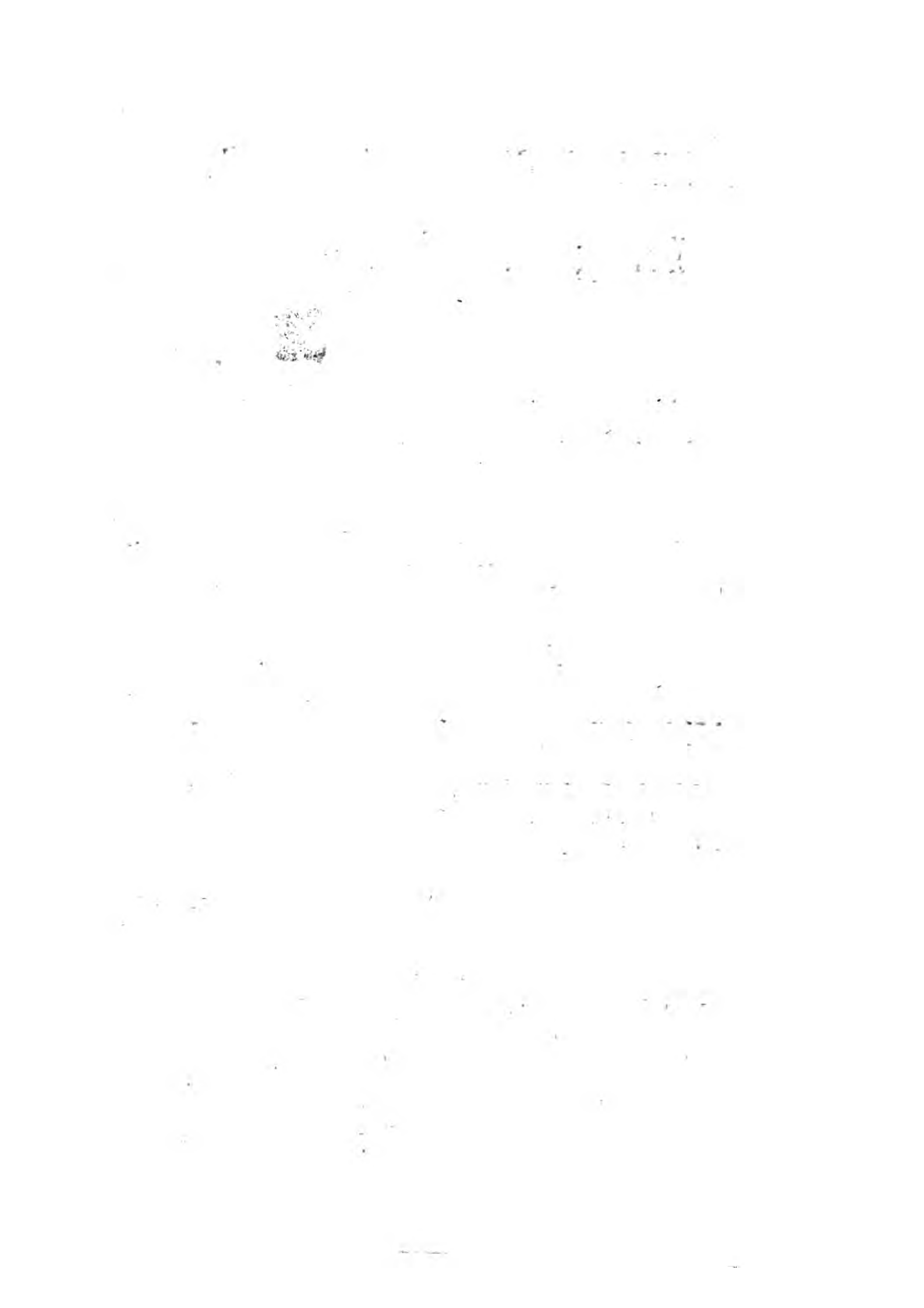
*Hi motus animorum, atque hæc Certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.*

Virg. Georg. l. 4.

L O N D O N;

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, the corner
of *Essex-Street* in the *Strand*; R. WELLINGTON,
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and F. CLAY, in Trust for B. WELLINGTON.

MDCCLXXXIV.





To the Right Honourable

C H A R L E S,

Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*,

One of the Gentlemen of their MAJESTIES
Bed-Chamber.

May it please your Lordship,



WHEN I call to mind what I have observ'd of your Wit and Judgment, the truest and most impartial I ever knew, my Thoughts of Writing, after my loose manner, to your Lordship, are a little dash'd; and the meanest of 'em has the Sense to tell me, I ought to be as curious and correct in a Dedication to one Man, as, in that of a Play, to a whole Nation. There is, no doubt, a Transport in every Poet who writes an Epistle; but for the most part they are dazzled with the Eminence of their Patrons, and at best we can but call it an awful Delight. But, I profess, what those, to whom I am disagreeable, will impute

to want of Modesty, I make this Tragedy an Offering to your Lordship, with as much Freedom, Pleasure, and perfect Satisfaction, as ever *Mithridates* receiv'd when he found himself in the Arms of his fairest Mistres. You stand equal with the Greatest; and your Quality should cause a Dread in the hardiest Writers: But on the other hand, there is such an innate Sweetness of Temper, such a most remarkable Goodness in all your Actions, a Character peculiar to You more than any Man alive, that the meanest, modestest of Poets, may approach you. Methinks, I feel a sort of cheerful springing Pride, when I see your Lordship stand forth to this last Birth; which sure, if I had ever any lovely, is much the fairest Child. Happy Fortune must attend it; and Heaven and Earth be pleas'd, where you approve. I accost you, my Lord without Formality, and wou'd appear before the severest Judge in the plainest Garb, or rather nakedness of Thought; as some, and those not of the least Courage, go to the most bloody Test of Valour, all unarm'd. An Over-care in things of this nature, does often turn to Affectation; and what was meant a Guard, proves an Incumbrance: We may stiffen our Imaginations with making of 'em too quaint; and polish, till we are nothing else but Gloss. I am infinitely pleas'd, to be as plain as I can; nor care I how it pleases others, tho' I am sure it does, that I have laid this Play at your Lordship's feet. All my Acquaintance, that wish me well, applaud my Choice; for, I may safely affirm, by the Judgement of the Town, without being censur'd for a Dawber, there's not a Man whom all Men love but You: You are beheld in all the Company you honour, as if you were the Genius of that

The Epistle Dedicatory. 7

that Prince, who was call'd the *Delight of Mankind*; and are ador'd with all the Love and Admiration which e'er the noble *Titus* found in *Rome*. *Ziphares* is an imperfect Figure of yourself; I cast him in your Mould, and fashion'd him as well as my weak Fancy cou'd, to that Perfection the Court so universally allows you: When I design'd to draw him for the Ladies, endearing, soft, and passionately loving, I thought on You, and found the way to charm 'em. And 'tis most certain, he who obliges those fair Criticks to be of his Party, has the surest Cards that ever Poet play'd: I cannot but own the Honours they have done me; and intreat your Lordship to secure my Friends. There is yet a greater Honour I would beg of your Lordship, and so important, I cannot name it without Apprehension: *Mithridates*, being in your hands, desires to be laid at the Feet of the Queen. Her Majesty, who is the sublimest Goodness, and most merciful Virtue: that ever blest a Land, has been pleas'd to grace him with her Presence, and promis'd it again with such particular Praises, the Effects of her pure Bounty, that shou'd he not express his Gratitude almost to Adoration, he wou'd deserve another Fate, when he is next represented, than what he has hitherto receiv'd.

I have endeavour'd in this Tragedy, to mix *Shakespeare* with *Fletcher*: The Thought of the former, for Majesty and true *Roman* Greatness; and the Softness and passionate Expressions of the latter, which make up half the Beauties, are never to be match'd. How have I then endeavour'd to be like 'em? O faint Resemblance! as *Pizarra* says of the *Mexicans*,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

— *And those who now remain,
Appear but as the Shadows of the Slain.*

It may be objected, I broke the *Scenes* in the Beginning of the third and fifth Acts; those, who are so nicely curious as to be offended at this over-sight, may, for their satisfaction, leave 'em out, and the Play will be entire. I apply my self to your Lordship, as *Montaigne* does to his Reader, in the Chapter of Books; *I will*, says he, *love the Man that shall trace me!* For I have many times found fault with an Expression, that I pretended was in a Play of my own, and had it damn'd by no indifferent Criticks; tho' immortal *Shakespear* will not blush to own it. But I am confident your Lordship will find me out, and I desire to be found a Refiner on those admirable Writers; the Ground is theirs, and all that serves to make a rich Embroidery. I hope, the World will do me the Justice to think, I have disguis'd it into another Fashion more suitable to the Age we live in; for, if I cou'd persuade myself, there were nothing of mine extraordinary in the Play, I wou'd not have dedicated it to the best of Men.

— *Mediocribus esse Poetis;
Non Dii, non Homines, non concessere Columnæ.*

Here you must give me leave to tell the World, that Pillars and Altars too ought to be rais'd to your Lordship, if the greatest Genius of Poetry deserves 'em. Your Thoughts, in some select Poems I have seen, are rich and new as the Golden *American* World, your Expressions justly strong, your Words emphatical, as chosen Men for an Enterprize of Glory: As it was observ'd of the Army of *Alexander the Great*, every Soldier look'd like a Commander, and every Commander like an *Alexander*;

The Epistle Dedicatory. 9

alexander; so in your admirable Draughts, all things are so excellent, we know not where to fix; we stand on Hills of so vast a Breadth, that the Valleys are seen; it looks like Heaven all about us, and Fancy is lost in the infinite Beauty of the Prospect: Your Writing dazzles with Clearness and Majesty: You draw like *Holbin* without Shadows.

—*Qui Genus humanum ingenio superavit, & omnes Præstrinxit Stellas, exortus uti Ætherius Sol.*

Your Images are so great, we look like Dwarfs beneath you; and then so lively represented, tho' of dead, low Objects, animated by your Genius,

—*Credas simulacra moveri
Ferreæ, cognatoque viros spirare metallo.*

Whate'er you stamp as Royal, other Pretenders to *Satire* but file and wash; they live by the Clippings of your Wit, and dip their Silver in your Bath, to make it pass for Gold. Self-preservation bids me say no more of your Lordship's Poetry, lest I damn my own; who aim at nothing so much, as the Honour of being thought by your Lordship,

My Lord,

Your most Humble,

and Devoted Servant,


Nat. Lee.



PROLOGUE.

*NOT careful Leaders, when the Trumpets call
 Their Martial Squadrons on, to stand or fall,
 Toss'd with more Doubts, than careful Poets are,
 When vent'rous Wit for Sally does prepare ;
 When humming Voices bid the Play begin,
 And the last Flourish calls the Prologue in.
 Here you, like dreadful Warriors, judging fit ;
 And in full Council, try all Writers Wit.
 To some, for Sense renown'd, our Authors bow ;
 And what you doom, for a just Fate allow :
 But sure far less such Judges Poets dread,
 Than those raw Blades who will not let 'em plead,
 But, e'er they can be heard, cry, shoot 'em dead.
 These Pyrates, that both Arms and Wit debase ;
 Who Fields, and Poems with their Spleen disgrace,
 Poets and Warriors both shou'd have in chase :
 These Libellers, who noblest Flights despise,
 Yet when a Pan but flashes, shut their Eyes ;
 Who write Lampoons, and vilely get a Name
 By others Infamy, and live on Shame ;
 Fifes, Whistlers, of the justest Sense, not fit
 To be the Powder-Monkeys of true Wit :
 Mimicks, like Apes, what's ill from Heads they drain,
 And live upon the Vermin of a Brain.
 Neglected these, and trusting to your Aid,
 To Beauty our last Vows, like yours, are made :
 Beauty, which still adorns the op'ning List,
 Which Cæsar's Heart vouchsafes not to resist :
 To that alone devoted is this Day ;
 For, by the Poet, I was bid to say,
 In the first Draught, 'twas meant the Lady's Play.*

EPI.



EPILOGUE,

By Mr. *DRYDEN*.

YOU've seen a Pair of faithful Lovers die:
And much you care; for, most of you will cry,
'Twas a just Judgement on their Constancy.
For, Heav'n be thank'd, we live in such an Age
When no Man dies for Love, but on the Stage;
And e'en those Martyrs are but rare in Plays;
A cursed Sign how much true Faith decays.
Love is no more a violent Desire;
'Tis a mere Metaphor, a painted Fire.
In all our Sex, the Name examin'd well,
'Tis Pride to gain, and Vanity to tell:
In Woman, 'tis of subtle Interest made;
Curse on the Punk that made it first a Trade!
She first did Wit's Prerogative remove,
And made a Fool presume to prate of Love.
Let Honour and Preferment go for Gold;
But glorious Beauty is not to be sold:
Or, if it be, 'tis at a Rate so high,
That nothing but adoring it shou'd buy.
Yet the rich Cullies may their Boasting spare,
They purchase but sophisticated Ware.
'Tis Prodigality that buys Deceit;
Where both the Giver, and the Taker cheat.
Men but refine on the old Half-Crown way:
And Women fight, like Swissers, for their Pay.

}



Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Mithridates</i> , King of <i>Pontus</i> .	Mr. <i>Mobun</i> .
<i>Ziphares</i> , } His Sons.	{ Mr. <i>Hart</i> .
<i>Pharnaces</i> , }	{ Mr. <i>Goodman</i> .
<i>Archilaus</i> , General under <i>Ziphares</i> ,	Mr. <i>Griffin</i> .
<i>Pelopidas</i> , } Two Courtiers.	{ Mr. <i>Wintershal</i> .
<i>Andravar</i> , }	{ Mr. <i>Powell</i> .
<i>Aquilius</i> , a Roman Captive,	Mr. <i>Clark</i> .
Another Roman Officer.	Mr. <i>Wiltshire</i> .
<i>Ismenes</i> , Page to <i>Ziphares</i> .	
<i>Monima</i> , contracted to <i>Mithridates</i> .	Mrs. <i>Corbet</i> .
<i>Semandra</i> , Daughter to <i>Archilaus</i> .	Mrs. <i>Beutel</i> .
Priests, and Attendants.	
Mutes.	

SCENE, *SYNOPE*.



MITHRIDATES,

King of PONTUS.



ACT I. SCENE I.

The Outer Part of the Temple of the Sun.

A Noise of Musick, and Tuning Voices, is heard.

Enter Pharnaces, Pelopidas.

Phar.



O-night, to-night, this fatal moment,
Our dreadful Father's Nuptials are
preparing,
And I must lose bright *Monima* for
ever.

Ambition too is barr'd, Scepters and Crowns,
And all the Golden Quarries now are lost.
Ziphares, O *Ziphares*! happy Brother,
Thou hast dislodg'd me by thy late Exploits,
And now usurp'ft my Father's Breast alone.

Cars'd

14 *MITHRIDATES,*

Curs'd be the Pow'r that bless'd thee on thy way
 To overthrow *Triarius*, curs'd the Stars
 That glitter'd round thy Head; when by thy Arm
 So many Tribunes and Centurions fell,
 As made *Rome* groan, and broke *Lucullus'* Heart.

Pelop. Hear me, my Lord.

Phar. This Morning, on a Mountain
 Above the Clouds, his Triumph was perform'd,
 And I assisted at the Sacrifice;
 Why gave I not this Body to the Flames,
 To be devour'd among the tortur'd Slaves,
 Rather than liv'd to see his Conquest crown'd?
 I saw it; O *Pelopidas*, these Eyes
 Saw *Mithridates*, with a Torch, give fire
 To the vast Pile, which like a Pyramid
 Stood high upon the Hill, as that on Earth.

Pelop. Will you but give me leave?

Phar. I saw the Blaze
 Of his immortal Honour, heard the shout
 Of all the Court, which did torment the Air
 To that degree, that Birds fell round us dead;
 And that thin Region, where we scarce cou'd live,
 When first we did ascend, became so fat
 With the rich stream of Blood, and boiling Gold,
 And flowing Gums, that we were forc'd to remove:
 Nay, I believe, the glutt'd Gods themselves
 Were almost choak'd with the prodigious Odours.

Pelop. Yet have you done?

Phar. To the green *Neptune* then,
 Because at Sea old *Archilaus* had
 Been Conqueror with my Brother, in their Names
 An Off'ring was decreed; a Chariot all
 With Em'ralds set, and fill'd with Coral Tridents,
 Was with an hundred Horses, wild as Wind,
 From off the top of that most dismal Place
 Plung'd to the bottom of the slimy Deep.

Pelop. Let me entreat you call your Reason home,
 And listen to your faithful Servant's Counsel:
 You cannot hate your Brother more to Death,
 Than I; his Friend, the General *Archilaus*,

Has

King of Pontus.

15

Has got the start of me in the King's Favour;
And tho' without being vain, I think my self
The better Soldier, he by Policies
Has push'd me from the Dignities I bore;
The Lion's outed by the Fox——

Phar. But with full cry
Let us unkennel him; rather rebel,
Than bear it thus: 'Tis mine, 'tis thy Concern,
Nor let the Name of King, or Father awe us.
A Mistress, and a Throne! most specious Titles.
The God of Battel rages in my Breast;
And as at *Delphos*, when the glorious Fury
Kindles the Blood of the Prophetick Maid,
The bounded Deity does shoot her out,
Draws every Nerve thin as the Spider's Thread,
And beats the Skin out like expanded Gold:
So with the Meditation of the Work
Which my Soul bears, I swell almost to bursting.

Pelop. In all the many Changes of my Life
I have not known one equal yet to your's;
At other times so moderate, so true
A Sovereign o'er your self, you seem'd to want
Those Passions for your Slaves, who lord it now.

Phar. I am hush'd, if thou hast aught of Comfort, speak.

Pelop. This Night your Father has decreed to marry
The Daughter of *Palemon*.

Phar. What can hinder?

Pelop. Nothing; yet mark: My Brother *Triphon* is
High-Priest o'th' Sun, whom all the rest obey:
Him have I wrought, that when the Nuptial Rites
Begin, some strange Prefages shall fall out,
Disorders unexpected, to foreshew
The Gods are much offended at the Marriage.
How this may work with one of mighty Faith
In holy Fables, one of various Humour,
Whom every Day new Beauties set on fire,
Be you the Judge.

Phar. Methinks it has a Face;
But yet there's wanting what I cou'd have wish'd:
Had it been *Janus*-like back'd with another,

When

16 *MITHRIDATES,*

When *Mithridates*, frighted from his Queen,
Warn'd by false Oracles, shou'd have retir'd
Perplex'd, yet struggling with the Pangs of Love;
Then to have laid a Beauty to his longing,
Some Fair unknown, proud of her gaudy Bloom,
T'have quench'd his thirsty Wishes; that had been
A Master-piece! but let him marry her,
Sure Death shall wait upon his laughing *Hymen*;
And when the God has given her to his Arms,
Fate with unerring Force shall part 'em ever.

Pelop. Yet raging? 'Tis as you have said, and more!
More than excelling Mischief cou'd invent,
That is not best. We have already rais'd him;
Andravar my Lieutenant-General,
Scorn'd by your Brother, whom he therefore hates,
First form'd the Plot. Old *Archilaus'* Daughter,
The fair *Semandra*, Mistress to *Ziphares*,
Is destin'd to be made your Father's Prey.

Phar. Excellent Engine! now thou work'st indeed;
Thou hast hit the Vein, the Life-blood of his Heart.
I can't see ought in the extent of Art,
Or Nature, that can mend it. O *Ziphares*,
Still conquer, rise with Triumphs high as Heav'n,
So such a Bolt as this be sure to wait thee.

Enter Andravar.

But see the brave Lieutenant! come to my Arms,
And tell me, shall *Semandra* be the King's?

Andr. I think, my Lord, that I may safely swear it.

Phar. Thy Bluntness merits Praise, and says, thou'rt
To serve my best Revenge, Love or Ambition. (sit

Andr. Great *Mithridates*, whom I well have study'd,
Tho' he has weather'd forty Winters Fields,
Yet rises in his Vigor, ventures more,
Nor feels Decay of Strength; none learn'd as he
In Nature's Garden: whence to his Constitution
Most excellent, he adds such Helps by Art,
That by his Looks he might be thought Immortal.
The World too knows he is as amorous now

As

As when the first Sighs heav'd his youthful Breast,
And his first Tears bedew'd the Shrines of Love.

Phar. The Consequence?

Andr. He often has been pleas'd
To make me honour'd with his private Thoughts.
Whereon my General and I agreed,
Knowing your Love to *Monima*,
And Hatred to your Brother, with one Blow
To drive the Business that shou'd crown your Wishes,
Therefore I daily fill'd your Father's Ears
With Praises of *Semandra*, rais'd his Wonder,
Describ'd her Dress, and each particular Grace;
Her Eyes, her Hands, her Lips, with all their Beauties;
And have so fir'd him, that there only wants
A View to perfect all, and that will be
To-night.

Phar. How know'st thou that?

Andr. I learn'd it all
From a She-Slave that waits upon *Semandra*,
Who told me, that *Ziphares*, with Consent
Of *Archilaus*, wou'd beg her of the King,
When he this Night shou'd *Monima* espouse. [*Soft Musick.*
Nor doubt, but when he once has seen *Semandra*,
The Charms of his new Queen will vanish. Hark,
The sacred Musick sounds!—The King and Queen are
(coming.

Enter Archilaus, Ziphares, Semandra.

See, your Brother, *Semandra*, and her Father.

Phar. Oh, my lab'ring Breast! how Hopes and Fears
Toss my rack'd Heart, like a poor Bark about! (pest.
But soon the Calm will come, or I must perish in the Tem-
[*Exeunt Phar. Pelop. and Andr.*

Ziph. By Heav'n, my Love, thou dost distract my Soul;
There's not a Tear that falls from those dear Eyes,
But makes my Heart weep Blood—Oh, my Father!
All is not well: I found her in the Morning,
Not like a Bride, with all her Maids about her,
Half-smiling, now half-serious with her Thoughts
Of what must come; nor warm, nor bright, nor blu shing:
But

18 *MITHRIDATES,*

But, Oh, the Gods! I found her on the Floor,
 In all the Storm of Grief, yet beautiful,
 Sighing such Breath of Sorrow, that her Lips,
 Which late appear'd like Buds, were now o'er-blown,
 Pouring forth Tears at such a lavish rate,
 That were the World on fire, they might have drown'd
 The Wrath of Heav'n, and quench'd the mighty Ruin.

Arch. Nothing, my Lord—'Tis all but Virgin's Fear:
 Marriage to Maids is like a War to Men,
 The Battel causes Fear; but the sweet Hopes
 Of winning at the last still draws 'em on.

Sem. Alas, my Lord!

[Weeping.

Ziph. What, but alas? no more? When by the Hand
 I led her to the Temple, thus she sigh'd,
 And hung upon me: If thou truly lov'st me,
 If I may credit my *Semandra's* Tears,
 Think 'em not Drops of Chance, like other Womens,
 The Weather of their Souls, the Crystal Bubbles
 Which they can make at will; Oh, satisfy
 The longing of my Breast, and tell thy Sorrows.

Sem. That I do love you, Oh, all you Host of Heav'n
 Be witness; that you are dear to me,
 Dearer than Day to one whom Sight must leave,
 Dearer than Life to one who fears to die:
 O thou bright Pow'r be Judge, whom we adore,
 Be witness of my Truth, be witness of my Love!
 But yet I fear——

Ziph. That Fear, give me that Fear, *Semandra,*
 Produce it in the ugliest Form it has,
 If aught that is deform'd can come from thee.

Sem. I shall, my Lord, since you are pleas'd to hear
 Unfold my Doubts, the Cause of all my Tears: (me,
 First then, I must complain of my hard Stars,
 That did not dart kind Lustre on my Birth;
 For tho' at present, while your young Blood boils,
 Your Reason cannot get the Rein of Passion,
 Yet it will come, when long Possession cloy's you;
 Then you will think, what Queens you might have had,
 With Kingdoms for their Dower; perhaps you may
 Prove so unkind, to tell me of it too;

Or,

Or, if you shou'd not, your Eyes wou'd speak—[Weeping.
Enough to break the Heart of poor *Semandra*.

Ziph. Why dost thou stab me with the Tenderness
Of thy fallse Fears, and melt me into mourning?
'Tis most unseasonable on our Wedding-Day
To be seen thus: I know thou canst not doubt me:
No, thou most lovely of the Fairer Kind,
Think not a Crown can ever change my Virtue.
Ah, who wou'd leave the Warmth of this lov'd Bosom
For the cold Cares which black Ambition brings?

Sem. Spite of ill boding Dreams, unlucky Omens,
You must, you shall, you ought to be believ'd.
And, if I weep again, it is for joy
That I this Night shall be your happy Bride.

Ziph. Oh, *Mithridates*, mighty as thou art,
Before whose Throne Princes stand dumb as Death,
With folded Arms, and their Eyes fix'd to Earth;
Dishonour brand me, if I wou'd not chuse
A private Life with her whom my Soul loves,
Rather than live like thee, with all thy Titles,
The King of Kings, without her.

Arch. Pray, my Lord,
Defer till Mid-night these strong Ecstasies:
Fate yet may put a Bar betwixt our Hopes,
And then the Loss will be more hardly borne.

*The Scene draws, discovering the Inner Part of the
Temple. Mithridates, holding Monima by the
Hand; his Queens, Concubines, Sons and Daugh-
ters attending. Three Roman Captains, L. Cassius,
Q. Oppius, and M. Aquilius, bound in Gold
Chains, with many other Slaves standing at
distance.*

Mith. Not yet, O Rome, great Tyrant of the World,
Hast thou subdu'd the *Asian* Emperor.
In thy despite I hold my Glory still,
Still tread upon the Necks of conquer'd Kings,
Still make thy Consuls tremble at my Name;
And in one mightiest Word, to sum up all,

20 *MITHRIDATES,*

A Word, which like a Charm, might raise the Ghosts
Of *Pyrrhus*, and the experienc'd *Hannibal*
To envy, and be dazzled at my Deeds;
A Word, a Name, that comprehends all Honours,
All Titles, Riches, Power, all Majesty,
In spite of *Rome*, I'm *Mitbridates* still.

Aquil. The Nations must confess, that *Alexander*
Cou'd not more dreadful to the *East* appear,
Than you: ev'n *Rome* wou'd buy her Peace with Joy,
Cou'd you at reasonable Rates afford
Your Royal Friendship; tho' by your Command,
Most dreadful to *Italian* Memory,
In one dark Day, damn'd in the Book of Fate,
A hundred thousand murder'd *Romans* fell.

Mith. Darest thou, Fomentor of these Wars, to talk?
Thou purple Source of all those bloody Streams,
Which have for more than thirty Years o'erflow'd
The *Asian* Banks, and dy'd *Euphrates* red?
Dar'st thou, Commissioner in chief to put
The Earth in Arms, and set the World on Flame,
Once think of Peace? Now, by the fire-rob'd God,
Thou shalt have Punishment that fits thy Crimes.

Aquil. The bravest must submit, when Fortune frowns.

Mith. Desire of Wealth, the Lust of shining Dirt,
And Palace-Plunder, caus'd thee with arm'd Legions
T'invade a King, whose Father was *Rome's* Friend.
But, by the asserted Justice of my Cause,
The Help of Heav'n, and of my own Right Hand,
I conquer'd thee, and thou art now my Slave.
Guards, strait convey him to the Market-Place,
Take off his wealthy Chains, and melt 'em down;
Then, for a terrible Example to
All fordid Wretches, Souls made up of Avarice,
Pour down his Throat the rich dissolved Mass,
And gorge his Entrails with the burning Gold.

Mon. Not, my dear Lord, upon your Nuptial Day.

Mith. On any Day, my Queen, to do a Justice
Which all the Gods, and all good Men must like.
For *Lucius Cassius*, and for *Quintus Oppius*,
A milder Destiny's in store. Away with him.

And

And now proceed we to the sacred Rites.

Aquil. Yet, e'er you join, hear me, proud Emperor,
Hear what the Fates have put into my Breast:
I see my Death, by *Roman* Arms reveng'd;
And what *Lucullus* had so well begun,
Pompey shall end; *Pompey*, thy Glory's Ruin.
This Hour that gives me Death, shall be the last
Of all thy Quiet: swift Domestick Jars
Shall overtake thee; thou shalt add more Blood
To that already shed from thy own Bowels:
And when at last subdu'd in all thy Wars,
Spoil'd of thy Queens, thy Sons, and Daughters slain,
Thou seek'st some Corner of thy conquer'd Empire
To hide thy abandon'd Head in; then the Load
Of all thy Woes shall come, one whom thou least
Shalt fear, long nourish'd in thy impious Breast,
Shall stab thee to the Heart, and end thy Days.
That this, all this, and more may light upon thee,
I pray the Gods; and so the Furies seize thee.

Mith. Away, to Death with the Prophetick Fool.

[*Ex. Guards with Aquilius.*

Tryphon, begin and let the Altar smok
With such rich Victims, to the well-pleas'd Gods,
That they may smile from Heav'n, and give us Joy.

*Here follows the Entertainment: After which,
the King and Queen return from the Altar to sit in
State. An Image of Victory descends with two
Crowns in her Hands; but on a sudden the En-
gines break, and cast the Image forward on the
Stage with such violence, that they dash it in
pieces. Mithridates starting up,*

Mith. Ha! whence? how fell this out? now by my
Our Nuptials are not pleasing to the Gods; (Arms,
'Tis for some Fault of mine, O *Monima*,
That Heav'n denies thy Beauties to my Bosom:
Thus, when we did approach the hallow'd Vault,
A prophesying Priest, with start-up Hair,
With rolling Eyes, and Nostrils wide as Mouths,

Stopt

22 *MITHRIDATES,*

Stopt us i'th' way, and said, we were no Match.
 As well the noblest Salvage of the Field
 Might tamely couple with a fearful Ewe,
 Tygers engender with the timorous Deer,
 Wild muddy Boars defile the cleanly Ermin,
 Or Vultures sort with Doves, as I with thee:
 'Tis a cross Thought, and much disturbs me here.

Mon. Command me die, e'er give your Majesty
 Cause of the least Disturbance. O my Lord!
 Think you, that I wou'd lie within your Arms
 To hear you sigh, and give me Tears for Love?
 Or think you, 'tis to Empire I aspire?
 Rather dismiss me from your Breast, the Haven,
 Where I had hoarded all my Happiness,
 And cast me out to a wide Sea of weeping.

Mith. Howe'er the Pow'rs above shall deal with me,
 Racking my Heart with what they have set down,
 Thou art our Queen.

Mon. O, 'tis an empty Name,
 A senseless Sound, except I am your Love:
 I find, I find, that I am lost for ever.
 I have but slept, charm'd with a golden Dream,
 And now am wak'd to Beggary again.
 Why did you take me from my Father's Wing?
 Who, tho' a petty Prince, was yet a World
 Of Warmth to me; Why did you tempt me forth
 With burning Love, and the bright Comet, Power?

Mith. Frightnot thy tender Heart with false Suspitions;
 I will be ever thine: but give me leave
 A little to digest with serious Thoughts,
 The Anger of the Heav'ns———*Andravar!*

Andr. My Lord?

Phar. They whisper, General. [T Pelop.

Zeph. Coming forward, Stars, by your leave;
 Ill Omens may the Guilty tremble at,
 Make every Accident a Prodigy,
 And Monsters frame, where Nature never err'd:
 May the fear'd Conscience start at falling Meteors,
 And call the Scream of every hooting Owl,
 Or croaking Raven, Fate's most dreadful Voice:

For

For me, I laugh at 'em; shou'd now the Heav'n
Flame with a thousand Fires, ne'er seen before,
And Thunder beat the Winds from every Corner,
Nor for the Calm of all the Universe
Wou'd I put off my Joys a Moment longer.
Stand back, my Love; and, when I call, come forth:
A Minute makes us blest, or wretched ever.

[Comes to the middle of the Stage, and kneels.]

Mith. Is there in all the Space of our wide Empire
Aught of that most inestimable Value,
To make *Ziphares* kneel?

Ziph. There is, my Lord,
Thus to adore you.

Mith. O celestial Powers!
Mark me your Subject out for all Misfortunes,
The Curses of the *Roman Mannius* fall
Heavy upon me; Fortune's giddy Wheel,
Which we have fix'd with our majestick Weight,
Turn round with me; when I deny him aught
That he can ask with Honour. Rise, my Son.

Ziph. rising. Since on the great Request which I shall
The Peace or Trouble of my Life depends, (make,
The Torment or the Pleasure of my Soul,
Eternal Grievs, or everlasting Joys,
I wou'd recall to your Remembrance, Sir,
The Toils and Hardships which my early Valour
Has undergone; the many Fields I have fought
And conquer'd too: and, as of old the *Romans*,
Who fought the Consulship, made bare their Breasts,
Lac'd with long Scars, and studded o'er with Thrusts,
The noble Wardrobe of the scarlet War;
I wou'd, with bolder mention of my Deeds,
Display my Wounds to move your Royal Favour,
And offer, to the Blood which I have shed,
All my Heart-holds for sealing of your Promise.

Mith. O, hadst thou fought so poorly as thou speak'st,
Thy Actions, all the Laurels that lie green
Upon thee, strait wou'd wither, and be Dust.
To mention but thy last, thy last of Wars,
Which ev'n the Breath of Majesty makes vile;

So much below thy Valour is all Language——

Zipb. The Glory of that Battel is your own.

Mith. To thee we owe the Day, our Life and Empire!
 When six Centurions bore me from my Saddle,
 And laid me groveling, for the violent Horse
 To tread my Soul out; how did my brave *Ziphares*
 Break thro' their Walls of Steel, leap o'er the Ramparts
 Of the dead Bodies that fenc'd me in,
 On his own Courser mounting me to Life!
 Pious even in the Mouth of Slaughter; while
 On foot himself, he with his Battel-Ax
 Bore down the Legions, drove whole Troops before him,
 And brought their Eagles drooping from the Field!
 Demand, I say; ask me most royally,
 I will be lavish to thy vast Ambition,
 And crown thy Wishes like a giving God.

Zipb. In Thankfulness I bend me to the Earth;
 Once more fall prostrate to your Majesty,
 And pray the Gods to give you length of Days.
 Come forth, come forth, my Fairest; break, my Day-
 Appear, and charm, dazzle the whole Assembly.

[*Semandra comes forward*]

Mith. A Wonder! ha!

Zipb. She is, my Lord, the Boast,
 The lovely Chance-word, Master-piece of Nature,
 Who blush'd to see what her own Hands had made;
 As if mistaking Moulds, she unawares
 Had cast *Semandra* in a Form Divine.

Sem. These Praises, breath'd from any Lips but yours,
 Lord of my Life, and Idol of my Love,
 Wou'd make me sink with shame, or scorn the Flatterer;
 But as they come from you, from that lov'd Mouth,
 The tender Off'rings of your fond Desires,
 I take 'em all, and die upon the Sound:
 To the driven Air my flying Soul is fasten'd;
 Each Word, each Syllable you speak is mine;
 Yes, I am Fair, a Queen, a Goddess, any thing
 That my dear Lord is pleas'd to have me be.

Mith. She talks——

Zipb.

Ziph. And with so good a Grace,
That nothing but her Wit can charm byond it.
Late in the Camp I languish'd with a Fever,
And sure had dy'd, but for this Phyfician;
Who, in the midft of all my fiery Pains,
When Art was at a lofs, and I lay gasping,
Wou'd quite beguile my Sufferings with her Song,
Her welcome Pity, and her foft Endearments:
Now, laying her chafte Cheek, cold with her Tears,
To mine, ſhe wou'd abate the raging Fire;
Now, with warm Sighs, kindle my fading Spirits;
And when I fainted, with a Kifs recall me.

Mith. By Heav'n ſhe weeps, and I cou'd drink the Dew.

Phar. He takes the Poifon, faft as I cou'd wifh.

Pelop. And Prince *Ziphars* forces her upon him.

Arch. Hold, you are gone too far; ſpeak to the purpoſe.

Ziph. Ambition therefore was not my Request,
In *Colchis* or in *Bofphorus* to reign:
Leave to my Brothers all your Empire; and
To me, this only Beauty for Reward.

Mith. Reward! Wert thou on *Mithridates'* Throne,
Poſſeſs'd of all his Kingdoms, were thine Eye
Like his who guides the Day, as thou cou'dſt call
In all thy Journeys, what thou ſaw'ſt thy own;
Her Eyes would match thy Luſtre: All thy Glories
Wou'd be but Shadows, when this Face appear'd.

Ziph. They wou'd, my Lord.

Mith. They wou'd, my Lord! Yet more;
By all my Royalties, a God might wed her,
And be a gainer by the beauteous Bride.

Ziph. Such as ſhe——

Mith. Not Heav'n it ſelf can mend her.
Had I as many Tongues as I have Languages,
Skill'd in all Speeches of the babbling World,
And cou'd at once ſpeak to as many Nations,
With ſuch a Grace as might make *Athens* bluſh;
By *Mercury*, and by the Father of
The *Muſes*, I ſhou'd never ſpeak *Semandra*.

Mon. Oh, he is gone! his vow'd Fidelity
Is gaz'd away!

26 *MITHRIDATES,*

Mith. Tell me her Birth, *Ziphares*:
She must be more than Royal.

Ziph. Fate, thy worst:
Let me be dumb for ever from this Moment.

Arch. In me your Majesty may please to read
Her Father: What I want in Dignity,
Be pleas'd to fill up with my Services.

Mith. Thy Daughter!

Arch. Yes, my gracious Lord, my Daughter.

Mith. O pity, that so fair a Star shou'd be
The Child of Night; that such a Stream of Crystal
Shou'd have her Spring so muddy!

Thou dy'ft, thou faucy, old, ambitious Dotard,
Who dar'ft to macth thy Lees of Blood with ours,
And daub the Throne of the immortal *Cyrus*.

Ziph. Hold, hold, most awful, give *Ziphares* Death,
Impale me, burn me, bury me alive;
But do not wrong this innocent old Man,
These Hairs, which were made Silver in your Service:
O the good Gods! whom Fear cou'd never shake,
Your bitter Words have caus'd to tremble: See!
With the Disgrace, he weeps; his Springs of Life,
Which had been dry for fifty Years, this last
Affront has water'd:

Oh my poor Father!

Mith. Ha! that Name again,
Thou art no more my Son. For thee, *Semandra*,
Thou shalt attend our Queen; to Court, my Fair,
Where I must learn you to forget *Ziphares*,
And match you equal to your Birth.

Sem. My Lord—*Ziphares*—Father.

Mith. Look not back.
Conduct the Queen, *Pharnaces*. Oh, *Semandra*!
'Tis to your Tears I sacrifice my Justice;
To them, your Father's Life I'll not deny,
Who for Ambition did deserve to die.

[*Exeunt all but Ziphares and Archilaus.*]

Arch. Dotard! and faucy! nay, the Lees of Blood!
Now, by the Gods, 'tis sprightly as his own:
Oh, 'tis too much to bear. For give me, Prince;

It

It breaks the very Neck of Loyalty :
Perhaps, he whores my Daughter too. But first,
Rather than see him wear my Glory's Spoils,
Thou, my good Sword, that hast so oft been drawn,
And dy'd thy self in *Roman* Bowels, to
The very Guard, for this ungrateful King,
Be faithful to me as thou still hast been,
And pierce the Heart of thy dishonour'd Master.

Ziph. Oh, *Archilaus!* Oh, my kinder Father!
If you are stirr'd thus at an angry Word,
What should I be; I, who am lost indeed,
I who am stunn'd, I who sustain'd the Stroke
Of all the Anger of the Fates at once?
Semandra, O my Love!

Arch. Refrain your Grief,
As I my Rage; and let us think apace,
Tho' for my Daughter's Virtue I wou'd stake
My immortal Part, my Fame so dearly bought,
Yet Force, which he may use, will have its way:
Consider that.

Ziph. Consider! how shou'd I
Consider, who grow mad with crouding Thoughts;
Where every one endeav'ring to be foremost,
Stops up the Passage, and will choak my Reason?

Arch. Once more speak humbly to him,
Perhaps 'tis but a sudden short-liv'd Fit,
A gust of Passion that may soon blow over.
But if you find it rooted in his Heart,
Eat your way thro' him to your Happiness,
Or perish, like your Brother *Mitbridates.*

Ziph. By Heav'n, I think it greatest Happiness,
Never to have been born; and next to that,
To die: For who that wears his Flesh can bear
The Curse of Accidents, a Change like mine?
I who, some Moments past, wou'd not have chang'd
Condition with the Blessed Gods themselves;
Now in all probability am lost,
And stand upon the very Brink of Ruin.

Arch. Your Destiny's uncertain; Fate, as yet,
Holds the Scale doubtful: Let us haste to Court,

28 *MITHRIDATES,*

Where we shall learn which way the Balance falls.

Ziph. Not half an Hour ago, methought secure
I hugg'd my self, and almost cou'd have wept,
In mere Compassion to th' hard-fated World,
Thinking how much my State was happier.

Arch. Yet all the while you did not spy the Danger,
Which crept invisible, and undermin'd you.


Ziph. Alas, I did not; without fear I stood:
Like one, who on the Beach describes from far
A labouring Bark, with which the Billows war,
Pities its State, wishing the Tempest gone,
But views not the near Sea come rolling on:
So did with me my unseen Fortune play,
Till the Waves came, and wash'd me quite away.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pharnaces and Pelopidas.

Phar.  LL hear no more; get me a hundred
Horse
To be our Guard, I'll bear her hence
to-night,
And ravish her, by all the Fire that acts
This fearless Frame: I will. Declare the difference?
Is not the Blood of Queens and Princesses
Like other Womens? Souls alike infus'd?
Their Banquets richer, and the Drinks they taste
The very Spirits of the purple Vine?
Yet we must think 'em cold as candy'd Ice,
Not a Thought starting free from warm Desires;
As the bleak Girl upon the Mountain's Top,
Cover'd with Snow, beaten with constant Winds,
That feeds on Herbs and Roots, and drinks the Dew.
Pelop. What, wou'd you have her fall like mellow Fruit,
Whom

Whom yet no Sun has shone upon, no Warmth
To ripen? 'bate a little of this Fire.

Phar. Pelopidas, I oft have told you, that
She knew my Love, before she saw my Father;
For in the Plunder I first lighted on her:
Tho' afterwards he took my beauteous Spoil,
As now he does my Brother's. I alledg'd,
As late I led her weeping to her Chamber,
My constant Passion, and his Breach of Faith,
All that a Love most violent cou'd put
Into a Lover's mouth, like mine; but she unmov'd,
Insensible reply'd; The King, 'twas possible,
At last might kill her with his Cruelty;
Yet to the utmost Moment of her Life
She wou'd adore him with such spotless Love,
Such most romantick Faith, and such a deal
Of whining Grief, that in a Rage I flung
Away, and left her talking to her self.

Pelop. And do you think this Haughtiness will carry't?
He that will win a most exalted Beauty,
Must bend his Soul low, as he bows his Body,
Watch every Glance, obey her e'er she speaks,
Cast up his Eyes at each affected Word,
And swear——Besides her Honour, Sir, her Honour,
Obliges her to stand a while at distance.

Phar. 'Tis almost empty; Honour, Courtship, all
But gaudy Nonsense. O *Pelopidas*,
Rather than buy my Pleasure with such Baseness,
I'd be a Brute: Now, by my Life, methinks,
The happier Creature cast before my Eyes;
The generous Horse, loose in a flow'ry Lawn,
With choice of Pasture, and of Crystal Brooks,
And all his chearful Mistresses about him,
The White, the Brown, the Black, the Shining-Bay;
And every dappled Female of the Field;
Now by the Gods for aught we know, as Man
Thinks him a Beast, Man seems a Beast to him.

Pelop. Be more considerate, less rash and hot;
I have thought of an Expedient to gain her.

Phar. Thou art my better Genius, and shalt flourish,

When *Archilaus*, like a blasted Tree,
Lies rotting to the Ground.

Pelop. Did *Mitbridates*
Know of your Love to *Monima*?

Phar. He did:
As publickly I shew'd it as *Ziphares*:
Yet he, who like the *Hesperian* Dragon, thinks
The Golden Fruit of Beauty all his own,
Flew at me as a Thief, who, while he slept,
Had stoln his Prize, and made me pay it back;
Or swore, my Life shou'd be the fatal Forfeit.

Pelop. 'Tis as I cou'd have wish'd: Thus then, the King
Whose Heart *Semandra* kindles into Flame,
Cools every Hour to his new-marry'd Bride,
And will not bed yet till the Coronation.
A mere put-off, wading in deep Disgust,
And wishing for pretence to part for ever.

Phar. Which he shall have; this Head of thine has

Pelop. I, and the needful *Andravvar*, (thought it,
Who feels the Pulse of his Affection,
Will swear boldly,

As Witnesses, who had both seen and heard
The jealous *Monima*, inrag'd with Love,
But more for what her vast Ambition lost,
Strove to revive the Passion that you bore her:
But you most generously oppos'd her Charms,
Which with unwillingness you shall confess,
And beg your fiery Father to forgive her.

Phar. Pithy, and short; thou art the Soul of Counsel.

Pelop. The very breaking of the Business throws
Her into Prison; where, while I guard the Door,
Your Highness may, with as much ease, perform
Your pleasure, as your faithful Servant thought it.

Phar. In Thanks the vilest, fawning, lying Slave
Wou'd speak thee fairer than *Pharnaces* shall;
But let my Deeds be grateful to my Soldier.

Enter

Enter Andravar.

What News, my *Andravar*?

Andr. Your Guardian-Spirit
Now lays about him, and invisibly
Acts wonders for you, madding all the Court;
Semandra weeping, and your Father burning;
Monima, like a Widow'd-Turtle, mourning:
Old *Archilaus* pushing on his Fate;
And amorous *Ziphares*, led by Love,
To tumble from the Top of all his Hopes.
Defiance from the Roman Consul *Glabrio*,
I sent, and the third *Pontick* War renew'd.
But Love so rocks your Father's drousy Brain,
That all the Trumpets of the thundring Legions
Can scarce awake him. See where he comes!

Enter Mithridates attended.

His haughty Courage scarce submitting to
The Weight which presses him; but striking out.

Mith. She must be mine, this admirable Creature,
Her Charms are now inevitable grown;
And, while I seem to fright her from my Son,
I talk and gaze, and dote to my undoing.
See her no more; lose her with weighty Thoughts,
And drown her in the Ocean of thy Power:
In vain I strive with Cares to keep her down,
In vain does Business sink her to the bottom:
This Bladder, Love, still bears her up again.

Phar. Like a caught Lion, raging in the Snare,
He plunges in his Passion, spends his force,
And struggles with the Toil that holds him faster.

Mith. See her no more—and live! impossible!
As well I might bid Meteors keep their Lustre,
When all the shining Exhalation's spent
That fed their short-liv'd Glory.

32 *MITHRIDATES,*

Enter Monima.

Mon. O *Mithridates!* O my cruel Lord!
I come with all the violence of Grief,
To take my last Farewell.

Mith. What means the Queen?

Mon. The Queen! O Mockery of State!
Pageant of Greatness! wonder'd at a while,
But streight neglected like a common thing.
I come, my Lord, to beg (O Heav'ns!) your Leave,
Your Royal Licence, to retire from Court;
And since my Father by your Bounty reigns
At *Ephesus*, I there wou'd go to mourn,
And languish out my wretched Life's remain.

Mith. Why will you add new Troubles to my Bosom,
Already burden'd with the Wrath of Heav'n,
By your unnecessary Grief?

Mon. From Earth, I fear,
And not from Heav'n, those cloudy Cares are drawn.

Mith. No matter whence, they're dangerous to partake:
The tender Face of Beauty cannot bear 'em;
For, if from Earth they come, their Damp will stifle;
And, if from Heav'n, their Influence is blasting.

Mon. Were you but kind, my Lord, as once you were,
What blasting cou'd I fear? what Dangers, drest
In all the Horrors of most dreadful Death?
But you are pleas'd that I should not complain.

Andr. Semandra, by your Majesty's Appointment,
Attends without.

Mith. Fair *Monima*, retire:
You will oblige me by a Confidence;
I cannot be but yours; Affairs of State
Now take me from you.

Mon. Say the Affairs of Love.
I wou'd, my Royal Lord, but cannot blame you:
I feel a Spirit within me, which calls up
All that is Woman wrong'd, and bids me chide?
But you are *Mithridates*, that dear Man
Whom my Soul loves; else, were you all the Kings,
All

King of Pontus.

33

All Worlds, all Gods, I cou'd let loose upon you,
For those deep Injuries which I must suffer ;
Cou'd, like the fighting Winds, disturb all Nature
With venting of my Wrongs ; but I am hush'd
As a spent Wave, and all my fiery Powers
Are quench'd, when I but look upon your Eyes,
Where, like a Star in Water, I appear
A pretty Sight, but of no influence,
And am at best but now a shining Sorrow.

[*Ex. led by Pharnaces.*]

Mith. O Love! if that the Face of such Affection,
Such modest Sweetness, and such humble Virtue,
As my Queen bears, fix not my wandring Heart,
Break, break thy Bow, and burn thy useles Arrows:
By Heav'n, her Kindness strikes my troubled Soul.

Enter Semandra with Andravar attending.

But see, she's lost again, *Semandra* comes,
Who drowns like blushing Noon her paler Dawn,
And shews like Summer to the infant Spring.
Semandra, what, still weeping? will not all
The Wealth which the Sun sees throughout the East
Dry up your Tears? methinks, an Empire might
Suffice for any Loss. I give you all my Power ;
And, with it, such a Heart, as nought but Love
Cou'd bow : I throw it bleeding at your Feet.
Behold, behold, *Semandra*, while I blush,
The great Effects of your commanding Beauty.

Sem. Were you yet greater than you are, which scarce
The Gods can make you ; tho' no bounds but Heav'n
Did limit your large Sway ; tho' in your Person all
The Graces met that every Man ador'd,
The Blush of rising Youth, the conquering Eyes,
The noble Smiles, and those most passionate Beauties,
Which drew my Heart to idolize your Son ;
I cou'd not love you.

Mith. Oh, unmerciful!

Sem. You said, my Lord, but now,
You blush'd to think of your degraded Power ;

B 5

Ho w:

34 MITHRIDATES,

How then ought I to blush? I, who shou'd be
The daily Curse of your repining Subjects?
I, who am bound by Oaths and solemn Vows,
To Love *Ziphares*, by my Father's Order,
And by the tenderest Inclination too?

Mith. You strike me dead.

Sem. Oh, do but think, my Lord,
How wou'd Mankind, when they shall read my Story,
Tear all the Rolls, or throw 'em to the Flames!
How wou'd the weeping Maids curse my Remembrance,
Shou'd I for Pride of Power, a Golden Promise,
A gaudy Nothing, prove ingrateful, perjur'd!
Leave all the Goodness of the Earth to languish,
And break for ever with his matchless Virtue!

Mith. You have said, and I confess it to be heavenly:
I know, and till I saw your Eyes, I lov'd
The Virtue of my Son; I lodg'd him near
My Heart, and set him down my Successor:
But now, oh hear, and wonder at your Power,
Spite of his noble Acts, tho' to his Arm
I owe my Life, tho' Justice speaks so loud,
And the soft Tongue of Nature pleads so well,
I hate him more than I did ever love him.

Sem. Alas! wou'd I had dy'd, when first you saw me.

Mith. Had he conspir'd my Death, usurp'd my Throne,
Perhaps I might have doom'd him to be slain,
Yet sure I shou'd have wept to see him die;
But now, since he must ravish that lov'd Gem
I prize above the World, tearing you from me,
Giving me twenty Deaths, and cutting through
My very Soul, shou'd I my Empire give
To buy his Fate, I think it vastly sold.

Sem. Then blasted be the Form that charm'd your Eyes,
His Fate! Oh, Gods! then you design his Death,
To reap the bloody Harvest of his Life,
And, *Atreus*-like, to feed on your own Bowels.
But know, proud Monarch, there are Powers, who see
And punish Crimes like yours; nor can I doubt,
But they will save from your most impious Rage
My poor lov'd Lord, innocent *Ziphares*.

[Weeping.
Mith.

Mith. Those Waters more inrage my jealous Flame,
 And those heav'd Sighs but spread my Anger's Wings;
 Your fatal Kindness hastens on his Death;
 And that untimely Doom, which I forbore
 To execute, seems necessary now:
 You give him all your Stock of richest Love,
 Your Tears, your longing Looks, your Smiles your Groans,
 And over-blefs him with your lavish Kindness;
 But niggardly to me, you will not spare
 A pitying Glance, one pearly Drop, to ransom
 The Soul of this despairing *Mitbridates*.

Andravar, go, and bear the Prince to Prison.

Sem. Stay, *Andravar*; the King has call'd you back:
 See, he repents: Nay, I must hold you then,
 And, if you stir, you take *Semandra* with you.
 O *Mitbridates*! O ungrateful Prince!
 What was it you did order? But behold,
 His Eyes are fix'd upon the Ground, he blushes
 To think he cou'd so monstrously decree
 To murder the sweet Hopes of all his Kingdoms;
 The Gods be prais'd for this serene Repentance:
 Yet, with the fright, I fear I shall not sleep
 Till Death does close my Eyes.

Mith. O rise, *Semandra*!

Sem. Never, I never will.

Oh, all you pitying Powers, will not my Cries
 And piercing Woes move you to melt his Soul?
 Can you be deaf? Oh cruel *Mitbridates*!
 Did you but know the Workings you have made,
 The heavy Plight, the panting Passions here,
 If you had but a Grain of all that World
 Of Love, you swore you had once for *Semandra*,
 You cou'd not see me thus: Misery distracts
 My Reason; shou'd you turn to a new Rage,
 (Which I must fear, unless you vow to save him)
 I cou'd not bear it; you shou'd see me fall
 Cold, pale, and with my Death's Convulsions grasping
 Your water'd Feet, but never more arise.

Mith. Give me your beauteous Hand; I swear upon it,
 By all those Powers we worship, by your self,

When

36 *MITHRIDATES,*

When e'er *Ziphares* dies, *Semandra* kills him :
She shall alone have Power to give him Death,
Or to recall his most untimely Fate.

Enter Ziphares and Archilaus.

Thus dearly do I buy the red Impression
Which my Lips make ; but take, take it from me,
My Blood boils up again, my Spirits kindle,
That lovely Brand has lent my Wishes Flame,
And I am lost again in vast Desire.

Ziph. *Semandra!* Live I once to see thee more,
Tho' in my Father's Arms? 'Tis Heav'n, to gaze
On thy assaulted Honour, thus to see thee,
Thus tempted from me with the Charms of Empire,
Yet not consenting ! no, I'll not think the World,
Laid at thy Feet,
Cou'd win thy Faith !

Yet, O dread Sir, forgive me ;
If that my boding Heart suspects you more
Than all that Heav'n cou'd send down great and charming,
Or Hell cou'd raise up horrid to destroy me.

Mith. O Glory !

Arch. O, consider, Sir, on that ;
Think how the *Romans* will despise your Wars,
If Love now drive you—Speak, my Lord : he yields.

Ziph. Oh, Royal Sir, or if the Name of Father
Can move you more, by that I will conjure you ;
By all the Charms of *Stratonice's* Eyes,
When first they drew you to adore their Lustre ;
By all the Pains you gave her, when she bore me ;
By all the Obedience I have paid you long,
And by the Blood I yet intend to lose
In your behalf ; Oh grant me my *Semandra*.

Sem. Ev'n by the Passion my unhappy Beauty
First kindled in you (but I hope is dying)
Give me *Ziphares*, give him to my Longings.

Mith. 'Tis done ; the Conquest is at last obtain'd,
And manly Virtue lords it o'er my Passion :
It shall be so ; away, thou feeble God,

I banish thee my Bosom ; hence, I say,
Be gone, or I will tear the Strings that hold thee,
And stab thee in thy Heart. The Wars come on ;
By Heav'n, I'll drown thy laughing Deity
In Blood, and drive thee with my brandish'd Sword
To Rome, I will, yes, to the Capitol ;
There to resume thy Godhead once again,
And vaunt thy Majesty without controul ;
But never reign in *Mitbridates'* Soul.

Arch. O wonderful Effect of highest Virtue !
O Conquest, which deserves more Triumphs than
A hundred Victories in Battle gain'd.

Ziph. You must, you shall be now the Lord of Rome ;
Her Fate shall bow beneath your awful Scepter.
O let me not enjoy the Life you promis'd,
The vast Possession of the rich *Semandra*,
If I strike not Rome's Eagles to the Earth,
Take the Imperial Standard, chase their Legions,
And bring in Triumph all their Leaders bound.

Mith. Andravar, haste, proclaim throughout the City
My Son *Ziphares* General against the Romans [*Ex. Andr.*
Come to my Breast once more, my dearest Son ;
In spite of Love, thou art again my Child ;
Thus with a Father's Bowels I receive thee,
Thus melting o'er thee with the tenderest Nature,
I pray the Gods to crown thy Youth with Glory.

Ziph. Oh Happiness ! Oh Joy ! Oh blessed Tears !
Reward this Goodness, Heav'n ; for poor *Ziphares*
Is now so lost, he knows not what to say.
Let me devour your Hands with filial Dearness :
Were my whole Life to come, one Heap of Troubles,
The Pleasure of this Moment wou'd suffice,
And sweeten all my Grievs with its Remembrance.

Sem. O happy Hour ! if I not set thee down,
The whitest that the Eye of Time e'er saw,
Let me ne'er smile when I remember thee,
Nor ev'n in Wishes offer at a Joy. [*Shouting within.*

Mith. Hark, with loud Cries the Soldiers send their Joys ;
Go then, with the best Blessings I can give thee,
Conduct my chearful Subjects to the Field ;

Take

Take all the fighting Virgin's Wishes with thee,
Subdue the Consul, and receive *Semandra*.

Ziph. O do not doubt me, my most Royal Lord,
If now I conquer not, thus help'd, thus promis'd,
Thus prais'd, encourag'd, and thus over-blest,
I am the Mark for all

The Synod of the Gods to shoot their Fires at.

Mith. *Semandra*, veil your Beauties from my Eyes;
I wou'd not trust their Influence, tho' I thank
The Pow'rs above, so strongly reigns my Virtue,
I think I might, and fear not a Relapse:

In an Apartment, proper for your Grief,
You shall be plac'd, till yours and my *Ziphares*
Return in Triumph; where no Eyes shall see
Your Private Walks, nor mark your secret Sorrow.
I thus divided you, that your Meeting may
Be yet more grateful. Haste, my Son, to Battle:
Be short in parting, for there is no End
Of Lovers Farewels. The Powers above preserve you.

[*Ex. Mith. with Pelop. and Andr.*

Ziph. Farewell, *Semandra*; O, if my Father shou'd
Fall back from Virtue, ('tis an impious Thought!)
Yet I must ask you, cou'd you in my Absence,
Sollicitated by Power and charming Empire,
And threaten'd too by Death, forget your Vows?
Cou'd you, I say, abandon poor *Ziphares*,
Who midst of Wounds and Death would think on you;
And whatsoe'er Calamity shou'd come,
Wou'd keep his Love sacred to his *Semandra*,
Like Balm, to heal the heaviest Misfortune?

Sem. Your cruel Question tears my very Soul:
Ah, can you doubt me, Prince? a Faith, like mine,
The softest Passion that e'er Woman wept;
But as resolv'd as ever Man cou'd boast:
Alas, why will you then suspect my Truth?
Yet since it shews the Fearfulness of Love,
'Tis just I shou'd endeavour to convince you:
Make bare your Sword, my noble Father, draw.

Arch. What wou'dst thou now?

Sem.

King of Pontus.

39

Sem. I swear upon it, Oh,
Be witness, Heav'n, and all avenging Pow'rs,
Of the true Love I give the Prince *Ziphares*:
When I in thought forsake my plighted Faith,
Much less in Act, for Empire change my Love;
May this keen Sword by my own Father's Hand
Be guided to my Heart, rip Veins and Arteries;
And cut my faithless Limbs from this hack'd Body,
To feast the ravenous Birds, and Beasts of prey.

Arch. Now, by my Sword, 'twas a good hearty Wish;
And, if thou play'st him false, this faithful Hand
As heartily shall make thy Wishes good.

Ziph. O hear mine too. If e'er I fail in aught
That Love requires in strictest, nicest kind;
May I not only be proclaim'd a Coward,
But be indeed that most detested thing.

May I, in this most glorious War I make,
Be beaten basely, ev'n by *Glabrio's* Slaves,
And for a Punishment lose both these Eyes:
Yet live, and never more behold *Semandra*. [*Trumpets.*

Arch. Come, no more wishing; hark, the Trumpets call.

Sem. Preserve him, Gods, preserve his Innocence;
The noblest Image of your perfect selves:
Farewel; I'm lost in Tears. Where are you, Sir?

Arch. He's gone. Away, my Lord, you'll never part.

Ziph. I go; but must turn back for one last Look:
Remember, O remember, dear *Semandra*,
That on thy Virtue all my Fortune hangs;
Semandra is the Bus'ness of the War,
Semandra makes the Fight, draws every Sword;
Semandra sounds the Trumpets; gives the Word.
So the Moon charms her watry World below;
Wakes the still Seas, and makes 'em ebb and flow.




ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

The Field.

Enter Ziphares bloody, with Soldiers:

Ziph.  RE these, are these the Masters of the
World?
O, my brave Friends, how have you
fought to-day!
You fought, as if you all had Mistresses,
Who from some Battlement beheld your Valour,
And from your Arms expected all their Fortune.
Oh! had you heard 'em clap their tender Hands,
Beat their white Breasts, and rend the wond'ring Heav'ns
With their shrill Cries, you cou'd not have done more;
Your Looks were Basilisks to *Roman* Blood,
Your very Breath was as the furious North,
And drove the Legions, like the Chaff, before you.
Nor was I idle; witness the Wounds I feel,
Tho' *Glabrio*, at distance, shunn'd the Force
Of my far-darted Javelin, yet it struck
A Tribune down, and did not usefess fall.
What more remains, but that we haste to meet
Victorious *Archilaus*, plunder their Tents,
And loaded with the Laurels we have won,
March to *Synope*, shouting all the way,
Long live the King of Kings, great *Mithridates*!

Enter Archilaus, attended.

Arch. O Prince! thou Life, thou Soul of all the Army,
To whose dear Hand thrice I did owe my Life,
When thrice this day my Horse was kill'd beneath me:
O renown'd Day! this one Day of thy Valour

Has

Has drown'd in dark Oblivion all my Wars :
Like Time itself, thy Glory shall run on,
While mine, my fifty Iron Years of Battle,
Lies smear'd in Dust, and moulders into Ashes.

Ziph. Yes, Father, now I cou'd grow proud of Conquest,
Since it must give your Daughter to my Arms,
Methought to-day, when I had given the Word,
Semandra, Victory declar'd herself,
E'er yet a Death by any Hand was given :
Ev'n now my Blood more heats my youthful Veins,
My Cheeks grow redder, with the Expectation
Of Love's dear promis'd Joys, than when I strove
In Flame of Fight with all my Toil upon me,
To cut my way, and win the famous Field.

Arch. Grant me, ye Gods, before the Hand of Death
Comes like eternal Night with her dark Wing,
To bar the comfortable Light for ever
From these my aged Eyes; O let me see
A Grandchild of my Prince's sacred Blood,
To call him mine, to feel him in my Arms,
To hear his innocent talk, and see him smile,
While I tell Stories of his Father's Valour,
Which he in time must learn to imitate :
Grant me but this, you Gods, and make an end,
Soon as you please, of this old happy Man.

Ziph. I feel a Gladness lighting in my Breast,
The kindled Joy disperses quickly thro' me,
And says, e'er yet the setting Sun has quench'd
His Love in his cold Mistress' Bed,
Semandra shall be mine, ev'n all *Semandra* :
The Thought is Extasy ! these Arms shall hold her
Fast to my throbbing Breast ; these ravish'd Eyes
Gaze 'till they're blind, with looking on her Blushes ;
These stifling Lips shall smother all her Smiles,
And follow her with such Pursuit of Kisses,
That ev'n our Souls shall lose themselves in Pleasure.

Arch. First, send a flying Messenger, with News
Of our great Victory.

Ziph. *Ziphares* self
Must be the Harbinger of his own Joy :

42 *MITHRIDATES,*

I'll go with the best mounted Cavalry,
While you behind conduct, on easy March,
The weary'd Army. Once more let me look
My Father thus.

Arch. My Heart bodes Happiness.

Ziph. 'Twere Sin to doubt, since Fortune had no hand
In what our Swords by dint of Valour won:
She to the Brave was ever a curst Foe;
But I at last have bound her to my Chariot,
By conquering Virtue to be dragg'd along;
And while her broken Wheel is proudly born,
She shall be forc'd our Triumph to adorn.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II. *The Palace-Garden.*

Enter Pharnaces and Andravar.

Andr. Then there is hope, my Lord, th' unsettl'd King
May yet relapse, and fall to love again.

Phar. 'Tis certain that the End will crown our Wishes.
Late as I pry'd about *Semandra's* Gardens,
Mad that our Plot of Ground, so plough'd to bear,
Shou'd yield no Fruit, still thoughtful how to work him,
And watch for some Accident to fit
Our Purpose, and redeem the lost Design:
I chanc'd to spy the fair *Semandra* sleeping;
But, in that Posture she appear'd so lovely,
Bold as I am, she charm'd me into wonder:
But strait thy General came to rescue me,
Who took the Hint immediately, and went
To see the King.

Andr. I guess the good Design,
To draw him on to see our beauteous Foe.

Phar. You have it; and 'tis more than half effected.
I saw 'em walk: *Pelopidas*, by his Action,
I know did kindle him with wondrous Praise,
But once to view the bright *Semandra* sleeping:
But the King stopt, as if he fear'd to go;

Then

King of Pontus.

43

Then side-long glanc'd, and sigh'd, and walk'd again,
Rubbing his Hand upon his Face to hide
The rising Blushes : but, behold 'em here !

Enter Mithridates, Pelopidas.

Mith. What are her Charms to me ?

Pelop. 'Tis true, they are not ;
And yet, methinks, the Sight might draw down *Jove*—
Yet, I'd not ask you, for the World, to see her ;
But that I think you're Master of your Promise :
I thought your godlike Frame, your Strength of Mind,
Not to be shook, therefore I woo'd you, Sir,
In Curiosity, to see a Wonder ;
But, if you doubt yourself——

Mith. I think I need not :
I think my Virtue is resolv'd ; but yet,
I fear, and therefore I will go no farther.

Pelop. 'Tis well resolv'd, and yet, methinks, 'twould raise
Your Pity, more than Love, to see the Tears
Force thro' her snowy Lids their melting Course,
To lodge themselves on her red murmur'ring Lips,
That talk such mournful Things ; when strait a Gale
Of starting Sighs carries those Pearls away,
As Dews by Winds are wafted from the Flowers.

Mith. 'Tis wondrous pitiful ; by Heaven, it is !
I feel her Sorrow working here ; it calls
Fire to my Breast and Water to my Eyes,
And, if I durst——

Pelop. If you the least suspect
Your Temper, if the smallest Breath of Love
But stir your Heart ; let me conjure you, Sir,
Not to go on : the dazzling Mirror will
Disturb your Quiet, and confound your Reason.

Mith. 'Twill be as well, tho' I believe no Power
Can change my Virtue ; yet 'twill be as well,
If you relate exactly what you saw.

Pelop. Behold her then upon a flow'ry Bank,
With her soft Sorrows lull'd into a Slumber ;
The Summer's Heat had, to her natural Blush,

Added

44 *MITHRIDATES,*

Added a brighter and more tempting Red ;
 The Beauties of her Neck and naked Breasts,
 Lifted by inward Starts, did rise and fall
 With Motion that might put a Soul in Statues :
 The matchless Whiteness of her folded Arms,
 That seem'd t' imbrace the Body whence they grew,
 Fix'd me to gaze o'er all that Field of Love ;
 While to my ravish'd Eyes officious Winds,
 Waving her Robes, display'd such handsome Limbs,
 As Artist wou'd in polish'd Marble give
 The wanton Goddess, when supinely laid,
 She charms her gallant God to new Enjoyment.

Mith. Something there is stirs mightily in my Breast ;
 'Tis Pity, sure, it can be only Pity :
 Who knows, but that her multiplying Fears,
 And cruel Grievs, in time may give her Death ?
 'Twere most inhuman therefore not to go,
 And comfort her with Praises of *Ziphares* :
 I'll tell her how he conquers, how he comes
 Triumphant from the Consul's Overthrow,
 To take the noble Wreaths he has deserv'd,
 Embraces from her Arms ; Circles more rich
 Than all the Crowns my fruitless Valour won.
 Yet, stay ; I will not speak of him : 'Twere rude
 To break her Rest ; I'll see her when she wakes.

Pelop. Then you dare trust your Heart ?

Mith. 'Tis sure I dare :
 By Heav'n, my Friends, I dare : I feel such strong
 Collected manly Virtue, that I'll on.

Pelop. O, sacred Sir, turn back : if conquer'd by
 Her Beauties you shou'd love again, I know

Pelopidas must bear the blame of all ;
 Therefore, my Lord.

Mith. Away ; by Heav'n, I'll go.

Pelop. Oh, 'tis impossible, if once you lov'd,
 But you must certainly relapse :
 Therefore your fearful Servant kneels and begs
 You wou'd turn back : Alas, he's conscious now
 What a gross Fault his foolish Tongue committed,
 By tempting unawares your Reason forth.

Mith.

Mith. I'll see her; yes, it is resolv'd, I'll see her,
With all that World of Charms thou hast describ'd;
Therefore arise, and lead the way.

Pelop. Alas!

My Lord, I fear you; but it is your Pleasure,
And I'm your Slave.

Mith. Reply not; but obey. [*Exeunt. Mith. Pelop.*]

Phar. I feel a pleasant Expectation breeding;
His Starts, his Stops; by *Mars*, he loves her still:
Join then the much-prevailing Circumstance
Of Time, and Place, the Absence of my Brother,
To make Guilt bold; the Loneliness of her Mansion;
Both strong Incentives to a violent Lover.

Andr. Then Love has blest you on the other hand,
Since by our subtle Practices we brought
Monima to Disgrace; with whom you may
Divert, till we have gain'd our full Revenge,
I have the Guard of her.

Phar. I am glad thou hast,
Then, to compleat the Ruin of *Ziphares*,
I hear his Mother, fearful of th' Event
Of this long War, and loving him as Life,
With *Pompey* holds private Intelligence,
And has, to *Rome*, giv'n all those Castles up,
Which she had charge of, to preserve her Son.

Andr. This, when Occasion calls, I'll aggravate,
To mad your Father more: But see, the General.

Enter Pelopidas.

Pelop. He's gone, he's ruin'd, quite transported with
The Extasy of Love; I left him kneeling
Close to her side, winding about his Heart
Such Nets of Beauty, as must hold him fast;
Therefore, when he approaches us for Comfort,
Shewing his Grievs, and seeking shroud for Guilt,
Let us encourage, to our utmost power,
Whate'er his violent Love dares put in Act.

Enter

Enter Mithridates.

Mith. Torment of Heart! O, feeble Virtue! hence,
I blow thee from the Palace to the Cottage;
To build in Hearts of Hinds, bless their rude Hands
With thy lean Recompence of endless Labour:
For me, since I have burst th' ungrateful Chain
That held me to thee like a shackled Slave,
I will enjoy whate'er the Gods have given,
And surfeit on the Beauties of *Semandra*.

Oh, my dear Son, my best, my own *Pharnaces*;
By Heav'n, thou never didst oppose my Pleasure,
As does *Ziphares*: But I'll cast him out,
That Bosom Wolf, who laps my dearest Blood,
And lodge thee there; thou wilt not rack me thus.

Phar. The Gods forbid. But why, Sir, will you bear it?

Pelop. I cou'd not think you lov'd her at this rate;
Therefore, I hope, forgotten Virtue yielded
To bolder Pleasures, and you quench'd your Fires.

Mith. Drawn by resistless Love, I put one Knee
To Earth, and gently bowing down my Head,
First took at distance the sweet wafted Breath;
Which blew my Flames to such a raging height,
That streight I fell upon her balmy Lips,
And glew'd my own so fiercely, that she wak'd;
And starting up, soon vanish'd from my Sight,
Leaving me dumb, pale, languishing, and dying,
Rent with her Charms, distracted with the Rage
Of my Desires, and torn with cruel Love.

Pelop. Why stopt you there? I wou'd have followed
Into her inmost Closet; pardon me,
If I prove passionate to see you thus:
Better a Million of such slight-soul'd things
Were ravish'd, massacred, than *Mithridates*
Suffer one moment's Care.

Phar. I have no Patience.
By your great Glory, 'twas not nobly done:
I'th' midit of Groans, and Cries, and gushing Tears,
I wou'd have ravish'd her;—your Royal Hand,
Lock'd

Lock'd in her Amber-Hair, shou'd then have forc'd her ;
 Who knows, but Opposition mounts the Joy ?
 Like that *Athenian* Tyrant, who ne'er took
 His Barge for Pleasure, but in the highest Storms ;
 Then wou'd he stand like *Neptune* on his Deck,
 And laugh to see the Dolphins back the Billows.

Andr. Say but the Word, I'll fetch her from the Altar
 To your Embraces: Never did I see
 So strange an Alteration ; your fierce Eye,
 Which, like the Sun at Noon, none could behold
 But with a Snatch of Light, and then be dazzled,
 Now, like a cold and drousy Winter's Star,
 Bears a bleak Brightness. O Decay of Lustre!

Mith. I am not as I was———Ha! Whence this
 Noise? [Shout within.

[*Ex. Pelop. and Andr.*

Phar. My Lord, this Passion has unmann'd you quite :
 Forgetful of the glorious Fields you won,
 You lose your dear-bought Honours in a Day,
 And sell your Fame to your ambitious Son.
 The Coward *Glabrio*, whom by flying Agents,
 I hear, in divers Skirmishes he vanquish'd,
 Has swell'd him so, and blown him to that height,
 He rides upon the Shoulders of his Army :
 They heave him as he were a God, in Air,
 And dance before him, shouting in their Songs,
You are their Saturn, but the Prince their Jove!
 All that their waning Faith can give Ambition ;
 And he too laughs, to hear the thundring Titles.

Mith. And, for a Recompence, shall I bestow
 Upon this Traitor, all I love on Earth ?
 No, my *Pharnaces*, I have mark'd him dead,
 If that *Semandra's* Loss can bring his Ruin :
 Not but the Thought I go with, shews me just
 To what I shall appear : The noble Wile
 Kills by her seeming Infidelity.

Monima too must perish for Dishonour ;
 But rather to make way for my new Love,
 And fix the giddy People on my Side. [Shouts again.
 Again these Shouts!

Phar.

48 *MITHRIDATES,*

Phar. I guess *Ziphares* comes.

Mith. Down, struggling Nature;
Die, die, thou Ravisher of my Repose;
Be strangled in me all Remorse, all Thoughts
Of Pity; yet I will be calmly cruel;
Nor shall he find the Depth of my Revenge.

Enter Andravar.

Andr. Your Son has conquer'd, mightiest of Kings;
But by a way so infamously base,
I fear my Doom will scarce be less than Death
For the Relation.

Mith. Monstrous! May it be?
For I so hate him now, I wish for Crimes
Of deepest Grain, for Colour to his Fate.

Andr. His Royal Mother, the false *Stratonice*,
To whom you gave in custody *Inora*,
The strongest, richest Fort of all the East,
E'er he with *Glabrio* join'd, to *Rome* did yield
That wondrous Mass of Treasure, with her Honour.

Mith. Curst State of Monarchs! Let the judging World
Now weigh our Pleasures with our mightier Troubles,
And find us happier than the rest of Men!
False Beauty, thou shalt die, thou Bane of Greatness;
Or if I cannot reach thy fickle Being,
I'll punish thee by ruining *Ziphares*.

Andr. This have I learnt by frequent Messengers,
Who warrant with their Lives, how by Consent
Glabrio but skirmish'd with the Prince your Son,
And was by *Stratonice* brib'd before.

Mith. Plots, Treasons, horrid black Conspiracies!
Mother and Son, Oh Parricides! combine;
But if you 'scape me, may I sleep my Reign out.

Enter Pelopidas.

What says *Pelopidas*? What of *Ziphares*?
Bring'st thou more Matter for my Curses? Speak.

Pelop.

Pelop. He comes, my Lord, and with a Port so proud,
As if he had subdu'd the spacious World;
And all *Synope's* Streets are fill'd with such
A glut of People, you wou'd think some God
Had conquer'd in their Cause; and they thus rank'd,
That he might make his Entrance on their Heads:
While from the Scaffolds, Windows, tops of Houses,
Are cast such gaudy Show'rs of Garlands down,
That ev'n the Croud appear like Conquerors,
And the whole City seems like one vast Meadow,
Set all with Flowers, as a clear Heaven with Stars.

Mith. Ungrateful Slaves! By *Mars*, when I return'd,
Worn with the Hardship of a ten Years War,
My Armies heavy gaited, bruis'd, and hack'd,
With cutting *Roman* Lives;
They ne'er receiv'd me with a Pomp like this.

Pelop. Nay, as I heard, e'er he the City enter'd,
Your Subjects lin'd the Way for many Furlongs;
The very Trees bore Men: And as our God,
When from the Portal of the East he dawns,
Beholds a thousand Birds upon the Boughs,
To welcome him with all their warbling Throats,
And prune their Feathers in his golden Beams;
So did your Subjects, in their gaudiest trim,
Upon the pendant Branches speak his Praise.
Mothers, who cover'd all the Banks beneath,
Did rob the crying Infants of the Breast,
Pointing *Ziphares* out to make 'em smile;
And climbing Boys stood on their Fathers Shoulders,
Answering their shouting Sires with tender Cries,
To make the Confort up of general Joy.

Mith. What, will you bear your part too? Oh the
He is transported with the ample Theme, (Gods!
And plays the Orator! Plagues rot thy Tongue,
And blasted be the Lungs that breath'd his Welcome;
Perish the Bodies that went forth to meet him,
A Prey for Worms to stink in hollow Ground.
Oh, Viper! Villain! not content to take
My Love, but Life! wilt thou unthroned me too?
Shall *Mithridates* live to be depos'd,

50 MITHRIDATES,

A Stale, the Image of what once he was ;
 The very Ghost of his departed Greatness ;
 A thing for Slaves to be familiar with,
 To gape, to nod, and sleep in my scorn'd Face ?
 Awake, awake, thou fluggard Majesty,
 Rouze thee to Act ; tho' all the Elements,
 Tho' Heav'n and Hell, Subjects and Sons conspire
 With Fate thy Empire's fall, oppose their Will :
 Dare to the last, and be a Monarch still. [Exit.

Pelop. What think you now ?

Phar. I think, for my Revenge,
 For any Act that witty Horror asks,
 Thou art an Instrument so black and fit,
 The Furies join'd in Council cou'd not match thee.
 But see, *Ziphares* comes ! With what a Train
 Of Priests ! nay, then the God must be ador'd.

*The Scene being drawn, represents Ziphares's Triumph ;
 which is a Street full of Pageants, crouded with Peo-
 ple, who from the Windows fling down Garlands :
 Others dance before him, while the Priests sing ;
 Ziphares resting under a Canopy of State.*

Ziph. Enough, my Friends, my noble Countrymen,
 I am indebted to your Bounties ever ;
 But let me now conjure you, cease the Noise
 Of your loud Thanks, lest we disturb the King :
 We're near the Palace, and my boding Heart
 Says, He interprets rudely this our Triumph,
 Which you, against my Will, have forc'd upon me.
 Therefore *Ziphares* begs you to retire.
 By the small Victories my Arms have gain'd,
 If you have any Love, as much you shew,
 Let me intreat you all, by that Affection,
 Ev'n now upon this Instant to disband.

All. Long live our King, and noble Prince *Ziphares*.
 [Exeunt shouting.

Phar. Welcome, *Ziphares*, welcome to *Synope* ;
 Still, when Fate calls thee forth, may't thou return,
 Thus swell'd, thus Lord Triumphant o'er the *Romans*.
Ziph.

King of Pontus.

52

Zipb. Had I subdu'd the World, I shou'd detest
The Title of Triumpher, and scarce think
That Man my Friend, who praises at your rate.

Pelop. Had not the Monster Multitude receiv'd you, Sir,
With such a monstrous State, methinks,
Like *Hercules*, you shou'd have slain the *Hydra*.

Andr. Heard you but, Sir, how with an hundred Mouths,
It worshipp'd, as you were already crown'd:
Long live our King, the noble Prince *Ziphares*?

Zipb. What, Villains! ha! Gods, have I Flesh and bear
Pharnaces, off; by my just Wrath they die. (it?

[*Exeunt Pelop. and Andr.*

Phar. The King! Remember how this Rage will found.

Zipb. O the curst Traitors! Brother, beware of 'em,
Howe'er they crouch at present to your Fortune:
For I perceive your Favour warm'd the Snakes
To stir; they have no Sense of Gratitude:
I found 'em base, and therefore did discard 'em;
For which the Slaves have sworn me mortal hate;
But if I live I'll crush 'em.

Phar. You'll to the King?

Zipb. I will. Methinks this Meeting was unlucky;
My Heart misgives me more, and higher beats
With this last Heat, than all the Toil of War.
Perhaps they move the King; but sure not much:
Or if they do, tho' our great Father frowns,
One Smile, one Tear of Joy from my *Semandra*
Will wash the Anger of the Gods away. [*Exit.*

Phar. Go, and the Welcome that I wish attend thee,
Of all my elder Brothers, he remains
To cross my Hopes, and bar me from the Crown:
Whom yet I doubt not, by my Engine's help,
To burst in sunder, and then gild my Brows.
Methinks, I shou'd become the golden Hoop
That circles in one Quarter of the Globe:
I have it just; my Scepter waving thus,
The starting Princes run to clear my way.

52 *MITHRIDATES,*

*Enter Mithridates, Semandra, Pelopidas, Andravar,
Guards.*

But hold, my Father comes, with sad *Semandra!*
Weep on; while I go laugh my Cares away
With *Monima*, who must or yield or die. [*Exit.*

Mith. Has not the Traitor won my Subjects Hearts?
Has not his Mother basely too betray'd me?
Has he not dar'd to triumph without leave?
Which, when my faithful't worthiest Counsellors
Rebuk'd him for, with mild and gentle Language,
He redden'd with proud Anger, drew his Sword;
'Then, like a monstrous Parricide came on
Here to my Palace, heading the wild Croud:
So thro' the Bodies of my Friends to pass,
'Till with his barbarous Hand he reach'd my Bosom.

Sem. 'Tis false; 'tis all most horrid Perjury;
And the curs'd spotted Souls of these vile Traytors
Shall burn for this beneath: I know they hate
'The gallant Prince and now conspire against him;
With Words made up with all the Blasts of Hell
They strike your sacred Ears, bewitch your Senses,
And with those Spells that foulest Treason hatch'd,
Stagger your royal Reason. O yet hear me!

Mith. From what I have decreed, no Charm, no
No Eloquence, nor Mercy's self, adorn'd (Power,
In all *Semandra's* Beauties, in her Tears,
Prostrate upon the Earth, and hanging on
My Knees, nay, dying with her Grief, shall move me.

Sem. I now believe you are not to be mov'd;
Therefore with my undaunted Innocence,
I stand to hear the Doom you have decreed.

Mith. If when *Ziphaires*, at your first appearance,
Runs to your Arms, fir'd with expected Joys,
You thrust him not away, and slight him strangely,
With all the Marks of the most proud Disdain,
That a most faithless and ambitious Woman
Cou'd shew to gain the Empire of the World;
He shall be stab'd, be murder'd by my Guards,
Before your Eyes.

Sem.

Sem. Oh, 'tis not possible,
That you can mean the dreadful thing you speak;
You speak it but to try the poor *Semandra*.

Mith. Mark me most heedfully, for 'tis most true;
And sooner shall a dooming God recall
His *Stygian* Oath than I renounce my Vow:
He dies, I say, if you receive him not
With all the Coldness of a fair Apostate,
Whose Chastity, the Poison of sweet Power,
Had brought to ruin, whose protested Faith
The Charms of Empire had quite turn'd to Air.

Sem. Gods! do you hear the Tyrant?

Mith. Do you hear me?
If to your Words, which must make plain your Falshood,
Your Looks shou'd give the Lye, by amorous Glances,
And Languishings; for Lovers Eyes will talk:
Or, as you speak your Hate, mixt Signs arise,
Or faultring Speech, or any other Mark,
To shew that you are forc'd to what you say;
Then, from the place where I shall stand conceal'd,
I'll give the Signal to my waiting Guards,
Who in a Moment shall destroy your Lover,
When all your Tears and Sighs shall not recall him.

Sem. I'll die, I'll die, ten thousand Deaths I'll die,
Rather than meet him thus. What after all
The dreadful Imprecations that I made him,
And swore upon my Father's Sword, a Faith,
A spotless Love for ever to endure;
Shall I abjure my Oaths, and to his Face
Protest a Falshood, and belye my Heart?

Mith. Take your own course, I have sworn.

Sem. O Tyranny!
What, shall I meet him after all his Hardships,
After the Heats, and Colds, and smarting Wounds,
Which for my sake he partly has endur'd,
Still chearing up himself, that after all
The Blood he lost, he shou'd enjoy *Semandra*,
His gentle Mistres, one Day shou'd reward him
For the long Mischiefs of a cruel War?

Mith. I have not leisure now to hear Complaints:
Either resolve t'obey, and speedily,
Or you and I must never see him more.

Sem. Stay, Royal Sir, come back: Ne'er see him more!
And if I die, rather than see him thus,
Will you not save his Life?

Mith. Your Death, *Semandra!*
The very mention hastens on his Fate.

Sem. Alas, alas! I fear, if I but look,
As if I knew him not, or had forgot him,
So nice and tender is his Love,
So soft his Disposition, 'twill be fatal.

Mith. Then you resolve his Death?

Sem. It cannot be.
No, I will see him, tho' I must be cruel;
But bate a little of your Imposition:
An unkind Word will kill the poor *Ziphares*,
As sure as all the Hate which you enjoin me.

Enter Ismenes.

Ismen. The Prince *Ziphares* begs
Admittance of your Majesty.

Mith. You must retire, *Semandra.*

Sem. O Torment! O the Racks of Love, distress
Like mine! Of Passion at a loss like mine!
Help me, you Gods, or I shall faint with bearing. [*Exit.*

Mith. Call in the Prince——
What, Nature yet again?
I charge thee, trouble my Repose no more.

Enter Ziphares.

Ziph. 'Tis well, you Powers, that pry into our Hearts;
Well have I lost my dearest Blood in Battle,
Since once again I see my Royal Father.

Mith. *Ziphares*, rise: I hear you have fought well,
Too well, perhaps, for *Mithridates'* Peace:
You triumph too, I hear.

Ziph.

Ziph. Alas, my Lord,
I fear *Pelopidas* and *Andræwar*,
 Have been too busy with your Ear.
 By my best Hopes, by your most sacred Life,
I wou'd not triumph, till your Orders came;
 At least, they told me, that they came from you:
 If they were false——

Mith. They were your Friends, who brought
 Those Orders; therefore, you are not in fault,
 Nor ought you share the Crimes of *Stratonice*.

Ziph. Of *Stratonice*! Ah, what has she done?
 Ah, Sir, what Villain has traduc'd my Mother?
 Give me to know——

Mith. Perhaps you're ignorant;
 Wou'd I had been so too: but to the purpose:
I promis'd, when the Consul was o'ercome,
 To give *Semandra* to you. —— Seem not sad,
 You love your Father well; but, Prince, I know
 Your Passion for *Semandra* is the highest:
Ill send her to you; if you please, retain her. [*Exit.*]

Ziph. Is this then thy Reward, unnecessary Virtue?
Why do we wear thee thus to our undoing?
 O inauspicious Stars! thy Father hates thee,
 Because thou art too good! Went it not so?
I fought too well! His Eye disdain'd me too,
 And held my high Desert at hateful distance:
 But let it be, there's Satisfaction still
 In Innocence: And conscious Glory tells me,
 My Grievs shall fly, like Clouds, before *Semandra*.

Enter Semandra.

But see, the Sun that drives 'em! O my Star!
 Thou Day, that gild'st my little World of Comfort,
 Give me thy Warmth; let me, upon thy Bosom
 Breathe all my Victories. Alas, the King,
 My cruel Father,—Ha! what now, *Semandra*?
 Not fly into my Arms! O all you Pow'rs
 That nurs'd our tender Loves, she turns away!
 Hast thou too caught the Coldness of my Father?

56 *MITHRIDATES,*

Clear me, ye Gods, and fix my Understanding
 To this one View, lest I mistake all Measure,
 And run to Madness. What, not look upon me?
 By Heav'n, if thus, if thus I shou'd behold thee,
 Tho' in a Dream, 'twou'd make me wish to sleep for ever.
 O my dear Life! thou shalt not hide thy Kindness;
 But to dissemble thus a Moment longer,
 Wou'd quite destroy the passionate *Ziphares*.
 I'll force thy Hand thus, to my trembling Lips.

Sem. The Kiss you ravish, Prince, is dangerous;
 And let me now conjure you, by your Love,
 If you can love after what I enjoin you,
 Upon your Life, offer the like no more.

Ziph. O man me, Reason, with thy utmost Force:
 Or Passion with the dreadful Starts it makes
 Will soon divorce my Soul from this weak Body.
 What hast thou said? And, Ah! What have I heard?
 Fair, cruel, faithless, for the Blood I lost,
 Dost thou thus meet me? Raise my Eyes from Earth,
 And tell me, Have I, Ah, have I deserv'd
 This Usage from my dear ador'd *Semandra*?

Sem. You deserve all things; but you must not ask
 My Love, unless you wish me most unhappy.

Ziph. Oh, you good Gods! Is it then come to this?
 Shall I, shall I—but speak it once again;
 Unhappy! didst thou, cou'd'st thou say, unhappy?

Sem. I'd have you strive, my Lord, to love me less.

Ziph. If you wou'd have it so, be witness, Heav'n,
 If for your Quiet you enjoin me this,
 I'll strive, but (Oh!) 'tis most impossible:
 Ah, may I not presume to ask, if this
 The Reason be, why I shou'd love you less,
 That the too happy King may love you more?—
 Your Silence does confirm *Ziphares* lost:
 And all that I cou'd fear is come upon me.
 Ah, barbarous King! I'll bear thy Bonds no longer;
 But cast off Duty, as thou hast all Love,
 Thou bloody Author of this wretched Being,
 Tyrant—

Sem.

King of Pontus.

57

Sem. Take heed, *Ziphares*, how you wrong your Father:
I've heard you give another Character,
So diff'rent from this last, of *Mithridates*;
Methinks you scarce appear the same *Ziphares*
Whom once I knew.

Ziph. It is most sure, I do not:
But to convicce me more, quite to compleat
The cruel Sum of all my desperate Woes,
And sink me ever; what, Madam, have you heard
Me say? or, rather, what is't you would say,
In ill-time prais'd of this inhuman Father?

Sem. Have I not heard you speak the tenderest things,
How, but for some few Faults, so small, that scarce
The Eye of Envy or of Hate cou'd find 'em,
He wou'd be perfect as the Gods themselves?
A King so awful, that the *Romans* fear'd him?
A King so merciful, *Barbarians* lov'd him?
A King——

Ziph. No more? I am confirm'd: She's lost:
The King! she's gone; the Beauty of the Earth,
All that in Woman cou'd be Virtue call'd,
Is lost.

Corrupted are her noble Faculties,
The Temper of her Soul is quite infected:
Inconstancy, the Plague that first or last
Taints the whole Sex, the catching Court-Disease,
Has spotted all her white, her Virgin Beauties.

Sem. You think me false—Ah, 'tis but just you shou'd
But, Prince, I swear, I am not what you think me;
Yet never can be yours.

Ziph. O Confusion!
Never! O horrid! never can be yours!
Thou tear'st my Heart! Call back those dreadful Words;
Tho' thou art going, yet thou art not gone:
Ah, e'er it be too late, behold me gasping.
Come to my Arms, Oh, leave me not for ever:
Fall on my Bosom, I'll forgive thy Weakness;
Try to deceive myself with specious Reasons,
Never upbraid thee that thou once wert false,
But with my Tears wash all thy Stains away.

Sem. Since Tears (O help me, Heav'n!) are vain, take,
take my Counsel,

Cheer your sad Heart; and grieve, O grieve no more.

Ziph. Then thou art lost; resolv'd upon my ruin.

Sem. Your Life's too precious; I resolve against it!
Nor for ten thousand Worlds--What was I saying? [*Aside.*
What shall I say? Live, live, thou lost *Ziphares*.

Ziph. No, thou perfidious Maid, thou wretched Beauty,
Ziphares loves thee still; so well he loves thee
That he will die, to rid thee of a Torment.

Where are thy Vows? O think upon thy Father,
How this will cut him, this thy cruel Change,
And break his aged Heart. Or e'er he dies,
Think, if this kindled Rage should execute
What he has sworn, to hack thy beauteous Limbs,
Tear thy false Flesh into a thousand Pieces.

Sem. If that were all my Fear!-----

Ziph. What, hardned! O my Stars!
So quickly perfect in the cursed Trade?
I shall go mad with the Imagination.
O Heart! tho' Heav'n had op'd the pregnant Clouds,
And teem'd with all the never-erring Gods,
'To swear on Earth, **Semandra* had been false,
Semandra had been false to her *Ziphares*,
I wou'd not have believ'd.

Sem. I cannot hear his Grief, nor must I cure it.
Farewel--O Prince--Instruct me, Heav'n, to save him.

Ziph. Stay thee; there's something e'er we part for ever,
That I wou'd speak, if I cou'd make it way.

Sem. Speak then, and speak the mournful'st things
To break both Hearts. (you can

Ziph. Thou hast undone me; like a Silver-Frost,
Thou com'st upon the Flower of all my Youth,
To nip the tender Bud, and blast my Glory:
Yet I will live, *Semandra*, I will live,
To save thee from thy Father's cruel Rage;
For, wicked as thou art, with Grief, I feel,
My Soul looks after thee, and seeks thy Safety.

Sem. I shall not hold; I feel the climbing Grief; [*Aside.*
My Eyes grow full; and I shall give him Death.

Ziph.

Ziph. Farewel, thus, kneeling at thy Feet, I pour
 These parting Tears; and sure, the happy King
 In pity will allow this dying Kifs,
 Which my cold Lips print on thy faithless Hand.
 Oh, all my Vows, for ever here I leave you;
 And, since we never, never must behold
 Each other more, I'll breathe 'em once again:
 Farewel, *Semandra*. Oh, thou'lt never find,
 In all thy search of Love, a Heart like mine.
 Once more, farewel for ever, false *Semandra*.
 What? Yet again thy Name? Will my charm'd Tongue
 Sound nothing but *Semandra*? Oh, *Semandra*! [*Exit.*]

Enter Mithridates, with Priests.

Sem. The cruel Task is done; and I can hold
 No longer! (thee;

Mith. Come back, *Semandra*, Empire, Empire calls.
 Open thy Eyes to meet thy coming Glory!

Sem. O barb'rous Prince, may I not die in quiet?

Mith. Talk not of dying,
 See this holy Man———

Sem. Holy! Profane!
 All things are now alike to my Distraction.

Mith. He instantly shall join your Hand with mine.

Sem. What means the Tyrant?

Mith. You are now our Queen.

Sem. First, let me seek a Dragon in his Den;
 Embrace an Aspic, curl with Basilisks,
 E'er I give up this Body, this poor Beauty,
 To any but my Lord, the wrong'd *Ziphares*.

Mith. I guess you wou'd not by your free Consent
 But I shall force, if you refuse to yield;

This Moment I will take you in my Chariot,
 Streight to the Temple, and in Publick wed you.

Tho' you refuse to join in Ceremony,
 Instead of sacred Words venting loud Curfes,
 'Twill not avail; for when the Mystery's done,
 I'll bear you back, and as my Queen enjoy you.

Sem. I will be dragg'd; die stifled with my Grief.

60 *MITHRIDATES,*

Mith. You have the Will, but not the Power to die.

Sem. None! is there none, no pitying God awake?
 And are your Priests confederate in my Ruin?
 They sure will tell you of your Tyranny,
 And fear too much the Anger of the Heav'ns,
 To force a helpless Virgin: They will speak
 Your Crime abroad; will you not, holy Men?

Mith. Let me but hear the Holiest of 'em cross me,
 By Heav'n, he shall go sacrifice beneath:
 Therefore away, Priest, forward to the Temple.

Sen. Help, help, ye Gods.

Mith. All thought of help is vain.
 Give me your beauteous Hand, and willingly,
 Or here are Arms to bear you.

Sem. Let 'em be;

Call all your Armies hither to your Aid,
 I will not stir, nor give this trembling Hand
 To gain an Empire: Thus, to the Earth I'll grow
 One Piece; Oh, root me here, some pitying God,
 And let me lose my Being, to escape him.

Mith. Andrawar, raise her gently from the Ground;
 Take Help, and bring her softly to my Chariot.

[They take her in their Arms.]

Sem. Stay, *Mithridates*; hear me but one Word;
 One Moment's stay: Ev'n Malefactors are
 Allow'd to speak before their Execution;
 And shall not I? I, who am innocent?
 'Tis not to thee, but to the Gods, I bow;
 Behold;—but see, from you, from you they take me:
 O save me thus by cruel Men betray'd;
 Revenge yourselves, and right a ravish'd Maid. *[Exeunt.]*



ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Mithridates *encompass'd with the Ghosts of his Sons, who set Daggers to his Breast, and vanish.*



HAT ho! *Pelopidas!* why, *Andravar!*
Haste to my Help.

Enter Pelopidas and Andravar.

Pelop. What wou'd your Majesty?

Mith. I wou'd, what I must ne'er expect on Earth,
The Peace I had. Come nearer. Oh, my Friends!
If Fate did e'er foreshew a Doom in sleep,
Mine is at hand. Last Night, you well remember,
I bore *Semandra* from the thundring Gods,
Who shook the deep Foundations of the Temple,
With the Report of Wrath Divine; yet I,
This desperate Wretch, thro' Streets of Fire, did bear her
Back, in a swoon, to my most inward Closet:
But there you left me, left me to the Rage
Of monstrous Love; which, in the midit of Faintings,
With Transports yet unheard of, forc'd a Joy,
Whose momentary Pleasures will heap on me
Whole Worlds of Furies, Hells of endless Horror!

Pelop. But, Sir, the Dream, that may divert your Cares.

Mith. Divert 'em! rather let me gather all my Courage
To bulwark in my Soul. O plant me round
With your kind Bodies; blunt, if possible,
Heav'ns whetted Vengeance, while I tell the Vision.
After the dreadful Ecstasy was over,
The ravish'd Maid, half-dead with shrieking Prayers,
Burit, at the last, from my relenting Arms,
Ran to my Sword, of which, when I disarm'd her,
She fled the Room, with Cries like one distracted,

Prefs'd

62 *MITHRIDATE S.*

Press'd with Remorse, I rested on my Couch,
 And slept; but, oh, a Dream so full of Terror,
 The pale, the trembling Midnight Ravisher
 Ne'er saw, when cold *Lucretia's* mourning Shadow
 His Curtains drew, and lash'd him in his Eyes,
 With her bright Tresses, dabbled in her Blood.

Pelop. I have heard of Dreams that prov'd Ominous;
 But I cou'd never fix my Faith on Fancies.

Mith. Methought, by Heav'nly Order I was doom'd
 To seek my Fate alike in th' other World:
 Strait, like a Feather, I was borne by Winds
 To a steep Promontory's Top, from whence
 I saw the very Mouth of op'ning Hell;
 Shooting so fast thro' the void Caves of Night,
 I had not time to ponder of my Passage,
 I shot the Lake of Oaths, where fleeting Ghosts,
 Whose Bodies were unbury'd, begg'd for Waftage:
 Then was I thrown down the infernal Courts,
 Infinite Fathoms, till I soar'd again
 To the bright heav'nly Plains, the happy Fields.

Andr. I wonder, that the brittle Thread of Thought
 Shou'd hold in such a Maze.

Mith. Oh, now it comes.

After that heavenly Sounds had charm'd my Ears,
 Methought I saw the Spirits of my Sons,
 Slain by my Jealousy of their Ambition,
 Who shriek'd, he's come! our cruel Father's come!
 Arm, arm, they cry'd, thro' all th' enamel'd Grove;
 Strait had their Cries alarm'd the wounded Host
 Of all those *Romans*, massacred in *Asia*:
 I heard the empty Clank of their thin Arms,
 And tender Voices cry, Lead *Pompey*, lead.
 Strait they came on, with Chariots, Horse and Foot,
 When I had leisure to discern their Chief,
 Methought, that *Pompey* was my Son *Ziphares*;
 Who cast his dreadful Pile, and pierc'd my Heart:
 Then, such a Din of Death, and Swords and Javelins
 Clatter'd about me, that I wak'd with Terror,
 And found my self extended on the Floor.

Enter

Enter Pharnaces.

Phar. Arm, arm, great *Mithridates*, the big War
Comes with vast Leaps, bounding o'er all the East,
Which crouches to the Torrent: *Pompey* comes;
Pompey the Great, saluted Emperor,
And for some Years destin'd to govern all
Th' *Italian* Arms, with such a full Commission,
As yet was never granted to a *Roman*.
Pompey, so young, so soft, in shining Courts,
That all the *Roman* Ladies languish for him:
Pompey, so fierce in Camps, so brave in Fields,
The very Boys, like *Cupids*, dress'd in Arms,
Clap their young harness'd Thighs, and trust to Battel:
Pompey, *Rome's* Darling and *Fame's* eldest Son,
Proclaims with *Mithridates* mortal War.

Mith. Were all well here, what Force, what *Roman*
What General, marching at the head of Millions, (Arms,
Cou'd daunt the bold, the forward *Mithridates*?
But here, *Pharnaces*, in my guilty Bosom,
The fatal Foe does undermine me quite:
Black Legions are my Thoughts; not *Pompey*, but
Ziphares comes, with all his Wrongs, for Arms,
Like the Lieutenant of the Gods, against me:
Semandra too, like bleeding Victory,
Stands on his side, and cries out, Kill, kill, kill
That curst Parricide, that Ravisher.
Oh, Heav'n, sustain me, or I shall go mad;
My ugly Guilt flies in my conscious Face,
And I am vanquish'd, slain with Bosom War.

Phar. 'Tis much beneath your Majesty, to alarm
Your self with Fears.

Mith. *Pharnaces*, thou art ignorant!
I tell thee, Boy, Remorse and upstart Fear
Oppresses me, in spite of all my Knowledge;
Tho' none of those that boast Philosophy
Has made a deeper Search in Nature's Womb,
Than I; (the Midnight Moon has seen my Watchings)
I tell thee, none can name her infinite Seeds

Like

64 *MITHRIDATES,*

Like me; nor better know her Sparks of Light,
 Those Gems that shine in the blue Ring of Heav'n;
 None knows more Reasons for or 'gainst yon first
 Bright Cause, can talk of Accidents
 Above me; yet, I'll tell thee, once again,
 There is a Thorn, call'd *Conscience*, makes its way
 Thro' all the Fence of Pleasure, fortify'd
 With Reasons, that this Ill seem'd good to me,
 And stings thy guilty Father to the Soul.

Pelop. After the fierceness of uncommon Pleasure,
 A sudden Heaviness is natural.

Andr. Not but the fading Spirits will revive.

Mith. Never, oh never: nor did I enjoy
 Expected Pleasure, tho' these Hands did hold,
 All Night, her panting Beauties to my Breast.
 But, oh! what Joy, what Pleasure, what Content,
 Cou'd my griev'd Heart receive in ravish'd Kindness!
 Her Lips, which if *Ziphares* had been there,
 Wou'd sure have shot their gleamy Warmth at distance,
 Were cold to me, as Odours are in Frost:
 Her Face, like weeping Marble damp'd my Flames;
 And as I drew her trembling to my Arms,
 She fainted still, and woo'd me with such Wailings,
 Such Languishings, and broken Sighs to leave her;
 That had not more than monstrous Appetite
 Transported me, the Rose had been unblasted.

Phar. You think of her too much: the Sex of Women,
 The ravish'd Beauties of the Earth together,
 Deserve not half the Grief that clouds your Brow.

Pelop. Your Subjects want you to defend their Lives;
 Each Citizen, in Armour clad, defends
 His Household-Gods, standing to guard his Door,
 And cries, A Leader! let us to the Wars.

Mith. The Thunderbolt of *Mithridates'* Battel,
 My Arm, my Arm, ev'n my Right Arm is lost.
 Nor will my Trumpets sound without *Ziphares*:
 His Breath was as the Air to all the Army;
 His Face was as the Sun, in depth of Winter;

And

And made cold Cowards blush away their Fears;
But he is set, for ever set in Sorrow.

Andr. Your Majesty is, of your self, sufficient
To head your eager Troops; or brave *Pharnaces*
Stand forth, to fill *Ziphares'* empty Place.

Pelop. *Ziphares* still your Royal Favour had,
To improve himself in Arms against the *Romans*;
While in inglorious Fields, *Pharnaces* strove
Amongst *Barbarians*, to get a Name:
And tho', perhaps, he greater Pains employ'd,
In rooting up such Rubbish of the Earth,
Than the other did in felling lofty Trees;
Yet this was paid with Labour, that with Praise.

Mith. Peace, Villains; Peace, conspiring Sycophants:
Now, by the Gods, my Eyes are half untear'd:
But if the Thought that kindles in my Breast
Finds proper fuel to increase my Fire,
I shall consume you, Traitors; if I find
(Which I begin to do) that you have play'd
The Villain, *Andravar*, or thou *Pelopidas*,
And laid *Semandra's* Beauty as a Snare
To catch *Ziphares'* Life, (Oh, all the Gods!)
And ruin me, by placing of the Bait:
Mark me, if aught of this, if any Shadow
Appear, that you conspir'd to betray me;
I'll heap such Horrors on your frightened Souls,
That you shall call your Brother Devils up,
To snatch you hence, rather than stand my Fury.

Pelop. Why shou'd your Majesty suspect your Servants?

Mith. Because thou didst foment my Passion;
And when I view thee well my Genius bids,
Beware of thee: tho' thy most subtil Devil
Has wrought me still to listen to thy Lyes;
Thou art, methinks, maliciously contriv'd,
And hast, if ever yet a Villain had,
The Face of a most subtil working Slave.

Andr. We have done nought, but what your Royal
Word

Did warrant: if you lov'd, shou'd we rebuke it?
Or durst we think to quench a Fire, which you
Resolv'd shou'd burn?

Mith.

66 *MITHRIDATES,*

Mith. Yes, Traitors! yes, you ought,
When you had seen me going, to have stopt me:
My struggling Virtue might with some Assistance,
Have cast the Venom of my Passion up;
But, with your poisonous Breath you made it rage,
Till I was fit to ruin poor *Semandra*.

Enter Semandra.

But, Oh! behold the Innocence I wrong'd.

Sem. What, dost thou start? Oh Heavens! *Semandra*
Why, what a Monster then must I appear, (frights him.)
Whose Form can shake the bloody *Mithridates*!
'Tis sure, thou hast undone this helpless Creature,
And turn'd to mortal Paleness all her Beauties; [*Weeping.*
Thou hast made her hate the Day which once adorn'd
Her open Sweets; how wretched hast thou made me!
Yet, Oh my Soul, thou inward Knowledge, speak,
How much I hate this violated Shrine.

Mith. Wretched *Semandra*!

Sem. Dost thou pity me?
Is the long Line of my eternal Grief
Of such a charming Force, that it can fetch
Tears from that Rock? Ah, most unheard-of Sorrow!
Dost thou repent? Or are they but feign'd Tears?
Whate'er they are, thou should'st have thought before,
The cruel Consequence of this dark Deed;
When I was heav'd in Air, and with my Cries,
Pierc'd the deaf Heav'ns, and call'd to thee for Mercy,
Then hadst thou thus dissolv'd, I shou'd have blest thee;
But now, thy black Repentance comes too late.
What, ah! what Satisfaction canst thou make?

Mith. Instruct me.

Sem. No, there is in Nature none;
Since I can never be *Ziphares*' Bride.
For if thou shouldst consent to make us One,
And Heav'n shou'd warrant it; nay, tho' *Ziphares*
Extravagantly shou'd consent to take me,
Ah, cou'd I meet those dear, those faithful Arms,
Which yet, in Sleep, ne'er touch'd a Breast but mine;
Thus

Thus wrong'd, and thus defil'd, thus nothing left
 Of his *Semandra*, but her spotless Mind!
 This is too much to think. Ah, cruel King!
 Now I cou'd curse, now I cou'd tear my self,
 Now I cou'd weep, as if 'twere possible
 To wash my Stains out! Tell me, O you Powers,
 For I'll be calm, was I not worthy of your Care?
 And why, you Gods, was Virtue made to suffer?
 Unless this World be but as Fire, to purge
 Her Dross, that she may mount and be a Star.
 Were this but certain; ah! there's nothing sure,
 But my irrevocable Fate, undone *Semandra!*—————
 This, this is certain, Death with Loss of Honour. [*Exit.*

Mith. Farewell, *Semandra*, thou most wrong'd of
 Women.

But I'll this instant go to *Monima*;
 And if I find what I suspect, *Pharnaces*,
 I'll cut thee off as an infectious Limb;
 And, for those Villains, I shall quickly know
 The Wrong she has had; whose accus'd Innocence
 If your foul Words have sully'd with black Slander,
 Think not t'escape: for shou'd you ride on Charms,
 Take Winds to bear you, or the Lightning's Speed,
 With panting Horror to the Brink of Hell,
 I'd sweep you from the Verge to Flames beneath,
 And sink your Villanies with weighty Death. [*Exit.*

Phar. First, sink your self, your Crown and Love
Pelopidas, this comes of your cool Counsel: [together.
 Had I been heard, *Monima* had been gone,
 By this; enjoy'd, and crown'd my Royal Bride;
 And we receiv'd, as Conquerors by the *Romans*.
 Hast thou not heard, how when *Tygranes* came,
 And cast his Diadem at *Pompey's* Feet,
 He call'd him King, and rais'd him by that Name
 To sit as Equal to the *Roman* Consul?
 By all the Gods, I will not stay a moment,
 But take immediately my Flight; except
 You swear to side with *Rome*, call *Pompey* hither,
 And haste with all the Forces we can make,
 To join his Army, and betray my Father.

Pelop.

68 MITHRIDATES,

Pelop. A sudden Thought of lucky Mischief comes
 Old *Archilaus* is arriv'd, but left
 The labour'd Army some few Furlongs hence:
 You know the violent Love the Soldiers bear
 The Prince your Brother; and we know too well,
 And so do all the murmuring Citizens,
 How cruelly your Father lately us'd him:
 But that great Mole, the Multitude, ne'er sees
 Who works their Prince, but still take all on trust;
 Therefore I instantly will spread amongst 'em,
 How *Archilaus* was Conspirator
 Against the Prince, and finding more Advantage
 To have the King his Son-in-Law, by Letters
 Basely compell'd his Daughter to the Marriage.

Par. Millions to one but this will set 'em on
 To tear curst *Archilaus* like mad Dogs.
 Besides, I find by frequent Murmurs, how
 His Subjects are quite tir'd with length of War;
 And, but last Night, I know no lets than twelve,
 All Captains, who conspir'd to take the part
 Of *Pompey*, and intreated me to head 'em.

Andr. Pursue the Treason, and be sure it cool not;
 While I with *Tryphon* hasten to the Army;
 A Priest will colour well our Enterprize,
 There will we give out all, that Treachery
 Can raise to fire 'em; how the King has doom'd
 The Prince to Death, having first ravish'd from him
 The fair *Semandra*, for whose sake he dies.

Phar. While I immediately to *Pompey* send,
 Who comes, I hear, on hasty March, to fight
 Our Army, and besiege us in our Walls.

Pelop. Thus shall the Prince and I rule all within;
 And you, with the High-Priest my Brother, play
 Your Parts without.

Phar. I long to be in Action:
 And sure *Rome* must, for the Overthrow,
 Give me my Father's Crowns; which Gratitude
 Shall distribute to both your utmost Wishes.

Pelop. We must not doubt your Bounty—But away.

Enter

Enter Ziphares, with Ismenes, at distance.

Your melancholy Brother may o'er-hear us.

[*Ex. Phar. Pelop. Andr.*

Ziph. Oh, my hard Fate! why did I trust her ever?
What Story is not full of Woman's Falshood!
The Sex is all a Sea of wide Destruction:
We are the vent'rous Barks that leave our Home,
For those sure Dangers which their Smiles conceal:
At first, they draw us in with flatt'ring Looks
Of Summer-Calms, and a soft Gale of Sighs:
Sometimes, like *Syrens*, charm us with their Songs,
Dance on the Waves, and shew their golden Locks:
But when the Tempest comes, then, then they leave us,
Or rather help the new Calamity,
And the whole Storm is one injurious Woman.
The Lightning, follow'd with a Thunder-bolt,
Is marble-hearted Woman: All the Shelves,
The faithless Winds, blind Rocks, and sinking Sands,
Are Women all; the Wrecks of wretched Men.
Prithee, Ismenes, while I lay me here,
Charm me with some sad Song into a Slumber.

SONG: *By Sir Car Scroop.*

I.

ONE Night when all the Village slept,
Myrtillo's sad Despair,
The wandring Shepherd waking kept,
To tell the Woods his Care.
Be gone, said he, fond Thoughts, be gone;
Eyes, give your Sorrows o'er:
Why shou'd you waste your Tears for one
That thinks on you no more?

II.

Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Pow'rs,
That dwell within this Grove,
Can tell how many tender Hours
We here have pass'd in Love.

MITHRIDATES,

*You Stars above (my cruel Foes)
Have heard how she has sworn
A thousand times, that like to those
Her Flame shou'd never burn.*

III.

*But, since she's lost, Oh! let me have
My Wish, and quickly die:
In this cold Bank I'll make a Grave,
And there for ever lie.
Sad Nightingales the Watch shall keep,
And kindly here complain.
Then down the Shepherd lay to sleep,
But never wak'd again,*

Enter Archilaus.

Arch. How now, *Ismenes*? Prithee, gentle Boy,
Instruct me where to find thy Royal Master.
What! dost thou weep? I charge thee bring me to him.

Isme. See there, my Lord.

Arch. Bless me, you Heav'nly Pow'rs,
Upon the Earth! It cannot be thy Master.
Is that a Posture for a Conqueror?
He who so bravely beat the *Romans* back,
A General and Triumpher?

Isme. By Heav'n, it's true, my Lord: there lies the
Prince.

Arch. Something my Heart presag'd, when having left
The Army, I came posting to the Court;
And scarce receiv'd a Welcome from my Friends;
They said the Prince had triumph'd, but I saw
Not the least Track of such a Glory left,
No glimmering Twilight of so full an Honour.
There has been foul Play, and I'll find it out.

Ziph. Away, *Semandra*; Cruel Woman, leave me.

Arch. Ha! goes it there? *Ziphares*, Prince arise.

Ziph. Ha! who is there? Old *Archilaus*!

Arch. Why

Do I not see you in a Chariot,

With

With all the Pride of *Asia's* brightest Gems?
 Why mount you not the Throne which you deserve,
 The Lords of *Colchis* waiting as your Slaves?
 Give me some Reason why I see you thus.

Ziph. Alas, he had no hand in her Revolt,
 Nor knows not yet, perhaps, how she has us'd me:
 Why do I seem thus strange then?—Oh, *Archilaus*,
 (For I must never call thee Father more)
 Pardon my faulty Carriage.

Arch. Forbear these strict Embraces,
 Your Tears, your hanging on my Bosom thus:
 Your Sighs reduce my Age to sobbing Childhood,
 And make an Infant of your poor old Man.

Ziph. Did I not say, I never more must call
 Thee Father?

Arch. Yes, you did.

Ziph. Fond, foolish Sorrow!
 Thou art, thou shalt, thou must be still my Father,
 My Brother, Sister, Mistress, All, my Friend;
 For all but thou have left me: no kind Eye
 Pities the Suff'rings of abus'd *Ziphares*;
 They fly, all fly from my infectious Fortune.

Arch. Nay, good dear Prince, stand up, you smother all
 Your Words with Groans: dry up this womanish Grief,
 And speak, dear Sir, declare the curst Cause,
 The baleful Spring, the Source of all this Mischief.

Ziph. Wou'd you believe it? scarce can I my self:
 Oh Heav'ns! and oh, you ever-burning Lights,
 Who have beheld at Midnight from your Orbs
 Our Flames, that kindled bright and chaste as your's;
 Which of you all, which most malignant Star,
 Shew me that envious Fire that cross our Loves,
 That I may curse him from his fatal Sphere.

Arch. Name it, I say, the Ground of all this Trouble,
 I feel a warm Revenge run thro' my Blood,
 As if I had put off some forty Years:
 Methinks I stand as fit to fight the Cause
 Of Friendship now, as then I cou'd my Love's.
 But speak——

Ziph. Thy Daughter——

Arch.

72 *MITHRIDATES,*

Arch. Well, I guess'd Fate wounded there.

Ziph. *Semandra*, my most fair, dear, gentle Mistress.

Arch. If she be false, she is no longer fair.

Ziph. That sweet protesting Creature, that pure White-
Where I so deep had writ my Vows in Blood, (ness,
Is taken from me.

Arch. By her own Consent?

Ziph. Most certain. That eternal Bond of Oaths,
Committed to her keeping, now is cancell'd:
Ev'n her fair Hand, the Seal of all my Love,
Her Hand has given her faithless Heart away.

Arch. Then, she is false? you know her to be so?

Ziph. False, false, as Waters, Winds, or wandring
She is more false than Woman can believe. (Fires;

Arch. The opening of her Treachery, come, how
Particular Revenge wou'd know Particulars: (was't?
At first, I guess'd, she did receive you kindly.

Ziph. Quite contrary, as if she ne'er had seen me
Quite alter'd, quite estrang'd, reserv'd and cold,
With all the Coyness of a base-born Beauty,
Made proud with Power: Not one tender Look,
The very Accent of her Voice was chang'd,
Nor was she to be known but by her Beauty,
Nought else cou'd speak her to my Sense the same,
Oh nothing, but the Face of my *Semandra*.

Arch. When my keen Sword shall glitter in her Eyes,
Doubt not, but I shall make her know you well;
And tho' you never grace her with your Favour,
For she is now unworthy your Embraces;
Yet I will bring the Traytress to your knees.

Ziph. Can it be
Thou shou'dst be ignorant, she's past the giving?

Arch. I have not met the News which your swoln
Appear so big with. (Eyes

Ziph. Here I am lost again;
Here all my Courage, which has born the Blow
Of sternest War, shrinks like a beaten Coward:
Here, I confess, my Piety gives way,
I cou'd fall out with the forgetful Gods,
And curse the cruel Author of my Being.

No,

No, Tyrant, no, thou bloody Parent, think not
That I will bear it longer. I'll forget,
Like thee, all Nature, all Remorse, all Pity,
And snatch her from thee, wedded as you are.

Arch. What, wedded! married!

Ziph. Wedded, marry'd, bedded;
He has enjoy'd her, rifled that fair Casket,
Where all the Riches of my Life are laid:
Yes, yes, ye Gods, I saw 'em pass along,
Pass to the Temple, thro' the crouded Streets,
Saw 'em come back, darted my wishing Eyes
At her false Face, with such accusing Glances,
She fainted in the Chariot; yes, I saw her
Sink pale, and dying down: but there I lost her,
And left her to the Revels of the Night,
To be enjoy'd, ev'n this last Night enjoy'd.

Arch. By all the Honours which she has dishonour'd,
She shall not live another.

Ziph. Oh, my Father!

Cou'd you but guess the Pains that I endur'd!
Oh all the subtlest Fits of sharpest Sickness,
Were nothing to the Torments which I bore.
I tim'd ev'n their disrobing Kisses, Smiles,
The first Embraces, and the wrecking Joy;
But there methought Fancy it self was stopt,
It cou'd no more. The limit of my Life
Was found, the End of all my Joys on Earth.

Arch. She dies; not Destiny shall save her from us:
As she has sworn, and as she has forsworn,
I'll draw my Sword, bath'd in her dearest Blood,
From forth her Heart-Strings, while the rank red Weeds
Cling to my reeking Blade! Or wou'd you more?
I am grown up to your Anger.

Ziph. General, hold:

I have been impious in my vented Rage;
For which, O pardon me, my Royal Father,
And you, most injur'd Pow'rs, whom I offend!
And, Oh, whatever shall become of me,
Forgive the fair, the false, the lov'd *Semandra*.
If while I live thou mark her gentle Limbs

74 *MITHRIDATES,*

With the least Wound, it ends *Ziphares'* Life ;
Or if thou hurt her after I am dead,

Thou'lt raise my Ashes up in Arms against thee.

Isme. My Lord, the Queen *Semandra's* coming hither.

Ziph. Say'ft thou ?

Isme. The Queen——But see, she enters !

Ziph. Ha !

Enter Semandra.

Sem. O *Ziphares!* O Prince ! O thou most wrong'd !

Ziph. How can this be ? Madam, you ought at least
To have sent me word ; for now, instead of Songs,
I can present you nothing but my Tears ;

A beating Heart, and Groans that will not suit
With your most happy State, your blest Condition.

Sem. Ah, did you rightly understand my Suff'rings,
You wou'd not wound a bleeding, dying Creature :
But I'll endure yet more. When I am dead,
And 'tis too late, you'll murmur to your self,
At least I might have heard what the poor Wretch
Cou'd say.

Arch. Oh Syren ! but I will be hush'd. [*Afide.*

Ziph. What canst thou say, if I resolve to hear thee ?
Thou wilt but tear the Wounds which thou hast made.
This Visit was most cruel : Why com'st thou then,
For fear I shou'd forget thee ? Merciless Woman !

Arch. Yet let us hear her, Prince ; let's hear the Sorcer-
That when sure Vengeance overtakes her Crimes, (refs ;
She may have nought to answer.

Sem. The good God
Reward that Voice of Mercy ; first then, my Lord.

Ziph. No ; I'll be gone, fly *Archilaus,* fly,
She has a Tongue that can undo the World.
She eyes me just as when she first inflam'd me,
Such were her Looks, so melting was her Language,
Such false soft Sighs, and such deluding Tears,
When from her Lips I took the luscious Poison,
When with that pleasing perjur'd Breath avowing,

Her

Her Whispers trembl'd thro' these credulous Ears,
And told the Story of my utter Ruin.

Arch. Nay, 'tis impossible to clear her self;
And it was Impudence to offer at it;
Therefore, thou shameless Off-spring of my Blood,
I'll cut thee from me : thus, with all thy Crimes,
Die, as thou didst desire. [*Half-drawing, stopt by Ziph.*

Ziph. Hold thy Hand;
I charge thee, touch her not.

Arch. By Heav'n, she dies:
I may dispose my own, she shall not live.

Ziph. By all the Gods, she shall, while I have Breath:
And, if thou draw'st, I'll guard her Life with mine.
I shou'd be loth to lift my Arm 'gainst thee
Of all Mankind; but were my Father here
Resolv'd to give her Death, I wou'd oppose him.

Sem. Draw agen, and sheath your Weapons in my
In curst *Semandra's* Heart; but for the World, (Breath,
Oh Father, do not wound the Prince *Ziphares* :
And, oh *Ziphares*, do not hurt my Father!
Upon my Knees, I beg you to be calm,
And hear me thus.

Ziph. Oh rise, false as thou art,
Thou once wert Empress of my Soul, and I
Still drag thy Chains: Speak then, *Semandra*, speak;
For I am doz'd so weary with complaining,
That I cou'd stand and listen to the Winds,
And think that Woman talk'd; observe the Rain,
And think that Woman wept; or, in the Clouds,
Behold *Semandra's* Form, still fleeting from me.
But, speak, I lose my Senses with my Woes.

Arch. He has fav'd thy Life; come, make a handsome
In recompence. (Lye

Sem. I will be short, as true.
When you were gone to Wars, the King relaps'd;
How prompted, Heav'n best knows: And when with
Conquest

You came from Battle, he with dreadful Threats
Compell'd me to receive you in that manner.

76 *MITHRIDATES,*

Ziph. Ah, cruel Creature! what, what Menaces,
What fear of Death, cou'd so have made *Ziphares*
Receive *Semandra*?

Sem. Not Racks, nor all the Tortures
Which Hell combin'd cou'd put into the Hearts
Of bloodiest Tyrants, shou'd have forc'd me to't.
But, Oh! your Life, which he with deepest Oaths
Had sworn to take, unless I seem'd to scorn you;
That dash'd my Spirits, baffled all the daring
Of my defenceless Heart: There, I confess,
The Woman work'd; I trembled and agreed
To see you so, rather than lose you ever.

Arch. Now, by my Arms, she has come off with
wonder!

Sem. And think, my Lord, reflect upon yourself;
I dare believe so dearly once you lov'd me,
That were you certain I shou'd lose my Life,
Unless you us'd me in that very manner,
I know you wou'd constrain your Flame a while,
And seem as cold, and as reserv'd as I.

Ziph. Oh Heart! Oh bleeding Love! but speak, *Se-*
For there is wondrous Reason, mighty Sense (*mandra*,
In what you say: And I cou'd hear you ever.

Sem. When you were gone, the cruel King came in,
And without stop propos'd the fatal Marriage,
Which being deny'd, he forc'd me to the Temple.
Yet, at the Altar, I deny'd my Hand,
Invok'd the Gods with the most violent Sorrow,
Tears, Sighs, and Swoonings; curs'd the frighted Priests,
Struck down the Censors, and like one distracted
I mangled my own Flesh: but all in vain,
I was suppos'd his Queen, and so enjoy'd.

Ziph. Then still thy Heart, thy Heart was mine, *Se-*

Sem. It was, it is, for ever shall be yours. (*mandra*?)

Ziph. Oh, at thy Feet let me for ever lie,
Thus hang upon thy Knees with dying Grasps,
Thou most wrong'd Innocence, abus'd *Semandra*.

Sem. Oh, my dear Lord, you shall not kneel without

Ziph. Thou art not false then! (me.

Sem.

Sem. Cou'd you think me so?

False to my Life, my Soul, my All I have!

Ziph. I did; I thought thee false, and I deserve
To die for wronging thy most matchless Faith:
For thou art true; constant, as pining Turtles;
Constant, as Courage to the Brave in Battle;
Constant, as Martyrs burning for the Gods.

Arch. What Changes drive the Business of the World!
Come, no more weeping: Rise,
Think on the King, if he shou'd take you thus.

Ziph. Oh rise *Semandra*; what, what are we doing!
Why, *Archilaus*, why didst thou cut me off
The Moment's Pleasure which my Thoughts were for-
Thy cruel Breath quite broke the brittle Glass (ming?
Of my short Life, and stopt the running Sand.
What shall we do, *Semandra*?

Sem. Part and die.

Ziph. Die, 'tis resolv'd; but how? That, that must be
My future Care: And with that Thought I leave thee.
Go then, thou setting Star; take from these Eyes,
(These Eyes, that if they see thee, will be wishing)
O take those languishing pale Fires away,
And leave me to the wide, dark Den of Death.

Sem. Something within sobs to my boding Heart;
Semandra ne'er shall see *Ziph*ares more.


Ziph. Away then; part, for ever part, *Semandra*:
Let me alone sustain those rav'nous Fates,
Which like to famish'd Tygers are gone out,
And have us in the Wind. Death come upon me;
Night, and the bloodiest Deed of Darkneſs end me.
But Oh, for thee, for thee, if thou must die,
I beg of Heav'n this last, this only Favour,
To give thy Life a painless Dissolution:
Oh! may those ravish'd Beauties fall to Earth
Gently, as wither'd Roses leave their Stalks:
May Death be mild to thee, as Love was cruel;
Calm, as the Spirits in a Trance decay;
And soft, as those who sleep their Souls away.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Pelopidas, Andravar, Priests encompass'd with
Romans.*

Pelop.  *Romans*, who send your Laws far as the
Sun
His Beams, and whom the Universe
beholds
With Joy, yet dreads your Anger as the
Why move you to the Ruin of this Tyrant, (Gods,
To the sure Death of bloody *Mithridates*;
As if you fear'd, or car'd not he shou'd die?
Can you suspect an Ambush? Or that we
Shou'd dare betray you, yielding thus our Persons,
Our Lives, our Prince himself into your hands?

Andr. This Man, to whom the servile Priests bow
Who wears a Crown in honour of his Place, (down,
And sacred Worth, abandons all his Glories
T'attest the Truth of what we have declar'd.

Enter Pharnaces.

But see, the fierce, the great *Pharnaces*
Comes on to meet you; wave his Royalties:
Therefore, O mighty *Romans*, give him Audience.

Phar. That I am rough, and of an untaught Spirit,
All the East knows; I ever scorn'd those Slaves
With whom I have been bred; and when my Father
Order'd Barbarian Princes for my Masters
In Arts and Arms, I spurn'd 'em from my Presence;
And rather chose, since *Rome* might not instruct me,
Nature in all my Actions for my Guide.
Hence cou'd I brook more hardly the fierce Mind
Of our inhuman Parent *Mithridates*.

My

My eldest Brother's Fate did kindle first
 My fiery Soul to a most swift Revenge ;
 For when the State of *Bosphorus* demanded
 That Prince for King, he bound the gallant Youth
 In golden Chains, and doom'd him to be slain ;
 Two more were by his boundless Fury strangled :
 And even the last but me, the brave *Ziphares*,
 Last Night was murder'd in the Tyrant's Palace :
 In whose sad Cause, the Squadrons which he led
 Of late so valiantly against you *Romans*,
 Attend some Furlongs hence to join your Banners.
 If this be true, not to recount the Slaughters
 Of all his Queens and poison'd Concubines,
 I think the World (*Rome*, I shou'd first have nam'd)
 Will little censure this so just Revolt.
 If you suspect me false, behold *Pharnaces*,
 Ne'er yet detain'd, but free as roving Lions
 That swept at will like Winds in Desarts wild,
 Behold him, with these noble Hostages,
 Your Pris'ner to be bound the Slave of *Rome*.

Rom. Capt. Lead us on to Victory.

Omnies. To Victory.

Phar. On then, you Race of Heav'n, you Seed of Gods ;
 And to immortalize *Pharnaces'* Name,
 Plant me, like Thunder breaking from this Cloud,
 Foremost ; while all the rattling Engines follow.
Monima, whom this Tyrant ravish'd from me,
 I hear is fled to *Pompey* : Her I ask
 For my Reward, with half his spreading Empire.
 But I hate Words ; let's act, and then make claim.
 And, O remember, when we storm the Town,
 Remember that most horrid Massacre
 Of *Asia* : Whet on your blunted Spirits,
 Till with the Motion Lightning edge your Souls
 To mow off hoary Heads, hurl Infants puling
 From the lugg'd Breast, kill in the very Womb :
 To Beauty's Cries be deaf, make all *Synope*
 But one vast Grave, to hold the infinite Bodies
 Which we must shovel in ; and when you see
 The Head of *Mithridates* in this hand,

80 *MITHRIDATES,*

Then think who ever dar'd for *Rome* like me,
 Or bought an Empire at a Price so dreadful:
 Then yield the Beauty I so much desire,
 And all those Crowns to which my Thoughts aspire.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Ziphares, Archilaus.

Ziph. 'Tis late; the gath'ring Clouds, like meeting
 Come on apace, and Mortals now must die, (Armies,
 'Till the bright Ruler of the rising Day
 Creates 'em new. The wakeful Bird of Night
 Claps her dark Wings to th' Windows of the dying.
 General, good Night.

Arch. Sir, I'll not leave you yet;
 I do not like the dusky boding Eve.
 Well I remember, Sir, how you and I
 Have often on the Watch in Winter walk'd,
 Clad in cold Armour, round the sleeping Camp,
 'Till cover'd o'er from Head to Foot with Snow,
 The Centinels have started at our March,
 And thought us Ghosts stalking in Winding-sheets:
 And do you think I cannot watch you now,
 Thus cover'd, and beneath this bounteous Roof?
 Sleep, Sir; I'll guard you from suspected Danger.

Ziph. Danger! there's none; no Shadow of a Harm:
 Dear General, you'll oblige me to retire:
 We'll meet to-morrow with the earliest Dawn;
 I'm troubled now, and heavy; in the Morning,
 Soon as you please, you shall have Entrance here;
 And then I trust the bounteous Gods, you'll find
 A wondrous Alteration. Sleep may charm
 My talking Grievs, and hush 'em fast for ever.

Arch. 'Tis that I fear—I tell you there are Deaths
 Brooding this Night abroad. A recluse Priest,
 Surpriz'd with mortal Sicknes, was this Evening,
 As he himself desir'd, ta'en from his Bed,
 And carry'd to the Closet of the King;

Where,

Where, after some close Conference, he expir'd.
Immediately your Father Orders gave
For doubling all his Guards, and went in fury
To *Monima's* Apartment, where, 'twas said,
Pharnaces had been gone a while before.

Ziph. I ever thought that Brother most ambitious ;
But what is this to me ?

Arch. What follow'd does
Concern both you and me, and all the East ;
For strait, when the sick Priest had breath'd his last,
The sacred Oil, which for a hundred Years
Supply'd the Sun behind the golden Veil,
Went out, and all the mystick Lights were quench'd ;
Strange doleful Voices shrilly echo'd thro'
The darken'd Fane ; the Monuments did open,
And all the Marble-Tombs, like Sponges squeez'd,
Spouted big Sweat ; the Curtain was consum'd
With wondrous Flame ; and every shining Altar
Dissolv'd to yellow Puddle, which anon
A Flash of thirty Lightning quite lick'd up :
While thro' the Streets your murder'd Brothers rode,
Arcathias, Mithridates, and Machares,
And madd'd all the screaming Multitude.
Is not this strange ?

Ziph. The Gods reproach my Slackness. [*Aside.*
'Tis strange ! most wondrous strange ! once more I pray
By all our Friendship, leave me to my self. (thee,

Arch. Ah, Prince, you cannot hide
Your Purpose from your narrow-searching Friend :
I find it, by the sinking of your Spirits,
Your hollow Speech, deep Musings, eager Looks,
Whose fatal Longings quite devour their Objects ;
You have decreed, by all the Gods you have,
This Night to end your Life.

Ziph. Away,
I never thought thee troublesome till now.

Arch. I care not ; spite of all that you can do,
I'll stay, and weep you into Gentleness :
Your faithful Soldier, this old dotting Fool,
Shall be more troublesome than one that's wiser.

By Heav'n, you shall not hurt your precious Life.
I'll stay, and wait you, wake here till I die;
Follow you as a fond and fearful Father
Wou'd watch a desperate Child.

Zipb. I'll tell thee then,
Since thou wilt tear the Secret from my Breast,
And dive into the Bottom of my Soul,
This Night must end me: Make not a Reply;
'Tis fix'd as fast and sure as are my Woes.
Didst thou but know what 'tis to love like me,
And to be so belov'd; O *Archilaus!*
Yet to be past all Hope of Happiness,
Of ever tasting those desired Beauties,
Of any Dawn, least Glimpse, or Spark of Comfort,
Didst thou not hate me much, even thou wou'dst kill me.

Arch. If that my Death (for that indeed's but little)
Cannot once move you from this dreadful Deed,
Yet Prince, your Country, which must fall without you,
Your bleeding Country must obtain at least,
That you wou'd live to free her from her Foes:
Your Glory calls, your sinking Father begs,
That you wou'd save your Country from the *Romans*.

Zipb. Much I indeed have got by conquering *Rome*,
And to much purpose lost my dearest Blood!
Much have my Wounds deserv'd; and Heav'n can tell
How nobly I have been rewarded for 'em!
Tell thee, *Archilaus*, I have sworn,
Were I to live, I wou'd not fight again:
The World shou'd neither better be nor worse
For me. But I waste time; and to convince thee,
Since thou wilt have the trouble to behold
My Death, I bid thee now farewell for ever.

Arch. Hold, Sir.

Zipb. I will, and talk as calm to thee
As any dying *Roman* of 'em all:
I have consider'd well of what I do,
And I will perish with as little Noise
As Fate cou'd wish, that wou'd not be accus'd.

Arch. I'll follow you.

Zipb.

Ziph. I wou'd intreat thee not ;
Thou hast no Sorrows that are past the Sufferance :
And sure my flying Soul will hang her Wing,
When she shall feel thy weighty Death upon her.
O, *Archilaus*, leave me to my Fate ;
If thou must see me fall, I charge thee live,
At least so long to tell *Semandra* of me :
Bear her some Token of my ill-starr'd Love,
Which Empire cou'd not win to live without her.
Dip in the Blood which trickles from my Heart
Thy Handkerchief; and bid her keep it for me,
As a Remembrance now and then to mourn me :
Swear to do this.

Arch. This I will do ; and, mark me, cruel Prince,
If thus thou violate that Royal Frame,
Tearing the gallant Spirit from this Mansion,
I swear, by what I tremble at, thy Death,
I'll double all thy Wound upon *Semandra*.

Ziph. Ha !

Arch. I'll tear her piece-meal, and so hack her Limbs,
Thou shalt not know her in the other World.

Ziph. Oh Torture ! dear, good *Archilaus*, hold :
I know thou canst not mean such Cruelty.
Why dost thou rack me thus with Thoughts in Death,
That are much heavier even than Death itself ?
Why dost thou make my Eyes thus swim in Tears ?
I charge thee do not hurt her ; for the sake
Of all the Gods, be gentle to my Love ;
I beg for Mercy to the soft *Semandra*.
Alas, if she deserv'd, as she is faultless,
She cou'd not bear the Wounds which we can bear.

Arch. Give me your promise then that you will live ;
Live but this Night, or I have sworn her Death.

Ziph. Thou hast found the Means to charm me into
And keep me on the Rack, but no more Threats (Life,
Against *Semandra* : 'Twas unkindly done,
And I grow angry at my Fate's delay.

Arch. Why will you be thus forward ? Live to-night,
Be careful of yourself but till the Morn :

84 *MITHRIDATES,*

Methinks there may be Wonders wrought e'er then.

Ziph. O *Archilaus!* 'Tis impossible:
Had she been ravish'd by another Man,
I cou'd have clear'd her with the Villain's Blood;
But by my Father touch'd, what Miracle
Can work me into Hope? Heav'n here is Bankrupt;
The wondring Gods blush at the want of Pow'r,
And quite abash'd, confess they cannot help me.

Arch. Sure, by yon lighted Torches, I discern
Your Father moving this way.

Ziph. Ha; my Father!
How my Flesh trembles! I cou'd do a Deed
Wou'd make us both run mad. Draw, *Archilaus!*
Yet stay; What Devil starts thus in my Blood,
And turns my Reason to the Maze of Folly?
No; let us suffer more, if possible:
Yet I will shun his Prefence. Oh, ye Pow'rs,
Is that a Crime? Answer me, if it be;
And I will meet him, tho' his Sight should blast me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mithridates, Captain of the Guards, and Attendants.

Mith. Betray'd! and by my Son! given up a Prey
For the insulting *Romans* to devour!
Pharnaces is the Traitor, that *Pharnaces*
Who was t'inherit all that Space of Empire,
Which Fortune gave to this unhappy King!
O Friends, when from the Palace-Gate we fall'd,
And drove the bold Assailants thro' the City,
The impious Boy charg'd, as I foremost rode,
And brav'd my Fury with his Bever up.
But, Oh the Gods! I who before had crimson'd
My Arms with Blood of Rebels; I who mov'd
With Whirlwinds swiftness still on every side,
And tost like Leaves the weightiest Foes about me,
Now stood, as if *Gorgonian* Charms had fixt me:
Nor know I more

Capè.

Capt. Your Sword, great Sir, when you
A while had gaz'd on that audacious Prince,
Fell from your Hand, your mighty Spirit left you :
And as some famous Piece of antique Work,
When the sunk Props and wasted Beams decay,
Staggers and nods before the Ruin comes ;
So wav'd your Royal Fabrick e'er it fell :
And as our Arms receiv'd you, curs'd *Pharnaces*,
Bora by Ambition to a Murder new,
Offer'd a Wound, and 'twas with great Expence
Of Lives, we bore your Body to the Palace.

Mith. My Senses blaze ; my last I know is come ;
My last of Hours : 'Tis wondrous horrid ! Now
My lawless Love, and boundless Pow'r reproach me.
But I will think no more on't. Come, my Friends,
Let's meet these *Romans*, and my Rebel Son ;
Let's kill till we are weary, then lie down
And rest for ever : O 'tis noble Ruin !
Creatures of vilest Make, upon disgust,
With Knives or Cords set loose their Coward Souls ;
But we will live in spite to grieve the World,
While Life will last, or any Spirits hold.
O that like Serpents hewn, we still might move,
Our Limbs lopt off, and kill with every Parcel !

Enter Semandra.

Sem. 'Tis done ; my Ruin is at last reveng'd,
And cruel *Mithridates* is no more :
That famous wicked Man shall kill no more ;
Fal'n is the Murderer, he shall love no more
Another's Right ; shall ravish now no more.

Mith. O Horror ! snatch me, Furies, from her Pre-
Gape wide, O Earth, and swallow me alive. (fence ;

Sem. I go before, but never shall we meet
On Earth again, inhuman *Mithridates* :
Yet I rejoice not, be my Witness, Heav'n,
At those Calamities that come upon thee ;
But think 'em just, and with a dread Reflection

Behold

86 *MITHRIDATES,*

Behold thy Fate, and wonder at the Gods:
 Not but thy Son, my Love, my lost *Ziphares*,
 And I, in lamentable Shapes, made up
 By Death's own Hand, will tell 'em all thy Story.
 For ever thus, thou Ravisher of Honour,
 I leave thee to the Vultures of thy Conscience,
 To all the Stings Ambition feels in Death,
 Or Lust, the Rape committed. O, you Pow'rs
 Make firm my Hand, for an Exploit to crown
 My Life, whose Business shall be quickly done. [*Exit.*
Mith. Away, to Arms, to Arms; plunge deep in
 Blood;

Be quick to die. Were all the *Roman* Piles,
 And *Scythian* Darts, and *Parthia's* poison'd Arrows,
 Shot thro' this Body, her Words wound me more.
 I'll not endure't; rush to the fatal War:
 I wou'd be drunk with Death, and steaming Slaughter,
 To stupify the Sense of inward Torment.
 Haste then, and wallow in the murd'ring Field,
 Thro' all the Avenues to Battel fly;
 They who have liv'd in Blood, in Blood must die.
 [*Exeunt.*

Trumpets. Enter *Pelopidas*, *Andravar*, their Swords
 drawn, with a Lamp.

Pelop. Yonder he fallies, furious for Destruction,
 And now full Scope is giv'n to act our Business,
 And end the sad *Ziphares*.

Andr. I am glad
 The Chance is fallen to us: To Death, nay more,
 To Hell, I hate him, and to have him slain
 By any Hand but mine wou'd pall the Murder.

Pelop. The Palace now is drain'd
 Of all the glittering Host that twinkled here,
 Following their King, to shoot the Gulph of Ruin;
 And it was order'd well by Prince *Pharnaces*,
 While with the *Romans* he dispatch'd his Father,
 That we shou'd kill his drooping Brother. Ha!

I hear some Tread! your Lamp must wink a while.

Enter Ziphares.

Zipb. Oh, 'tis too much; I never shall sleep more.
How loud the Voice of Fate sounds every where!
Trumpets and Drums! yet old *Archilaus*,
With Grief and Watching spent, in spite of all
Those Tides of Care that swell'd e'er while so high,
Lies like a Child that bawl'd-himself to sleep.

Ismenes too, that wept to see me mourn,
Falls on his Breast, and nods his Tears away;
So sleeps the Sea-Boy on the cloudy Mast,
Safe as a droufy *Tryton*, rack'd with Storms,
While toffing Princes wake on Beds of Down.

Pelop. 'Tis he; prepare.

Andr. Both perish if he escape.

Zipb. This Darkness fills my Breast with Horror:
Now I may do the Deed; which done, all's sure:
It shall be so, and thus I will deceive him:
But then he kills *Semandra*. Whence this Light?
Swords! Vizors! What Assassins are these?
Wou'd they were more, for Ruin is my Wish;
Yet I disdain to fall by Villains Hands. [*Beats 'em off.*]

Enter Semandra, with a Dagger in her Hand.

Sem. Where do I wander in the dismal Shades
Of this black Night? There's not a Soul beneath,
Who dy'd, as I must do, for fatal Love,
Knows better all the gloomy Arbours there,
Than I each Chamber in this House of Death.
'Twas here the godlike Prince did woo me first,
Sigh'd his first Vows, and wept me into Passion;
Where shall I find him, that most perfect Soul?
Whose Witness will to After-Ages answer
For all the sported Loves of perjur'd Men.
Meet him I must, and run into his Arms;
But with a *Roman* Blow, which first shall drive

88 *MITHRIDATES,*

This Ponyard to my Heart; then rush upon him,
Then clasp him close, then he'll believe me true.

Enter Ziphares.

Zipb. This Way the Cowards fly; this Way the Noise ^{(goes;}
I think thou hast it there, and canst not 'scape me.

Sem. I thank the Gods, I shall not. Let me kiss
The Hand that kills me. Oh too gracious Heav'n!
Semandra now is happy.

Zipb. *Semandra!* what;
What say'st thou? speak again, thou dismal Voice.

Sem. O that I cou'd see your Face before I die:
Those Eyes, where I wou'd look my Soul away.

Zipb. Awake; what oh, *Ismenes!* haste, a Light;
Haste hither, Father *Archilaus*, haste!
My Heart bodes Ruin, we are all undone.

Enter Archilaus, and Ismenes, with a Light.

Oh, Father, either I am charm'd, or here
Semandra lies, slain by this dreadful Hand.

Arch. Our Guardian Spirits shield us, 'tis my Daughter.

Zipb. Curs'd Fate! malicious Stars! you now have
Your selves of all your pois'nous Influence; (drain'd
Ev'n the last baleful Drop is shed upon me.

Sem. Give me thy Hand, most matchless of thy
O join us, Father, join us thus in Death: (Kind;
Now thou art mine; and we'll be wedded too
In th'other World; our Souls shall there be mixt:
Who knows but there our Joys may be compleat?
A happy Father thou; and I, perhaps,
The smiling Mother of some little Gods.

Zipb. Oh, *Archilaus*, if thou lov'st her Memory,
Fly to the King, and let him understand
The Truth of all: if he be pleas'd to hear her,
Intreat him haste, the Pangs of Death are on her.

Arch.

King of Pontus.

39

Arch. I will, if Tears will let me find the way :
And, by your leave, these Weapons shall be mine. [*Exit.*

Zipb. That I expected. Ha ; she faints, *Ismenes*,
Run to my Clofet, haste, where thou wilt find
A golden Vial of rich Juice, to bring the Spirits
Back to their Seat : go, pour it in a Bowl
With speed to save her. [*Exit Ismenes.*

Hast thou not a Word,
A Syllable, fair Soul ! Speak, speak, *Semandra* !
I feel a trembling Warmth about thy Heart :
It pants.

Sem. As Cowards do before a Battel.
Oh, the great March is sounded !

Zipb. Stay thee one moment,

Ismenes re-enters with a Bowl.

And I will lead thee on. Away, *Ismenes* ;
Watch thou the King's Approach, and bring me word.
[*Ex. Ismenes.*

Here, see'st thou this, my Love, look up, *Semandra*,
Thou dying Spark, glimmer a little while ;
Behold this Cordial, this sure warmth at Heart,
This faithful Off'ring of eternal Love.

Sem. Whither, oh where ? Death's Mist comes fast
What is't you drink ? (upon me.

Zipb. A Draught which makes me thine ;
The Pow'ful Cordial which my Father gave me,
A noble Compound of his fatal Skill.
He charg'd me, when I cou'd not live with Honour,
To taste it, and be free.

Sem. Methinks your Voice is faint
As distant Echoes ; and I'm now far off :
Alas, I know not where.

[*Dies.*

Zipb. I'll fold thee thus,
And *Mithridates* shall not part us now :
Fan thus the dying Flames with my last Breath.

She's

She's out: the damp of Death has quench'd her quite:
The spicy Doors, her Lips, are shut, close lock'd,
Which never Gale of Life shall open more.

I come. Oh Father! Oh thou true Physician!
Thou work'st me nobly now; and 'tis welcome!
Thy Drugs are quick; once more, O Love! I come,
Thou most of Life in Death. Ambition, Fame,
'Tis empty all, and nothing but a Name. [Dies.

Enter Archilaus, Mithridates, supported bleeding; Pharnaces, Pelopidas, Andravar, bound.

Arch. Behold, behold, my Lord, how I'm rewarded
For faithful Service, for the numerous Scars
Which in your Cause have mark'd my aged Body:
My Daughter's slain. Ha! let me never rise,
If that the brave *Ziphares* be not kill'd!
Was this the Cordial, wicked Boy, thou brought'st him?

Mith. Blame not the guiltless, for by me he's poison'd:
By this inhuman Tyrant, Monster, Parricide;
By me the Drugs were mix'd, and dol'd about
To my unhappy Children, lest surpriz'd
They shou'd be borne to *Rome* for Royal Slaves.

Arch. Dead! art thou dead, O lovely, Royal Plant,
Blown down by gusty Heav'n, in all thy Bloom!
My Hour is come; and thus I follow thee.

Mith. Hold him. What means the frantick General?
Disarm, and bring him hither. Kneel, O kneel,
Before these Bodies.

Arch. What wou'd you, Sacred Sir?

Mith. Swear, swear to live.

I have a Royal Race of Little-ones:
Live, I conjure thee, to defend those Infants
From *Roman* Rage; intreat Victorious *Pompey*,
And he'll be gentle to'em: Swear to live.

Arch. I swear; but after that——

Mith. Rise, and no more.

My Blood leaks fast; and the great heavy Lading,

My

My Soul, will quickly sink; therefore revenge:
 Yes, you pale Figures, you most precious Forms,
 Who, where you walk, for sure you tread the Stars,
 Shame brightest Gods, and add new Light to Heav'n.
 First, in most dreadful manner, will I give
 Those Traitors Lives, who drew me to your Ruin.
 Hence burn the Slaves; the curs'd *Pelopidas*,
 And Villain *Andravar*: Away with 'em.
 For thee—— (but sure I shall disdain to name thee)
 The Palace yet is ours.

Arch. But cannot long
 Be so: *Pompey* the Great is enter'd;
 And those who took your Part are all revolted.

Mith. Away then; bear him to the middle Turret,
 Whose brazen Head rises above the rest;
 In sight of *Pompey*, throw him from the top,
 And give his most aspiring Life an End.

Phar. I know thou canst not long out-live me, Tyrant.
 Accurs'd be Fortune, which too forward bore me
 To be thy Prey; and rot the Hand that seiz'd me:
 Yet, when my Ghost is from this Body dash'd,
 If such a Goblin as a Ghost there be,
 I'll rise, and wing the mid-way Air to wait thee;
 Hurl'd shalt thou be, as *Saturn* was by *Jove*,
 And flag beneath me, while I reign above.

Mith. O General, behold, and wonder with me,
 How swiftly Fate can make, or unmake Kings!
 How empty is Death's Pomp, compar'd with Life!
 Where now are all the busy Officers,
 The supple Courtiers, and big Men of War,
 That builit here, and made a little World?
 Revolted all? Support me, for I go.
 My Soul is on the Beach, and streight must launch
 Into th' Abyss of the black Sea of Death,
 Where Furies stand upon the smoaky Rocks,
 Prepar'd to meet one greater than themselves.
 Here, lay me bleeding by these murder'd Lovers;
 And, Oh, when I am dead, let Sorrow stalk
 In sacred Silence to my gaping Tomb.

92 *MITHRIDATES.*

Forget that ever *Mithridates* was ;
No Tongue relate the Deeds this Hand has done ;
Let Thought be still, or work beneath the Ground !
But Oh, he's come: cold Tyrant, I obey,
And hug thy Dart, that bears my Life away. [*Dies*]

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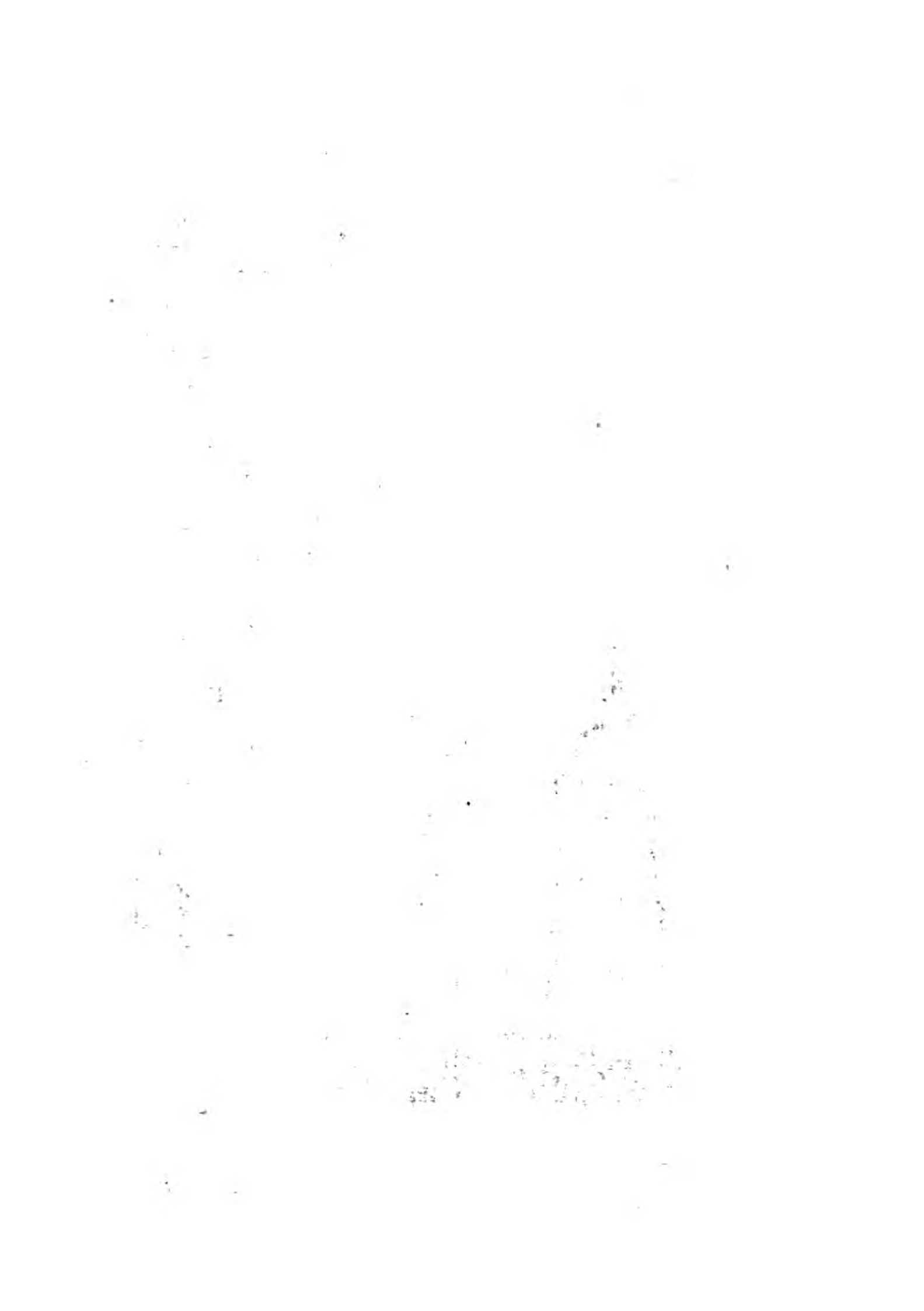
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<i>Marius</i> .	Rival Queens, or <i>Alexander</i>
The Island Princess.	the Great.
<i>Julius Cæsar</i> .	The Rover, or Banish'd Ca-
King <i>Lear</i> .	valiers.
Love for Money, or the	Sir <i>Courtly Nice</i> .
Boarding-School.	<i>Theodosius</i> .
<i>Mithridates</i> King of <i>Pontus</i> .	Virtue Betray'd, or <i>Anna</i>
<i>Macbeth</i> .	<i>Bullen</i> .
<i>Orbello</i> , Moor of <i>Venice</i> .	<i>Tate's</i> King <i>Lear</i> .





G. Vander Gucht inv. & Sculp.

CÆSAR BORGIA,

SON OF

Pope *Alexander VI.*

A

TRAGEDY,

Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

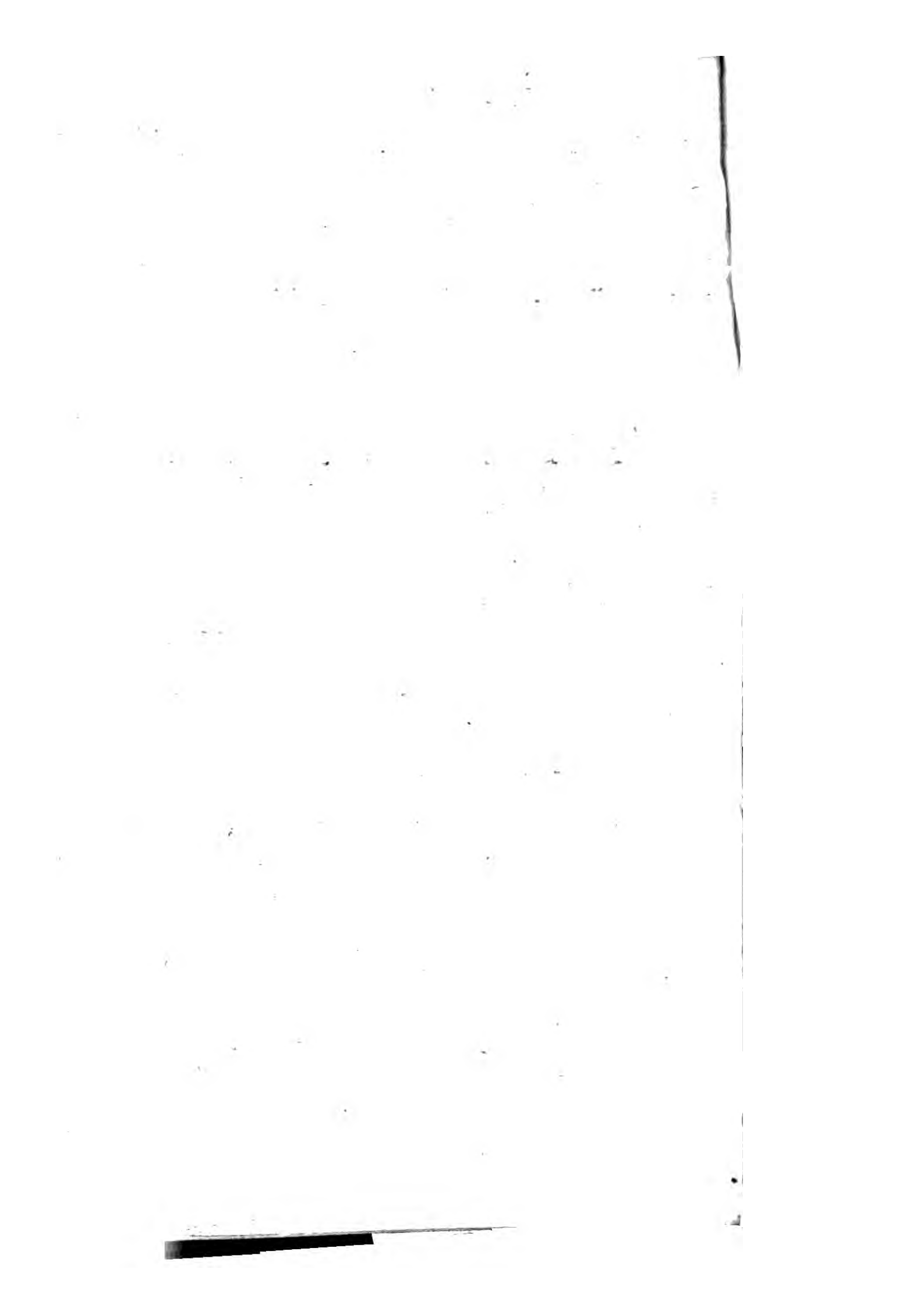
By Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by Mr. *NAT. LEE.*

L O N D O N;

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, the corner of *Essex-Street* in the *Strand*; R. WELLINGTON, at the *Dolphin and Crown*, without *Temple-Bar*; J. WELLINGTON; and for A. BETTESWORTH and F. CLAY, in Trust for B. WELLINGTON.

MDCCLXXXIV.



(5)



To the Right Honourable

P H I L I P,

*Earl of Pembroke and
Montgomery, &c.*

MY LORD,

WHEN an universal Conster-
nation spreads thro' the King-
dom, and the Peace which
every Man enjoys, becomes
dreadful to him; when Mens Minds in
this dead Calm of State, are as busy, as,
'tis fear'd, the Hands of some wou'd be
in the Tempest of a Battel, to see a Poet
plotting in his Chamber quite another
way, painting fast as vigorous Fancy
can inspire him, drawing the past World,
the present, and to come, in a narrow
space; is an Image not unworthy a grave

6 *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Man's Contemplation. It is the Business of poor Poets to be the Diversion of Mankind; Pleasure is their Being. I think I may call 'em Mistresses of the World; which, if granted, I am sure 'tis easy to prove their Gallants very brutish, for they generally loath them as soon as they are enjoy'd: the best of 'em come under the severest lash of the greatest Men; nay, the least will be shooting their Bolts, and when the Mastiffs worry 'em, the little Curs will be barking; the whole World censures, and ev'ry daring Poet that comes forth, must expect to be like the Almanack Hero, all over Wounds. For my own part, I have been so harshly handled by some of them, that my Courage quite fail'd me; nor wou'd I now appear in Print, but under the Protection and Patronage of your Lordship. Your illustrious Forefathers, and indeed all your eminent Relations, have always been of the first-rate Nobility, Patrons of Wit and Arms, magnificently brave, true old-stamp *Britons*, and ever foremost in the Race of Glory. Not to unravel half your Honourable Records, I challenge all the Men of
Fame,

The Epistle Dedicatory. 7

Fame to show an Equal to the immortal *Sidney*, ev'n when so many contemporary Worthies flourish'd; I mean Sir *Philip*, the Name still of your Lordship, true Rival of your Honour, one that cou'd match your Spirit, so most extravagantly great, that he refus'd to be a King. He was at once a *Cæsar* and a *Virgil*, the leading Soldier, and the foremost Poet; all after this must fail; I have paid just Veneration to his Name, and methinks the Spirit of *Shakespear* push'd the Commendation.

That there are in your Lordship all these excellent Grains which made this perfect Man, I think my self bound by Reason to tell the World, which to my particular Observation and certain Knowledge, has done you wrong. I must acknowledge, that your boiling Youth has made great Sallies; and so did *Alexander*, and our great Fifth *Henry*: Your Spirit complains as *Alexander's* did for Action, who grudg'd his Father's Conquests, as if his Soul was spent, and wanted Elbow-room, resolv'd to go a-broad o'er Walls, if not thro' Doors: And Men of Sense laugh at your precise

8 *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Fellow, your *Cynick* in a Tub, who thwarts the Course of Nature, and is never pleas'd but when he sees grey Hairs upon a young Head. If to be truly Valiant, ev'n in cold Blood; Magnificent as the old Nobility, infinitely Charitable, Modest as Humility it self, the fastest Friend upon Earth, where your Lordship is pleas'd to fix the Honour; if these Ingredients can compound one admirable Man, then may your Lordship stand forth a Monument of lasting Honour. Perhaps for this I shall incur the Notion of a Flatterer: Flattery indeed is a Catholick Ill, it passes through the World and suits with all Complexions: 'Tis an insinuating Poison, a Jesuit's Powder, which seems to intend the Cure of the Disease it promotes. I am confident, all those who have the Honour of your Lordship's Acquaintance, will tell me I have said too little. Let it suffice, that I imitate the best of Poets in a short but hearty Acknowledgment of my Obligations to your Lordship.

Therefore I hope, as your Lordship's Great Uncle shone upon the mighty *Ben* with a full Favour, (tho' my best
Merits

The Epistle Dedicatory. 9

Merits are not the ten thousandth part of his smallest Labours) your Lordship's infinite Goodness will accept of my honest Intentions, which to your Lordship's Service shall be ever humbly offer'd by,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most Humble

and Obedient Servant,

Nat. Lee.



E 5

PRO.



PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

TH' unhappy Man, who once has trail'd a Pen,
 Lives not to please himself, but other Men;
 Is always drudging, wastes his Life and Blood,
 Yet only eats and drinks what you think good:
 What Praise so'er the Poetry deserve,
 Yet every Fool can bid the Poet starve:
 That fumbling Letcher to Revenge is bent,
 Because he thinks Himself or Whore is meant:
 Name but a Cuckold, all the City swarms,
 From Leaden-Hall to Ludgate is in Arms;
 Were there no fear of Antichrist or France,
 In the blest Time poor Poets live by chance.
 Either you come not here, or as you grace
 Some old Acquaintance, drop into the Place,
 Careless and qualmish with a yawning Face:
 You sleep o'er Wit, and by my Troth you may,
 Most of your Talents lie another way.
 You love to hear of some Prodigious Tale,
 The Bell that toll'd alone, or Irish Whale.
 News is your Food, and you enough provide,
 Both for your selves and all the World beside.

PROLOGUE.

11

*One Theatre there is of vast resort,
 Which whileome of Requests was call'd the Court;
 But now the great Exchange of News 'tis hight,
 And full of hum and buzz from Noon till Night:
 Up Stairs and down you run as for a Race,
 And each Man wears three Nations in his Face;
 So big you look, tho' Claret you retrench,
 That arm'd with bottled Ale, you buff the French:
 But all your Entertainment still is fed
 By Villains, in your own dull Island bred:
 Would you return to us, we dare engage
 To shew you better Rogues upon the Stage:
 You know no Poison but plain Rats-bane here,
 Death's more refin'd, and better bred elsewhere.
 They have a civil way in Italy,
 By smelling a Perfume to make you die,
 A Trick wou'd make you lay your Snuff-box by.
 Murder's a Trade——so known and practis'd there,
 That 'tis infallible as is the Chair——
 But mark their Feast, you shall behold such Pranks,
 The Pope says Grace, but 'tis the Devil gives Thanks.*



E P I-



EPILOGUE.

*W*ELL, then be You his Judges; what Pretence
 Made them roar out, this Play would give Offence?
 Had he the Pope's Effigies meant to burn,
 And kept for sport his Ashes in an Urn;
 To try if Reliques would perform, at home,
 But half those Miracles they do at Rome;
 More could not have been said, nor more been done,
 To damn this Play about the Court and Town:
 Not if he 'ad shewn their Philters, Charms and Rage,
 Nay, conjur'd up Pope Joan to please the Age,
 And had her Breeches search'd upon the Stage.
 First then, he brings a Scandal on the Gown,
 And makes a Priest both Letcher and Buffoon?
 Why, was no Fool yet ever made a Flamen,
 But Dulness quite entail'd upon the Lay-men?
 Or was it ever heard in Rome before,
 That any Priest was question'd for his Whore?
 Yet more, the horrid Chair, the Midnight Show—
 He says 'twas done two hundred Years ago:
 He only points their ways of murdering then;
 If you must damn, spare the Historian's Pen,
 And damn those Rogues that act 'em o'er agen.
 But Dominicks, Franciscans, Hermits, Fryars,
 Shall breed no more a Race of zealous Lyars;

Villains,

EPILOGUE.

13

*Villains, who for Religion's Propagation,
 Come here disguis'd in ev'ry mean Vocation,
 And sit in Stalls to spy upon the Nation.*

*Old Emissaries shall their Trade forbear,
 Spread no more Savoy Reliques, Bones and Hair,
 Shall sell no more like Baubles in a Fair:*

*Monks under ground shall cease to earth like Moles,
 And Father Lewis leave his lurking Holes;
 Get no more thirty Pounds for a blind Story,
 Of freeing a Welch Soul from Purgatory.*

*Jesuits in Rome shall quite forswear their Function,
 And not for Gold give Whores the Extreme Unction:*

*High English Whores, that have all Vices past,
 Shall cease to turn true Catholicks at last,
 When Poets write, tho' by exactest Rules,
 And are not judg'd by Knaves, and damn'd by Fools.*

}
 }
 }



Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

Cæsar Borgia,
Palante Duke } Sons of *Alexander*
of Gandia. } the Sixth. } *Mr. Betterton.*
 } *Mr. Williams.*

Machiavel, Secretary of *Florence.* *Mr. Smith.*

Paul Orfino, Head of the Factions a- } *Mr. Gillow.*
gainst *Borgia.* }

Afcanio Sforza, A Buffoon Cardinal. *M. Lee.*

Vitellizzo, Chief of the *Vitelli.* *Mr. Percival.*

Enna,

Ange,

Alonzo,

Don Michael,

Cardinals, &c.

Bellamira, Daughter of *Orfino.* *Mrs. Lee.*

Adorna, Her Kinswoman and Confi- } *Mrs. Price.*
dante. }

Attendants, &c.

SCENE, ROME.




CÆSAR BORGIA.



ACT I.

SCENE is a Chamber of State; at distance are discovered little American Boys with Boxes of Jewels in their Hands; on each side of the Stage, from the flat Scene to the Chamber, long Indian Screens are spread at their full length.

Enter Alonzo, and Don Michael.

D. Mich.  RE these the Presents, say'st thou,
of the late
New Cardinal, *Ascanio Sforza*?

Alonz. They are; he offers thus
to *Machiavel*,

And thinks that Gold may bribe him to betray
The Duke *Valentinois*. But, *Michael*, tell me
What does the World report of this Creation?
Does it not rail, and grin, and bite the Pope?

D. Mich. Has it not Reason? For, betwixt ourselves,
Would any Man in his high Dignity
So vilely sell the Glories of the Church?

Twelve

16 CÆSAR BORGIA.

Twelve Cardinals at once created !

Ascanio first, because he bids him most ;
A fine effeminate Villain, bred in Brothels,
Senseless, illiterate, the Jeer of *Rome*,
A Blot to the whole See ! One fitter far
For Hospitals, that paints and patches up
A wretched Carcase worry'd in the Stews.
But, see ! the gaudy Pageant moves this way ;
How spruce he looks ! and with a Pocket-Glass
Surveys the gloating Image.

Alonz. All Luxury :

I heard, the Night succeeding his Creation,
That he got drunk, and kiss'd the Prelates round
For Joy——But, see he comes ; retire and leave me.

[*Exit D. Mich.*

Enter Ascanio Sforza.

Ascan. Well, *Borgia*, well ! if I am not reveng'd !
Was there none else in *Rome*, but *Bellamira* !
Ah *Bella, Bella, Bella, Bellamira* !
I saw her first at *Mafs*, as I remember ;
Cherubin and Seraphin were nothing to her :
Oh such a Skin full of alluring Flesh !
Ah, such a ruddy, moist, and pouting Lip ;
Such Dimples, and such Eyes ! such melting Eyes,
Blacker than Sloes, and yet the sparkl'd Fire ;
Then such a way she had to roll 'em round,
As thus, and thus——a thousand amorous ways ;
And wink and gloat, and turn 'em to the Corners——

Alonz. My Noble Lord !

Ascan. My dear, my dear *Alonzo* !

Nay, let me greet thee : 'twas thy Father's Custom.
But tell me, lovely, dear *Alonzo*, tell me ;
Thou hast the softest fine Complexion for
A Lover ; best take heed of walking late :
Tell me, I say, or I will pinch thy Cheek,
Moves he this way, or does he teem alone
With some State Birth ? if so, I'll wait agen.

Alonz. Whom does your Eminence intend ?

Ascan.

CÆSAR BORGIA. 17

Ascan. Thy Lord:

Whom should I mean, intend, or think of else,
Thy Lord and mine? Well, he's an Oracle! intend
Who, Man, I dream of nothing else!

Alonz. But Wenches.

Ascan. O *Machiavel!* there, there's a Word, a Sound,
An Air, a Blast, a Thunder-clap of Wit,
To rouse our foggy thickscull'd Cardinals:
I'll say no more; would he were Pope,
Head of the Christian World, and I his Engine,
His particular Member, to bring, to cast,
To throw, disperse, convey the warmest
Sprinklings of his Benediction.

Alonz. My Lord, I humbly offer'd your Address,
While with an Eye, swift as the Sun and piercing,
He ran your Letter o'er: and sure it stirr'd him,
For strait he turn'd, and darting me, he ask'd
If the great Cardinal, meaning you, my Lord,
Which shews the deep respect he bears your Person,
Knew not that *Borgia* was his best of Friends:

Borgia, he cry'd again, to whom the Lords
Of *Florence* sent me their Ambassador
With promis'd Aid against the Rebel *Orsino*.

Ascan. Has he receiv'd—stay, I say, has he? here,
Open thy Fist, now gripe me fast, and tell me.

Alonz. I durst not name your Presents;
But, bowing, soon retir'd, and place 'em here,
That as he follows, he may view at once
All your Magnificence——if aught of Earth
His Temper holds, this Lightning will dissolve it:
But see! He comes; be pleas'd, Sir, to retire,
And you shall hear the Zeal with which I serve you.

Enter Machiavel.

Mach. Thus have I drawn the Platform of their
As oft I have beheld, by Masters Hands, (Fates;
A Tale in painting admirably told;
Here a soft *Dido* itabb'd into the Breast,
A Hero there thrown headlong from a Window,

To

18 *CÆSAR BORGIA.*

To meet her Lover wrack'd upon the Shore:
 So have I form'd in more than Brass or Marble,
 The Deaths of those whom I intend to hush.
 Oh, *Cæsar Borgia!* such a Name and Nature!
 That is my second Self; a *Machiavel!*
 A Prince! who, by the Vigour of his Brain,
 Shall rise to the old height of *Roman* Tyrants.

Alonz. He deeply thinks; nor dare I interrupt him,
 Till he comes forward.

Ascan. Peace, and give him way—O such a Head-
 piece!

Mach. In all my strict Enquiries, all the Humours
 Which I have drain'd with more than Chymists Pains,
 I have not found a Temper so compleat
 To finish forth a Greatness as my *Cæsar's*.
 First; he's a Bastard, got in a Fit of Nature!
 She shook him from her Nerves in a Convulsion;
 His Father stamp'd the Bullion in a heat,
 And taking from the Mint the fiery Ore,
 His Image blest, and cry'd, it is my own.
 Yet more, a Priest begot him, and 'tis thought
 That Earth is more oblig'd to Priests for Bodies,
 Than Heav'n for Souls! nay, and a young Priest too,
 Perhaps in the Embraces of a Nun,
 Who ventur'd Life to clasp the lusty Joy.

Ascan. Oh, if a Man could but hear him now! Brain,
 Alas, *Alonzo*, we are Stuff to him— (all Brain;
 Mere Entrails, but the Guts of Government,
 Nothing to him—hark—he goes on—

Mach. Why, what a start of Nature is this Man,
 Whom by Ambition, not by Love I'll raise?
 Therefore *Ascanio's* new golden World,
 I gravely take for Ruin to the Bride,
 To tell her old doting Father, Brothers, Uncles;
 And the whole Race of *Orsin* and *Vitelli*.
 Is fix'd by Fate and me: No more! the fleeting Air
 May catch the Sounds, and Walls themselves have Ears.

Alonz. My Lord! the Cardinal *Ascanio* [Coming for-
 Es planted to your Order. (ward and bowing..

Mach..

CÆSAR BORGIA. 19

Mach. Let him hear us——

Urge me no more——for 'tis impossible.

Alonz. My Lord, he thinks not so!

He says your Voice is as the Mouth of Heav'n,
Stiles you a God, and in the extravagance
Of his unbounded Admiration, swears
Nothing to you can be impossible.

Mach. Extravagance indeed!

Yet such Extravagance expresses Love,
And merits all my Thanks: And had he mention'd
Aught but the Ruin of my best of Friends,
I would with all the Wings of Expedition
Have shot thro' a thousand Bars to do him service.

Alonz. My Lord! he does not hint at *Borgia's* Ruin.

Mach. Does he not wish that I should break the Nup-
'Tis sure the Marriage I at first dislik'd; (tials?)
I pierc'd the Charmer with a narrow Eye,
And found how Wit and Beauty threatn'd in her,
With all the subtlest Graces, that might lull
Stubborn Ambition to inglorious Rest:
But Love already had perform'd his part,
And laid the warring *Borgia* at her Feet:
How then should I oppose his first Enjoyment,
Who was his Legate, and sollicit'd
The Parents of the beauteous *Bellamira*?

Alonz. At least, Sir, for the future, lay some Block
That may disturb the Progress of their Loves:
And since you have alledg'd 'tis for his Glory
This Marriage were undone; since it is done,
Let it be hurtful in the Consequence.

Mach. Thus I should prove indeed a Friend to *Florence*,
Who hate *Orsino's* Race: Nay, I should act
The truest part of Friendship to my *Borgia*,
Snatching this Soft'ner from his warlike Bosom,
And turning him new bent for Arms and Glory——
Ha! What new Scene of Gallantry is this:
Whence, and from whom comes this Magnificence,
And wherefore kneel these Offerers at my Feet?

Alonz. They are the Children of the new-found
The Forms of *Zemes*, call'd the *Indian* Gods. (World,

Mach.

20 *CÆSAR BORGIA.*

Mach. Away with 'em, and bid 'em tell their Lord,
Machiavel's Virtue never shall be brib'd ;
 And for their Service give 'em twenty Crowns :
 But if thou dar'st to rob 'em of a Spangle,
 You know my Humour——never see me more.

Alonz. Doubt not, my Lord, but I'll observe your
 Come in, my Lord--I told you he would melt. (Humour.
 Sir, the great Cardinal. So——now they cringe ;
 What, and embrace too ! Oh thou damn'd, damn'd World.
 These will be heard, and make your Statesmen smile,
 When Orphans, Widows, and the crippled Soldiers
 Are elbow'd off, and thrust away in Frowns.

[*Exit with the Boys.*

Mach. My Lord, you make me wonder ! sure you've
 In love your self with old *Orfino's* Daughter ! (been

Afcan. Lov'd her, my Lord ! witness these falling Tears !
 Why do you thaw my Nature with your Questions ?
 Witness bright Stars ! witness ye golden Planets !
 And all ye Woods, and all ye purling Streams ;
 And Birds, and Flocks, and Grots, and Rocks, and Flow'rs !
 Nay, Sir, I tell you, she was mine betroth'd,
 If I could cast my Coat, which had been done.
 For nothing tickles the present Pope like Gold,
 Dazzles him that weeps Indulgences,
 Forgives, absolves, all for omnipotent Gold,
 Dispenses Pardons sometimes in a Fury,
 He sends his Bulls abroad, that roar like Thunder :
 When strait a Golden Calm
 Comes o'er their Backs, and then they're still as Lambs ;
 Why should I hold you long amongst the rest,
 That saw her *Borgia*, that unlucky Bastard,
 Beheld and lov'd her ?——I, my Lord, was ruin'd.

Mach. My Lord ! I wish the Marriage may not prosper :
 He's bent to enjoy her, and in that I sooth him ;
 For subtly offering once to bring him off,
 I found pale Anger in his Face like Death :
 Whereon I feign'd Compliance, and have wrought
 The Business to a Head——But let time work,
 And rest assur'd, that what so mean a Man
 As *Machiavel* with honour can perform,

To

To pay you perfect Service shall be done.

Ascan. My Lord! farewell—when I protest and swear,
Ev'n by the Altar of fair *Bellamira*,
My Life is yours: believe I am your Servant,
Not a Step further, by my Robe! your Captive,
Your Eminence' most humble Creature, Servant, Slave.

[*Exit Ascanio walking.*]

Mach. I am ty'd for ever.

No, dull Buffoon! thou walking Lump of Lust,
Not to revenge thy ungor'd Appetite,
Shall *Borgia* kill her, but for his own Renown?
He is my Champion Prince, *Italian* Tyrant,
Not form'd to languish in a Woman's Arms.
Oh——'tis a Fault, were I so fram'd for Greatness,
E'er I would amble in a Female Court,
And cringe, and skip, and play the Ladies Cripple,
I would be gibbeted i'th' common Way,
For Crows and Daws to peck my Carrion Limbs.
But I must rouse him, and I'll do't by Death,
Ev'n by the bloody Death of her he doats on.

* *Enter Adorna.*

Here's one Ingredient I must mix, to make
The Potion Death——The Wretch is deep in love
With *Borgia's* Brother, the young Duke of *Gandia*.
That way I make her sure!

Ador. My Lord.

Mach. My dear *Adorna*,

How goes the Marriage forward? and how treats
The gallant *Borgia*, great *Valentino's*,
Romania's Duke, his fair and Virgin Bride?

Ador. The Rites are to be solemniz'd this Morning,
Tho' *Bellamira* quite abhors the Marriage;
Who still when *Borgia* humbly sues for Love,
Answers him with Tears, and pays his Vows
With ominous Weeping.

Mach. And how takes he that?

Ador. He walks and muses deeply, speaks to no Man,
But *Paul Orfino*, whose most watchful Wit

22 CÆSAR BORGIA.

I fear descries where he has lock'd her Heart ;
 With a bent Brow she eyes the Duke of *Gandia*;
 Salutes him not of late : He came this Morning
 Into her Chamber ; dreadful was his Action,
 Unworthy of my Blood, he thundred out ;
 " But if the generous *Borgia* is refus'd,
 " Think not of *Gandia*, but of Blood and Death.

Mach. What inauspicious Chance discover'd to him
 A Secret, which I thought conceal'd from all,
 But thee and me, and those unhappy Lovers ?

Ador. I cannot guess ; he paus'd a while, then sigh'd,
 And starting up in fury, charg'd her rise :
 Receive, he cry'd, receive him as a Husband,
 Whom the selected Virtues of thy Sex
 Can e'er deserve ; adorn thee like a Bride,
 And meet him, tho' thy treacherous Heart is mortgag'd ;
 Meet him at least with well-dissembled Love,
 Or by my Hopes, I'll reak my Anger on thee,
 With all the Torment that *Italian* Fury
 Could e'er invent for an adulterous Wretch.
 He cry'd, I will, and after make thee nothing.

Mach. Hast thee away ; charm with thy utmost Skill
 The mourning *Bellamira*, to obey him ;
 The Knot once ty'd, *Gandia* will soon despair.
 Leave me to work him then ; Millions to One
 But I shall make him thine.

Ador. But did the Duke of *Gandia* once protest ?

Mach. Protest ! he did protest, and swear, and vow :
 Go, go, and haste ! for the Day grows upon us.

[Exit Adorna.]

His Brother too ! this Duke of *Gandia* bleeds ;
 For he is grown of late the *Romans* Darling,
 Warm'd in the very Bosom of the Pope,
 And dearer than my *Borgia* to his Sister,
 The famous *Lucrece*, who can charm her Father
 In all the Heat of Excommunications,
 When he throws Bulls, like Thunderbolts, about him ;
 She like a *Venus* to her angry *Jove*
 Moves with incestuous Fires, folds her white Arm
 About his chafing Neck, strokes his black Beard,

And

CÆSAR BORGIA. 23

And smooths his furrow'd Cheeks to dimpled Smiles ;
 The Brothers too enjoy'd her. O Heav'n, and Earth !
 Not the first Day, after such infinite Time
 That Motion had th' irregular Matter roll'd,
 When all the wandring Atoms hit at last
 Into this beauteous Form, even when our Sires
 First mingled, was there such a Loose of Nature,
 Such a Triumvirate of lawless Lovers,
 Such Rivals as out-do even *Lucian's* Gods !
 Ha! the *Orfini* here! and the *Vitelli* !
 They move this way in murmuring *Cabals* ;
 Methinks Death darkens every Visage there.
 'Tis so——They are no more——Or this is true.
 Or *Machiavel* knows nothing of Mankind. [*Ex. Mach.*]

*Enter Orfino, Vitellizzo, Ascanio, Adrian, Enna,
 Ange, three Cardinals. Olivaretto, Gravina.*

Vitel. I say agen, I do not like the Marriages
 Were *Bellamira* mine, I'd sell her off
 For Gold, I'd merchandize her tender Beauty
 With Infidels, and send her to the *Turk*,
 Like an *Andromeda*, to gorge the Monster,
 Rather than wed her to perfidious *Borgia*.

Orfin. You are too violent.

Vitel. I think not so:

A drowning Man will grasp at any thing ;
 Nay, sink his Friend that leap'd among the Waves
 To give him Life: but you, tho' in the Gulph,
 Ride on to Ruin, tho' your Friends call out.

Ange. Nay, tho' they point the Whirl-Pool just before
 That would devour us all. (you,

Adrian. Besides, 'tis impious,
 Against all Right of Nature, Law or Reason,
 To act the Tyrant o'er a Daughter's Will.

Ascan. She knows the Cruelties of *Cæsar Borgia* !
 Has heard his Rapes and Murders! Mercy on me,
 How did he use the poor *Venetian* Lady ?
 He forc'd her in a Wood, nay in a Ditch,
 As I am credibly inform'd by those

That heard her squeak, in a dry Ditch deflower'd her;
 Add yet to this, my Lords, how, when the *French*,
 At sacking of a Town, broke open Nunneries,
 He trufs'd at least forty the pretty'st Rogues,
 The tenderest quaking things! never broke up!
 All spotless Maids, like Buds never blown upon,
 Nor touch'd even with the Tip of any Finger,
 And kept them for his Letchery.

Orfin. Methinks, my Lord *Ascanio*, my Lord *Millain*,
 Or my Lord Cardinal, more Moderation
 Would better fit a Man of your Profession.
 I would not come to the old Argument,
 For then we clash: *Borgia* is now my Son:
 Therefore I pray once more forbear to tax him?
 The Theme is great and worthy that we mention,
Romania's Duke and Nephew to the Pope.

Ascan. Prithee, old *Paul*; prithee now ben't so hot,
 Good Reverend Gray-Beard: If you name his Greatness,
 Pronounce him right, ev'n as his Holiness
 Has own'd him to the World without a Blush,
 His natural Son, his Nephew or his By-Blow, that is,
 In short, old *Paul*, his downright Bastard.

Orfin. Without a Blush; should I stand up the Cham-
 Of absent *Borgia*, and unravel thee; (pion
 I tell thee, Priest, thou Scandal to the Altar,
 Thy Front, thy Eyes, thy Lips, each part of thee
 Would blush with Scarlet deeper than thy Robe.

Ascan. Peace, Dotard, Peace.
 I say old stuttering *Paul*, thoul't ha' the worst on't;
 Therefore Peace, Peace, Dotard.

Orfin. Ha!

Vitel. Forbear; my Lord, remember!

Orfin. How dares he thus provoke me?
 Who knows, yet urges me, knows in his Heart
 How I have pierc'd into his deepest Thoughts,
 Have had Intelligence of all his Vices,
 Ev'n of his closest, darkest Deeds of Lust:
 And dar'st thou call me Dotard? Saucy Church-man!
 Thou that gav'st Whores Indulgences for Sin;
 So rank, that he frequents the common Stews;

For

CÆSAR BORGIA. 25

For a new Face will give his scarlet Coat
To make the Strumpet fine.

Oliv. My Lord, consider where, to whom, of whom,
And what it is you utter?

Orsin. Place me, some Power,
Upon St. Peter's Fane, the very Ball,
And turn my Voice to Thunder, that I may
Lay open to the World the hellish Acts
Of this contagious Prelate.

Ascan. Spit, spit thy Venom; nay, nay, let him out
Mark how he shakes now; by my holy Dame, (with't—
I have nettled him; poor *Paul*—I pity the old Fool—

Orsin. Then Priest, let me demand thee,
Is not the Cupping-Glass that burns thy Lust,
And draws thy rising Gall to such a Blister,
My Daughter's Scorn, and Loathing of thy Person?
Ha! is't not that? I think I have stung you, Cardinal!
Worse than the *Neapolitan* Pox you gave
Our *Roman* Harlots—

Ascan. Why how now, *Paul*, what dost thou grow foul-
mouth'd now? by my holy Dame, had I a Scourge
I'd firk thee, *Orsin*—I'd so whip thee, *Paul*,
So flog and scourge thee, thou should'st eat thy Words.
The Pox! why, how now? ha! the Pox i'faith!
The Pox to me! let me come at him—ha!

Orsin. Ha! wilt thou fight?
So forward, Priest! by Heaven I'll shave your Crown;
Stand back, and let me mow this Poppy off,
This rank red Weed that spoils the Church's Corn.

Vitel. Did ever Fury run to such a height!
Why, my Lord Cardinal, know you this Place,
And how 'tis privileg'd?

Ascan. My Lord, I am silenc'd.
An easy Man made up of Patience, I!
No Gall in me! give me thy Hand, old *Paul*:
Henceforth w'are Friends, and as a Friend I'll tell thee,
Ev'n from my Heart, I'll tell thee what I think:
Thou art bewitch'd, old *Paul*, besotted, fool'd—
This Son-in-Law of thine has seal'd thine Eyes,
And shortly I shall see thee walk the Streets

CÆSAR BORGIA. 27

SCENE draws, and shews the Consistory: Borgia comes forward, with the Rose carry'd before him in great Pomp. His Son Seraphino led by Alonzo, Machiavel, Attendants, Ascanio, and five Cardinals, &c.

Borg. O Machiavel! was ever Pomp like this?
The Morning dawns with an unwonted Crimson;
The Flow'rs more od'rous seem, the Garden Birds
Sing louder, and the laughing Sun ascends
The gaudy Earth with an unusual Brightness —
All Nature smiles, and the whole World is pleas'd,
Even all the World but thy unhappy *Borgia*.

Mach. And why should he, whom every Man concludes
The Darling of the Times, whom bounteous Heav'n
Has crown'd with Glory in successful Wars,
Whom it now doubly crowns with Beauty too,
The brightest of her Sex, why should he thwart
The whole World's Vogue, and think himself unhappy?

Borg. Yes, *Machiavel!* thou worthiest of Mankind,
To thee I'll strip my Heart, that secret Bed,
With Vices, Virtues, every naked Thought,
And shew thee all the Mixture of a Man.
We are observ'd——Think me not over-frail,
Because I love: Were *Bellamira* dearer,
Her Father bleeds, and all the Rebel-Race;
I'll first insnare the Fools, then preach Fate to 'em.

Mach. And let 'em know, just as the Cords are drawing,
None ought to offend his Prince, and after trust him.

Borg. My Lord *Orfino!* O forgive me, Heaven!
Who have thus grossly fail'd to pay the Reverence
I owe the best of Fathers, best of Friends:
This Day, this glorious Day, for ever blest,
And never to be lost in Time's dark Legend,
Crowns me your Son. Thus then I bend my Knees,
Which are not us'd to kneel but at the Altar:
And Oh! permit me thus to kiss your Hand,
And pay eternal Vows to my Obedience.

Orfin. O rise, my Lord, all Duty is out-done
With but one single bare Acknowledgment;

28 CÆSAR BORGIA.

Yet for a Satisfaction to this Company,
Say, do you love my Daughter *Bellamira*?

Borg. Ha! what says my Father? Do I live?
O Heaven! why do you wound me with the Question?
Does the poor suff'ring Fair-One Virtue love,
Who drinks the Brook, and eats what Nature yields,
Rather than feast in Courts with loss of Honour?
Do those, who on the Rack for Heav'n expire,
Love Angels, and eternal Brightness there?
'Tis sure they do: And Oh——'tis full as sure,
That *Cæsar Borgia* dies for *Bellamira*.

Orfin. No more; you honour her and me too much:
Therefore this Day I give her to your Arms
With all the pleasure of a proud old Father,
O'erjoy'd to see his Daughter match'd above him:
By Heav'n, my Eyes grow full; here all our Discord
For ever end, all Jars betwixt the *Orfins*,
Vitelli, and the Duke *Valentinois*,
Be bury'd ever in this strict Embrace.

Borg. Since you will have it so, forgive my Duty;
Let me grow bold, and as a Friend embrace you—

Orfin. See here, my Lord, for scarce can I distinguish,
Thro' the bright Joy that dazzles my weak Sight,
Olivaretto, and the Duke *Gravina*,
When *Vitellizzo* comes to grace your Nuptials;
All on their Knees acknowledge you their Prince.

Borg. My Equals all: Nor shall this Homage be,
I swear it shall not: Rise, my Lords; your Arms;
Let me embrace you round: By all things sacred,
I swear that none of you have been to blame.

Were you Confederates against my Arms?
You were: But *Borgia's* infinite Ambition
Forc'd you against your Wills to let him know,
His head-strong Youth, like a young fiery Horse,
Unless you kindly stop him in his speed,
Would hurl him from some Precipice to Ruin.

Orfin. See *Vitellizzo*! how he takes our Crimes
Upon himself.

Borg. Behold this Child, my Son!
I know not any thing the World calls precious,

Which

CÆSAR BORGIA. 29

Which in the darkness of my Heart can match him,
 But *Bellamira*. Take him *Vitellizzo*,
 Take the dear Blood that trickles from my Heart,
 The very Strings that wind about my Life,
 And let him for my part be Surety,
 As beauteous *Bellamira* is for yours.

Orfin. Farewel, my Lord: With these Attendants here
 I go to haste the Bride; and let my Life
 Be answer for the little *Seraphino*. [*Ex. Orfini, Vitelli.*]

Ascan. He has her now, that delicate bit of Beauty
 Which I reserved for my own Letchery:
 He drills her from her old deluded Sire,
 Hell! and she melts! she melts into his Mouth:
 But by my holy Dame I'll be reveng'd
 On every part of him: His little Bastard,
 Because he doats on him, shall streight be mangled—
 I'll do't I say: Yes by my holy Dame,
 I will revenge my Loss of Letchery—
 Ha! what a Jerk was that? it grates my Bones;
 Pray Heav'n it ben't a Spice, a little Tang
 Of the *Neapolitan* Itch, O my holy Dame.

[*Ex. with Cardinals.*]

Borg. Now, *Machiavel*, prepare to hear my Soul,
 Hear to what Softness and effeminate Mourning
 All my dear Victories at last are melted:
 For I will tell thee, tho' thou'lt scarce believe,
 Since first I saw the charming *Bellamira*,
 The very Image of *Charlotta's* Scorn,
 I have not had one Hour of free Repose;
 Ev'n when at last I have resolv'd to join
 Our Hands, and trust her with my tender Glory,
 I've started from my Bed, at Midnight rose,
 And wander'd by the Moon, then laid me down,
 Upon some dewy Bank, and slept 'till Morn.

Mach. Therefore there must be some strange Circum-
 That first induc'd those Fears, some dang'rous Hint (stance
 For your Suspitions—

Borg. Yes, *Machiavel*,
 There is, there is a Cause for my Suspitions.

Mach. Are you sure of it?

30 CÆSAR BORGIA.

Borg. Most sure I am ;
 Sure as Reserv'dness does imply Averfion :
 Yet I, as if my Flames were Fire in Frost,
 The more ſhe cools, ſcorch, rage, and burn the more—

Mach. I gueſs your Meaning; like *Charlotta*, ſhe
 Has pawn'd her Heart--but 'tis confeſs'd you know him--

Borg. Ha! did I know the Name of him I dread?
 What God in Arms ſhould ſave him from my Sword?
 Here thou haſt rouz'd the Lion in my Heart,
Italian Spite, Revenge and blaſting Fury

Devours my Soul! all Mildneſs ſleeps like Death:
 I boil like Drunkards Veins—Death! Hell and Ven-

Mach. Suppreſs this Fury— (geance!
 Come, come, my Lord—I find you're better ſkill'd
 In Camps and Courts, and know not yet Love's World:
 She is reſerv'd, you ſay, when you approach her;

Why, let her weep too: Was it ever known
 A ſubtle Bride laugh'd on her Wedding-Day,
 Or clasp'd her Lover in the Eye o'th' World?
 I find you are unlearn'd. Sir—'tis their Trade,
 The very Nature, Soul, and Life-Blood of 'em—
 To whine and cry, and turn their Heads away,
 When their Hearts dote on what they ſeem to ſcorn.

Borg. If it were ſo!

Mach. Why it was always ſo,
 Is ſo, and will be ſo to the World's end.
 Give me your Hand, and take her on my Word;
 I have been bred in Courts, founded the Humours
 Even of all Women-kind: therefore adviſe you
 Repair immediately to old *Orfino*,
 Who with his beauteous Daughter waits your Coming.

Borg. Cou'd ſhe be truly mine, the Wings of Winds
 Would be too ſlow to waſt me to her Arms.

Mach. Once more I ſay, ſhe is and ſhall be your's,
 Truly, religiously, devoutly your's—
 Why all this thoughtleſs, groundleſs Jealouſy?
 Let manly Confidence and *Roman* Virtue
 Maſter this Gothick Fury in your Blood.

Borg. By Arms! by all the Glories I have won!
 Thou haſt awak'd my Love, and charm'd my Fears.

Charlotta!

Charlotta! O the very figure of her ;
But sure the beauteous Lines are softer here :
And now I find 'tis ruin to forego her——

Mach. No more, my Lord. 'Tis I that thus embark
And if some starting Plank should flaw the Vessel (you,
To your Destruction—I am ruin'd too——
Since all I have, or am, or ever would be,
Is to be yours, your sworn unbias'd Friend.

Borg. Thou best of Men ;
Thou art my Oracle, my Heav'n, my Genius,
And as some God, shall guide me through the World ;
Let's go to the Conquest, tho' thro' Death we go ;
Marriage and Death both new Experiments.
Methinks I see the Taper in the Window,
The busy Nurse unveils the weeping Maid,
And I must naked pass through Seas to reach her.
O fatal Marriage ! O thou dismal Gulph !
Which like the *Hellepont* dost roar between
Me and my Joys : is there no other way ?
None, none, the Winds and the dash'd Rocks reply :
Why let 'em roar ; and let the Billows swell,
'Till the rack'd Orbs be with the Deluge drown'd.
'Tis fix'd ; I'll plunge, or perish, or enjoy her ——

Mach. Justly resolv'd ! nor let a few false Tears
Melt you again to an untimely Mildness.

Charlotta thus deluded you in *France*,
Which render'd all your Court ridiculous :
Remember that, and lest the like Disgrace
Should happen now, drag her if she refuses.

Borg. I will, my *Machiavel*—O Arms ! O G'ory !
What an eternal Rest would smear your Lustre,
Did not this Spirit of Ambition fire me ?
I'll tell her that the Lives of all her Race
Are now within my power.

Mach. Nay, threaten her.

Borg. I will do more than threaten ;
Think not the dreadful *Cæsar* will be rous'd
To threaten only ; that's a sleeping *Borgia*,
A loving, dreaming, conscientious *Borgia* ;
But when I wake, there's always Execution ——

32 CÆSAR BORGIA.

Mach. It has been so.


Borg. And shall I swear again?

No, *Machiavel*; she must be mine, or die.
Should she for Refuge to the Temple fly,
I'd after her; there if she scorns my Flame,
To the dumb Saints I will my Vows proclaim;
And in their View resolve the glorious Game:
Upon the golden Shrines I'll lay her Head,
And ev'n the Altar make my Bridal Bed—[*Ex.ambo.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Orfino and Bellamira in Mourning.

Orfin.  HERE didst thou get the Daring
thus to move me!
By thy dead Mother's Shroud, not
the first Night,
When in her youthful Arms I grasp'd
her to me,

Was I so hot with Love as now with Rage,
Thou young and Virgin Witch, thou new-found Fury?

Bell. Ah! Sir, for I'm afraid to call you Father,
Give me my Death; give to these trembling Breasts
A thousand Wounds, or cut me Limb from Limb;
But do not look so dreadfully upon me—

Nor blast me with such Sounds. O pity me!
There's not one fatal Sentence, one dread Word,
But runs like Iron through my freezing Blood.
What have I done? Ah, what is my Offence?
And tell me how, which way shall I atone you?

Orfin. Oh, thou vile Wretch! ask what is thy Offence?
Dost thou not know it? Exquisite Dissembler!
Thou leading Sorc'refs! He-cat of thy Sex!
Subtlest of all thy kind, that ever roll'd
Their false deluding Eyes, and in their Glasses

Conjur'd

Conjur'd for Looks to cheat the simple World!
 But to take all Evasion from thy Guilt,
 Did I not charge thee, as thou fear'ft my Curfe,
 This very Morning to adorn thyself,
 As one whom the Great Duke intends to honour
 By making thee his Bride?

Bell. Alas! you did,

And I am come, Oh Heav'n! and all ye Powers
 That pity Woman's Weakness, I am come
 My Lord as you commanded, and have vow'd,
 Tho' Death attends my Nuptials, to obey you.

Orfin. Thou ly'ft even in thy Heart, thou know'ft thou
 Thou hast maliciously, most grossly fail'd (ly'ft.
 In this Obedience: Say, declare, haste, answer,
 Thou most ungrateful Wretch. Ah, how unlike
 Thy meek, thy perfect bright and blessed Mother!
 Is this a Habit for a glorious Bride!

Dost thou thus meet the gen'rous *Borgia*?

I know thy aukward Heart; thou mean'ft by this
 To tell the World, thou dost not like thy Husband,
 And dash him at the Altar: But by Heav'n,
 Whither thou, Murderess, now art sending me,
 This shall not serve thy Purpose: In this Dress,
 That blasts my Eyes, and strikes my Soul with Sadness,
 I'll see the Priest for ever make you one.

Bell. Ah! how have I deserv'd this cruel Usage?
 Did ever Daughter yet obey like me?

Not she who in the Dungeon fed her Father
 With her own Milk, and by her Piety
 Sav'd him from Death, can match my rigorous Virtue:
 For I have done much more; torn off my Breasts,
 My Breasts, my very Heart, and flung it from me,
 To feed the Tyrant *Duty* with my Blood.

Orfin. Call'ft thou the lawful Imposition of
 A careful Father, that intends thee Honour,
 Tyrannical and bloody? Rage resume me;
 Here, see'st thou this? O wou'd the gallant *Borgia*
 Could fling thee from his Soul, as I from mine,
 For 'tis Respect to him that saves thy Life;
 Else by the Fever that quite burns me up,

I'd ponyard thee, 'till all my Robes were Crimfon :
 Yet fince thou haft the Impudence to brave me,
 And call thy Father Tyrant to his Face,
 I that have fofter'd thee even from the Womb,
 And bred thee in my Bofom, hear and tremble ;
 For I will curfe thee 'till thy frighted Soul
 Runs mad with Horror, 'till thy Mother starts
 From her cold Monument, to beg me ceafe,
 Tho' all in vain.

Bellam. I caft me at your Feet ;
 I'm all Obedience : See, Sir, — fee me here
 Groveling upon the Earth.

Orfin. Curs'd be the Night,
 Ten thousand Curfes on that fatal Hour,
 When my great Spirit trifled with thy Mother
 For the Production of fo falfe a Joy !

Bellam. O horrid blafting Breath !

Orfin. When I am dead,
 My troubled Ghofthall nightly haunt thy Dreams

Bellam. Ah, hold—I kiſs your Feet, and hug your
 Knees.

Orfin. Tho' in thy Husband's Arms, I'll draw the Cur-
 And ſtare thee into Frenzy ; and thy Lord (tains,
 I'll charm fo faſt, thy Shrieks ſhall not awake him.

Bellam. Yet, Sir, forbear ; tread on me, trample me,

Orfin. And all the Day, when other Spirits ſleep,
 I'll follow thee with Groans, and curſe thee ſtill ;
 Nay, when thou ſeek'ſt for Company to 'ſcape me,
 I'll make thee ſcream. See there his Spirit ſtands !

Bellam. Hear him not, Heav'n !

Orfin. After thy firſt Embrace,
 May thy Lord loath thee ; ſwear thou art no Virgin,
 And caſt thee off as a moſt leud Adulterefs. (you—

Bellam. If there be Saints or Angels ; Oh I charge

Orfin. Or if thy Husband ſhould by chance retain thee,
 Heart-burnings, Jealouſies incite him ſtill
 To plague thee with a thouſand Hells on Earth,
 And after end thee in ſome horrid manner.

Bellam. Ponyard me, as you promis'd ! Oh ſtab me !

Orfin. Eternal Barrenneſs ſhut up thy Womb ;

If

If aught that's human chance to raise thy Hopes,
May it be monstrous at the curst Production,
An After-birth, or some abhorr'd Conception,

Enter Duke of Gandia in Mourning.

Bellam. Y'have said enough! my Heart, my Spirits fail
And I have now my Wish without a Dagger. (me,

Orfin. What now? another Mourner? Hell and Furies!
They both have plotted to undo my Honour.
Well—Duke of *Gandia*—but I'll call thee Bridegroom.

Gand. Ha; how's this? the beauteous *Bellamira*
Upon the Earth. Help, help—my Lord, she's cold;
Your Daughter swoons—

Orfin. I care not, let her perish;
And thou, who hast seduc'd her, perish with her:
Swoon with her, sink with her, die both, and both be
damn'd. [Exit Orfino.

Gand. Wake, *Bellamira*, from the Sleep of Death;
Life of *Palante's* Life! give me a word;
See thou art safe, clasp'd in thy *Gandia's* Arms,
Palante holds thee. Say what Murderer
Offer'd this Cruelty, and I'll revenge thee.

Bellam. Where am I? ha! loose, loose me from your
Stand off; fly from me; fly, *Palante*, fly; (Arms;
For we must never, never meet again:
The Poles may sooner join: O, I am lost,
By an inexorable Father ruin'd,
Curs'd, blasted; and for thee, unhappy Prince,
Thou hast undone me, tho' not by thy Will,
For sure thou lov'st the wretched *Bellamira*:
Yet by the Consequence of this Affection,
Thou hast destroy'd my Peace of Mind for ever;
Thou hast been ruinous and mortal to me,
As Robbers, Ravishers, or Murderers;
Therefore be gone! fly from my Eyes for ever,
And never let me see *Palante* more.

Gand. I go for ever from you, as you charge me,
And for that purpose I did hither come;
But little thought that you would drive me thū :

36 CÆSAR BORGIA.

I hop'd at least, that when I parted from you,
 And bid you everlastingly farewell,
 I hop'd; but oh those flattering Hopes were vain!
 That gentle *Bellamira* should have sigh'd,
 Or dropt a Tear, when I would take my leave,
 And never see her more.

Bell. O Cruelty!

You rend the Plaster from the bleeding Wound:

Gand. An elder Brother calls you to his Bed,
 And you perhaps will not be ravish'd thither:

Oh *Bellamira!* I had once those Vows

Which thy frail Heart does now resign to *Borgia*.

But I have staid too long: Farewell for ever;

When I am gone, and thou for many Years

Enjoy'st the Change thy Father forc'd thee to,

(For sure I cannot think it all thy doing!)

If happy *Cæsar Borgia* chance to fold thee

More closely in his Arms than was his Custom;

Say to thy Heart with a relenting Thought,

Thus, if our Fates had pleas'd, the wretched *Gandia*

Would thus have lov'd me. But no more, farewell:

You're pleas'd to banish me--and--I'll obey. [*Exiturus.*]

Bell. Come back! come back! you shall not leave me.

Let Fathers curse, and jealous Husbands rage, (thus;

Love has a Force that can surmount the World.

Enter Borgia.

If then 'tis destin'd that you must be gone,

And leave me to the Arms of cruel *Borgia*---

Borg. Ha! but observe; there may be more in this.

Bell. If we two Lovers, whom for Tenderness

The World can never match, must part for ever---

Gand. Oh, that for ever!

Borg. It's Apparition all;

By Heav'n, a Dream; I swear, a very Dream.

Bell. Yet take, O take this dying Farewel with thee!

And whomsoe'er thy Passion shall espouse,

Remember! O remember this, and leave me:

No.

No Man was ever so by Woman lov'd,
As thou *Palante* art by *Bellamira*.

Gand. Stop there; for to go on will give me Death!
Oh! thou hast utter'd Sounds of such a strain
As Nature cannot bear: like softest Musick,
Which while it charms the Sense, makes chill the Blood,
No more! for by my glimmering Joys, I fear
Thou'lt fing my Soul to everlasting Sleep.

Borg. Then let me wake you.

Bell. O Heav'ns, we are undone!

Borg. Start not, nor weep not! beauteous *Bellamira*:
For there is nothing meant tow'rd you, but well;
Fortune her self now smiles on your Design,
And Heav'n and Earth conspire to make you happy.
These Mourning Habits on your Wedding-Day,
Had Chance not guided me to hear your Loves,
Would have betray'd the Secret——

Gand. O Brother! what must I expect? I know not]
Whether I ought to hope or fear.

Borg. Hope all:

For curst is he that parts whom Heav'n has join'd:
I stand convinc'd that Love has made you one;
And may those chaster Fires that warm your Hearts,
Vie with the Stars for Immortality——

Gand. Speak it again, again confirm this Goodness,
For one so noble sure this World contains not:
Oh! 'tis too little but to name him noble,
For such a Soul aspires above the Clouds,
So great, etherial, and so godlike fram'd,
He must look down on Kings; such vast Compassion,
Such an unheard Magnificence of Mercy
As we must both adore: Kneel, *Bellamira*,
For 'tis a God we talk with.

Borg. O you must not.

Methinks, fair *Bellamira*, who still answer'st,
With the accustom'd Language of thy Tears,
Methinks you should have told me all this while,
Your Beauties were not doom'd for *Cæsar Borgia*.
'Tis true, I often fear'd by your Reserv'dness,
Your Heart must be engag'd——Or thou, *Palante*,
Hadst

38 *CÆSAR BORGIA.*

Hadst thou but told me when I woo'd her first,
 How many Sighs and Sorrows hadst thou sav'd me!
 I would not then have launch'd, but yielded up
 The noble Freight, this more than *Indian* Treasure,
 And given thee all my Interest in her Father.

Gand. Alas I fear'd!

Borg. I hold you, Sir, excus'd:
 May you be happy as your Souls can wish;
 But I must beg you from this Place retire
 For your own Interest; *Orsino* here
 Entreated me to wait him, and 'tis now
 Upon this Day, allotted for my Marriage,
 Unfit to break the Business of your Loves.
 Yet doubt not, O most happy lovely Pair,
 But Care and Time shall perfect all your Wishes. (singing)

Gand. Give me your Arms: I had design'd this Mor-
 Made desperate with my Grievs, t'acquaint your Ear
 With all the Progress of my ruin'd Passion:
 I thought that you would storm, and use me ill,
 And had design'd I know not what to forfeit
 My Life, rather than lose my *Bellamira*:
 But you have so prevented me———

Borg. No more.

How, fairest *Bellamira*! not one word?
 Am I ordain'd the Proxy of your Love,
 Without the Breath of Thanks?

Bell. The bounteous Heav'ns
 Rain on your Head whole Deluges of Mercies,
 For this great Goodness! Hear me, oh ye Powers,
 Hear me upon my Knees; where-e'er he goes,
 Guard him with Blessings! give him his own Wishes:
 If to the Wars he pass, Renown attend him,
 And growing Conquest dwell upon his Arms;
 Let him attain, by a long course of Valour,
 And gallant Acts, to the old *Roman* Greatness;
 And when at last in Triumph he returns,
 May all the fighting Virgins strew his way,
 And with new Garlands crown his coming Glory.

[*Exit with Gandia.*

Enter

CÆSAR BORGIA.

39

Enter Machiavel.

Mach. Something's discover'd, and I guess the Business.
My Lord, you're wanted, and the beauteous Bride.

Borg. I charge thee name her not upon thy Life.
Tear, tear, tear off these unbecoming Garments,
Get me my Horse, and bid my Arms be ready;
Yes, *Machiavel*, with to-morrow's dawn,
Thou shalt behold me in another Dress,
Breathing Defiance to these softer Wars. (change!

Mach. But why, Sir? why? how comes this sudden
Why have you charg'd me, that I should not speak
Of *Bellamira*?

Borg. Cruel *Machiavel*!
Why dost thou bring the fatal Charmer back,
Whom I would drive for ever from my Soul?

Mach. This wondrous Alteration of your Humour,
Must sure arise from some as wondrous Cause.
Have you discover'd aught?

Borg. All, all's discover'd;
And such an over-sight in thee: but where,
Where now is thy profound Sagacity?
Where all thy Depositions, Promises,
Warrants, Engagements that she should be mine?
Chastely, religiously, devoutly mine?

Mach. And is she not?

Borg. By Heav'n quite opposite:
All that my boding Heart presag'd to thee
Before, has happen'd, happen'd in such manner,
As quite out-went my own Imagination.

Mach. Who e'er he is that has supplanted you,
By your just Rage he was a secret Villain,
The closest Traitor that e'er plotted Mischiefs,
And justly has deserv'd the Stab you gave him. (bing?)

Borg. How, *Machiavel*? ha, didst thou talk of stab-

Mach. I neither think, nor know what's your Intention,
But that's your Country's Custom in such Cases:
Besides, Sir, when I did discourse you last,
You fell into Convulsions of Despair,

With

7 . . . **CÆSAR BORGIA.**

With mentioning the very name of Rival,
And thunder'd out whole Volleys of Revenge.

Borg. True, *Machiavel*; but could not think my
Should prove my Brother. (Rival)

Mach. Ha!

Borg. Raise, raise me, Heav'n:
Some other Man, that dares to take her from me;
To snatch the only Beauty I can love,
And at the Altar too, from my Embraces;
If I not end him, tho' he were Imperial,
Ev'n in the middle of his Guards——

Mach. Your Brother!

And have you Confirmation that she loves him?

Borg. Why dost thou wonder? I both saw and heard;
Heard all his Vows, and her most passionate Answers;
She loves him: Yes, these curs'd Remembrancers,
These Eyes have seen it. Oh! she dotes on him,
Feeds on his Looks——eyes him as pregnant Women
Gaze at the precious thing their Souls are set on.

Mach. And you perhaps will bear it from a Brother
With all the Meekness of an Anchorite,
A Man of quite another World; you'd best
Go to the Wars, be shot, and leave this Brother
The Heir of all, sole Darling of the Pope.

Borg. 'Tis certain, that I seem'd to appearance
Mild and relenting; begg'd 'em leave me here,
That I might think——

Mach. Think! by your Holy Father,
You have no Blood, no Soul, nor Spirit left;
The Genius of your House must blush at this:
A Brother! why, so much the more a Villain.]

Borg. O *Machiavel*!

Mach. O conscientious *Borgia*;
By all that's great, it is in him flat Incest;
There's for your Conscience, if you will have Conscience;
She was betroth'd yours by her Father's Will,
Publish'd to the World, and what else makes a Marriage?
And for a Brother thus to undermine you,
And carry it too! Are you *Italian* born?
Begot by one? Oh, make it not a Doubt,

CÆSAR BORGIA. 41

I grieve, I groan, I am mad to see you thus!
 What, to be made the Talk, the Jeer of *Rome*,
 As once you were at *Paris* by *Charlotta*:
 No——I'll revenge thee! cold as thou art and dead!
 And may this Steel be sheath'd in *Machiavel*,
 If that the treacherous Duke of *Gandia* 'scape me.

[*Exiturus.*

Borg. Come back, I say; for what is to be done,
 I'll act my self. Where was I? or where am I?
 No, *Machiavel*, thou know'st 'tis not my Conscience
 That lets the Villain live; I think thou hast heard
 The fatal Jars w'have had about my Sister;
 For I remember, being in her Bath,
 And by her Women told we were at Words,
 She ran in haste half naked to the Pope,
 Who came to part the Fray; and swore in Fury
 With horrid Imprecations, who e'er fell
 By th'other's Hands, he never would have mercy
 On the Survivor. This, my *Machiavel*,
 Is *Borgia's* Conscience——For to do a Murder,
 And not be safe, is Drunkard's Policy.

Mach. What then is your Intent?

Borg. To follow Nature;
 For so do Flames that burn, and Seas that drown;
 Yes, *Machiavel*, and care not what comes on't.
 So when Security, and black Occasion
 Point me to death, I will be rough as those,
 And blood him, till he changes to a Ghost:
 Yet since my Father's Threats bar present Murder,
 I'll find a way to rack him.

Mach. Ha! you mend——
 To take again your beauteous Prize; that is,
 The lovely *Bellamira* still retains
 Some holds about your Heart.

Borg. Oh, 'tis confess'd;
 And howsoe'er my Tongue has play'd the Braggart,
 She reigns more fully in my Soul than ever:
 She garisons my Breast, and mans against me
 Even my own rebel Thoughts, with thousand Graces,
 Ten thousand Charms, and new discover'd Beauties.
 Oh! hadst thou seen her when she lately blest me,

42 CÆSAR BORGIA.

What Tears, what Looks, and Languishings she darted ;
 Love bath'd himself in the distilling Balm :
 And oh the subtle God has made his Entrance
 Quite thro' my Heart : he shouts and triumphs too,
 And all his Cry is, Death, or *Bellamira*.

Mach. Why ! this is like the Spirit of your Father,
 You bring this graceful Vigour just before me,
 Just, just as first he wore the triple Crown,
 Just so he walk'd, just with that fiery Movement ;
 So sparkled too his Eyes ! so glow'd his Cheeks.
 Nor fear *Palante*, when she's in your Arms,
 When she perceives the Fervour of your Passion
 Panting upon her naked Breasts for Mercy.

Borg. Sighing, as if my very Soul would burst,
 And grasping, *Machiavel*, as if Death's Pangs were on
 me.

Mach. Now stealing to her Lips, dissolv'd in Tears,
 And pressing close, but softly, to her Side ;
 Whispering, O why, why, gentle *Bellamira* !
 Then with a sudden start let loose your Love ;
 Grasp her as if you could no longer bear it ;
 Clasp her all Night, and stifle her with Kisses ;
 Oh, there are thousand Ways !

Borg. Ten thousand thousand ;
 Millions, and infinite, yet add to those,
 I'll try 'em all ; nor shall a Drop of Mercy
 Fall from my Eyes, tho' I beheld *Palante*
 Dead at her Door. O Expectation burns me !
 O *Bellamira* ! Heart ! how she inflames me ?

Mach. Then there's no need of warlike Preparations ?

Borg. Talk no more of War, for now my Theme's all
 The War like Winter vanishes ; 'tis gone, (Love :
 And *Bellamira* with eternal Spring,
 Drest in blue Heav'ns, and breathing vernal Sweets,
 Drops like a Cherubin in Smiles before me.

Mach. Oh, that the World could but behold you thus,
 That *Bellamira* saw you in this Height
 Of dazzling Passion, and becoming Fury !

Borg. Thus, to a glorious Coast, thro' Tempests hurl'd,
 We sail like him who sought the *Indian* World.

'Tis


CÆSAR BORGIA. 43

'Tis more; 'tis Paradise I go to prove,
 And *Bellamira* is the Land of Love:
 I have her in my view; and hark, she talks,
 And see, about, like the first Maid, she walks:
 Fair as the Day when first the World began;
 And I am doom'd to be the happy Man. [Exeunt.]



A C T III.

Enter Ascanio and Alonzo.

Alonz.  Y Lord, this is an Act so newly horrid;
 So ghastly a Contrivance of Revenge,
 That Fiends themselves would start
 at the Proposal.

I to do this; I who have bred him up!
 Oh *Seraphino*! nurs'd thee in my Bosom,
 To gash thy Cheeks, and tear out both thy Eyes!

Ascan. The Sums of Gold are order'd to be paid:
 Half on your bare consent; on Execution
 The whole. *Alonzo*, thou hast no Compassion
 When Interest comes in play: Don't I know,
 At the Command of *Machiavel*, or *Borgia*,
 Thou wouldst not stick to poison ev'n the Pope?
 Come, come, dissemble not thy Occupation,
 Murder's thy Trade, and Death thy Livelihood;
 Therefore perform this Act of spritely Vengeance,
 And I'll create thee noble———

Alonz. 'Tis sure, e'er long, when I have serv'd their
 That they will end me too, for fear of talking; (turn,
 Therefore, my Lord, how'er my Conscience stings me,
 For 'tis most true, I love the innocent Boy,
 Send home the Gold———

Ascan. Thou shalt along with me;
 I will not send, but pay it thee in Hand, (is that?
 Full twenty thousand Crowns——Why, what a Sum
 Full

44 CÆSAR BORGIA.

Full twenty thousand Crowns!
 Why, I will tell thee, there are Rogues in Orders,
 Monks, Fryars, Jefuits, that would kill their Fathers,
 Ravish their Mothers, eat their Brothers and Sisters,
 For half the Sum: What, twenty thousand Crowns!
 Away, away! Come, come, pull out his Eyes,
 And make a *Cupid* of the little Bastard.
 I swear thou shalt; what, twenty thousand Crowns!
Alonz. My Lord, I am charm'd.

Enter Machiavel and Adorna.

Afcan. My good Lord *Machiavel*.

Mach. My noble Lord,
 The humblest of your Servants——

[*Ex. Afcanio and Alonzo.*

Now, my *Adorna*, now the time is coming,
 When thou shalt rival even the Queen of Love;
 For, by my Life, a Bridegroom like *Palante*
 Might match an Emprefs—— But he's thine; no more:
 I've i sworn he's thine. This Day, that gives his Brother
 Thy beauteous Cousin, is the blest Fore-runner
 Of my *Adorna's* certain Happinets.

Ador. Heav'n only knows the Issue of my Fate;
 But did not Love and languishing Desire
 Transport me from my self, I should endeavour
 To help the poor despairing *Bellamira*.
 Not many Hours ago she ran upon me
 With Extasies, even crying out for Joy,
 In spite of Fate, *Palante* shall be mine;
 Then told me all that you discours'd but now;
 When on that Minute cruel *Borgia* enter'd
 With old *Orfino*, who commanded her,
 I th' midst of Prayers and Tears, and shrieking Sorrows,
 Strait to attend her Husband to the Temple.

Mach. Excellent! and how bears *Palante* this!

Ador. So much the worse, because quite unexpected.
 And while I told it in most moving Terms,
 He struck his Breast, and cast his Eyes to Heav'n,
 Enquir'd for you, then talk'd of Blood, and vanish'd.

Mach.

CÆSAR BORGIA.

45

Mach. I have been, ever since I came to *Rome*,
A Confidant to both: I like the Method,
The Machine moves exactly to my mind,
Sails like a Ship well-ballast thro' the Air,
And ploughs the rising Mischiefs clear before me.
I've heard thee often talk of pretty Letters
That past between *Palante* and thy Cousin.

Ador. I have 'em all in keeping, by her Order.

Mach. Let me peruse 'em.

Ador. Will you be secret then?

Mach. Away, and fear not, they shall make thy For-
Soon as the Marriage-Rites are past, we'll meet. (tune:

[*Exit Adorna.*

But lo, they come! the Duke of *Gandia* frowns;
I fear my *Cæsar*, and must watch their clashing.

*Scene draws, and discovers the Progress of a stately Mar-
riage; Ascanio, Adrian, Enna, Cardinals, going be-
fore, Orfino following: Bellamira supported by two
Virgins in white: Borgia follow'd by Vitellizzo, A-
lonzo, &c.*

Gand. Sir, I must speak with you.

Borg. 'Tis inconvenient.

Gand. 'Tis not our first of Jars. Remember *Lucrece*,
Our Sister *Lucrece*, and be then persuaded
Necessity requires your Ear.

Borg. For what?

Gand. If you dare walk aside with me, I'll tell you.

Borg. After the Priest——

Gand. No, Sir——before the Priest——
Fate hovers near us: you shall give me hearing.

Borg. What Boy! how sayst thou? shall!——

Gand. Yes Sir, you shall.

Borg. No more, for fear we should be overheard:
I'll instantly return, upon my Honour:
Let me but wait *Orfino* to the Gate,
And I'll attend thee; on my Word I will——
The Priest shall wait till thou have Satisfaction.

[*Exeunt all but Mach. and Gand.*

Mach.

46 CÆSAR BORGIA.

Mach. What have you said, my Lord?

Gand. Forbear to know;

I think thou lov'st me, yet a Proof were well;
And since Occasion now demands a Trial,
Refuse not what my Friendship shall enjoin thee.

Mach. 'Tis granted, tho' the Consequence be Death.

Gand. Be gone, this Moment leave me to my self.

Mach. I apprehend: Let me embrace you,
Why shall I leave you? but my Word's engag'd;
Call all those pow'rful Provocations up,
Your Wrongs, your most ignoble Injuries,
To steel your Arms, and dye your Victory
In Blood; I go——because you grow impatient.
No more, but Conquest, Death, or *Bellamira*——
Yet I must watch you hereabouts: For *Borgia*,
Tho' skill'd and gallant, yet may meet his Death,
And that I must prevent, for I'll allow no Stroke
To Chance, tho' my undaunted Hero dares all
That Man can dare——

Gand. Why comes he not?

I know he's brave, renown'd in Foreign Wars,
And to his Skill in Arms has such a Courage,
As makes a rash Man run upon his Ruin;
Yet in his height of Fury I can dare him,
My Blood defies him mortally to Death.
Yes *Machiavel*, I'll take thy fatal Counsel;
The Word is Conquest, Death, or *Bellamira*.

[Exit Mach.]

Enter Borgia.

Borg. So, Sir, you see I have obey'd your Summons,
You must be satisfy'd, tho' Beauty stays,
Tho' the Bride stays, tho' *Bellamira* stays:
That is, tho' Heav'n with all its waiting Glories
Stops at your Call, and stands to give you hearing.

Gand. Y'have us'd me basely.

Borg. No.

Gand. I say you have,
Without a Provocation.

Borg

CÆSAR BORGIA. 47

Borg. That were base
Indeed: When unprovok'd I do a Wrong,
May I, when justly urg'd, want due Revenge.

Gand. You've falsify'd your Word, betray'd me basely,
Betray'd a Brother: O my Stars, a Brother!
That would have burst thro' all the Bars of Death,
And yielded all things to you, but his Love.
O, foolish Eyes! but these are your last Tears,
And I must mend your Course with Blood.

Borg. He weeps!
Was ever seen Hypocrisy like this?
O thou young impudent and blooming Lyar,
Who, like our Curtesans, are early practis'd,
And in their Nonage taught the Arts of Vice.
But I forego my Temper—Is this all?
You know I am in haste, and cannot brook
A longer Conference.

Gand. I know you cannot,
But I shall force you: Yes, thou Tyrant Brother,
Thou that art fallen from all the height of Glory,
To the low Practice of the worst of Slaves,
I will revenge the Honour thou hast lost:
Nor shalt thou pass to *Bellamira's* Arms,
'Till thro' my Heart thou cutt'st thy horrid Way.
Draw then——

Borg. I will not.

Gand. By Revenge and Fury,
Thou shalt not pass but on my Rapier's Point.

Borg. Think not, thou young Practitioner in Arms,
That all thy Force, tho' level'd at me naked,
Should stop me, if I once resolv'd my Way:
But I am calm; and wish thee, for thy Safety,
To let me pass. Thou talkd'st a while ago
Of *Lucrece*——but no more of that ——my Father.
O, fear'd I not his Thunder which so oft
Has menac'd me if e'er I rose against thee,
Long, long e'er this, hadst thou been Dust, even now;
For that Abuse which late thou gav'st my Ear,
For that abhorr'd Conception of my Sister,
For that damn'd Mention, by the lowest Hell,

And

And by the burning Fiends, thou shouldst be Ashes.

Gand. Blush not, nor purse thy threatening Brow, but
And dare not to despise the weakest Arm (draw,
That strikes with Justice. Yes, upon thy Breast,
Elate and haughty as thou carry'st it,
I doubt not but my Sword shall write thee Traitor.

Borg. No more: O that I had
Some one renown'd, and winter'd as my self,
'T encounter like an Oak the rooting Storm!
But thou art weak, and to the Earth wilt bend,
With my least Blast, thy Head of Blossoms down:
If by thy Hand I fall (as who e'er div'd
So deep in Fate, but sometimes was deceiv'd?)
I do bequeath thee more than all my Dukedoms,
Far more indeed than Worlds, my beauteous Bride;
But if I conquer thee, and shew thee Mercy,
Never love more; nor after I am marry'd,
Dare for thy Soul to speak of *Bellamira*.

Gand. I thank thee, and accept the Terms with Joy,
Which Blood must ratify: and here I swear,
If vanquish'd by thy Arm (tho' Death I hope,
Will, more than Oaths, confirm the fatal Bargain)
For ever to renounce all claim, and yield,
By my eternal Absence, *Bellamira*.

Borg. Come on then: and let Love and Glory steel
Thy unlesh'd Arm: think, on this Moment hangs
Thy whole Life's Joy, or worse than Death, Despair;
I would not win such Beauty without Blood.
But as the brave *Gonsalvo*, being shot,
Mov'd not at all, nor chang'd his mighty Look;
As if the Gallantry of such Demeanor
Could charm coy Victory to raise the Siege:
So would I with my Blood distilling down,
Answering her Tears, lead *Bellamira* on,
And woo her at the Altar with my Wounds.

Gand. no more.

Borg. Agreed. The Word is *Bellamira*—

[*They fight, Gandia is wounded.*
Hold, hold *Palante*, for thou bleed'st.

Gand. A Scratch.

Borg.

CÆSAR BORGIA. 49

Borg. My Father cries out, save him on thy Life.

Gand. Guard well thy Life.

[*Fight again. Borgia is wounded on the Arm,
but disarms Gandia.*]

Enter Machiavel.

Mach. What means this Noise of Arms?
Why these Swords drawn? What now, my Lords,
Both wounded? [*Borgia throws Gandia his Sword.*
By Heav'n, I swear, you shall proceed no further.

Borg. 'Tis now too late to tell thee how we quarrell'd,
Look to his Wound: Soon as the Cure's perform'd,
I'll serve the Duke of *Gandia* with my Fortune,
But far from *Rome*; for he has agreed
Never to see my *Bellamira* more.
For me——I'll to the Temple.

Mach. My Lord, you bleed.

Borg. The Skin's but rais'd:
Would it were deep in the most mortal Part,
So *Bellamira*, when the Blood gush'd forth,
Would sink upon my Breast, and swear she lov'd me:
But that's too much to hope; whate'er is doom'd,
I swear this Night to grasp the conquer'd Prize:
Yes, yes, *Palante*, hear, and fly for ever;
All the white World of *Bellamira's* Beauty
This Night I'll travel o'er, to feast my Love?
The little Glutton shall be gorg'd with Revels,
He shall be drunk with Spirits of Delight,
With all that amorous Wishes can inspire,
And all the Liberties of loose Desire. [Exit]

Gand. I'll after him, and at the Altar end him.
Was't not enough to wound and vanquish me,
But he must triumph too? I rave and talk
I know not what; for he is generous,
And nobly merits what his Valour won;
Yes, happy *Borgia*; I will keep my Word;
And, since thus lost to all that I held dear,
Abandon this loath'd World.

Mach. You must retire.

50 CÆSAR BORGIA.

Gand. I will devote the sad Remains of Life
To the blest Company of holy Men ;
Learn Contemplation, and, the Dregs of Life
Purg'd off, taste clearer and more sprightly Joys,
Partake their Transports in the brightest Visions,
See opening Heav'ns, and the descending Gods :
Then as I view the dazzling Tracts of Angels,
Sigh to my Heart, and cry, See there, and there,
In full Perfection thousand *Bellamira's*.

Mach. My Lord, your Wound bleeds fast.

Gand. O *Machiavel!*

When I am shut for ever from the World,
Thou tenderest-hearted, gentlest, best of Friends,
Wilt visit me sometimes : I know thou wilt.

Mach. Why do you droop thus ? Lean upon my Arm :
All shall be well. Yes, I will find a Way,
In spite of Fortune, yet to heal your Sorrows,
And pour the Balm of *Bellamira's* Tears
Upon your Wound.

Gand. Could I but see her once
Before I die !

Mach. Once, twice, a hundred times :
Doubt not, you shall, but haste to your Apartment.

[*Exit Gandia.*

Methinks, if Mischief had but this to vaunt,
That, like a God, none knows her but herself,
It were enough to mount her o'er the World.
I love myself ; and for myself, I love
Borgia my Prince : Who does not love himself ?
Self-Love's the universal Beam of Nature,
The Axle-Tree that darts thro' all its Frame :
And he's a Child in Thought, who fears the Sting
Of Conscience ; and will rather lose himself
Than make his Fortune by another's Ruin !
Conscience, the Bugbears Roar, the Nurses Howl,
Our Infant Lash, and Whip of Education.

Enter Adorna.

My Genius, my Love, my little Angel,

H aft

CÆSAR BORGIA. 51

Hast thou the Letters ?

Ador. First, my Lord,
If I have Breath to utter, let me tell you,
Never was Marriage solemniz'd like this.

Mach. Go on.

Ador. The Bride in mourning Robes was led,
Or rather born like a pale Corse along ;
I saw her when she first approach'd the Temple,
How, rushing from the Arms of those that held her,
She threw her Body on the marble Steps ;
When strait the Bridegroom with a kindled Face
Drew near, and blushing, stretch'd his bloody Arm,
Wrapt in a Scarf, and gave it to the Bride ?
Then, bowing, wish'd the Priest perform his Duty.

Mach. What follow'd ?

Ador. Urg'd, or rather, brib'd before,
The Priest at old *Orfino's* Intercession,
Soon join'd their Hands : all from the Temple haste,
Orfino and his Son in deep Discourse,
And *Bellamira* blind with weeping, led
This way.

Mach. I am glad on't, for I wait to speak with her,
Prithee produce the Letters : Come, I know
Thou hast 'em ; nay, 'tis thy own Interest.

Ador. See, *Bellamira* enters : Stay some time,
And I'll discover to your own Desire.

Enter Bellamira.

Mach. Madam, I would intreat a Word in private.

Bell. Can Misery, like mine, be worth Discourse ?

Mach's. The dead are only happy, and the dying :
The dead are still, and lasting Slumbers hold 'em :
He, who is near his Death, but turns about,
Shuffles a while to make his Pillow easy,
Then slips into his Shroud, and rests for ever.

Bell. My Mind presages, by the bloody Hand
That seiz'd me at the Altar——

Mach. In their Nonage
A Sympathy unusual join'd their Loves ;

52 CÆSAR BORGIA.

They pair'd like Turtles, still together drank,
 Together eat, nor quarrell'd for the Choice :
 Like twining Streams both from one Fountain fell,
 And as they ran, still mingled Smiles and Tears :
 But Oh, when Time had swell'd their Currents high,
 This boundless World, this Ocean did divide 'em,
 And now for ever they have lost each other.

Bell. For ever ! Oh the Horror that invades me !
 Thou seem'st to intimate some horrid Act :
 I charge thee speak, how fares the Duke of *Gandia* ?
 Not answer me ! Why dost thou shake thy Head,
 And cross thy Arms, and turn thy Eyes away ?
 Has there been aught betwixt my Lord and him ?

Mach. There has, they fought.

Bella. The Cause, the curled Cause
 Stands here, before thy Eyes she stands to blast thee :
 I know 'tis thus ; *Borgia* for me was wounded ;
 And, oh my Fears, by his relentless Hand,
 Perhaps that poor despairing lost *Palante*
 Is miserably slain : If it be so,
 Spite of my Father, I'll renounce my Vows,
 Forego, forswear all Comforts in this Life,
 And fly the World.

Mach. Wou'd I were out on't ;
 Nothing but Fraud and Cruelties reign here.
 He is not slain ; but, as his Surgeons bode,
 I fear him much. Oh would you be so kind
 To see the Wounds he suffers for your sake,
 And charm his Pains but with one parting View
 Before your Lord return——

Bella. Alas, I dare not !

Mach. He grasp'd me by the Wrist, and weeping, vow'd
 'Twould be a Heav'n, a Lightning in his Grave,
 Where else he must for ever lie unpity'd.
 Now, on my Soul, you must, you ought to see him,
 Who, ballancing the Scales of doubtful Life,
 Lies in your way ; a Glance, one Grain of Favour
 Turns him from Death. Come, come, you must have
 Madam, I'll wait and intercept your Lord. (Mercy :

Bella.

CÆSAR BORGIA. 53

Bella. A Vifit! juft upon our Marriage too—
But 'tis the laft that he fhall e'er receive:
Therefore I'll go; Nature, Compaffion, Fate,
And Love, far more tyrannical than thofe,
Forces me on: I feel him here; he throbs,
And beats a mournful March.

Mach. Fear not, away:
I'll guard the Paſſage: Look not back, but haſte.
[Exit Bellamira]

If I remember Story well, old *Rome*
Was free from all this Weaknefs of the Mind
For Women! Oh how ſlightly were they thought of,
When the great *Cato* gave his Friend his Wife,
To breed him Heirs, becauſe ſhe was a Teemer;
And after he was dead, again receiv'd her?
This was before the *Vandals* made us Slaves,
Who, mingling with our Wives, begot a Race,
That nothing holds of the old Lion Glory.

Enter Borgia.

But huſh, more Work; and now I am compos'd.

Borg. Welcome, my beſt of Friends, my *Machiavel!*
Let me unlade on thee my Fraught of Joy;
For *Bellamira's* mine, her Vows are mine;
Her Father gave her, and the holy Man
Has link'd our Hands: Fortune perhaps, e'er long,
May join our Hearts; however dearly bought,
I ſay, ſhe's mine.

Mach. However dearly bought!

Borg. True *Machiavel*, moſt dearly; but alas,
He that would reach the Mine, muſt burſt the Quarry;
And labour to the Center—ha—thou'rt cold;
Start from this Lethargy, and tell me why,
Why doſt thou ſhake my Joys with that ſtern Look?
Speak, for to me thy Face is as the Heav'ns,
And, when thou ſmil'ſt, I cannot fear a Storm:
But now thy gather'd Brows prognoficate
Ill Weather; Lightning ſparkles from thy Eyes;
Speak too, tho' Thunder follow.

Mach. On what Conditions had the Prince his Life ?

Borg. It was agreed betwixt us solemnly,
And bound by Oath, that he who was subdu'd
Should never speak to *Bellamira* more.

Mach. I am satisfy'd. ———

Borg. O *Machiavel!* is this friendly,
To hide the Cause of thy Disorder from me ?
Thou said'st, I am satisfy'd ; but at that moment
I saw two Furies leap from thy red Eyes,
That said thou'rt not, thou art not satisfy'd.
This Coldness of thy Carriage, this dead Stillness,
Makes me more apprehend than all the Noise,
That mad Men raise ; Speak then, but do not blast me,
Speak by degrees, let the Truth break away,
In oblique Sounds ; for if it come directly,
I fall at once, split, ruin'd, dash'd for ever,
So little am I Master of my Passion.

Mach. Therefore I dare not tell you.

Borg. Therefore 'tis horrid, ah !
Monstrous ! 'tis so ; therefore thou dar'st not tell me.
But speak ; tho' trembling thus from Head to Foot,
I will be calm, press down the rising Sighs,
And stifle all the Swellings in my Heart ;
I will be Master far as Nature can.

Mach. If that you knew such Fire was in your Temper,
And thus would burn you up, why would you marry ?

Borg. Because resistless Love, resistless Beauty,
Hurry'd me on. But speak, thou stav'st me off.
If thou hast Sense of Honour, tell me, *Machiavel,*
Speak, I conjure you, as thou art my Friend.

Mach. The Fault's not great, and you may pardon it ;
Yet 'twas a Fault, I think : where did you leave
Your Bride ?

Borg. Why dost thou ask ? I know not where ;
This way they led her ; and as I'm persuaded,
Orsino, tho' unwilling, judg'd it fit
She should retire again to her Apartment,
That her full Grievs might have a time to waste.

Mach. She is retir'd, my Lord.

Borg.

CÆSAR BORGIA. 55

Borg. Ha! whither? speak;
 She is retir'd where she should not retire.
 'Tis true, most plain, most undeniable,
 I know it by the Fashion of thy Wit,
 Thy Accent swears it; mouth thy Tale no more,
 But say distinctly whither she's retir'd;
 I charge thee, pray thee, and conjure thee, speak,
 For what, with whom, and on what new Occasion?

Mach. You have a Brother.

Borg. O the perjur'd Traitor!
 I have! what then?

Mach. She's with him now.

Borg. With whom?

Mach. Why, with the Duke of *Gandia*; with your
Palante, Son or Nephew to the Pope. (Brother)

Borg. What, *Bellamira* with him? Ponyards! Daggers!

Mach. This way, but now, I saw her come in haste;
 Whether she guess'd the Matter by your Wound,
 I know not, but with faulting Speech she ask'd
 How far'd *Palante*, if he were in being?
 Whereon I nothing mus'd, but in plain Terms,
 With Moderation, told her what I knew:
 But had you seen the Starts and Stops she made!

Borg. No doubt she did; ten thousand Curses, oh—
 Go on; for yet I am a fangless Lion. (tion'd,

Mach. Had you but heard when first his Wound I men-
 How she shriek'd out; how oft she forc'd me swear,
 And swear, and swear again, it was not mortal—

Borg. Undone for ever! O Destruction seize her!

Mach. But when I told your hurt, she seem'd scarce
 And lessening Sorrow yielded to Attention; (griev'd,
 I do not say she flatly did rejoice,
 But sure I am she smil'd, and touch'd my Hand,
 And begg'd me, if you came this way, to hold you
 In talk, while to the Sick she made a Visit.

Borg. Thy Bosom be my Grave; bear me a while,
 Or I shall burst. O *Bellamira*! Oh!

Mach. Raise, raise your self. Ha, Prince! is this the
 We fear'd but now, that most transporting Fury? (Fire

36 CÆSAR BORGIA.

Borg. No more; 'tis gone: O Marriage! now I find
 Thou costly Feast, on which with fear we feed, (thee;
 As if each golden Dish we taste were poison'd;
 Where, by the fatal Tyranny of Custom,
 Our Honour, like a Sword just pointing o'er us,
 Hangs by a Hair. Ha! but it comes, 'tis faln!
 Like a fork'd Arrow stuck into my Skull.
 No more; I'm deaf as Adders, and as deadly;
 Mercy! no more! thy Voice is quite uncharm'd;
 All Pity thus be dry'd from my weak Eyes:
 Here will I look my Mother's Softness off,
 And gaze till Southern Fury steels my Soul,
 Till I am all my Father; till his Form,
 All bloody o'er from Head to Foot with Slaughter,
 Skims o'er my polish'd Blade, in Frowns to haste me,

Mach. What mean you, Sir?

Borg. I know not what my self!
 Off from my Arms; away. I've oft-times heard
 At Princes Murders, monstrous Births forebode;
 The Heavens themselves rain Blood: Why, let it rain;
 If my Heart holds her Purpose, with this Hand
 I'll swell the Purple Deluge; Vengeance! Death and
 Vengeance! [Exit.]

Mach. No, my brave Warrior! 'tis not gone so far;
 These Starts are but the hasty Harbingers
 To the slow Murder that comes dragging on:
 The Mischiefs yet but young, an Infant Fury;
 'Tis the first Brawl of a new-born Jealousy.
 But I have *Machiavellian* Magick here,
 Shall nurse this Brood of Hell to such Perfection,
 As shall e'er long become the Devil's Manhood;
 But hark, the Noise approaches, and the Time
 Puts me mind of *Bellamira's* Letters—— [Exit.]

Enter Borgia, Bellamira and Gandia.

Borg. Furies and Hell! yet e'er thou dy'ft, proud
 Let me demand thee how thou dar'ft abuse (Villain,
 My Mercy thus.

Gand.

Gand. I give thee back the Title;
And have a Heart so well assur'd of Death,
That I disdain to answer.

Borg. Die then, Traitor!

Bella. Hold *Borgia*, hold! hear *Bellamira* speak.

Borg. Confusion! off; and play not thus with Thunder,
Lest it should blast thee too: Hence, off, I say;
Tho' thou deserv'st a Fate as sharp and sudden,
I will take Leisure in thy Death. Be gone.

Bella. Behold, I grasp the Dagger, draw it through,
And gash my Veins, and tear my Arteries;
I'll fix my Hand thus to the wounding Blade,
While Life will let me hold, and force thee hear me.

Borg. Say'st, ha! wilt thou? dar'st thou brave me
Thus guilty too! once more forego my Ponyard. (thus)

Bella. No; draw it, Cruel! let thy bloody Deeds
Be swifter than thy Threats: I fear thee not;
But thus will wound myself, or quite disarm thee.
Now you shall hear me.

Borg. Is this possible?

Ha; *Borgia*! where! where is thy Fury now?
Where thy Revenge? O Woman in Perfection!
Thou dazzling Mixture of ten thousand *Circe's*,
In one bright heap cast by some huddling God,
How dar'st thou venture thus; how dar'st thou do this?
Yet heave thy Breasts, pant, breathe, and think on Mercy.

Bella. My Acts have shewn the Care indeed I take
To save my Life: No, Prince, not for my own
I would be heard, but for your innocent Brother's,
Palante.

Borg. Ha, *Palante*! Yes, I know thee, (tion,
There hangs thy Joy, thy Pulse, thy Breath, and Mo-
Blood, Life, and Soul, thy Darling Blessing's here,
And more than all the Joys of Heav'n hereafter.
O World of Horror! O Contagion on
The Day when first I saw thee.

Bella. Would you but hear——

Borg. Come off, I say; tear thy scarf'd Wound, tear't
With these distilling Drops; come glut thy Eyes, (up
Glut 'em with Blood; for *Borgia's* Blood's thy Joy:

58 CÆSAR BORGIA.

For say—when at the Altar I stood bleeding,
 Speak Tygres, barbarous Wretch, thou the *Palante*,
 Didst thou once ask th'Occasion of my Wound?

No—I remember thy uneasy Carriage,
 How often thou look'ft back with longing Eyes;
 How oft in secret thou didst curse the Priest,
 The tedious length of whose slow Ceremonies
 Kept thee from flying to *Palante's* Arms.

Gand. Farewell, my Lord; think *Bellamira* guiltless,
 And you shall never see *Palante* more. (Trouble;

Borg. Stay, Sir; come back, I know your Wound's a
 But the Reward I mean is worth your waiting.

Here, take him, *Bellamira*; clasp him;
 I give him thee, as our Physicians do
 Prescribe last Remedies, to save thy Life:
 I give him thee to save thy gasping Soul,
 Which would be damn'd without him; yet observe
 There is a Deed that must, that shall be done,
 Before you laugh and kiss. See here, my Bosom,
 Strike, and strike deep, deep as *Palante* burns thee;
 For in thy Heart, hot in thy inmost Veins,
 I know the curs'd, the too lov'd Traitor lies.

Gand. I do renounce the Name, and to the Giver
 Retort it with an equal Indignation.

Borg. Retort it! What?

Gand. The Name of Traitor.

Borg. Ha!

Provoke me not, lest as I am unarm'd,
 I crush thee with my Hands, and dash thee dead.

Bell. Hold off, and hear me; noble *Borgia*, hear me;
 Hear me, my Lord, my Husband, hear me kneeling;
 Thou whom the Heav'ns have destin'd to my Arms,
 The constant Partner of my nicest Thoughts,
 Doom'd to my Bed, whom I must learn to love,
 And will, unless you turn my Heart to Stone.

Borg. Ha!

Oh, such sweet Words ne'er fell from that fair Mouth
 Before, nor can I trust 'em now.

Bell. If you call back
 The Vengeance which your impious Vows let slip,

CÆSAR BORGIA. 59

I swear, thus sinking on your Feet, I swear,
 Never from this sad Hour, never to see,
 Nor speak, no, nor (if possible) to think
 Of poor *Palante* more.

Borg. Go on, go on; I swear the Wind is turn'd,
 And all those furious and outrageous Passions
 Now bend another way.

Bell. I will hereafter,
 With strictest Duty, serve you as my Lord;
 And give you signs of such most faithful Love,
 That it shall seem as if we languish'd long,
 As if we had been us'd to mingle Sighs,
 And from our Cradles interchang'd our Souls;
 As if no Breach had ever been betwixt us;
 As if no cruel Father forc'd the Marriage;
 I so resigning as if always your's,
 And you so mild, as if no other proof
 But my Dishonour e'er could make you angry.

Borg. Oh, my Heart's Joy! Rise, *Bellamira*, rise;
 There's nothing left, nothing of Rage to fright thee;
 Thou hast new-tun'd me, and the trembling Strings
 Of my touch'd Heart dance to the Inspiration,
 As if no harshness, nor no jars had been:
 Had these sweet Sounds but met my Entrance here,
 My ghastly Fears and cloven Jealousies,
 With all the Monsters that made sick my Brain,
 Had fled (so soft and artful are thy Strains)
 Like sullen Fiends before the Prophet's Charms.

Bell. I came, 'tis true, my Lord, to see *Palante*,
 But thought him on his Death-bed.

Borg. Oh, no more!
 I do intreat thee mention that no more;
 All's well; and we have mutually forgiven.
 I love thee, *Bellamira*; therefore pass
 This Error by; yes, for thy self I love thee,
 To glut my Fancy with thy endless Charms,
 And snatch the Pleasures of all Woman-kind:
 Thy fair Repentance, and thy graceful Vows,
 Have turn'd the Eagerness of sworn Revenge
 To furious Wishes for the promis'd Joy.

Enter

Enter Orfino.

Gand. O blasting Sight! O Death to all my Hopes!
Life, thou art vile, and I will wait no longer.

Orfin. Ha, Traitor Prince! Why, -- *Borgia*, does he live,
Who has himself broke all the Ties of Blood?
Where is the leud Adult'refs too my Daughter?
For I will stab 'em in each other's Arms.

Borg. Hold, dear *Orfino*! for Revenge is now
No more; thy Daughter is most innocent,
And melts into my Arms. O happy Night!
Not to the weary Pilgrim half so welcome,
When after many a weary bleeding Step
With joyful Looks he spies his long'd-for Home.
See, see my Lord, the effects of our Vexation!
Thus comes to the despairing Wretch, the glad
Reprieve: 'Tis Mercy, Mercy at the Block.
Thus the tofs'd Seaman, after boisterous Storms,
Lands on his Country's Breast, thus stands and gazes,
And runs it o'er with many a greedy Look;
Then shouts for Joy, as I should do, and makes
The ecchoing Hills and all the Shores resound. (thee,

Orfin. Now Blessings on thy Heart; more Blessings on
Than on thy Disobedience, Curses. Take him, Girl,
And lay him to thy Heart; the warmest Gift
That Nature or thy Father can bestow——

Gand. Farewell, thrice happy Lover! never shall
This Wretch again disturb you. *Bellamira*,
Oh, *Bellamira*——

[*Exit.*

Bella. O farewell, for ever!

Borg. Why dost thou weep, and pour into my Wounds
New Oil to make 'em blaze?

Bella. I've done, my Lord;
Let me but dry my Eyes, and I will wait you
To Death, or to your Bed——

Borg. O ill compar'd!
Be constant, *Bellamira*, to thy Vows,
So shall we shine, as in the inmost Heav'n,
The fixt and brightest Stars with silent Glory;

Where

CÆSAR BORGIA. 61

Where never Storm, nor Lightning's Flash, nor Stroke,
Of Thunder comes; but if you fail in aught,
Then shall we fall like the cast Angels down,
Never to rise again: Therefore I warn thee——

Bella. Fear not, my Lord.

Borg. Oh, I must fear my Temper;
But I will purge it off with Resolution,
And with a Confidence thou wilt be mine.
For shouldst thou not:——Hence *Gordian* Jealousy!
Cam'st thou uncall'd to set me on the Rack?
Be gone, I say, she's chaste, and I defy thee.
O plague me, Heav'n, plague me with all the Woes
That Man can suffer; root up my Possessions,
Shipwreck my far-sought Ballast in the Haven;
Fire all my Cities, burn my Dukedoms down,
Let Midnight Wolves howl in my desert Chambers;
May the Earth yawn; shatter the Frame of Nature;
Let the rack'd Orbs in Whirlwinds round me move,
But save me from the Rage of jealous Love. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Soft Musick, with an *Epithalamium* to
Borgia and *Bellamira*.

I.

BLUSH not redder than the Morning,
Tho' the Virgins gave you warning;
Sigh not at the Chance besel ye,
Tho' they smile, and dare not tell ye.

II.

Maids, like Turtles, love the Cooing,
Bill and murmur in their Wooing.
Thus like you, they start and tremble,
And their troubled Joys dissemble.

III.

III.

*Grasp the Pleasure while 'tis coming,
Tho' your Beauties now are blooming;
Time at last your Joys will sever,
And they'll part, they'll part for ever.*

Enter Machiavel and Aderna.

Mach. Say'st thou, so loving?

Adorn. Oh, he has got Ground
Beyond all expectation: Had you seen
His graceful Manner, when the fighting Bride
Was last Night by your Arms given to his Bed;
When after she was laid quite drown'd in Tears,
How, aw'd with Trembling, he the Curtains drew,
And kneeling by her Bed-side, took her fair Hand,
With which she strove to hide her Blushes from him,
And sighing, swore upon't——if so she pleas'd,
If her cold Heart refus'd him utterly,
He would forego his Joys, tho' Death ensu'd.
You muse, my Lord:

Mach. This Day attend my Motion:
Soon as my Purpose hits, which you must watch,
I'll train the Bridegroom near *Palante's* Lodgings;
Whence, as you were before by me instructed,
You with this Letter (which from all the Pacquets
I chose, and notably suits our Design)
Shall issue forth, and act as I inspir'd——

Adorn. I fear this Business,
Lest he should kill me: in this height of Fury,
Murder his Brother; or his innocent Lady.

Mach. I tell thee, tho' a Whirlwind drove him on,
I'll make him calm. The Consequence of this
Is thine: he drives *Palante* from the Palace,
Who else may linger after *Bellamira*;
And then thou know'st——

Adorn. I will about it streight.
If I get clear of this, use me no more,
For I have sworn to cease——

Mach.

CÆSAR BORGIA.

63

Mach. Prithee, be gone—
Use me no more: For she has sworn to cease,

To dip her Lady Finger in new Mischief: [Exit Adorna.
Yes—thou shalt cease to live when I have us'd thee,
Poor useless thing—But see the Bridegroom's here.

Enter Borgia.

My Lord, I give you Joy; Your Motion gives it,
Your wondrous Gallantry, and sprightly Action.
But has she wholly yielded to your Wishes,
Without the least Reserve?

Borg. Oh!

I cannot tell thee aught but this, I am happy
Above Expression, blest beyond all Hope;
And sure such perfect Joy cannot last long,
Lest we be Gods. O thou great Chymist, Nature,
Who draw'st one Spirit so sublimely perfect,
Thou mak'st a Dreg of all the World beside.

Mach. Why, this at first I told you, but you fear'd,
And push'd the Blessing from you with both Hands.
I grant you that she lov'd your Brother first;
I know he's young, and handsome, has a Wit
Most suitable to Woman's Inclination,
A subtle Genius, soft and voluble,
That winds with their Discourse, and hits the Vein;
'Tis true, you are not of this subtle Mould;
But if you have enjoy'd her, 'tis all one,
My Life she loves you: So the Act's resolv'd,
Leave them to manage. O ye know 'em not;
Those subtle Creatures, when Necessity
Forces Compliance, in a case like yours,
Will make the best on't.

Borg. How *Machiavel*, the best on't! Ha! how mean't (thou?)

Mach. Why thus; she may, ev'n *Bellamira* may,
Spite of her Father's Will, her Vows in Marriage,
And all her After-Oaths, even in your Arms
Bestow herself upon the Duke of *Gandia*.

Borg. Ha!

Mach.

64 CÆSAR BORGIA.

Mach. I say not (pardon me!) she does, or will;
But to make good my former Argument,
Affirm they may, they can, they will do thus.
As for Example, tho' your *Bellamira*,
Compell'd, as all *Rome* knows, to this late Marriage,
Admits you to her Bed; you cannot think,
But her *Palante* had been much more welcome.

Borg. Heav'n!

Mach. 'Tis likely too her Fancy work'd that Way
I urg'd before, she took you for *Palante*:
'Tis dark, she sees you not; you are his Brother,
Form'd in one Womb, of the same Flesh and Blood;
Therefore she yields as to foreknown Embraces:
And as you gently draw with trembling Arms
Her nicer Beauties to your heaving Breasts;
She shuts her Eyes with languishing Delight,
And whispers to her Heart, it is *Palante*.

Borg. Cease, *Machiavel*; hold; as thou lov'st my Life,
I charge thee hold: Oh, 'tis most true, I swear!
'Thou know'st the very Depth of Woman-kind:
They are what thy Imagination paints 'em,
Charmers and Sorceresses. Oh, I'll tell thee,
When I the chafest, as I thought her then,
I am sure the sweetest of the Earth, embrac'd—
'Twas with Complainings, *Machiavel*; such Tremblings,
I cou'd have sworn her cold as Winter Streams.
But oh the Horrors thou hast conjur'd up!
Soon as soft Sleep had seal'd her melting Eyes,
I heard her sigh (for till the Morn I wak'd)
Palante! Oh—what have we done, *Palante*?

Mach. By Heav'n, that was too much.

Borg. O much—much more.

For stealing nearer me; her glowing Arm,
Cast o'er my Cheek, thrice prest me to her Breast;
Ev'n that coy Arm, so nicely strange before,
Familiar grew, and circled in my Neck,
With all the Freedom of acquainted Love:
And I too pity'd her, and thought that Nature
Work'd her imperfectly; but now I know,
I find, I see, it was her Heart's Design,

The

The black Contrivance of her blotted Fancy :
 Blood, Blood and Death ; thus has she fet me down,
 Thro' the whole Course of her polluted Nights,
 To be her Bawd, her most industrious Groom,
 The Drudge of her damn'd Lust—*Palante's* Stale—

Mach. Are you incens'd indeed ? Or do you, Sir,
 Put on the jealous Fit to make you Sport ?
 For if so small a Spark thus make you glow,
 A little more will blow you into Flame :
 Therefore be serious in your Answer.

Borg. Ha !

Thou knowst before my Marriage how I fear'd,
 How when my Honour was engag'd by Vows,
 Like Flax my jealous Temper caught the Flame,
 And scarce could all her melting Sorrows quench me !

Mach. I do remember well.

Borg. But now I have enjoy'd her, mark me, *Machia*
 If I was Flax before, I'm Powder now, *(vel)*
 And will fly up in general Conflagration :
 For I would chuse to scramble at a Door,
 Make my loath'd Meals out of the common Basket
 With Dungeon Villains, wallow in the Stews,
 And get my Bread by poisoning my firm Limbs,
 E'er pass an Hour with her I have espous'd,
 If but in Thought consenting with another.

Mach. I am glad to find the Genius of your Climate
 Inflames you thus ; my Lord, give me your Hand :
 Prepare your Soul, gather your nobler Spirits,
 And bid 'em stand to Arms, like Towns besieg'd,
 That must receive no Quarter.

Borg. Let me go :

So deep thou threaten'st, that I fear ev'n thee ;
 And from this Moment, like the fearful Plant,
 Shrink back my Arms from every human Touch :
 But speak, I charge thee, slip the struggling Thunder,
 And foil my Soul.

Mach. This Morning just before he enter'd here,
 I saw in haste *Adorna* cross the Garden ;
 And as she ran, a Note dropt from her Bosom,
 Which I took up, and in it read these Words :

Mourn

66 CÆSAR BORGIA.

*Mourn not, my dear Palante, for the time
Draws on, when spite of this inhuman Borgia
We will be happy.*

Borg. Yes, she shall, she shall;
I'll join 'em Breast to Bosom, stab 'em thro';
And clinch my Dagger on the other side.

Mach. This, as I oft perus'd in great Amazement,
I saw her who had mis'd the Note, come back,
And briefly let her know that I had read it;
With Menaces, unless she told me all,
Immediately to carry you the Letters.
Why should I rack you longer? Your chaste Wife
Has with the help of this her Kinswoman,
Concluded, on the Date of your first Absence,
T'admit your Brother.

Borg. 'Tis impossible!
'Tis mountainous to Faith; I'll not believe it:
For Hell it self ne'er teem'd with such a Falshood.

Enter Adorna.

Mach. Ha——as I live, just from *Palante* now,
The private Way from his Apartment, see
Their Emissary comes.

Borg. Oh thou vile Bawd!
Thou Midnight Hag: Thou most contagious Blast,
Which *Bellamira* with a Strumpet's Breath
Blows to *Palante*, and he back to her:
Whence com'st thou? Speak! What bear'st thou? Ha,
Or I will tear thee Limb from Limb. (produce it,

Adorn. O Heav'ns!
I am betray'd, undone, for ever ruin'd; and I shall lose
my Life.

Borg. Thou shalt be safe, I swear thou shalt, if thou
confess the Truth:
But if thou hide aught from me, I will rack thee,
Till with thy horrid Groans thou wake the Dead.

Adorn. O my Lord!
I do confess that *Bellamira* sent me;
But sure no harm was in the Letter.

Borg.

Borg. None,
None at all; Hell knows her Innocence;
But speak——

Adorn. I have, my Lord, confes'd already
All that I know, to my Lord *Machiavel*.

Borg. Thou ly'st, damn'd Wretch! look here and
dare not urge me;
Show me the Answer to the Morning Message,
Or I will cut thee to Anatomy,
And search thro' all thy Veins to find it out.

Adorn. Oh, save my Life! behold, my Lord, this
What it contains, I know not. (Paper;

Borg. 'Tis his Hand.

Mach. Be gone; and on thy Life no talk of this.

[Exit Adorna.

Borg. reads. Palante waits upon your Motion. Death
and Devils!

*And when you call, he comes; or the long Sleep
Shall hush him ever.*

Daggers! Poison! Fire! [Tears the Letter.
Woe, and ten thousand Horrors on their Souls!

Mach. What now, my Lord?

Borg. Off——or I'll stab thee thro'!
Stab——I could mangle, tear up my own Breast,
Drag forth my Heart, that holds her bleeding Image,
And dash it in her Face.

Mach. Talk no more on't; but do, Sir, do.

Borg. Yes, *Machiavel*, I will——I will do Deeds
Grain'd as my Wrongs: I will, I will be bloody
As *Pyrrhus*, daub'd in Murder at the Altar;
As *Tullia*, driving thro' her Father's Bowels;
As *Cæsar's* Butchers in the Capitol;
As *Nero*, bathing in his Mother's Womb;
With all succeeding Tyrants down to ours,
Lords of the Inquisition, black Contrivers
Of Princes Deaths, and Heads of Massacres;
Orsino, *Vitellizzo*, Duke *Gravina*,
Oliveretto too; all, all at once.

Even the whole Race, a Hecatomb to Vengeance.

Mach. Hear me one Word.

Borg.

68 CÆSAR BORGIA.

Borg. Bid the Sea listen, when the weeping Merchant,
To gorge its ravenous Jaws, hurls all his Wealth,
And stands himself upon the splitting Deck,
For the last Plunge. No more! let's rush together;
For Death rides post.

Mach. Tho' Death should meet me,
More horrid than you name, I'd cross this Fury,
This blind ungovern'd Rage: Sir, you shall hear me.

Borg. Barr't thou my Vengeance?

Mach. No——— Ill further it:
You shall have Proof so plain, the World shall say,
The Pope himself, dear as he loves your Brother,
Shall say the Stroke was just. This Night I'll bring you
Into her Chamber, if with some Pretence
You seem t'absent yourself: My Lord, I'll bring you
With a false Key into the Bridal Lodging;
Where you shall see, even with those Eyes behold,
And gaze upon their curst incestuous Loves.

Borg. Just reeking from my Arms: O thou Adult'res!
Whose Name to mention, sure would rot my Lungs,
And blister up my Tongue; Infatiate *Sylla!*
Bark't thou for more? then let the Furies seize thee,
Whose burning Lust damns to the lowest Hell,
Smoaks to the Heav'ns, and sullies all the Stars.

Mach. Compose your Looks, smooch down that start-
ing Hair,
And dry your Eyes, which spite of this Distraction
I see are full, brim full of gushing Tears.

Borg. Had she not fallen thus, Oh ten thousand Worlds
Could not have ballanc'd her, for Heav'n is in her;
And Joys which I must never dream of more.
I weep, 'tis true: But, *Machiavel*, I swear,
They're Tears of Vengeance, Drops of liquid Fire.
So Marble weeps when Flames furround the Quarry,
And the pil'd Oaks spout forth such scalding Bubbles
Before the general Blaze: for that she dies,
Tho' clinging to the Altar; Guardian Gods,
Tho' starting from their Shrines, shall not redeem her.

Mach. Pretend to-night, nor is it bare Pretence;
For, as I hear, the *Sinigallian* Victors

Come.

Come on to wait you here: Pretend to her,
To *Bellamira*, you can scarce return
In forty Hours.

Borg. I will do what I may.

Mach. Away then.

Borg. Ha! Methinks thou dost not share
In my Repentment, *Machiavel*, as thou ought'st:
If thou'rt my Friend, and art indeed concern'd,
Relieve my weary'd Fury, beat my Vengeance,
Call up a friendly Rage, and curse 'em, *Machiavel*,
Curse these Triumphers o'er thy *Borgia's* Ruin.

Mach. Diseases wait 'em: Wherefore shall I curse
If that my Breath were sulph'rous as the Lightning, (em?
That murders with a Blast; or like the Vapours,
The choaking Stench, which those that die of Plagues
Send with their parting Groans, then I would curse 'em
With Accents that should poison from my Tongue,
Deliver'd strongly thro' my gnashing Teeth:
More harsh, more horrible, and more outrageous,
Than Envy in her Cave, or Madmen in their Dens.

Borg. Excellent *Machiavel!* more, more, to lull me.

Mach. My Tongue shall stammer in my earnest Words;
My Eyes shall sparkle like the beaten Flint.

Borg. This hoary Hair should start, and stand an end,
And all thy shaking Joints should seem to curse 'em.

Mach. Nay, since you urge me, Sir, my Heart will
Unless I curse 'em! Poison be their Drink. (break,

Borg. Gall, Gall, and Wormwood, Hemlock! Hem-
lock quench 'em.

Mach. Their sweetest Shade, a Dale of dusky Adders,

Borg. Their fairest Prospect, Fields of Basilisks:
Their softest Touch, as smart as Vipers Teeth.

Mach. Their Musick horrid as the Hiss of Dragons;
All the foul Terrors of dark-seated Hell.

Borg. No more; thou art one Piece with me myself:
And now I take a Pride in my Revenge.

Mach. You bid me ban, and will you bid me cease?
Now, by your Wrongs that turn my Heart to Steel,
Well could I curse away a Winter's Night,
Tho' standing naked on a Mountain's Top,

And

70 *CÆSAR BORGIA.*

And think it but a Minute spent in Sport.

Borg. Thou best of Friends! come to my Arms my Brother;

But the time calls, and Vengeance bids us part;
Henceforth, be thou the Mistress of my Heart. [*Exit.*]

Mach. Now it grows ripe; the *Orsins*, and *Vitelli*,
Are bury'd by my Wit, without a Noise.
Oh, 'tis the safer Course, for Threats are dang'rous.
But there's no Danger in the Execution;
For he that's dead, ne'er thinks upon Revenge.
What, ho! — *Alonzo!*

Enter Alonzo.

Alonz. Here, my Lord.

Mach. Are the Gloves brought I sent to the Perfumer's?

Alonz. They are.

Mach. Where is *Adorna*?

Alonz. She waits without.

Mach. As you see her enter,
Bring me the Gloves: 'Twere easy strangling her,
But this is quainter. — O my bright *Adorna!*

Enter Adorna.

With Confidence I swear the Duke is thine.

Adorn. May I believe it?

Mach. Be judge thyself, whether I have been idle.
These were a Present from the King of *Spain*
To the Pope's Niece; of whom the fond young Duke
Begg'd 'em for thee.

Adorn. Is't possible?

Mach. Stay, Madam — we must change
One Present for another. Lend me the Key
To *Bellamira's* Chamber.

Adorn. For what?

Mach. Nay, if we barter Words.

Adorn. Here, here, my Lord.

Now give me the dear Present.

See, see, my Lord, they are emboss'd with Jewels,
And

CÆSAR BORGIA. 71

And cast so rich an Odour, they o'ercome me——
 Help me—my Lord—O help me—lend your Aim—
 The Earth turns round with me! O Mercy, Heaven—

[Dies.

Mach. Remove the Body——
 Then haste and find the Duke of *Gandia* out;
 E'er he removes, as he intends to-night;
 Having Commission from the Pope to lead
 Th' *Italian* Armies; earnestly entreat him
 To honour me by making one last Visit,
 Which equally imports him as his Life.

Enter Borgia and Bellamira.

Borg. Upon the instant, Fairest, I must leave you;
 The Lord of *Firmo*, with the Duke your Uncle,
 Have taken *Sinigallia* by surprize:
 What else, but meeting thy victorious Kinsmen,
 Should draw me from thy Arms? yet thus divided
 But for a Day or two, methinks I part,
 As Souls are sever'd from their warmer Mansions,
 To wander in the bleak and desart Air.

O *Bellamira!*

Bell. Why do you sigh, my Lord?
 If 'tis your Pleasure, let me wait you here;
 Or if my Presence can dispel these Clouds
 That make you sad, I will attend you thither;
 For while Life lasts, I will be all Obedience.

Borg. Could'st thou hold there, how might we laugh
 So kindled both by Love, and by Ambition, (at Fate?
 How would I sweep, like Tempests, with a waite
 Over all *Italy*, and crown thee Empress
 Here in the Heart of *Rome*——my bright *Augusta*.
 But 'tis impossible.

Bell. Then you conclude, my Lord, I am not true.

Borg. Why, art thou? Is there such a thing in Nature
 As a true Wife? No, *Bellamira*, no——
 Thou wouldst be monstrous then, ev'n to Derision:
 For the whole Flock of common Wives would hoot thee,
 And

And drive thee, like a Bird without one Feather
Of thy own kind.

Bell. Once more upon my Knees,
In view of all the Hierarchy of Heav'n,
I here attest my spotless Innocence.

Borg. Still, *Machiavel*, still let us keep to Death;
Our Principle, that we are Dust when dead:
For, were there any Hell, or any Devil
But hot enough to make an Exhalation,
Would he not fetch her now? Would he not damn her?
I do believe thee guiltless: Therefore rise;
But since thou art so confidently clear,
Swear *Bellamira*, if I prove thee false,
Whate'er I threat, nay, tho' I put in act
Those Menaces, thou wilt not call me Tyrant.

Bell. I swear by Heav'n I will submit my Life
To the severest stroke of your Revenge.

Borg. If then I prove thee false, O *Bellamira*!
Not that Celestial Copy, ev'n thy Face,
Shall 'scape; but I will raze the Draught, as if
It ne'er had been the Pattern of the Gods.

Bell. Act what you please; but speak no more, my
For every Word's a Blot, and strikes me dead. (Lord,

Borg. If thou art false, and if I prove thee so,
That Skin of thine, that matchless Web of Heav'n,
Which some more curious Angel cast about thee,
Will I tear off, tho' cleaving to the Shrine.

Bell. Speak to him, *Machiavel*! O fatal Marriage!

Borg. If thou dost play me false, think not of Mercy;
Thy Father shall be burnt before thy Eyes.

Bell. O horrid Thought!

Borg. Thy Uncles, Brothers, Sisters,
All that have any relish of thy Blood,
I'll rack to Death, and throw their Limbs before thee:
Therefore look to't; beware, if thou art false,
I'll take thee unprepar'd, and sink thy Soul:
Therefore, I say again, beware! I've warn'd thee;
Body and Soul, ev'n everlasting Ruin;
For so may Heav'n have Mercy upon mine
At my last Gasps, as I'll have none on thine— [Exit.

Bell.

CÆSAR BORGIA. 73

Bell. Oh 'tis too plain! I am lost, undone for ever.
 What but one Night, ev'n the first Nuptial Night,
 So fought, so courted, and so hardly won;
 And the next Day, nay, the succeeding Morn
 To be us'd thus—Let me go, let me go,
 For I'll proclaim him thro' the Streets of *Rome*
 The Traitor, Monster—Oh, I could shake World
 With thundering forth my Wrongs; hollow his Name
 To the resounding Hills! *Borgia!* Traitor *Borgia!*
 Methinks that Word, that Spell, that horrid Sound,
 That Groan of Air could cleave the neighbouring Rocks,
 And scare the babbling Echoes from their Dens.

Mach. Perhaps some busy Slave has whisper'd him
 I know not what, that chafes his Melancholy
 Against your Honour.

Bell. That's impossible!
 Had I deny'd to admit him to my Bed,
 Some seeming Cause, some Reason for Distrust
 Might then be given; but the bright Heav'ns know
 I had resolv'd to take him for my Lord,
 And love him too, or force my Inclination,
 So subtly had he wrought by deep dissembling
 Upon my plain and undiscerning Weakness:
 But now he's gorg'd, the Monster shews himself,
 Appears all Beast, and I must die, he cries,
 Ah Cruelty! and all my wretched Race.

Mach. Madam, you know how near a Friendship grows
 Betwixt the Duke of *Gandia* and my self:
 After this Night you'll never see him more:
 Yet, e'er he goes, as he to-night is order'd,
 He will unfold, if you permit him leave,
 The only means to save your Father's Life;
 Nay, and the Lives of all your Family.

Bell. Oh *Machiavel!* now where is thy Advice?
 Had I not reason for my dreadful Fears?
 My Father dies; and by whose Hand but *Borgia's*?
 What shall I do? where shall I go? and whither shall I
 Tenthousand Horrors! O instruct me, *Machiavel*, (canst
 For I grow desperate.

Mach. Admit the Duke of *Gandia*,

74 CÆSAR BORGIA.

This Night, for one last Conference: Your Husband
Cannot return, unless he ride the Wind,
In forty Hours——

Bell. Here I am lost again:
Should he return, and find *Palante* with me,
Whom I have sworn never to see, discourse,
Never to hear of, scarce to think of more,
What Mountains then should hide me from his Fury?
Yet if I see him not, my poor old Father,
With all his Children, Brothers, and Relations,
Top, Root and Branches, all must be cut down.
Hear, Heav'n, hear! I must kneel to thee for Succour;
O aid my Virtue, and support my Weakness:
Methinks I am inspir'd; some Guardian Spirit
Whispers me, Save, O save thy Father's Life!
Bring him then, *Machiavel*, bring the Duke of *Gandia*:
Yet stay, methinks I see the Tyrant there!
My bloody Husband, with his Ponyard drawn,
Just at the Door: Stop, stop the Duke of *Gandia*:
He shall not come: Why, then thy Father dies;
O horrid State! weep Eyes, and bleed, O Heart!
Let Nature burst with these unheard-of Suff'rings!
Forbid him, *Machiavel*, or let him come;
All have their Fate, and I'll expect my Doom——

[*Exeunt severally.*]



A C T.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Machiavel, and Alonzo.

Alonz. MY Lord, I have been diligent.



Mach. And always wert my subtle Emissary;

My Glance of Death, and Lanthorn to my Mischiefs.

Alonz. I met the Duke of *Gandia* at the Head Of his new Forces, and acquainted him As you directed; and he'll strait attend you: But as I whisper'd him, Duke *Valentine* With a vast Train came up to take his leave, Being call'd (as Fame reports) to *Sinigallia*: But had you seen the Embraces, heard the Vows Which *Borgia* swore should be inviolable, And ratify'd 'em with a parting Kifs.

Mach. 'Tis my own *Borgia*; a very Limb of me; And when he dies, thou'lt see me halt, *Alonzo*.

Enter Gandia.

My Lord, most welcome! *Alonzo*—hence—O Prince!

[*Exit Alonzo.*]

Was ever Slave so careful for his Lord,
That watch'd his Nod, as I have been for you?

Gand. I must with shame to Death acknowledge it.
But didst thou know, or couldst thou guess how near
The loss of *Bellamira* touches me,
Thou wouldst forgive me.

Mach. I have excus'd you, Sir:
And for a Witness of my faster Friendship,
This Night have sent the Duke to *Sinigallia*,
That you might take your last farewell of Love,

76 CÆSAR BORGIA.

And *Bellamira*.

Gand. And has the cruel Fair consented to it?

Mach. She has consented, rather by Constraint,
Than her own Will; I was forc'd to tell her,
How you had signify'd to me, her Father
Was in great hazard; but if she vouchsaf'd
A Visit, you would satisfy her better.

Enter Alonzo.

Gand. Ha! what's this? A sudden Fall of Spirits—

Alonz. My Lord, he's in's Litter muffled up,
In a dark Avenue behind the Palace;
And bid me fly to tell you *Tarquin's* Poppies
Are bound up altogether in one Sheaf. (The time

Mach. Haste thee, and make my Answer thus—
Calls for their Heads. This Key, my Lord, admits you—

Gand. 'Tis now no time for Thanks; but if I live—
[Exit.

Mach. Why, this is true *Italian!* turning thus
A Key with *Machiavellian* flight of Hand,
Two Families of the best Southern Blood,
With the first Prince in *Rome*, are quite extinct:
What foggy Northern Brain would dream of this?

Enter Borgia muffled in a Cloak.

Borg. My *Machiavel!*

Mach. My Prince, my godlike *Borgia!*

Borg. Tell me, my Bosom-Sin, am I awake,
Alive? and may I credit this thy Summons?

Mach. No sooner were you gone, but your chaste Wife,
Whom I imagin'd dead with what you utter'd;
I say, this Wife, this heav'nly Wife of yours,
Rearing her Head, and wiping her dry Eyes,
Dropping her Chin, to make her Smile more scornful,
Cry'd out, Lord *Machiavel*, you see, you see,
What things these Husbands are, and left the Room.

Borg. Racks, Racks, and Fire! Caldrons of molten
How shall I torture her?

(Lead!
Mach.

CÆSAR BORGIA. 77

Mach. Streight, by her walking Pacquet,
She signify'd her Pleasure to the Duke,
Who soon approach'd, and with a matchless Boldness
Desir'd my Friendship in this private Business:
I smil'd, and promis'd that I would not see,
Tho' I beheld *Adorna* let him in,
Whom since I poison'd, lest she should betray
The Secret of your coming.

Borg. By Death and Vengeance
I could turn *Cannibal*, and with my Teeth
'Tear her alive. But let us talk no more.

Enter D. Michael.

What ho, *Don Michael!* when I stamp my Foot
Against the Ground, bring forth the Prisoners,
And execute as I shall order. [*Ex. Michael.*

Mach. Pass the back Way, my Lord; this Door is
If that be shut too, force it open, while (lock'd;
I set a Guard on this: Millions to one,
But when she hears your Voice, she'll hide the Duke,
And then deny him boldly to your Face:
'Tis like those subtle Creatures.

Borg. Damn 'em, Serpents!
What needs this Aggravation? Revenge! away——
[*Exit.*

Mach. Now like a Grey-hound barking in the Slips,
Death struggles for a loose; I must be gone,
And lurk in shadows till the Murder's done.
Hark 'tis doing, the Doors are thunder'd down!
Oh; for an Earthquake now to swallow all,
All that oppose my Tyrant, to the Center—— [*Exit.*

SCENE draws. Borgia, Bellamira, Duke of Gandia disarm'd: D. Michael, &c.

Borg. Slave, run you down, and bar the Palace-Gates,
Let not a Soldier stir on pain of Death,
Till I appoint. What's he you have disarm'd?
Haste, drag him forth, and put the Tapers near him:
H 3 Lightning

78 CÆSAR BORGIA.

Lightning and Thunder! Ha! the Duke of *Gandia*!
Rage burn me up! It is not possible:
Woman, O Woman!

Bell. O Heav'ns! O all ye Powers!
Is there not one, one Door for Mercy left?

Borg. Pull off his Robes, and bind him to a Chair;
Ply him with Fire and Wounds—Yes, *Bellamira*,
There is a Flood-gate—but it is of Blood;
A Gate for Mercy wide, as thou hast shown
For Honour, Chastity, and bridal Virtue.
See here the Sluice I draw, thro' Doors of Wounds;
Thy Vows, this sulphurous Stench, thy Kisses.

Bell. Hold, hold, Tormentors!

Borg. Seize the Fury's Arms,
And execute my Orders.

Gand. O unmerciful!

O *Borgia*: When, when shall my Torments end?

Bell. Ha! is it doing! Wretches, Villains, Dogs,
Miscreants, Sons of Hell, and Broods of Darkness!

Gand. Humanity can bear no more. My Heart, strike

Bell. 'Tis done; O the dark Deed is done! [there.

O let me gather all the Rage of Woman,
And tell this Tyrant to his teeth, he is a Villain.

Gand. Mercy, gentle *Borgia*, Mercy! [Mercy.

Bell. He gentle! then the Devils themselves have
O Monster, rocky Villain, Tyger, Hell-hound,
Seize him you Fiends, and Furies damn him, damn him;
May Hell have infinite Stories, and this Devil
Be damn'd beneath the bottomless Foundation.

Borg. By Heav'n she weeps: Here, dip her Handker-
Dip it in his Blood, and bid her dry her Eyes. (chief,

Bell. O thou eternal Mover of the Heav'ns,
Where are thy Bolts?

Gand. I go, O *Bellamira*!

Thinkst thou, alas, that we shall know each other
In the bright World? I fear we shall not—Oh!

Borgia farewell: Thy Bride is innocent:

Let *Bellamira* live, and I forgive thee—— [Dies.

Bell. He's gone; to Heav'n he's gone, as sure as thou
Shalt sink to Hell, thou Tyrant, double damn'd:

Nay,

Nay, thou wouldst have me rage, and I will rage,
 And weep, and rage, and show thee to the World,
 Thou Priest, Archbishop, Cardinal, and Duke,
 Thou that hast run thro' all religious Orders,
 And with a Form of Virtue cloak'd thy Horrors!
 Thou proper Son of that old curst Serpent,
 Who daubs the holy Chair with Blood and Murders.
 But sure the Everlasting has a Chain
 To bind your Charms, and link you both together:
 Hell's Vicar, and his first begotten Devil,
 Hotter than *Lucifer* in all his Flames.

Enter Alonzo.

Borg. What, ho, *Alonzo!* strangle the Prisoners,
Orsino; Vitellio: Haste, I say,
 Without reply——

Bell. O spare him! spare my Father!
 And I'll unswear, forswear all I have said:
 Oh, I have play'd the Woman now indeed,
 A lying, foolish, vexed, outrageous Woman!
 To set your Wrath against the Innocent:
 There was a seeming Cause for the Duke's Death
 And mine; But, oh! what has *Orsino* done?
Orsino loves you: Oh that good old Man!
 Your Father——For so a thousand times
 I've heard you call him, seen you kiss, embrace him!
 Therefore he must not, cannot die!

Borg. *Alonzo!*

Alonz. My Lord!

Borg. Slave, I'll strangle thee [Strikes him.
 With my own Hands, if thou delay'st my Vengeance:
 Say, Villain, what, not dead?

Alonz. My Lord, they are:
 And if I live you shall repent this Blow—— [Aside.

Borg. Go, draw the Curtain, glut her Eyes with
 And strangle her: My Veins are all on fire, (Death,
 And I could wade up to the Eyes in Blood.
 Draw, draw the Curtain.

Orfin. Vitellez. D. Gravina, Oliveretto, *appear disguised.*

Bell. Gorgon, Medusa, Horror!

Yet I will shoot thro' Daggers, rush thro' Flames
To clasp him in my Arms. O wretched *Paul*,
O noble *Orfin*, what, quite cold? Pale, dead?
And you, dear Images, will you not give
One Gasp of Breath, one Groan, one last Farewel?
Horror! Confusion! and eternal Shame
Light on thee for this Deed: I tell thee, *Borgia*,
I see thee on thy Death-Bed, all on fire,
As if some hellish Poison had inflam'd thee;
I see thee thrown ten Fathom in a Well,
Yet still come up, like *Etna's* belching Flames.

Borg. I hope thou wilt go mad and prophesy!

Bell. Yes Tyrant, thus, thus to thy Face I brave thee,
And tell thee in despite of Threats, e'er long
Thou and thy holy Father shall be seiz'd
And carry'd to the everlasting Jail;
From whence not all your *Spanish* Cardinals,
Your Bailiffs in red Liveries, shall redeem you—

Borg. Die in thy Prophecy; *Alonzo*, end her—

Bell. Thus, on my Knees then—and for Terror to
Hear my last Prayer, and mark my dying Words. (thee,
It I in Thought, in Word, in private Act
Have yielded up this Body to the Arms
Of aught that's mortal, but inhuman *Borgia*!
O thou impartial and most awful Judge!
Shut, shut thy Gates of Bliss against my Soul;
But if my tortur'd Virtue merits Glory,
Pardon my Frailties, see with what Joy
I leave this Life, and bring me to perfection.

[*She is strangled.*]

Borg. What, at her Death! she that believ'd a Heav'n,
And fear'd a Hell, yet to depart a Lyar;
But how know I that she believ'd a Heav'n?
Or why, with hopes that in the Pangs of Death
I would reprieve her, might she not deny
Her Whoredom to the last? but that's unnatural!

What

What wouldst thou then? I will no more of this;
It clouds my Brain; hence, *Alonzo* bear
The Duke of *Gandia's* Body to the *Tiber*
In some close Chair, tie at his Neck a Weight,
And plunge him to the Bottom.

Alonz. My Lord, 'tis done.

[*Ex. Executioners with the Body.*]

Borg. I swear I have been cruel to my self,
For that I lov'd her, is as true, as she
Is past the Sense on't; she is cold already.——

Enter Machiavel.

Mach. Ha! this is stately Mischief! what, my four Foes
Of *Florence!* but they are dumb. Ha! gazing there,
I like not that——

Borg. Her Lips are lovely still;
The Buds, tho' gather'd, keep their *Damask* Colour;
Yes, and their Odours too! haste *Machiavel,*
Rush to my Aid; I grow in love with Death.
She shall not die! run Slaves! fetch hither Spirits,
I will recover her again!

Mach. Again to plague?
To meet again another Duke of *Gandia?*

Borg. Death on that Thought; no, let her die and rot,
The damn'd Adult'res! perish the Thoughts of her.
Ha, tell me, come: I will no more of her.
How shall the Bodies be dispos'd? I sent
My Brother to the *Tiber.*

Mach. That's a trouble;
I'll find an easier way for these, and her
That sleeps within my Closet. Go, *Don Micahel,*
Bury 'em all together in quick Lime;
In some few hours the Flesh will be consum'd;
Then burn the Bones, and all is Dust and Ashes.

[*Draw here the Curtains on 'em.*]

Borg. I swear this Body shall not be consum'd;
I'll have't embalm'd to last a thousand Years.
O *Machiavel!* I swear, I know not why,
But with a World of Horror on my Soul,

With Tremblings here, Convulsions of the Heart ;
As if I heard some God thus whisper to me,
Thou oughtst to grieve for *Bellamira's* Death.

Mach. My Lord a very fond and foolish Fancy.

Borg. I say, my Lord, your Policy is out:
Furies and Hell ! how should you judge of Love,
That never lov'd ? Thou hast no taste of Love,
No sense, no relish—Why did I trust thee then ?
Had any Softness dwelt in that lean Bosom,
My *Bellamira* now had been alive :

Tho' I had cause to kill her, thou hadst none
To set me on, but Honour, jealous Honour !
Oh the last Night ! I tell thee, Politician,
When I run o'er the vast Delight, I curse thee,
And curse my self ! nay, wish I had been found
Dead in her Arms ; but take her, bear her hence !
And if thou lov'st me, drive her from my Memory.

[*They remove her.*]

Tell me my Brother's Murder is discover'd ;
That the four Ghosts are up again in Arms :
Say any thing to make me mad, and lose
This Melancholy, which will else destroy me.

Mach. I hear the Pope has sent to *Sinigallia*
To call you back.

Borg. By Heav'n, I had forgot,
And thou most opportunely hast remembered :
You know twelve Cardinals were then created,
That solemn Morn when I receiv'd the Rose ;
And I will tell thee, half those Fools e'er morrow,
That bought so high, shall veil their Caps for ever.

Mach. He mends apace ; 'tis but another shrug,
And then this Love, this Ague Fit is lost.

Borg. I swear—I'll to the Wars, and ne'er return
To *Rome*, till I have brav'd this haughty *Frenchman*
That menac'd so of late.

Mach. Why this is *Borgia*.

Come, come, you must not droop : look up, my Lord ;
Methinks I see you crown'd *Rome's* Emperor.
No doubt, Sir, but among your glorious Plunder,
You'll find some Woman—

Borg.

Borg. Ha! no more, I charge thee.
 I swear I was at ease and had forgot her;
 Why didst thou wake me then, to turn me wild,
 And rouse the slumb'ring Orders of my Soul?
 To my charm'd Ears no more of Woman tell;
 Name not a Woman, and I shall be well.
 Look a poor Lunatick that makes his Moan,
 And for a time beguiles the Lookers on,
 He reasons well, his Eyes their Wildness lose,
 And vows the Keepers his wrong'd Sense abuse:
 But if you hit the Cause that hurts his Brain,
 Then his Teeth gnash, he foams, he shakes his Chain,
 His Eye-balls roll, and he is mad again. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter one Executioner with a dark Lanthorn, follow'd
 by another at a distance; they part often, look up and
 down, and hem to the rest.*

1 *Exec.* The Coast is clear, and all the Guards are:
 2 *Exec.* Hark, hark; what Noise is that? (gone.
 1 *Exec.* The Clock struck three.
 2 *Exec.* See the Moon shines; haste, and call our
 Hem to 'em; that's the Sign. (Fellows.
 1 *Exec.* They come, they come.

*Enter four Executioners more; Two carry the Body of the
 Duke of Gandia in a Chair; the others follow, and
 scout behind.*

1 *Exec.* So—set him down, and let 'em bear their
 For I am weary—— (part;
 4 *Exec.* And so am I: I sweat, but 'tis with Fear.
 1 *Exec.* Make no more Words on't; take him from
 the Chair.
 2 *Exec.* A ghastly Sight. The Weight about his Neck
 Has bent him almost double: I'll not touch him——
 3 *Exec.* Cowardly Villain——Come, my Princely
 The Fishes want their Break-fast. (Master,
 4 *Exec.* Join all together,
 And hurl him o'er this Wall into the Tiber.

2. *Exec.*

84 CÆSAR BORGIA.

2 *Exec.* Fly, fly——I hear a Noise: The Guards,
the Guards.

3 *Exec.* He lyes, he lyes; the Coinage of his Fears;
Once more, I say, join all your Hands together.
Remember the Reward, two thousand Crowns
A Man: But for that Milk-sop, I suspect him;
Therefore let's watch our time, decoy him on;
And when this Business is a little o'er,
Strangle him in some Corner, lest he prate
Of What is done. Now, now's the time, away——

[*They join all together; take him by the Legs and Arms,
and hurl him over the Wall into the Tiber: A Noise
is heard, as of a Body falling into the Water——
They look about once more, then start, take up the
Chair, and run out——Scene shuts.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Borgia and Machiavel.

Mach. Tho' Orsino, the *Medicis*, and *Colonna*
Are hush'd; the *Spaniard*, and the *French*, no doubt
Would buy your Friendship at the dearest rate.
Nay more; I yield you Lord of *Tuscany*,
And Master of such Forces as might march
Against the haughtiest Power of Christendom.
But Prince, forgive me, if I am too free,
Do you remember whence this Glory comes,
And how this golden Fortane is deriv'd?
The Pope——from that rich Source these Currents roll;
And when another Pope succeeds, who knows
But he may strip you bare of all those Honours
Which this has given, and turn you to the World?

Borg. No, *Machiavel*, I am prepar'd for Fate,
Tho' *Alexander* should expire to-night.
First, who is left of all the Families
I have defac'd, if a new Pope were made,
To say I wrong'd 'em; none that I remember:
'Tis not my way to lop; for then the Tree

May

May sprout again ; but root him, and he lies
 Never to bluster more. But I will tell thee,
 Quite to unhinge that Hold, no Pope shall e'er
 Be fix'd in *Rome*, while *Borgia* is alive,
 But by this Hand. The Gentry are all mine
 For ever, gain'd by Presents and Preferments :
 The *Spanish* Cardinals are mine devoted,
 With all that are conspicuous in the College.
 What then can Fortune do? I laugh at her ;
 Spurn all those Shrines and Altars, which weak Wretches,
 Heroes and Fools, devoutly raise to gain her.

Mach. Yet hear me, *Borgia*, hear, the oddest Story
 That ever Melancholy told the World :
 This Morning, being early in the *Vatican*,
 Far in the Library at the upper end,
 Methought I saw two stately Human Forms,
 Lying at distance, wrapt in Linen Shrouds.
 Approaching nearer with a stedfast Gaze,
 As now I look upon the Prince I honour,
 I saw the Figure of the Pope your Father
 Stretch'd on the Floor, pale, ghastly, cold and dead ;
 And by his side, with Horror upon Horror,
 And double Tremblings, saw, my Lord, your self,
 My very *Cæsar*, like a new-laid Ghost,
 Swoln, black, and bloated, while your inclos'd Eyes,
 All blood-shot, fix'd on mine their dreadful Beams.

Borg. Fumes, Fumes, my *Machiavel*, the Effects of
 Phlegm ;

Gross Humours, Fumes, which from thy thicker Blood
 Stream up like Vapours from a foggy Pool.

Mach. I am apt to think it but a leap of Fancy,
 A jading of the Mind, which, quite tired out
 With Thought's eternal Toil, strikes from the Road :
 Yet, as you prize your Life, let me conjure you,
 Beware *Ascanio*, his long red Coat
 Hides a most mortal and inveterate Foe.

Borg. I know him, *Machiavel*, and sooth him on,
 As he would me. But *Borgia* does assure thee,
 That he, that scarlet poisonous Luxury,
 With his adherent Brothers, shall this Night,

Even

86 CÆSAR BORGIA.

Even in the midst of Kisses, Oaths, Embraces,
Burst in the *Vatican*, and shed their Venom.

Mach. Your Father is a Master of his Breast,
The occasion gives new Life, fresh Vigour to him ;
Even at the very Verge of bottomless Death,
He stands and smiles as careless and undaunted,
As wanton Swimmers on a River's Brink
Laugh at the rapid Stream.

Borg. Therefore, my Friend,
Let us despise this Torrent of the World,
Fortune, I mean, and dam her up with Fences,
Banks, Bulwarks, all the Fortresses, which Virtue,
Resolv'd and mann'd like ours, can raise against her ;
That if she does o'erflow, she may at least
Bring but half Ruin to our great Designs :
That being at last asham'd of her own Weakness,
Like a low-bated Flood, she may retire
To her own Bounds, and we with Pride o'erlook her.

Enter Don Michael and the Butler.

D. Mich. My Lord, your Servant waits as you ap-

Borg. Are my Provisions come ? (pointed.

Butl. They are, my Lord.

Borg. Do you remember what I gave in charge ?

Butl. That none should touch the gilded Flask of Wine.

Borg. I charge thee none, but such as I shall order.

Don Michael, is my Father yet arriv'd ?

D. Mich. He is, my Lord, and gone.

Borg. Say'st thou ? (Heat,

D. Mich. When first he enter'd, quite o'ercome with
Thirsting, and faint with the hot Season's Rage,
He call'd for Wine, and tho' dissuaded from it,
Drank largely, mingled with the Cardinals,
And walk'd, and laugh'd, play'd with *Columbus'* Boys,
Heard their rude Musick, and beheld 'em dance :
When on a sudden starting up, he ask'd
For you, my Lord ; bow'd, as his Custom is,
With deep Humility to all, desir'd 'em

To

CÆSAR BORGIA. 87

To fit, and so went out——but with a Promise
Of a most quick Return——

SCENE *draws and discovers a Chair of State under a
Canopy, a large Table, with a rich Banquet, and
many Candles on't.*

Enter Ascanio, Adrian, Enna, Ange, two Cardinals more.

Ascan. My Lord, the Vatican Society,
Who were oblig'd to sacrifice this Night,
As every looser Genius should inspire,
To Air, and Wine, and warmer Conversation,
Grow dull for want of you: His Holiness
Himself's retir'd——Therefore let us intreat you——

Borg. O my good Lord *Ascanio*, I am born
To be at your command——my Lords, I wait you.
Sirrah, remember him——I charge thee fill
Of the gilt Flask to him——

Butl. My Lord——I shall.
This Wine is sure the richest of the World,
Because he charges me so strictly of it;
That Cardinal's a Friend, and he must taste it.

Ascan. Lord *Machiavel*, you have been charitable, I
thank your Love;
Nay, with my Life I thank you——

Mach. My Lord——I wish you would explain your-
self.

Ascan. It needs not, Sir, for this the meanest know,
The Rabble, base Mechanicks talk of Murders:
I saw a sweating Weaver in his Shirt,
Ran puffing with his Shuttle in his Hand,
To ask a neighbour Butcher of the News,
Who with his Knife in's Mouth abruptly tells
Orsino's Death; yes, and his Daughter's too.
Then comes a Taylor with his Hair tuck'd back
Behind his Ears, on tiptoes, in his Slippers,
And cries in haste, the Duke of *Gandia's* murder'd:
Then spits upon his Iron, casts up his Eyes,
Threads thro' the Company, as 'twere a Needle,

And

And vanishes; no more, my Lord, I thank you,
 Nay, by my Life, but for the Company,
 I'd kiss the bottom of your Robe; your Lordship's ever,
 Your Highness's Servant: My Lord, let's drink a Health to
 His Holiness—But in my heart, I say the Devil take
 him.

Borg. Lord *Machiavel*, you are my Guest to-night:
 Were the Society made up of Gods,
 As sure it is of Saints, Spirits above
 The common Elevation; yet this Man,
 I say, my Lords, this Human Prodigy,
 Would not be set to wait, but fix'd among 'em,
 To dazzle with the brightest Being here.

Wine there!—My Lord *Ascanio Sforza*,
 Health to all here, and to the general Joy— [*Drinks.*

Ascan. Fine Work, my Lords, fine Work, I say,
 The Duke of *Gandia's* murder'd. (look to it,

Adrian. 'Tis the common Rumour.

Enn. The Pope this Morning in the Consistory
 When first he heard the News, leap'd from his Throne,
 Crossing his Breast; and looking up to Heav'n,
 He vow'd hereafter most severe Amendment,
 As from this time to fast for forty hours,
 And all his Life wear next his humble Flesh
 A Shirt of Hair.

Ascan. A Shirt of Hair, bating *Lucrecian* Nights.
 She'll not endure't it; look you, her Skin's too tender:
 A Shirt of Hair, a very prickling Penance.

Now, by my holy Dame, mere Letchery:
 Don't I know him? Slave, more Wine, I say;
 Fill up my Glafs; Come, come, my Lords, 'tis time
 To look about us and reform the Church— [*Drinks.*
 Prune it, I say; or else like *Babylon*,
 Like *Babel's* Whore, 'twill run up all to Seed.
 Hark you, Lord *Ange*.

Ang. My Lord.

Ascan. My Lord of *Enna* too; we four are
 As one Soul: This Pope's a very leud
 And wicked Head:—he's never well, but
 When he's plotting Murders. Why, look you, Sirs,

If

If a Man cannot speak his Mind of
 State Affairs—but he must strait be
 Dogg'd by Hellhounds, Bloodsuckers, Decoyers,
 Rascals, that watch to throttle him in some
 By-corner, then quoit him like a Cat into
 The River, 'tis very fine: Now, by my holy Dame,
 It may be our turn next—by the Ma's it may;
 I say, my Lord, it may— [The Indian Boys dance.
 Ha, my Lords, how do you
 Like the motion? Very pretty, very fine.
 O brave *Columbus*! More Wine there; a bigger
 Glas: I'll drink *Columbus*' Health—Now, by my
 Holy Dame, I am frolicksome, and will be active.
 Ha, my Lords, ha, I learnt at *Paris*, when I was
 A Stripling; yet these are pretty Children, very fine
 Boys.

Enter D. Michael.

D. Mich. My Lord, I grieve to bring you mortal News,
 Which, were I silent, yet in some few Minutes
 Must wound your Ears; your Father's dead.

Borg. Hence, Raven,
 Thou Boder of the blackest Deed of Death!
 My Lords, this Villain says the Pope is dead;
 Went he not hence but now, sound, firm, and healthful,
 And promis'd to return?

D. Mich. My Lord, he did:
 But 'tis most certain, e'er he went from hence,
 As all our best Physicians give on Oath,
 He was by some pernicious Traitor poison'd.

Borg. O *Machiavel*, where is our Forecast now?
 My Heart misgives me, and my Bosom's hot.
 Who ministred? who gave my Father Wine?

D. Mich. Your Servant: For when first your Father
 His own Provisions were not come. (enter'd,

Borg. O Confusion!
 Answer me, Villain! ha! fill'd you his Wine?
Butl. My Lord, I did.

Borg.

90 CÆSAR BORGIA.

Borg. What, from the gilded Flask? Why dost thou tremble?

Horror consume thee, gnaw thee, burn-thy Entrails,
Wilt thou not speak?

Butl. My Lord, by your strict Charge,
That none should taste those Flasks but whom you order'd,
I judg'd the Wine most excellent, and gave
Part of it to your Father——

Borg. O damn'd Dolt!
Curst, senseless Dog! now, *Machiavel*, where are we?
Ha! by the Furies that invade my Breast,
And crumble all my Bowels into dust,
I am caught myself! Speak, tell me, horrid Villain,
Or I will have thee dragg'd in thousand Pieces,
Torn by mad Horses like the Flesh of Dogs:
'Thou gav'st me Wine too from the gilded Flask! ha,
Traitor!

Come, double damn thy self, and swear thou didst not.

Butl. My Lord——I must confess I gave the same
To you, that was directed for your Friend,
My Lord *Ascanio*.

Borg. Take thy Reward then, which the Devil thou
Into my Breast, thus gives thee back again! (pour'st
O *Machiavel*, O do not look upon me:
I am below thy Scorn, thus vilely caught,
O basely, basely sold by my own Wile. (Devil

Ascan. Oh, oh, oh——I have my share on't too, the
Thank you—Fire, Fire, Fire! oh my Guts—Brimstone
And Fire——haste there——fly for Antidotes.

Borg. None, none on Earth,
I tell thee, Priest, can save thy rotten Carcase;
No Cardinal, lie down, lie down, and roar,
Think on thy scarlet Sins, and fear Damnation.

Asca. Legions of Furies here, Hell is broke loose,
And all the Devils are quarter'd in my Bowels.
Run Slave! and for a last Revenge, produce
His mangled Bastard—that's some Pleasure yet.

Borg. O *Machiavel*, thy Hand, I am all Flames;
Yet thou shalt hear no Noise; sit down, my Friend,
Upon the Earth—for there's my Mansion now,

Dust

CÆSAR BORGIA. 91

Dust, and no more—and yet methinks 'twas hard
That this elaborate Scheme of mighty Man,
This Parchment, where the Lines of *Roman* Greatness
By thee so well were drawn, should by the Hand
Of scribbling Chance be blotted thus for ever.

Ascan. I burn, I burn, I roast, I roast, and my Guts fry,
They blaze, they snap, they bounce like Squibs
And Crackers: I am all Fire——

Mach. Is't possible that you can bear the Pangs
Of violent Poison, thus unmov'd?

Borg. 'Tis little
To one resolv'd: No, let the Coward Statesman,
Women, and Priests, whine at the Thoughts of Death;
For me, whose Mind was ever fierce and active,
Death is unwelcome, only for this Reason,
Because 'tis an eternal Laziness——

*Enter Alonzo, leading in Seraphino, with his Eyes
out, and Face cut.*

Mach. I must confess, my Mind, by what I saw
This Morning, and by what has happen'd since,
Is deeply shock'd, even from her own Foundation.

Ascan. Bear the blind Bastard to his Father, go,
And bid him laugh——oh!

Mach. Horror! new Horror!
My Lord, your Son, by that most bloody Cardinal,
Mangled and blind.

Borg. Why dost thou wonder at it?
'Tis all the work of Chance, and Trick of Fortune:
Yet this methinks is horrible indeed.
Come hither, Boy——

Serap. Alas, I hear your Voice,
And cannot find the Way;
But am like one benighted in a Wood.

Borg. A Wood indeed;
But oh the Brambles there have us'd thee vilely.

Serap. O Father, you are arm'd, and have a Sword;
Will you not, for your *Seraphino's* sake,

Cut

92 CÆSAR BORGIA.

Cut down those Thorns that prick'd out both my Eyes?
I know you will; for you were always kind
And tender of me: Oft-times have you held me,
Fast in your Arms, and smil'd, and play'd with me;
Tho' you're a Prince, a very busy Prince,
And call'd me little Eyes, little indeed,
For now they're out, and all my Face is cut:
Nay, they have starv'd me too.

Borg. Death and Horror!

Serap. Why do you press me thus between your Arms,
As if you lov'd me still? I am sure you cannot.
Pray let me hide my Face within your Bosom;
For if you look upon me I shall fright you.
O! I've a Pain here just about my Heart;
When you, my Lord, a long time after me
Shall die, will you not lay my little Bones
By yours; alas, my Pain increases—Oh——— [Dies.

Borg. Revenge thee, Boy; I ask but that from Fate,
And see 'tis given me: Thro' a thousand Wounds,
Thus, horrid Priest! purge out thy lustful Blood,
[Stabs Ascan.

And vomit thy black Soul———

Ascan. Oh Devil! Devil! Devil!——— [Dies.

Borg. No, *Machiavel*, 'tis now fit time to rave;
For I am now enrag'd to that Degree,
That I will live even in despite of Fortune,
Stars, Fates, and all the Juggles of a Heav'n.
Hence, bear me, Slaves, and plunge me into *Tiber*,
Deep as I sunk the Duke of *Gandia* down,
Till I have quench'd this Hell within my Bowels;
Then flay me an Ox-hide, and swaddle me,
Like *Hercules* in the *Nemean* Skin,
Till all my poison'd Flesh like Bark peels off,
And my bare Trunk stands every brushing Wind.

Enna. Where are our Guards? My Lords, I judge
it fit

That *Machiavel* and *Borgia* should be seiz'd.

Borg. Seize me! what saucy Priest durst start that Mo-
Am I not Tyrant here? The Lord of *Rome*? (tion?
Does

CÆSAR BORGIA. 93

Does not *France* dread my Frown? and *Spain* adore me?
 Who dares then talk of seizing me? What, he?
 This wag-tail Priest, with the black picked Beard,
 That scours the Country round for freckled Wenches?
 Or was it you, my Lord of *Enna*? ha,
 Death, where's my Majesty? Or veil your Caps,
 Or I will trample you beneath my Feet.
 You, *Ange!* that could prostitute your Sister
 To gain a Hat? Lie there Lord of *St. Peter*:
 You Cardinal *ad Vincula*, you pack of Hell-hounds,
 That trace me by the Blood; on, on, I say,
 On to the brink of Hell: Thence plunge together,
 Where, on his Throne, behold the Master Devil
 With a great Pair of glowing Horns red-hot
 To gore you for your Lives Incontinence,
 You Ravishers, you Virgin Pioneers,
 You Cuckold-makers of the forked World.

Ange. Where are our Guards?

Borg. Hark, I hear 'em coming;

Or it is Doom's-day? ha———by Hell it is;
 And see, the Heav'ns, and Earth, and Air are all
 On fire; the very Seas, like molten Glass,
 Roll their bright Waves, and from the smoaky Deep
 Cast up the glaring dead: The Trumpet sounds,
 And the swift Angels skim about the Globe
 To summon all Mankind. *Rome, Rome* is call'd,
 Work, work for Hell. Oh, Satan! *Beelzebub*,
Belial and *Baal*———Whence this Thunder-clap?
 They've blown us up with Wildfire in the Air;
 And look how the bald Fryars in russet Gowns
 Croak like old Vultures, how the flutt'ring Jesuits,
 In black and white, chatter about the Heav'ns;
 Capuchins, Monks, with the whole Tribe of Knaves:
 Then let me burst my Spleen. Look how the Tassels,
 Caps, Hats, and Cardinals Coats, and Cowls, and
 Hoods

Are tost about——the Sport, the Sport of Winds———
 Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls, see yonder,
 Priest,

94 CÆSAR BORGIA.

Priest, they fly——they're whirl'd aloft: They fly,
They fly o'er the Backside of th' World,
Into a Limbō large, and broad, since call'd the Paradise
Of Fools.

Enna. 'Tis just we give him way; this Fit of Rage
Has wasted him to Death, see he breathes short:
The Taper's spent, and this is his last Blaze.

Borg. Ha! breathe I short? Prelate thou ly'st: My Pulse
Beats with a constant Fire, and sprightly Motion;
The Strings of my tough Heart as strong as ever:
No——I will live; in spite of Fate I'll live
To be the Scourge of *Rome*: I'll live to act
New Mischiefs, and create new wicked Popes,
To ponyard Heretick Princes, that refuse
To lay their Necks beneath the holy Slipper;
Murder successively two Kings of *France*;
Britain attempt, tho' her most watchful Angel
Saves the lov'd Monarch of that happy Isle,
And turns upon ourselves the plotted Wound,
That sinks me to the Earth; yet still we'll on,
And hatch new Deeds of Darknes: O Hell and Furies!
Why should we not, since the great Head himself
Will back my Plots, join me in Blood and Horror,
And after give me Bond for my Salvation?
I swear I will——I'll have it——nay, Sir, you shall——
Or I will thunder to your Holiness:
But hark, he whispers, What, a little Gold——
With all my Heart; thus Devils buy Souls for trash——
I'll see your itching Palm for Absolution,
Gold for my Pardon, hey——'tis seal'd and given;
And for a Ducat thus I purchase Heav'n—— [Dies.

Mach. The mighty Soul there forc'd her furious Passage,
And plunges now in deep Eternity——
I see, my Lords, you have resolv'd to guard me,
And I submit to strict Examination;
By you to be acquitted or condemn'd.
Yet this I must avow before you all,
Tho' you should cast me to the Inquisition,
Skill'd as I am in all Affairs of Earth,
Known both to Popes and Kings, and often honour'd

With

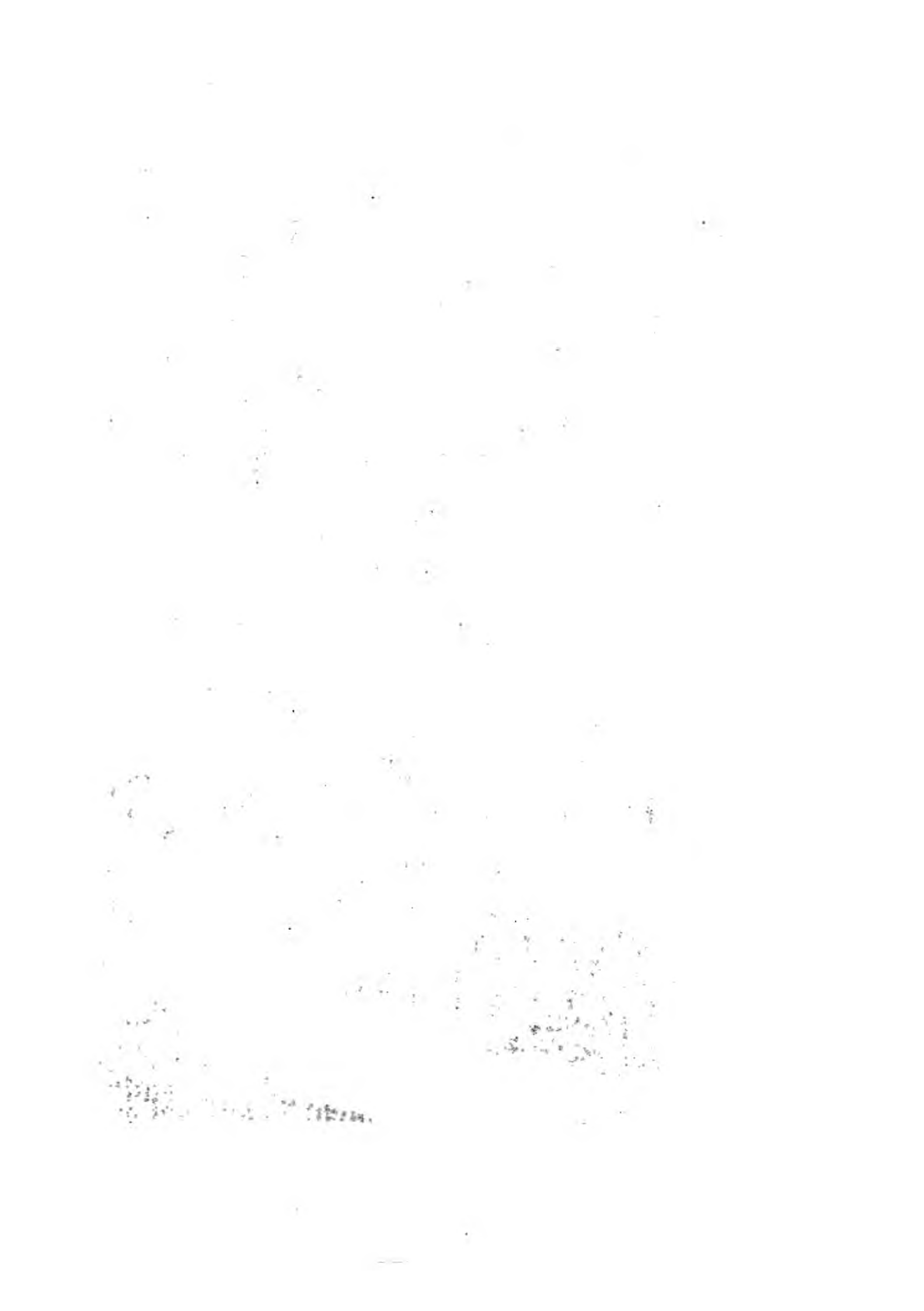
CÆSAR BORGIA.

95

With Cabinet Councils of Imperial Heads ;
I here resolve on this, as my last Judgment ;
No Power is safe, nor no Religion good,
Whose Principles of Growth are laid in Blood.

F I N I S.







P. Vand'Gucht In. & Scul.

CONSTANTINE

THE

G R E A T,

A

TRAGEDY,

Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

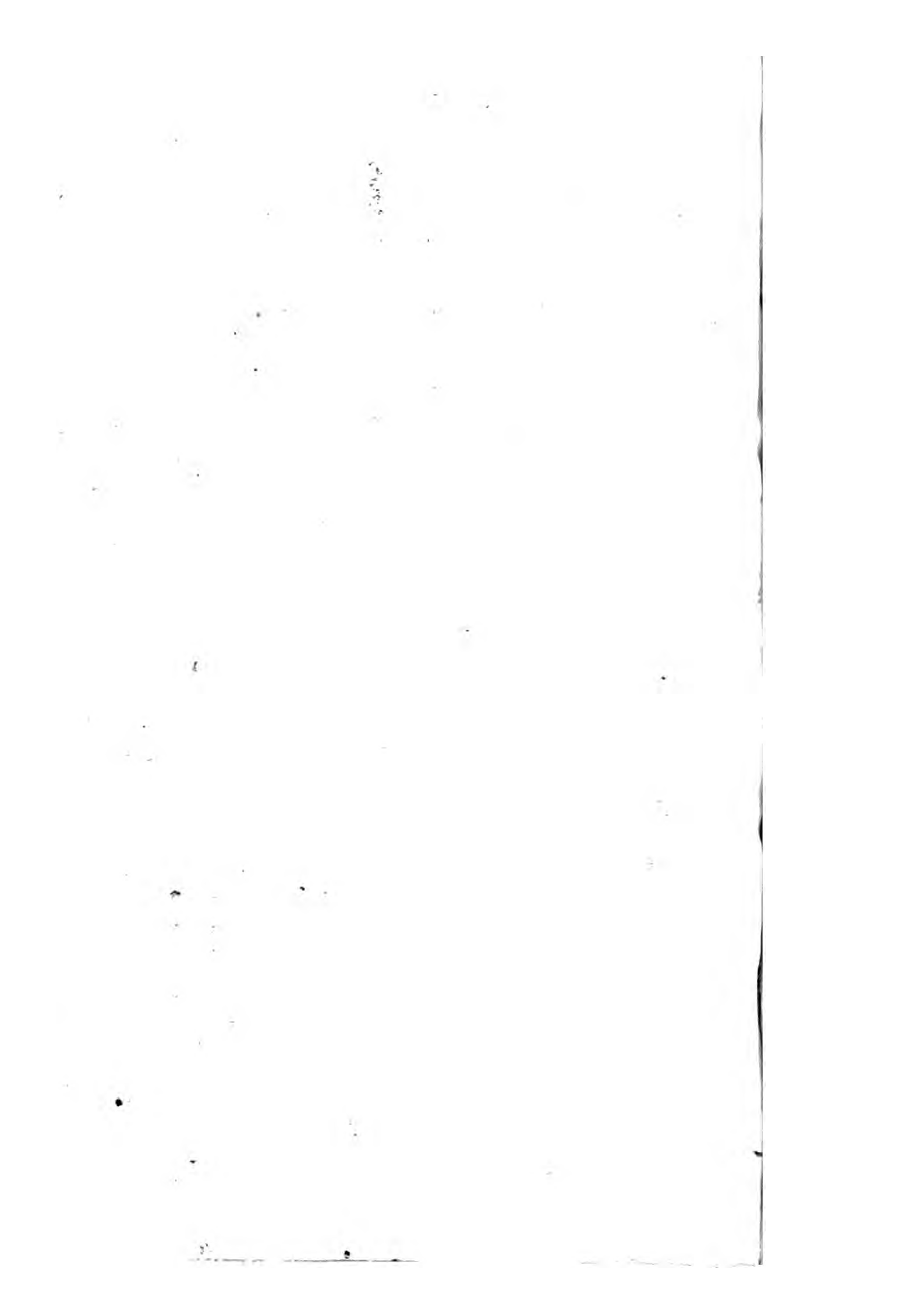
By Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by Mr. *NAT. LEE.*

L O N D O N;

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, the corner of *Effex-Street* in the *Strand*; R. WELLINGTON, at the *Dolphin and Crown*, without *Temple-Bar*; J. WELLINGTON; and for A. BETTESWORTH and F. CLAY, in Trust for B. WELLINGTON.

M D C C X X I V.



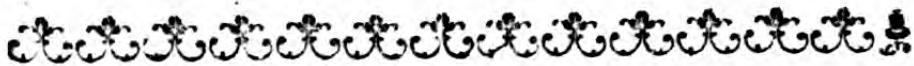


PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Goodman.

WHAT think ye meant wise Providence, when first
 Poets were made? I'd tell you, if I durst;
 That 'twas in contradiction to Heav'n's Word,
 That when its Spirit o'er the Waters stir'd,
 When it saw All, and said that All was good,
 The Creature Poet was not understood.
 For, were it worth the Pains of six long Days,
 To mould Retailers of dull third-day Plays,
 That starve out threescore Years in hopes of Bays?
 'Tis plain they ne'er were of the first Creation,
 But came of mere equiv'cal Generation:
 Like Rats in Ships, without Coition bred,
 As hated too as they are, and unfed.
 Nature their Species sure must needs disown,
 Scarce knowing Poets, less by Poets known.
 Yet this poor Thing, so scorn'd, and set at nought,
 Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought.
 Disabled wasting Whore-Masters are not
 Prouder to own the Brats they never got,
 Than fumbling, itching Rhymers of the Town;
 To adopt some base-born Song that's not their own.
 Spite of his State, my Lord sometimes descends,
 To please the Importunity of Friends.
 The dullest He thought most for Business fit,
 'Twill venture his bought Place, to aim at Wit;
 And tho' he sinks with his Employs of State,
 Till common Sense forsake him, he'll translate.
 The Poet and the Whore alike complains
 Of trading Quality, that spoils their Gains;
 The Lords will write, and Ladies will have Swains.

*Therefore, all you who have Male-Issue born,
 Under the starving Sign of Capricorn;
 Prevent the Malice of their Stars in time,
 And warn them early from the Sin of Rhyme:
 Tell'em how Spenser starv'd, how Cowley mourn'd,
 How Butler's Faith and Service was return'd;
 And if such Warning they refuse to take,
 This last Experiment, O Parents! make:
 With Hands behind them see th'Offender ty'd,
 The Parish Whip, and Beadle by his Side;
 Then lead him to some Stall that does expose
 The Authors he loves most, there rub his Nose;
 Till like a Spaniel lash'd, to know Command,
 He by the due Correction understand,
 To keep his Brains clean, and not foul the Land:
 Till he against his Nature learn to strive,
 And get the Knack of Dullness how to thrive.*



E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. Cook.

OUR Hero's happy in the Play's Conclusion:
 The holy Fogue at last has met Confusion.
 And Aiu all along appear'd a Saint,
 The last Aët skew'd him a true Protestant.
 Eusebius (for you know I read Greek Authors)
 Reports, that after all these Plots and Slaughters,
 The Court of Constantine was full of Glory,
 And every Trimmer turn'd addressing Tory;
 They follow'd him in Herds as they were mad:
 When Clause was King, then all the World was glad.
 Whigs kept the Places they possess before,
 And most were in a way of getting more;
 Which was as much as saying, Gentlemen,
 Here's Power and Money to be Rogues again.

Indeed

EPILOGUE. 7

Indeed there were a sort of speaking Tools,
 Some call them modest, but I call 'em Fools;
 Men much more loyal, tho' not half so ruid;
 But these poor Devils were cast behind the Croud.
 For bold Knaves thrive without one Grain of Sense,
 But good Men starve for want of Impudence.
 Besides all these, there are a sort of Wights,
 (I think my Author calls them Teckelites;) }
 Such hearty Rogues against the King and Laws,
 They favour'd ev'n a foreign Rebel's Cause.
 When their own damn'd Design was quash'd and aw'd,
 At least they gave it their good Word abroad.
 As many a Man, who, for a quiet Life,
 Breeds out his Bastard, not to noise his Wife.
 Thus o'er their darling Plot these Trimmers cry;
 And tho' they cannot keep it in their Eye,
 They bind it Prentice to Count Teckely.
 They believe not the last Plot, may I be curst,
 If I believe they e'er believ'd the first.
 No wonder their own Plot, no Plot they think;
 The Man that makes it, never smells the Stink.
 And now it comes into thy Head, I'll tell
 Why these damn'd Trimmers lov'd the Turks so well:
 Th' original Trimmer, tho' a Friend to no Man,
 Yet in his Heart ador'd a pretty Woman:
 He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever
 Kind black-ey'd Rogues, for every true Believer:
 And, which was more than mortal Man e'er tasted,
 One Pleasure that for threescore Twelve-months lasted:
 To turn for this, may surely be forgiven;
 Who'd not be circumcis'd for such a Heav'n?



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Constantine,
Dalmatius,
Crispus,
Annibal,
Lycinius,
Arius,
Labienuſ,
Eubuluſ,
Silveſter,

Mr. Smith.
Mr. Griffin.
Mr. Betterton.
Mr. Goodman.
Mr. Wiltſhire.
Mr. Gillo.
Mr. Perin.
Mr. Saunders.
Mr. Bowman.

W O M E N.

Fauſta,
Serena,

Mrs. Barry.
Mrs. Cook.

Angels, Priests, Guards, and Attendants.



CONSTANTINE *the Great.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Constantine *sleeping in a Pavilion, Silvester standing at distance, two Angels descend with Banners in their Hands.*

This Motto, *In hoc signo vince*, writ in Gold.

1. Angel sings.

A Wake: O Constantine! awake;
 Or in thy Sleep the Prospect take:
 Here in this hallow'd streaming Gold,
 The Prospect of thy Life behold:
 This Emblem of a bleeding Love,
 Shall both thy Cross and Triumph prove.
 For, alas! 'tis decreed by th' Heav'nly Doom;
 To purge thy past Crimes, there's a Torment to come.

2. Ang. Yet, after the Storm, believe in me,
 No more disturb'd thy Thoughts shall be,
 But all serene as a breathless Sea.

Chor. And still thy Handmaid Victory,
 Where-e'er thou go'st, shall wait-on thee;
 And all shall end in Harmony.


L 5.

1. Ang.

Constantine *the Great.*

1 Ang. speaks. *Awake and ponder the Celestial Song;*
Thy vow'd Conversion is delay'd too long.
Awake; remember the Celestial Doom,
That threatned Torments, and a Cross, to come.
Yet after all the Menaces of Fate,
Be wash'd: and Calms shall on those Tempests
For true Repentance never comes too late. (wait:
 [Angels ascend.

Constantine awakes.

Const.  TAY! I adjure you, by the Holy
 Name
 That bows your airy Heads, I
 charge you slay.
 They're gone; those beauteous
 Legates of the Skies;

And left me puzzling here to die in doubt:

Unless *Silvester* guide me with a Clew,
 Thro' the dark Mazes of this folding Dream.

Silv. To purge your past Crimes there's a Torment
 Ay, there the Torment too repeated thrice! (to come.

Const. But say, what Torment?

Silv. A dangerous Torment, govern'd by ill Stars;
 Which, were I Emperor, should be soon prevented.

Const. By Heav'n it shall by me.

Silv. You must not swear,
 Lest you should be forsworn.

Const. If Heav'n require
 My Life as an Atonement for my Sins,
 Lead to the Altar, Saint, and I will bleed.

Silv. I dare believe you would: but this is more.

Const. More than my Life? Why, then 'tis Reputa-
 But I have learnt in Christian Schools to lay (tion.
 My Honour down, and own my self a Worm;
 To wash the Pilgrims Feet, to bid the Saints
 Tread on this Earth, this Trash, this Heap of Sin.

Silv. But there's a Bosom Foe to conquer yet,
 And there's my Fear.

Const. Your fear, my Saint, after what I have said?

Silv.

Constantine *the Great.*

II

Silv. My Fear, my Emperor, tho' you had sworn.

Const. Had I a Race of Sons like *Crispus* dear,
Hope of my Vows, my Soldier and my Love,
Early renown'd and pious from the Womb;
Yet were my Bowels Foes to that Religion,
Whose Infant Growth I water'd with my Blood,
I swear by Heav'n, they should be mine no more.

Silv. Your Son's the Angels Care, and when he dies,
The foremost of the Quire shall meet him with a Crown.
But have you not a Wife?

Const. You know I had
A dear one, and by much my better Part.

Silv. But have you not another?

Const. When she dy'd,
All Beauty fled with her.

Silv. This Beauty lives:
Can you deny a Truth?

Const. *Silvester*, why,
Why dost thou press me thus, to my Confusion?

Silv. Because this Beauty, Sir, may bring Confusion.

Const. Large as an Angel's Knowledge be your own,
And at one View receive whole Nature in;
Yet if you tax my Choice with least Dishonour,
I must declare you wrong her.

Silv. Then you are at least contracted to *Maximinus'*
A Heathen born? (Daughter,

Const. But bred a Cherubin;
She has all the Beauties of her Sex below,
And equal Virtues with the Blest above.

Silv. Dares *Constantine*, the Christian so renown'd,
Say this to me?

Const. Dares any Saint deny't?

Silv. That *Fausla* is not guilty!

Const. Ha! of what?

Silv. Of all the Ills that shall attend your Life,
Of all———

Const. Hold, hold———lest I fall out with Heav'n.

Silv. Of all the Blots, that shall in After-Times
Stain your white Character, and blast your Fame;
While weeping Readers shall lament your Story.

Therefore

12 *Constantine the Great.*

Therefore away with her.

Const. First, let me die.

Penurious Heav'n, and oh! thou niggard Saint,
Did I not offer you my darling Son,
With all my Race, as Victims to your Shrines,
If they were guilty in a Point of Faith,
To wash their Heresies with Royal Blood?
And do you grudge me one, but one poor Pleasure,
For all the Pains of my unwearied Wars?
Then take my Life, take Empire, Glory, all,
Take all I offer'd this ungrateful Priest,
Who in requital will allow me nothing.

Silv. Forgive me, Heav'n! my too officious Care,
For interposing in thy dark Decrees:
In Christian Patience he is yet but young.
Chastise him now, and make the Tryal strong.

Const. What have I said, that I am past Forgiveness?
Your Silence argues me undone for ever:
Yet think me not so lost in desperate Love,
But while offending I can kneel for Pardon.

Silv. What I have offer'd to your Choice,
Was not commission'd me to say from Heav'n;
Therefore the Pardon must be mutual.
All I have urg'd was but a thoughtful boding;
No more of that, be happy in your Love.

Const. Oh! you have have charm'd me into Life again;
And fear not but she shall become a Christian;
I must confess, that yet she is a Heathen,
As such I lov'd her in her Father's Court,
Where first we plighted Vows in *Arius'* Hands:
But the dark Contract was so close contriv'd,
I wonder how you reach'd the Truth so soon;
But Heav'n reveal'd it, or you could not know it;
Since I may swear, she is not yet enjoy'd.

Silv. By you!

Const. By me! Your Answer's short and home;
Who should possess her else?

Silv. Young and a Heathen?
Left in the sensual *Maximinian's* Court?

Const.

Constantine *the Great.*

13

Const. No, Sir; she's guarded and secure at *Rome.*
Crispus, not yet acquainted with our Contract,
Is sent in show, for I had other purpose,
To make his Judgment of my *Fausta's* Person,
Whether to be preserv'd, or like her Father,
To hinder Insurrections, be destroy'd.
But hark! What March is this? Perhaps 'tis he!
And these his Trumpets, with the Legions rais'd.
[Trumpets without.

Enter Arius and Eubulus.

Both. Long live the Emperor.

Const. Is *Crispus* come,
With those auxiliar Legions we requir'd;
And Money sent to pay the last Arrears?
Ari. Nothing obey'd: When first your Orders came,
Which by your Brother were in the *Forum* read,
I never saw so sudden a Revolt.
At once they cry'd, our Liberty's betray'd,
Our Courts of Justice robb'd; old Rights infring'd;
Our Gods milt down, our Shrines and Temples burn;
And all for a fantastick old Wives Tale;
A Cross they cry'd, one of *Silvester's* Lyes,
Which never yet was seen by waking Eyes;
But either feign'd, or dreamt of in the Skies.

Const. Is this their Answer to my strict Commands?

Ari. *Crispus* by this return'd to join your Brother;
When strait some Devil whisper'd in their Ears,
Your Son already had begun the Change,
The Statue of *Apollo* was pull'd down,
'To make his Father's Place: whereon they cry'd,
Your Image should be burnt, and with a Breath
The Cockle, and the Corn, bow'd all that way.

Eub. But were revers'd by a more powerful Gale;
Your Brother and your Son appear'd like Gods,
And stopt the Madmen in their full Career.

Ari. At close of Day, in dark Cabals they met,
And in the Morning gave their final Answer;
Lycinius, who that Night was brought a Captive.

To

To grace the Triumph of your first Appearance,
Was first propos'd to share th' Imperial Power:
Next, they demand a general Persecution
Of all the Christians, and *Silvester's* Head.

Const. Tell 'em their City shall be Ashes first.
Have I for this, with hazard of my Life,
So oft redeem'd 'em from the Tyrants Racks,
When all their Streets were but one hideous Grave?
Their Wives and Daughters ravish'd in their View?
When Age was drain'd of its last ebbing Drop,
When Babes were snatch'd their earliest Breath to give,
And dy'd e'er knowing what it was to live.

Trumpets. Enter Dalmatius.

More Treason, *Arius* — or do the Slaves repent?
My Brother here. Still to my Arms, and Heart,
Thou Nerve of all my Wars: How fares my Friend,
And my Beloved?

Dalm. *Crispus*, our Care, is well.
And the late Tempest, which must reach your Ear,
By skilful Pilots rock'd into a Calm.
Believe me, Sir, your Presence gains the Cause,
Therefore upon the Instant march to *Rome*;
Vanquish'd *Lycinius* waits to grace your Triumph.
Bless me! Is't possible? *Arius* with you, Sir?
Arius the Traytor?

Const. Have you found him so?

Dalm. The subtlest Snake, the softest civil Villain
That ever warm'd himself in Prince's Bosom;
Diseases, Blasts, Plagues, Death and Hell are in him:
Whate'er his outside seems, this shameless Traitor
Was the foul Spring of all those poison'd Waters,
That late had like to overflow the Empire;
Yet while his Emiffaries fired the People,
This *Judas* on my side appear'd an Angel:
For after the first Mutiny was quell'd,
Tho' he had sworn to justify your Cause,
He warn'd the Slaves, I have his Hand to show,
Next Day to make those impudent Demands.

Arius.

Ari. Plots on my Innocence! As I am a Christian,
If e'er I set my Hand to such a Treason,
May these rot off, which thus I hold to Heav'n:
As I am of the Priestly Order——

Dalm. A Devil ordain'd——
Sir, if I do not prove him——

Const. I believe you;
I know him Heretick, a seditious Traitor,
But yet have Reasons to defer his Ruin,
Therefore no more at present. *Arius* hence;
And let me hear no further of these Mischiefs.
I have pardon'd you; be gone, you *Eubulus*, and tell the
I come embattl'd now for my Revenge; (Rebels,
My Standard and my Banners bear the Cross.
Tell 'em, *Lycinius*, whom once before
I took to Grace, and marry'd to my Sister,
Their new petition'd *Cæsar*, soon shall bleed.

Silv. Forgive your Enemies.

Const. But not my Friends;
Lycinius was my Friend, and has betray'd me;
Therefore I'll execute him in their view.
Away, and warn him, for the Doom is given.

[*Exit Arius, Eubulus.*

'Tis not by halves that we will worship Heav'n:
No, my *Dalmatius*, I have made a Vow,
'The *Romans*, or their Emperor shall bow.
They're Subjects, and 'tis fit: Nay, bow they shall,
Or *Cæsar* in th' Attempt their Victim fall;
Bow to the Man, whom Heav'n ordain'd for Sway,
And in his great Vicegerent learn their Maker to obey.
[*Excunt.*

SCENE II. *Rome, Constantine's Palace.*

Enter Lycinius, Labienus.

Labi. The Mischiefs ripe, and ready for our wish:
Confusion to the House of *Constantine*,
And Fortune points their Fate. For mark the Method:

The Father sends the Son to see the Prisoner ;
 The Son not knowing of his Father's Contract,
 Appears a God to *Fausla's* charming Eyes,
 And marry'd her.

Lycin. How came you by the Secret? (the Son,

Labi. *Arius* told me; he who betroth'd the Father weds
 And stands for ever bound to serve *Lycinius*.

Lycin. He's voted Heretick among the Christians.

Labi. No matter what they vote him, Sir; He's yours ;
 And Foe to all Religion, but his Friends.

Lycin. By *Mars*, he falls the righter to my Purpose.
 I was my self bred up in Blood and Wars,
 Untaught, and soft at by these civil Cowards,
 Wherefore I hate Religion, Arts and Learning ;
 And if I ever mount the *Cæsar's* Throne,
 I'll raise another general Persecution,
 Like *Nero*; bait these Christian Dogs to death ;
 And build the Temples of the Old Gods again.

Labi. And be a God your self: In the mean time,
 Let your Wife's Tears prevail upon your Temper,
 Supple your haughty Spirit, bow your Body,
 Low as the Earth, before the Emperor's feet.

Lycin. I had rather die: If he thinks fit to save me,
 'Tis well; if not, why let him take my Head.

Labi. Yet for the sake of those whom you must govern,
 Rebate this martial Fire, and hear your Wife:
 Hear what Return our long'd-for *Arius* brings.

Enter Crispus with Annibal.

But soft! the Bridegroom *Crispus* and his Friend :
Constantia with Impatience waits your coming ;
Constantia, who has Power to save your Head,
 Tho' *Cæsar* with an Oath had doom'd you dead.

[*Ex. Lycinius, Labienus.*

Crisp. How, *Annibal!* What! out of Temper now :
 When Crowns are offer'd, and the *Cæsar's* Purple?
 What, tho' not born in the immediate Way?
 Yet thou art collaterally Great as I :
 And if I ever heir this spacious Empire,

By

By Heav'n, thou shalt not share, but guide, engross
My Heart's best Love, and all the World beside.

Annib. Your Heart? Ay, there you eccho'd my Desires,
Enrich me there, and trowl your empty Globe
To those crown'd Slaves, that know no other Greatness:
But tell me, O my *Crispus!* all Mens Joy,
Tell me, and truly from thy generous Soul,
Hast thou a Friend whom more thou lov'st than me?

Crisp. Not more belov'd, more fonded than myself,
But more——

Annib. Nay, add not to that broken Truth,
There's more in that; no more, than thou had'st sworn.

Crisp. Wilt thou not hear me out?

Annib. There needs no more;
Thou art no Friend, that lov'st another more:
Nay, half so much; but now I find that all
The former Flatteries of thy glozing Friendship
Were Courtiers Promises and Women's Vows.
But let me know his Name.

Crisp. Thy Father, *Annibal*, my godlike Friend,
Dalmatius, who before thou could'st write Man,
Hugg'd *Crispus* to his Heart: Like Lambs in Peace
Together we lay down, together rose;
In War like Lions, coupled on a side,
E'er yet thy Infant Arms a Sword could wield,
And drove like Herds the Nations from the Field.

Annib. Why then we're Friends again, more fast than
Yet since we have happen'd into this Disorder, (ever.
To make a Trial of renew'd Affection,
I'll put thee to the Test.

Crisp. Name the Danger,
Tho' kin to Death, my Arm, young Man, shall right thee.

Annib. 'Tis Death indeed; most certain Death to me,
Unless thy softning Charms have Pow'r to save me.

Crisp. Speak this close Grief, that wrings thee with the
If I am not eloquent in such a Cause, (Anguish:
Cut out my Tongue.

Annib. My Life is in the Hands
Of one that hates me; or, what wounds memore,

Of one, my *Crispus*, that can never love me. (that?)

Crisp. Not love thee? O ye Powers! What Heart is

Annib. Hast thou not seen the beauteous Prisoners?

Crisp. Ha!

What, *Fausta* mean'st thou?

Annib. *Fausta* and *Serena*. (thee?)

Crisp. Say which of 'em; which Beauty has inflam'd

Annib. Which shou'd, but the most soft and artless

The languishing—— (Melter;

Crisp. The killing Beauteous——Come——

Annib. Ha! *Crispus*, thou art concern'd!

Crisp. I am to help thee——

Her Name.

Annib. Why, take it then, the fair *Serena*.

Crisp. O she's the softest, sweetest, killing Fair.

By Heav'n——I am glad——I'm ravish'd that 'tis she!

By this Embrace I promise thee Success,

I know her Temper well——No more, but leave me.

I was upon the Instant when I met thee,

Going to their Apartments; ——Nay, look up——

And trust thy Friend.

Annib. Plead then for my Life,

I beg thee as a God to plead my Cause;

Thou canst not know o'th' sudden how 'tis with me:

How great, how mortal, and how deep the Wound.

May a'l the Saints, and Powers that pity Love,

Inspire thy Breast, as if 'twere possible

That *Annibal's* Soul could actuate thy Body.

So sigh, weep, languish, and for Mercy sue,

As were I *Crispus*, I myself wou'd do. [*Ex. Annib.*

Crisp. The Youth is haughty, martial, hot and brave;

Right for the Field, unhappy Parts for Love:

Therefore perhaps the Virgin likes him not.

But thou hast luckier Stars; no sooner seen (Transport?)

But lik'd——lov'd, marry'd——ha!——but where's the

Without thy Father's Knowledge thou wert marry'd:

'Tis the first Fault of my unhappy Youth,

Yet 'tis a Fault——but 'tis the Fault of Love.

Had he not lov'd, *Crispus* had not been here:

Away,

Away, you Damps, and darkning Images,
Be gone I say——behold she comes to meet me;

Enter Fausta.

Lag as I am, in this great Race of Love——

O *Fausta, Fausta!*

Faust. O my *Constantine*.

Crisp. Ha!

Faust. A Mistake; my Fear out-went my Love.

Crisp. My *Constantine!* thy Fear——by Heav'n 'twas
What Cause hast thou to fear? (ominous :

Faust. Bondage and Death :

Are not those Reasons for a Virgin's Fear?

Crisp. Yes, for another, *Fausta*, not for thine.

For oh! when he has seen and heard, like me,
Th' abstracted Charms of all this beauteous World,
Expect not Death, but Offers of a Throne.

Faust. 'Tis possible? yet by thyself I swear,
By dear-lov'd thee, my *Crispus* in a Cottage
Shall be prefer'd to all the Thrones on Earth.

Crisp. And thou, forgive me Heav'n! I had almost said
To Heav'n itself: No, *Fausta*, that's the Jar,
Religion makes this Discord in my Soul,
I find it now. Hence come my Starts and Fears,
Even in the height of my expected Joys;
But Time, the Saints and Miracles must win thee.

Faust. No Time, no Miracle, no Saint but thou:
Why, thou art all the Wonders of the Earth,
My Saint, my Heart's Religion, and my Heav'n;
With thee I am embark'd to live or perish,
Not only here but in the World hereafter.

Crisp. O Extasy! Oh Pattern for thy Sex!
Yet shalt thou master me by this Subjection.
Give me thy Hand, thy Lip——the Sweets are richer,
The Taste ennobled. Oh! my ravish'd Love
Glows with the pointed Charms. The Heav'ns are open'd,
And I behold thee crown'd a Saint already.
But I will hold thee fast, lest that the Angels snatch thee
E'er we have mingled Souls——

Faust.

Faust. Oh, not to-night!

Crisp. Ha! not to-night? Not on this lov'd Confession?
Not when thou hast set my Spirits all on fire?
Not now enjoy thee? Thou mak'st my Fears return,
Far more extravagant than they were before,
Lest, e'er we join, an Apoplex shou'd seize me,
The Palace fall, and thousand other Chances,
That awe th' Imagination of my Love.

Oh come——

Faust. I will, and with these longing Arms
Hold thee till Morn; and from that Morn till Evening;
From Evening to Mid-day; from Day to Night;
From Night to Death—I'll clasp thee thus for ever.

Crisp. Let's haste then, while the beckning Minute

Faust. But I must swear thee first. (smiles.)

Crisp. Take Oath on Oath;

I swear to obey thee without asking why.

Faust. Swear thou wilt never leave thy wedded *Fausta*;
What ever dreadful Chance, or strange Misfortune,
Shou'd start to undo me, almost to a Crime.

Crisp. No Crime, but want of Love; nor that, by
Heav'n,

Shall make me hate thee, tho' it bring me Death.

Oh thou soft Dear! if ever I forsake thee,

At my last Hour may I despair of Mercy;

And may those Saints, that knew the Wrong I did thee,
When at Heav'n's Gate I beg for Entrance, answer,

Remember what thou didst to *Fausta* swear;

Be gone, for ever leave this happy Sphere,

For perjur'd Lovers have no Mansion here. [*Exeunt.* }




A C T

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

S C E N E, R O M E.

Enter Arius, Labienus, and Eubulus.

Ari.  E have done our Work by halves; fol-
low'd by the Scent,
Trac'd to our Holes! Oh I could play
the Madman! (der,
Men of our Make so poorly hide a Mur-
That Dogs can rake it up. Spies, Spies, by Hell!
The Course of former Councils was too slow,
I am proclaim'd a Traytor, Heretick,
And Ponyards must proclaim my Accuser nothing.

Lab. Were it not better to comply?

Ari. Impossible!

The Genius of the proud Imperial Brothers
And mine, by Nature mortally oppos'd,
Hate strongly at first fight; which Hate improv'd,
By the late Flaw I found in their Religion.
They hear too how I tainted Infant *Julian*:
Yet being made the Emperor's Confidant
In the late Contract, all might have been retriev'd,
And I at Helm, had not his hated Brother
Thus interpos'd to my eternal Ruin——
Poison and Ponyard——

Eub. Is it come to that?

Ari. It is; without dispatch, we are all undone.
Oh for a Slave to mould some Malecontent;
His Blood aduft, and blacken'd with the Blows
Of adverse Fortune; yet of Soul elate,
And to be flush'd for Fame, or Hire,
To any kind of daring!

Lab. Why?

Ari.

Constantine *the Great*.

Ari. I would work the Melancholy brave
To stab *Dalmatius*.

Eub. Why not *Constantine*?

Ari. Because ten *Constantines* live at least in him;
The one's not half so open to Destruction,
As t'other close, and on the guard to save him;
He has unravell'd our close Web of Thought,
And from the bottom of our dark Design
Drawn Treason forth, perhaps to hang us all.

Labi. 'Tis justly thought; this Lett must be remov'd:
And who so fit to hew it into pieces
As that ambitious, brawny Fool, *Lycinius*?

Ari. Thou hast hit the Man my busy Brain had lost.
The Emperor dooms him dead: By whose Advice?
Tell me, I hear the dull *Lycinius* cry,
That e'er I fall the Victim of the War,
I may at once destroy his Life and Name.

Enter Lycinius. Guards.

But see, he comes! ——— I bring you News.

Lycin. Ha! of my Death! I read it in thy Face.

Ari. Th' Emperor, as at first I told your Story,
Inclin'd to Mercy: But fierce *Dalmatius*
Repeal'd the Hint of your half-granted Pardon,
And forc'd him to your Death.

Lycin. By *Mars* I'll fight him.

Ari. 'Tis not in your power,
You're Pris'ners of War.

Lycin. Yet I may curse: •
My Tongue is not their Prisoner; therefore I'll curse,
Bitterly curse *Dalmatius*; curse 'em all.

Ari. Curse for the Loss of Empire, and of Life!
Bitterly curse! why, Whores will there out-do you.
I blush to think the great *Lycinius*
Should e'er be brought in such Comparison!
Would it not seem more worthy your past Honour
To strike than say? Strike, if I may advise,
And e'er you suffer————

Lycin.

Lycin. Kill *Dalmatius*,

Constantine, Crispus, Annibal, nay all——
Quite root up all th' Imperial Stock at once.

Ari. This Dagger then be yours; the Legacy
Of an old Prophetess; who dying, told me,
He that had Courage to employ it well,
And where it ought, should make himself the greatest—

[*Trumpets at distance.*]

Lycin. It shall be well employ'd, and where it ought.
But hark! the Emperor comes!

Ari. Rather *Dalmatius*,
Perhaps commission'd for your Execution!

Lycin. Why then I'll forth and meet him. By the
If I must fall, he shall not live to laugh: (Fates,
And in remembrance of this solemn Oath
I kiss the ominous Gift thou hast bequeath'd me;
I'll treasure it next my Heart; where it shall rest,
Till sheath'd by Vengeance in *Dalmatius'* Breast. [*Exit.*]

Ari. Or live or die, thou art contriv'd for Mischief!
Next, I must mend the Heresies I've broach'd,
And reconcile myself, by some bold Offer,
With *Constantine*; which, while I undertake,
Be it your Care to spread th' old poisonous Doctrine:
Sow it in all Habits, Persons, Forms, and Places;
Grow with the Times, and cultivate Sedition.

Enter Serena.

My fair Devotees;—but hence, as I have order'd,
And meet me at the Trial of *Lycinus*.

[*Ex. Labi. and Eubul.*]

Seren. The Morning's come, and fain I would have rest,
Who all the Night have wak'd upon my Pillow,
And made it wet with Tears: My solitary Groans,
That pierc'd Heav'n's Vaults (tho' Heaven was deaf the
Deaf to redress) have made my Breast so fore (while,
That I can sigh no longer.

Crispus and Fausta! On you happy Lovers!
Not so with you the glad some Minutes past:
For e'er 'twas Day, I left my tedious Bed,

And

And listen'd to your Joys.

Ari. Her Sorrows lull me,

And I grow good, I know not how, o'th' sudden.

Seren. Such soft Expressions flow'd from the charming
As did but aggravate my Passion more; (*Crispus,*
Yet hide it, O *Serena!* tho' thou diest,

Tell it to none, but to the midnight Groves,
The Flocks and Streams, and those unhappy Stars
Whose merciless Fires thus fated thy undoing.

Ari. What not to *Arius?* to thy Confessor;
To him who has a Privilege from Heav'n?

Seren. Oh *Arius!* would I had the Power to hide it!
But you have heard it all;

And will, perhaps, proclaim a Virgin's Frailty.

But, Sir, I shall not long survive my Shame:

And since 'tis known, confess it to the World;

Confess, that Passion has dethron'd my Reason;

That unbelov'd, I love the best of Men;

And sigh unheard, and without Witness mourn,

And dote to Death without the least Return.

Ari. 'Tis said, young *Annibal* is vow'd your Servant.

Seren. O *Arius,* mark the Malice of our Fates!

That Prince loves me, as *Crispus* is belov'd,

And failing in his Suit, employ'd his Friend

To plead his Cause. Oh, had it been his own! —

But all my Pray'rs, alas, are now in vain,

And wanting *Crispus,* I must wed my Grave.

Therefore I beg you, Sir, procure his Picture

To entertain my melancholy Thoughts,

Since him himself I ne'er must see again.

Ari. That, and all Helps which *Arius* can command,

Seren. I thank you, Sir, by the blest Saints I do;

I thank you for this Favour, from my Heart.

But hark! they come: *Crispus* and *Fausta* come!

Oh Heart! why dost thou leap against my Bosom

Like a cag'd Bird, and beat thyself to Death

For an impossible Freedom?

Ari. Stay to salute 'em.

Seren. No, *Arius,* no; I cannot, dare not stand 'em:

But see, they come, wreath'd in each other's Arms,

And

And mingling Kisses. Has not then the Night,
 Been long enough, but you must love by Day?
 Do, *Fausta*, do, be stified with the Joy,
 Follow him from thy Chamber to the Grove,
 To Garden-haunts, and clasp him in the Bowers,
 Thence to your golden Beds again; while I
 Sink to my Grave, and there forgotten lie. [Exit.

Ari. Crispus to court *Serena* for his Friend!
 His Picture! she shall have it— Mischief! Hell!
 And if it be thy Will thy Slave obeys.
Crispus and *Annibal*, that late were Friends,
 Shall strait be Foes. But hush, the Lovers come.—
 This Closet hides me to discover more.

Enter Crispus and Fausta.

This Closet be my School, to learn their Language.

Faust. Your Father's Trumpets call you. Let 'em call,
 You shall not go. Oh, are there any Sounds
 To charm, more powerful than your *Fausta's* Cries?

Crisp. No, not the Tongues of Angels! O best Joy
 Of my abounding Soul! What shall I call thee?
 By Heav'n, thou art all Heav'n, all Paradise;
 Talk not then of going from thee: for I'll stay till Age
 Has snow'd a hundred Winters on my Head,
 Yet give and take Enjoyments then, as now.

Faust. And Oh, for thee, thou dearest of the World,
 My Soul's best Life, and my Heart's grasp'd Desire,
 Oh what Return! the Mother on her Throes,
 After the Rack, when hanging o'er her Babe,
 With bleeding Joys, wild Looks, and earning Smiles,
 Loves not her Darling more than I love *Crispus*.
 Thou shalt not leave me, *Crispus*.

Crisp. Yes, to meet again;
 Our Love's approv'd by him that gave me Being,
 And then—

Faust. What then? He dooms me to that p'ace,
 Where in his Shroud the poor *Maximian* lies,
 Where I shall lie as I had never been,
 Nor think of *Crispus* more—

Crisp. Canst thou fear Death,
 While I have Life?

Faust. Oh do not trust thy Father!
Trust not the Passions of a Conqueror;
For in his fatal Look, when last he left me,
Something I saw, that bid me fly his Presence;
Fly to the Verge of Earth, and leap the Bounds,
Rather than ever meet his Eyes again.

Crisp. Thy Father's Fate makes thee mistrust thy own.

Faust. No, *Crispus*, not Mistrust, but certain Danger,
Which, like a mouldring Promontory, hangs
Bursting above our Heads; and threatens Death,
Unless we haste betimes, and 'scape the Fall.

Crisp. What Danger? Death? What Fall?

Faust. Thy Father.

Crisp. Ha!

Faust. Thy Father, *Crispus*——

Crisp. Knows not we are marry'd;
But shall, and will, I hope, forgive my Passion.

Faust. I dreamt last Night thy Father was in love,
In love with me, my *Crispus*; catch'd us clasp'd,
And with his Dagger stabb'd us in the fold.

Crisp. Is't possible?

Faust. Most true.

Crisp. And catch'd thee with me?

Faust. Catch'd us in Bed.

Crisp. There?

Faust. Here. Why dost thou wonder?

'Twas but a Dream.

Crisp. Yet there is wonder in't,
Because, by Heav'n, I dreamt the very same.
Is it not strange?

Faust. If it should happen true!

Crisp. That would be strange indeed.

Faust. Therefore let's fear the worst, and arm against
For Oh, why should I hide a Secret from thee? (it;
When I beheld him last, he languished,
And wrung my Hand at parting.

Crisp. But what said he?

Faust. I will not tell you, *Crispus*, till you answer
What you would do with me, my dearest Joy,
If it were true indeed, your Father lov'd me.

Crisp.

Crisp. What at your parting? ha!

Faust. Why, if 'twere true,
Would you forsake me?

Crisp. Be my own Murderer!
I know not what, but speak your parting. Oh!

Faust. Why are you so enrag'd? I dare not tell you.

Crisp. If aught thou hid'st, by Heav'n, thou dost not
love me.

Faust. By Heav'n! I hope no other Heav'n, but thee.
What if he talk'd a little? Age will talk,
And think of it no more.

Crisp. What was your Talk?
I'll know each Syllable.

Faust. Why so you shall;
But then be calm: what if he talk'd of Love?
And what? Oh be not angry, and I'll tell you;
What if, to save my Life, I promis'd him?

Crisp. Ha! promis'd, *Fausta*?
Promise the Father, and engage the Son?
But speak, I stand upon a Precipice;
For if 'tis true, that e'er so little past
Of Love before——

Faust. What then?

Crisp. And thou hast promis'd?

Faust. Suppose I have sworn.

Crisp. Suppose then thy Dishonour;
Suppose me never to behold thee more;
Suppose my Death, both Soul and Body's Ruin.

Faust. Suppose no more, but what my Soul hath sworn,
To love his Son, none but the lovely *Crispus*;
O therefore clear thy Brow, and take me to thee,
Be still my Love, forgive this little Fault,
And Jealousy shall ne'er offend thee more.

Crisp. O Charmer! Beauty! what! where was the
Why hast thou kept me on the Rack so long? (need?
Tho' taken down, I feel the Strains upon me,
And shall, I fear, too long. But hark, they call, [*Trumpets.*
And I must go.

Faust. But will you then return?

Crisp. Quick as thy Wishes, or my own Desires;

But make no more such Tryal. Hark again. [*Trump. again.*]

Faust. I cannot part with you, tho' for a moment.

Crisp. I'll but enquire whether my Father's come.

Faust. Swear to come back then, swear, before you
To give me one Look more. (see him,

Crisp. What needs an Oath?
Before I speak with him——

Faust. You'll speak with me,
For I have much to say of mighty moment;
Swear therefore to return.

Crisp. Swear on thy Lips;
Thus with my Heart, I seal my Vows for ever. [*Ex.*]

Faust. Heart, and the holiest Vows deep writ in Blood;
Blood and Dishonour: take then, take my Cause,
Thou that hast made me sin, O mighty Love!
And let thy Mother plead it with her Tears:
He sees his Father and my Crime at once;
And then resolves never to see me more.

Enter Arius.

Ari. What then?

Faust. What then! O *Arius*, dost thou know me?
And ask what then, when he ne'er sees me more?
I'll tell thee then, I'll never see the Day:
Shades, Night and Death, Despair and Dungeons hold
When those dear Eyes shall never light me more. (me,

Ari. Since you enjoy'd him, let the Tides of Love
Be swallow'd in the Ocean of Ambition.

Faust. Ambition, Pomp, and Greatness of the World,
All empty Sounds to Love! But thine's a downward
Thou hast no Taste of these sublimer Joys. (Sense,
But haste! look out; Why comes he not again?
He swore he would; but he has seen his Father,
Who stops him, with my first unhappy Contract.

Ari. I see him yonder.

Faust. Blessings on thy Tongue;
But I'll run forth to meet him, and no longer
Conceal the innocent Deceit of Love.

Ari. Hold, Madam, stay, *Dalmatius* comes; retire,

Faust. *Dalmatius*! Let me see my self.

Ari.

Ari. They come.

Faust. *Dalmatius!* Gods, 'tis he, he tells him all;
The Emperor told it him. Nay, it must out,
I am lost, undone: But gentle *Arius*, wait,
And watch, and bring me word, how *Crispus* bears it.
Oh that I were a Spirit to stand unseen!
To mark his Passions, how they rise and fall,
With every Glance of those dear, dreadful Eyes:
But see they come, and yet I cannot stir,
I grow distracted with my Hope and Fear,
Compell'd to go; yet long to tarry here. [*Ex.* *Fausta.*

Enter Dalmatius and Crispus to Arius.

Dalm. I have much against you, *Crispus*, and you
Therefore with all the Freedom of a Friend, (know it,
Tell me what is the Cause you have not been
So free as formerly.

Crisp. You know I am.

Dalm. I'll press you, Sir, no more; only remember,
There stands a Villain, whom I have seen you whisper.
[*Ex.* *Arius.*

Crisp. I'll tell you all.

Dalm. You dare not: come, there is a Guilt at bottom
You blush to own, a Crime of such a nature
As will admit no Pardon. Thou hast sinn'd
Against the great Divinity of Friendship;
Which my Soul takes to death.

Crisp. Can it be
Ever too late to gain a Pardon here?

Dalm. I cannot tell; yet I can tell thee this,
There was a Time, not many Days are past,
Since I prefer'd thy Friendship to the World;
When I cou'd say, Why yonder goes the Man,
Whom my Soul worships more than *Constantine*,
And loves beyond my Son. By Heav'n, thy Fault
Is ominous, and grinds my Temper through.

Crisp. That Son you nam'd unhappily's in love.

Dalm. Then he's a Fool. With whom?

Crisp. *Maximian's* Daughter;
The younger Beauty.

30 *Constantine the Great.*

Dalm. Ha! and you love the Elder:
My Life on't, some such masterly Design.
This makes you shun the Camp, to lurk beneath
The Eves of Palaces, and droop in Corners.
But, Sir, your Pardon. I almost forgot
To urge your swiftest Speed, to wait your Father.

Crisp. I but will take my leave.

Dalm. I fear there is
Too much already taken; but no more——
If you have aught to say, I'll visit for you.——

Crisp. Be all as you would have it. Oh, your Hand!
Nay, I will force my Entrance to your Heart,
By opening all my own; and so farewell. [*Ex. Crispus.*]

Dalm. I blame my Friend for walking in the dark,
Yet hide my self, who when I seem most strange
Am fondest of his Love. So, Sir, what now?

Enter Annibal.

Annib. The fair *Constantia*, with condemn'd *Lycinius*,
Drest in the saddest Glass of dying Sorrow,
Was coming to intreat you for his Pardon;
But soon as she had heard, from weeping *Arius*,
Her Husband's Doom, she in our Arms expir'd.

Dalm. I mourn her Fate; but for *Lycinius*,
I urg'd at first, and still resolve his Death
Is necessary to the Emperor's Life:
Nor should a few weak Drops, by Women shed,
Stop a Decree so absolute and royal.

Annib. He comes attended with a mournful Croud
To sue for Life.

Dalm. I'll have him executed in their View;
Yes, *Annibal*, and shew thy Youth a Pattern
Of the old *Romans*, for thy Imitation;
Who hast but poorly copy'd from thy Father.

Annib. Why, Sir; what Villain has traduc'd my Virtue?

Dalm. No Villain, but thy Prince has own'd thy
And says thou lov'st a Captive Foe of *Rome*. (Weakness,

Annib. The Virgin's beautiful, and greatly born.

Dalm. Perhaps the Virgin may as greatly die,
And yield her Beauties to the fatal Stroke.

Annib.

Constantine *the Great.*

31

Annib. To the fatal Stroke! Oh all ye Powers!
No, Sir, the fair *Serena* shall not die
While I wear this.

Dalm. Ha Rebel! Traitor! How!
Not at the Emperor's Doom?

Annib. No, nor at yours,
That gave me, Sir, my Being; take it again,
Unless you give me leave to lay it there,
Where I have plac'd my Love.

Dalm. The Emperor
Decreases thee *Cappadocia*: Wilt thou forfeit
The noble Heritage of such Ambition,
For infamous Love?

Annib. Wrong not a Passion,
That equals your own Virtue. For could *Cæsar*
Give with a Daughter of his own the World,
I would prefer my Love in this Condition,
To all the Proffers of his Blood and Empire.

Dalm. Hence from my fight; and till thou break'st
See me no more. (this Passion,

Annib. Then I must never see you;
For when I cease to love, where I have vow'd,
I am no more: therefore upon my Knees,
I beg you to recall this dreadful Sentence;
Repeal my Banishment, and give me leave
To win the Heart of this unhappy Maid,
Or bid me die before you.

Dalm. Rise, my Boy,
Thou lov'st indeed, who canst refuse a Kingdom.

*Enter Arius, Lycinius, Labienus, Eubulus, with
the Populace*

But see *Lycinius* with his Followers here;
Take to the Habit of thy former Wars,
And soften not my Justice by thy Sorrows.

Annib. I have heard *Lycinius* lately threatned you,
Therefore your Guardian's Eye be watchful o'er you.

Dalm. Fear not, I'm arm'd against 'em. Know, *Ly-*
The Emperor has decreed to shew his Subjects (*cinius*),
What weary'd Mercy dares resolve to do.

Cleanthes, you the Captain of the Guard,
Lead to the *Forum*, and in the People's view
Strike off his Head.

Lycin. I bear the Sentence as becomes my Honour :
And all the favour which I beg in Death,
Is to reveal a Secret to your Ear,
Which may import the Emperor's Life, and yours.

Dalm. What would you, Sir ?

Lycin. My Lord, are you in earnest ?
Or is there room for Hope ?

Dalm. Sir, be not flatter'd :
Hope is the fawning Traitor of the Mind,
Which while it cozens with a colour'd Friendship,
Robs us of our last Virtue, Resolution.

Lycin. Speak then the force of Resolution——Thus.

Annib. No Villain——Thus.

[*Annibal disarms, and offers to stab him.*]

Dalm. Hold, *Annibal!* hold thy Hand.
An Execution in the best of Causes,
Is a vile Trade for honourable Men ;
Therefore let Slaves dispatch him.

Annib. Rack him first,
To know who counsell'd him to this damn'd Deed.

Dalm. No: To *Silvester* let him own his Fault,
And die a Christian ; I am satisfy'd.

Lycin. Ha, ha!--A Christian ! What and fall a Sheep ?
Confess ! No, as he urg'd, bring forth the Rack ;
Wire-draw my Limbs, spin all my Nerves like Hairs,
And work my tortur'd Flesh as thin as Flame,
You shall not know a Tittle more than this ;
I was fet on to stab *Dalmatius*,
And would the Emperor, were he in my reach
Who were the Gods that prompted thus my Arm,
You Christian Curs shall never know from me ;
Therefore go learn the Mystery in Hell.
Thus much I acquaint you ; they are living,
Warm in your Bosoms, and I hope will sting you ;
Sting you to death. Plagues, Famine, Sword, and Fire ;
Fire from the Gods on your proud City fall ;
And with that dying Curse I leave you all. [*Ex. guarded.*]

Dalm.

Constantine *the Great.* 33

Dalm. His Fate was just. Now *Romans* to the Triumph,
Go forth and meet your Emperor, whose Mercy
Extends her peaceful Wings to all that seek him ;
And is the darling Attribute of his Soul.
But hark ! he comes ! the Saviour of your Empire ;
Bring forth his Statues ; crown his Images ;
Meet him with Garlands, Songs, and Shouts of Tri-
But see his Entrance is already made, (umph ;
And there he comes, with *Crispus* in his Arms.

Enter Constantine, Crispus, &c. to the Triumph.

Const. Dalmatius, I must thank thee for the Fate:
Of that too stubborn Troubler of our Reign:
Silvester to his Hermitage retires,
And says the Saints are sad at my delay :
Tell him e'er long, and urge him to return ;
The Emperor and the Court shall be baptiz'd.

Dalm. Take to your former Freedom, Mirth and Hu-
For 'tis observ'd you are not as you were. (mour,

Const. Oh Brother ! Friend ! In all my Hazards try'd,
Thy Son shall share the Heart and Empire too
Of my lov'd *Crispus*, whom for some few Minutes
I would discourse alone.

Dalm. Your Wishes on you ;
Peace to your Thoughts, and Heav'n still guide your
Counsels. [Exeunt.

Manent Constantine, Crispus.

Const. Hast thou perform'd thy Embassy, my *Crispus*,
And seen the Daughter of *Maximian* !

Crisp. I have seen her, Sir ; and seen her beauteous Sister.

Const. How lik'it thou ? Ha ! Are they not charming
Both beautiful ? (both ?

Crisp. They are. But why, Sir, both ?

Const. Because the latter only catch'd thy Praise ;
When *Fausta*, in the Pride of blooming Nature,
As much transcends her, as the Summer's Rose
The little Beauties of a backward Spring.

Crisp. 'Tis true, she is the elder.

Const. And the fairer,

In all Comparisons to be preferr'd,
Not only to her Sister, but the World.

Crisp. Is't possible?

Const. That thou shouldst be so dull
To ask the Question, having seen the Wonder!

Crisp. But, Sir, when I was sent, you talk'd of Death.

Const. Death to my self, and thee, and all Mankind,
Rather than wound a Part of my lov'd *Fausta*. (then?)

Crisp. Oh Heav'n? What said you? Do you love her

Const. Love her, my Son? In Age I love her more,
Than in my Youth I lov'd the Chace of Glory.

Crisp. And does she know you love her?

Const. Know? approves;
Approving join'd, and seal'd the Contract sure.

Crisp. Death and Despair! Approv'd, join'd, seal'd,
How seal'd? and how contracted? (contracted!

Const. Why, our Lips
Have sign'd and seal'd an everlasting Love.

Crisp. What, kiss'd her? Ha! But I'm too credulous:
All you have said is but to try my Temper,
How much your Son can bear.

Const. I must confess
Thy Fears were just, hadst thou another Father;
But as I am, I swear whatever Issue
I have by *Fausta*, thou shalt heir my Power.

Crisp. Talk not of Power, but tell me of your Love;
Distract me not with these ambiguous Answers,
But tell me; swear to save my Loss of Reason,
If as you love, you are by *Fausta* lov'd.

Const. That I love *Fausta*, is as true by Heav'n,
As I love thee: But whether I am lov'd
With just return, is hard indeed to swear:
Yet, as I said before, our Hands have join'd,
Our Lips have seal'd, and binding Oaths have pass'd.

Crisp. What Oaths?

Const. Betrothing Oaths.

Crisp. Oh, all ye Saints!
Are you contracted too?

Const. Ah *Crispus*, we're contracted.
Weep not, my Son; I swear by this Embrace,

Thou

Thou shalt not less be lov'd than heretofore. (joy'd her?)

Crisp. Betroth'd! Oh Heav'n! And have you, Sir, en-

Const. No, *Crispus*; That's a Heav'n I have to come.

Crisp. A Hell! All Hell! And if not yet enjoy'd,
Let me conjure you by my Mother's Ashes,
Touch her not for the World.

Const. What means my Son?

I have decreed to marry her this Night,
And taste the Sweets of long-expected Joys.

Crisp. By Heav'n, I swear those Sweets have poison in
Bane to your Soul, your Empire, Life and Glory. ('em,

Const. Take heed, my *Crispus*, that you do not wrong.
I know the hazard of Succession frights thee. (her;

Crisp. No: By your sacred Life, nothing but Honour
Provokes me in the Point: She's false, forsworn,
And to my certain Knowledge loves another.

Oh! therefore touch her not; and, to convince you
That Empire could not work me thus, this Night
I'll turn a Hermit, and renounce the World.

Const. If she be false: I know his Temper well;
And Nature cannot make such Faults o'th' sudden:
If she be false! By Heav'n, thou hast mov'd me, *Crispus*,
But speak the Traitor's Name, who thus has wrong'd me.

Crisp. Pardon me, Sir, his Name; he could not
Because he knew not—— (wrong you,

Const. What?

Crisp. Your Love.

Const. His Name,

There's more in this; his Name, again I charge thee:
Not only name him, but produce his Person;
Or I shall think all Forgery thou hast sworn.

Crisp. O let me beg you wed her not to-night,
And when I see you next I'll tell you more;
Perhaps betray the innocent to Death.

Const. Let that be prov'd; I swear he shall not die:
Thou art it seems his Friend as well as mine;
But look you calm the Tempest you have rais'd,
Or I will make thee stranger to my Soul. [Exit.

Crisp. solus. I am content; if that some pitying
Would make me too a Stranger to my self: (Power,

But


36 *Constantine the Great.*


But hold my Heart a while, till I have found her.
 Yet there's a lucid Joy in these Distractions,
 To know he has not bedded her; then had follow'd,
 Her Death and mine, and consequent Damnation:
 Yet lest she should consent, I'll haste, and warn her;
 When warn'd I'll watch, and if she after yield,
 Thro' Love or Fear, to his incestuous Charms,
 I'll rush thro' all, and stab her in his Arms. [Exit.



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

Enter Annibal and Serena.

Annib.  S this your Answer then, you cannot
 love me?

 This the Reward for Offers of my Blood,
 And braving a stern Father to pre-
 serve you?

This the Effect of *Crispus'* Eloquence?
 To make his Friend a most untimely Grave?
 For, bear it as you please, or laugh or grieve,
 I will not be a Trouble to you long.

Seren. What shall I say? Alas! I might delude you,
 Like other faithless Beauties of the Age;
 But the Gods fram'd me of so plain a Temper,
 I cannot hide my Thoughts, tho' to my undoing.
 But something more there is, if you could bear it,
 To turn your desp'rate Love for ever from me.

Annib. Produce it then; for, what can Nature shew,
 Than Death more dreadful, wilder than Despair, (me
 Which now are my Familiars?

Seren. Take it, Sir,
 The only Secret of my wounded Soul.
 I love, I languish, and despair like you.

Annib. What, do you love another?

Seren. Love him to death, nor does he know I love
 Or if he did, he would not make Return. (him;

Annib. Can this be possible! but where, where is he?
 That

That I may rush with all my Rage upon him,
And bear him with me to the other World. (him—

Seren. Not for a Thousand Worlds; you must not hate

Annib. Plagues! Curses on his Head, Rage and De-
Is this then the Return of all my Vows, (spair!
To make my setting yet more deep in Blood?

But give me quick his Quality and Name. (geance?

Seren. His Name! what, after such Resolves of Ven-
Your Fate and mine should not compel it now.

Annib. What, not to save my Life!

Seren. No; for what Life can stand in competition,
When his is threaten'd? Better you, and I,
And all the rest of Human Kind, should perish,
Than he, the Master-piece of Nature, suffer.

And should you know him, spite of your Resolves,
Sir, you would kneel and worship too like me.

Annib. Show me the God then, if I must adore.

Seren. No, since you have sworn, I should do ill to
Yet, for his Preservation, I must tell you, (trust you:
Whene'er he dies, *Serena* too shall bleed.

From the same Hand the same Dispatch I crave,
And if at last one Monument we have,

What Joys can Life compare with such a Grave? [*Ex.* }

Enter Arius with Crispus's Picture.

Annib. Death, Hell, and Furies; if my Sword have
Which never failed me yet, I'll find him out, (Charms,
This Rival God——
And drive him from the World.

Ari. Ha! goes it there?
Then to my Task!

Annib. *Arius* in Contemplation!
'Twere worth my while to spy: *Crispus's* Picture?
Forgive me, *Arius*, if I rob your Hand
Of what's so deep engraven in my Heart.

For whom this pretty Present? (great Secrets.

Ari. Your Pardon——The Mystery is one of Love's

Annib. *Crispus* in Love, and hide it from his Friend!
From *Annibal*, that open'd all to him!

'Twas much unkind: *Arius*, I am concern'd:

And

Constantine *the Great.*

And you must tell me where his Heart's engag'd,
E'er I return the Picture.

Ari. Sir, I am in haste,

And dare not tell her Name; therefore I beg you:
She waits my coming——Good my Lord,——she loves.
To that degree, each Moment's stay is Death:
Therefore let me conjure you.

Annib. Thou dost but raise my Admiration more:
Therefore, your business, or farewell——

Ari. Stay, stay!

My Lord, you are his Friend! yet 'tis a Breach
Of Trust: but since there is no other help,
And the fair Mistress of his Heart may pine
To death upon the Loss; restore the Picture,
And take the Secret, Sir; her Name's *Serena*. (tests thee,

Annib. Traitor, thou ly'st! and, but thy Robe pro-
Shouldst feel, even now, th'Effects of my Revenge.

Ari. To clear th'Aspersion, bear it, Sir, your self,
And to *Serena's* Face I'll justify
The Secret of her Love; tho' *Crispus* kill me.

Annib. By Heav'n, thou dost recal a dreadful Image:
Of late I met him, e'er I made my Visit
To her thou hast nam'd, and ask'd him of my Love!
He seem'd in haste, his Answers were abrupt;
His Count'nance sad; and thus in short return'd,
Hunt not a Bubble Beauty, like a Boy;
Fall like a Man, and let your Rest be Fame——
And so it shall: If what thou say'st be true,
I'll level him with Earth.

Ari. What said you, Sir?

Annib. Yet I will have more Proof; she shall, her self,
Be witness to the Fall of this high Virtue:
Then Friendship to the Winds, like meeting Tides,
We'll fight the Tempest out, nor give it o'er,
Till one lies dash'd and broken on the shore. [Exit.

Ari. Thus far the Devil is the best mounted yet,
And Heresy at last shall win the Race.

Enter

Enter Labienus and Eubulus.

Ha! *Labienus* here,
And my *Eubulus*; we shall shortly govern.

Labi. I met the Emperor of late, alone;
Who ask'd for you.

Ari. I'll instantly attend him.
Where is his Son?

Eub. I left him with *Dalmatius*.

Ari. Unloading his sick Heart upon his Friend.

Enter Dalmatius and Crispus.

But see the Master Enemy's at hand;
Sulk to your Posts, and dive in Mists away.

[*Exit Ari. Lab. Eub.*

Crisp. Now, my *Dalmatius*, now thou hast my Heart,
And make good use on't, if I ne'er see thee more.
By Heav'n, my Friend, I have not hid a Point
Of that sad Story that must make my Ruin.

Dalm. Would thou hadst told me half of it before!
I might have sav'd thee many a Sigh and Tear:
Pray Heav'n no worse come on't; but 'tis no Time
T'upbraid thee now: What wouldst thou have me do?

Crisp. Persuade my Father from enjoying her:
For if that be to-night, as once he vow'd,
Thou shalt behold thy *Crispus* dead to-morrow.

Dalm. And what of *Fausta*?

Crisp. I know not what.
That subtle false one, that has thus deceiv'd me,
And with her Charms ensnar'd my innocent Soul:
But I will hence.

Dalm. For what?

Crisp. To execute
The Vows I made.

Dalm. Go then, and kill her.

Crisp. Ha!

Dalm. Kill the Adulteress, this incestuous Charmer,
And have her borne in Triumph to thy Father:
Then tell thy Tragick Story like a Man;
And greatly thus atone for both your Crimes.

Crisp.

Constantine *the Great*.

Crisp. Farewell: I'll find another Way to end her.

Dalm. Tongue-kill her, go; or swear, and be forsworn,
Thou ne'er wilt see her more. Heav'n! that a Man
Born to the Empire of the World, should dote
On such slight Stuff as Woman!

Crisp. See my Father,
Look thou to him, as I'll be guard on her.
Incest! Dishonour! to all future Ages——
Think,——think on that—— and push him from his Ruin.
[Exit. Crispus.]

Enter Constantine and Silvester.

Const. What say the People to the Rumour spread
Of my new Contract?

Silv. All the Christians mourn,
And sicken in their Souls, as if Heav'n warn'd
The Earth of some unheard Calamity:
The Heathens on the other side rejoice,
And cry, a Persecution is at hand.

Const. No matter, to the Point; knowst thou the
Whom *Fausta* loves? (Man.)

Silv. I told you, Sir, before,
I would be dumb for ever on this Theme.

Const. Yet this implies thou know'st, but wilt not show.
All know him, all, all but he that should; (him:
For *Crispus* has confess'd,
Yet hides the Name.—But I'll find out one,
Less meriting Respect, whom Racks shall force.

Dalm. If you intend your Empire's Safety, Sir,
Cast *Fausta* from your Bosom, turn her out;
Away with her——far let her be exil'd,
With all her Race; for Death is in her Beauty.

Const. My Brother offer this!
Death in her Beauty?

Dalm. Violent, sudden Death;
Death to your Health, and Ruin to your Glory.

Const. Perhaps he is the Man, her Lover! yes;
And thus conceals his Flame with covert Rage:
For else what cause could thus provoke his Passion?
What is the Publick Interest here concern'd?

Their

Constantine *the Great.* 41

Their Murmurings, or their Joys, which with a Nod
My Power can hush. By Heav'n there's more at bottom,
And I will find it out; their Looks betray 'em:
Priest, Princes, all engag'd; and for some great one.

Enter Arius.

But hold—here comes my Man! Brother, I've thought,
And will consider further what you urg'd
Against my Wife.

Dalm. We leave you to Heav'n's Care,
And wish you to beware that waiting Fiend.

[*Ex. Dalm. Silv.*

Const. So, now your Business, *Arius*?

Ari. Sir.

Const. Your Business?

The Coast is clear; be your Confession so;
And speak what all the Court have sworn to hide.

Ari. Sir, *Labienus* gave me your Commands,
That I should wait.

Const. Dost thou dally with me?
Thou know'st the least of thy enormous Crimes
Deserve a lengthen'd Death: Think on thy Treason,
Atheism, Blasphemies against the Highest;
Think on the purpos'd Murder of my Brother,
Wrought by thy Charms, thou damn'd one: After this,
Let thy affrighted Soul despise my Wrath,
And if she dares, be dumb to my Demands.

Ari. What must I answer?

Const. Give me Truth for Truth,
Once more then; and this Warning be thy last,
Show me the Robber of my Heart's Repose,
Friend to my *Crispus*, but his Father's Foe;
The conqu'ring Rival of my ravish'd Love.

Ari. What, has your Son reveal'd?

Const. He says she's false, but tells me not to whom;
Swears she's forsworn; and when I see him next,
I shall know more.

Ari. What if you never see him?

Const. Why dost thou start a Question so unlikely?

Ari. I cannot think he will betray his Friend;

He

He who betrays his Friend, betrays himself;
 And rather than do that, I judge he'll leave
 Your Sight, the Empire, and his Love for ever.

Const. Love, *Arius*! ha! his Love! What Love? To

Ari. Why Love to you: (whom?)

What other Love should *Crispus* entertain?
 He has no Mistress, sure!

Const. Thou seem'st to hint

As if he had; mark thy foregoing Words:
 He who betrays his Friend, betrays himself:
 By Heav'n! thou hast set my anxious Soul a-work,
 For when thou said'st, he has no Mistress, sure—
 Thy Meaning was, to make me think he had;
 And that this Mistress could be none but *Fausa*.

Ari. I hope, dread Sir, you will not wrest my Words,
 And innocent Thoughts, to any evil Purpose. (Traitor,

Const. What, at your Tricks again? be quick my
 And spread at once thy double Heart before me;
 Dost thou not judge my Son his Father's Rival?

Ari. If you would know my Heart, indeed I do.

Const. Why, what a Devil wert thou then to deny't?
 So pitifully play the Hypocrite!
 And scrue that lying Face into a show
 Of Innocence,

When Nature stamp't thee for a Villain!

Ari. Forgive me, Sir, if I avow 'twas Fear,
 Not Villany, that made me hide my Thought.

Const. All Fear, but Fear of Heav'n, betrays a Guilt;
 And Guilt is Villany. But let thy Fear
 Produce what past betwixt the wicked Pair;
 Shew me th' Adulterers and Adulterer;
 Where, how, and when, this Incest was committed,
 Who was the Instrument, and cursed Bawd
 And damn'd Contriver of their horrid Joys.

Ari. O Heav'n!

Const. O Hell! for there shalt thou be hurl'd,
 And roast in Sulphur, if thou not tell me all;
 Thou, who perhaps thy self wert the Contriver,
 The Bawd I nam'd, and Instrument of their Lust.

Ari. Hold, Sir! and I'll confess; I've seen your Son,
 Oftner:

Oftner than I have wish'd, attend your *Fausta*.
 And seen him late from her Apartment come;
 I've heard him praise her long, and when the Praise
 Was finish'd, sigh, that he durst praise no longer;
 At least I thought so, but my Thought's no Proof.

Const. No, *Arius*, not enough for *Crispus*' Death:
 But there's enough to turn my Spirit from him,
 To make me loath his Form; when next we meet,
 From head to foot to measure him with my Eye,
 Both as an Object of my Scorn and Hate.

Ari. That Love has past betwixt 'em, is past doubt,
 But for enjoying——

Const. Know'st thou aught of that?

Ari. Not I, by Heav'n!

Const. Why didst thou start it then?

Ari. Sir, to be satisfy'd, what you wou'd do,
 Upon the Demonstration.

Const. Both shou'd bleed,
 Both die, as sure as we are living, *Arius*;
 For him, 'twere Sacrilege to think to save him,
 If thus he has transgress'd; not then my Vows,
 Not all the Conquests of his Blooming Years,
 With my whole Empire's Knees and lifted Hands;
 Not the Remembrance of his Mother's Tears,
 When on her Death-Bed she bequeath'd his Safety
 To my best Care and Love, shall once redeem him.

Ari. What shall be done to him that finds the Truth?

Const. Reward and Honour. He shall be my Friend.

Ari. I ask no more; henceforth I'm yours;
 To search, tho' at the peril of my Life,
 The bottom of this Business.

Const. Say and do——
 But send my Wardrobe now to *Fausta*'s Side,
 Bear her the Diadem, with Stile of Empress;
 And say this Night I bed her.

Ari. That will prove her——
 If she refuse, you know Sir what to judge,
 Nor would it be amiss to break discourse
 About your Son, and sift her subtle Soul.

Const. I apprehend thee; but as I commanded——
 Away

44 *Constantine the Great.*

Away—Oh *Constantine!* Yet e'er this Search, [*Ex. Ari.*
 Whatever comes, remember he's thy Son ;
 Son of thy Love, and once was next thy Soul.
 But as the best are worst, when once corrupted,
 If he has sinn'd at all, he has sinn'd to Death ;
 The Thought distracts me ; Heav'n remove this Trou-
 Or I shall run to my old Gods again. (ble,
 But hush a while: I'll bear my Passion cold,
 I'll curb it while the Reins of Reason hold ;
 But if they break, then Nature, where's thy Call ?
 Be deaf to Reason, Nature, Judgment, All——
 The Precipice is Fate ; and if we roll,
 The Fault is theirs that fool'd us with a Soul. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Crispus with a Dagger, and Fausta.

Faust. Hold, hold thy Hand——

Crisp. Think not I meant to kill thee——
 No, thou Seducer, were thy Stains more deep,
 Think not Despair and Rage cou'd so unman me
 To hurt a Woman. Yet thou shalt hear me, *Fausta:*
 And if the Story of thy Crimes can kill thee,
 I'll lay thy Wounds wide open to the Air ;
 Display the Perjuries of thy bleeding Heart,
 And to thy Incest, add at last a Murder.

Faust. Stab with thy Dagger then ; but let thy
 Destroy no more. (Tongue

Crisp. O all ye Powers, who that had known last Night
 The Joys which I have known, could once have thought
 Who that had heard her Vows, when on my Breast, (it!
 Weary'd with Oaths, and out of breath with Kisses,
 She panting swore ! and wish'd Destruction seize her,
 If she were not content, so one Night more
 Her ravish'd Soul like that might entertain,
 To live her Miseries and past Life again.

Faust. By all those Powers you name, and by your
 I wish so still. (own,

Crisp. Yet at that very Minute

When

When thus she swore, to know she was forsworn,
 Conscious her Faith was plighted to another!
 And who that other pick'd from all Mankind,
 To make her more abhorr'd, but my own Father?

Faust. What, Load on Load?

Crisp. Her violated Hands
 Were plighted fast with his, and Kisses past——

Faust. Hold, hold, and let my Tears atone, my
 Or sink upon the Earth. (Lord,

Crisp. The Center, *Fausta*,
 The Center cannot hide thee from the Horrors
 Of thy own Conscience, which are my Avengers:
 And wheresoe'er thou fly'st, shall follow thee
 With inward Hells, for the base Wrong thou'ast done

Faust. O *Crispus!* never, never, wilt thou end? (me:

Crisp. By Heav'n! I know thy damnable Design:
 Thou hast this Night contriv'd to ruin Nature,
 To make the Angels sick with such a Crime,
 As equals her's that first betray'd the World.

Faust. I'll stop thee with my Kisses!

Crisp. Off, Crocodile!

Faust. Why use thy Ponyard then.

Crisp. Nor that, nor this.

I had design'd, 'tis true, to stab my self;
 But second Thoughts instruct me thus to haunt thee;
 Like an eternal Fiend to follow thee;
 To hollow still Damnation in thy Ear,
 And hinder thee from Incest with my Father.
 Oh horrid Thought!

Faust. Oh horrid Thought indeed!

Crisp. Why does it not possess thee!
 Thou fair insinuating Snake! wouldst thou then gild thy
 Swear on my Ponyard, swear, and damn thy self, (Poison?
 Thou hast not plotted, as this Night, to twist
 Thy incestuous Arms about my Father's Neck!

Faust. Yes, I will swear. But let me lean my Head
 Against thy Breast, while I recover Breath:
 For I am faint with Groans.

Crisp. Oh Heart! Oh Love!
 She grasps so hard, and locks so with her Charms,

I cannot put her from me! *Fausta*, is't possible?
Is it then possible thou can'st be good?
So good at least, as being thus gone in Sin,
To go no further?

Faust. Let me swear,
For I will face the Gods in such a Cause;
And standing on the Guard of Innocence,
Swear, all I've done was but th' Effect of Love.

Crisp. Again thou'rt fallen; for thou art Guilty, *Fausta*,
Of impious Treason, and incestuous Love.

Faust. I am not, *Crispus*.

Crisp. Ha! not guilty, *Fausta*?
Then farewell all.

Faust. Hold, hold, not guilty to my *Crispus*.
Fall not to rage again, and I'll confess
I was compell'd to be contracted to him;
Not wedded, nor possess.

Crisp. Why didst thou hide thy Contract?

Faust. Because it was forc'd by Fear; nor did I dare
Reveal it to thee, e'er I had thee sure:
So much I lov'd thee, *Crispus*.

Crisp. But what hadst thou decreed to do to-night,
This fatal Night, if that the Emperor
Had sworn to enjoy thee?

Faust. Stop him with my Tears;
Or if they fail'd, to dam his Passion thus,
And sheath this hidden Ponyard in my Heart.

Crisp. Is't possible thou shouldst so greatly dare?

Faust. Yes, *Crispus*, thou shalt see, by what's to come:
Oh! therefore take me to thy Breast, and swear——

Crisp. Swear first thy self, he never shall possess thee.

Faust. What needs an Oath after possessing thee?

Crisp. Yet, for the Satisfaction of my Soul,
And Cement of our everlasting Loves,
Swear thou wilt never.

Faust. Never, *Crispus*, never.
By Heav'n and Earth, by all that's great and holy,
I swear thy Father never shall embrace me.

Crisp. What, never! Oh yet closer! never, *Fausta*?

Faust. By all this Dearness, never *Crispus*, never.

Enter

Constantine *the Great.* 47

Enter Arius.

Ari. What Faults are gone and past, it matters not:
But you had best beware of what's to come——
Haste, Sir, away.——See there the Bed's prepar'd——
The Diadem; and Name of Empress given——
Your Father's at my heels! hark! you are warn'd.

Soft Musick.

I hear him come, and wish you, Sir, away. [*Ex. Arius.*]

Crisp. Oh *Fausta!*

Faust. Take no thought.

Crisp. If he should charm thee,
Or scare thee to Compliance——

Faust. That Distrust

Again! by Heav'n I'll die before he enters.

Crisp. Hold thee, my Heart! my Life, my Love,
my Soul:

I'll stay——and hazard all——but hark! he comes.

I would advise——Live, if thou canst with Honour——
If not——he's here, fall, and I'll follow thee.

[*Exit Crispus.*]

Re-enter Arius with Constantine.

Const. Ha, *Arius!* see'st thou there?

Ari. *Crispus,* I think.

Const. Didst thou not see him?

Ari. Yes.

Const. Why dost thou then suppose it but by Thought?

Ari. Because I do not like his being here.

Const. Nor I, by Heav'n! withdraw, and wait my
Call.

[*Arius retires.*]

What now, my *Fausta!* ha! in Tears my Fair!

What, on thy wedding Night? Why dost thou fly me?

Am I a Ravisher? Howe'er reputed

Bloody in Fields, in Chambers I am gentle

As thy own Thoughts.

Therefore let our Vows be seal'd, and then to Bed.

Faust. What said you, Sir?

Const.

48 *Constantine the Great.*

Const. Why, to Bed my Love,
And hide thy Virgin Fears: Thou wilt be bolder there.

Faust. Alas! I dare not.

Const. Why?

Faust. I've sworn, my Lord——

Const. What, and to whom?

Faust. To Heav'n I've sworn,
How'er contracted, that I will not wed you.

Const. When?

Faust. Not to-night.

Const. When then?

Faust. Prefs me no further,
For I can only answer with my Tears.

Const. Speak, for I'll know th' Extremity to-night—
Why then to-morrow; but by Heav'n no longer;
For now I've sworn too.

Faust. But I vow'd first;
And swear again to keep that Vow till Death.
To-morrow and to-morrow, add to those
Ten Millions more. You never shall embrace me——

Const. Is't possible! after thy Faith was given!

Faust. Not given, but by a Conqueror compell'd.

Const. And hast thou rightly scann'd the Conqueror's
Ha *Fausta!* hast thou plac'd thy Father's Fate (Rage?
Before thy Eyes? and thought upon thy own?

Faust. Just to your purpose: I'm prepar'd for Death,
Rather than entertain you in my Bed:
Therefore if you set down t' enjoy me, Sir,
Or doom me dead, upon the Earth I beg you
To speak your Will, and *Fausta* shall revenge you.
This Ponyard strait shall act your vow'd Revenge,
And take her from the World——

Const. Rise, *Fausta*, rise——

By Heav'n I find 'tis vain to strive against thee!
Take then what more thou valu'st than the World,
And what, in spite of me, the Fates ordain thee——
My *Crispus* for thy Love——

Faust. Ah, Sir, what mean you?

Const. Why wouldst thou strive to hide what Nature
Dalmatius, Arius. and *Silvester*, know it: (shews?
And

And over-wrought me, for my Empire's Safety,
To this great Act, to yield thee to my Son.

Faust. Did *Arius* too? No sure, they rather wrought
To yield me to my Grave—— (you

Const. No; to my Throne:
Already 'tis decreed, my *Cæsar* weds thee;
Not but I own I came to work thee from him.
But since not Death itself can daunt thy Love,
Forbid it Heav'n, that I should break such Union.
Haste, *Arius*! call my Son. I'll give him now;
Now, while my Reason lets me see my Dotage.
How ill such Autumn suits thy Beauty's Spring!
But haste, and bring him while the Heat is on me;
For I will have you wedded in my Presence:
And if thy Heart consent to make a turn,
As strange as kind, this Night he shall enjoy thee.

Faust. Oh Heav'n, instruct my Frailty what to answer!
Can this be real, Sir? Is't possible?

Const. My Council know it, and confirm the Order.

Faust. That I shall wed your Son?

Const. Why thus repeated?

Faust. And you approve it?

Const. Canst thou doubt me still?

Faust. No, I will own, Sir, since you approve it,
Own it to Death, I love him more than Life.

Const. O! *Fausta*!

Faust. Ha! What now? He turns away!
He blushes! Gods!——I'm lost, undone, betray'd!
Undone for ever! *Crispus* is betray'd:
The innocent *Crispus*: ——

Const. Guilty, guilty *Crispus*,——
And guilty *Fausta*! Guilty both to Death;
But most my Son, who wrought thee to this Ruin.

Faust. O say not so. 'Twas *Fausta* wrought your Son——
And over-lov'd him, to his own Destruction.
Therefore as you are powerful, be just,
And let the Stroke of Vengeance light on me.
But, Sir, for him——

Const. For him! each Syllable
Thou pleas't in his behalf, but wings his Death.

50 *Constantine the Great.*

Fauft. By the juſt Heav'ns! and by the Saint that bore
By your Religion, Sir, I do conjure you, (you,
Spare, ſpare his Innocence—

Conſt. If thou conſent,
That I this Night ſhall wed thee.

Fauſt. Wed me, *Constantine*?

Conſt. *Fauſta*, why not?
Art thou enjoy'd already, married? Speak, confeſs,—
That I may pardon thee——

Fauſt. What you know, you know;
You have betray'd me once, but ſhall no more:
More! there's no more, but that I love your Son;
And whether he loves me, the Gods can tell.
I know the natural Goodneſs of your Temper,
Howe'er tranſported, will not let you kill him.
Therefore I leave you——

Conſt. Stay, and tell me when,
When I may hope Love's Conſummation ſure?

Fauſt. When you behold me wedded to your Son,
As you engag'd, and paſs'd your Royal Word;
When after many rolling Years I bring you
A Race of ſmiling Boys to bleſs your Age,
To play about your Throne, and be your *Cæſars*:
Then may your Happineſs compleated be,
Then may your Eyes the Conſummation ſee:
But never hope for other Joys from me. [*Ex. Fauſta.* }

Conſt. What, *Arius*! help, and free me from this Plunge
Of Love and Nature. She loves, ſhe loves to Death;
And though ſhe hides it, is belov'd again.

Ari. What's your Reſolve? To give her to your Son?

Conſt. No, *Arius*; firſt I'll give her to the Grave,—
Reſign my Empire: All——

Ari. Then *Criſpus* dies——

Conſt. If he has not enjoy'd her, he ſhall live:
For that I lov'd him once, is full as true,
As that, tho' now he has finn'd, I cannot hate him.
But if enjoy'd! how ſhall I find it out?
I'll ſeize, and rack him.

Ari. How, Sir, rack your Son!

Conſt. By Heav'n, 'twas well remembred by a Villain:
There-

Therefore I swear thou shalt be rack'd thyself.

Ari. Who, I, my Lord?

Const. Ay, Villain, Traytor, thou!
 I'll rack the Racker, 'till I find it out:
 For my misgiving Heart says, thou know'st more:
 Therefore when next I see thee, bring me proof
 She's not enjoy'd, her Vows and Virtue clear:
 Do't, or thy Death shall teach succeeding Kings
 No more by false Reports to be abus'd,
 But strait confront th' Accuser with th' Accus'd;
 To prove the Treasons urg'd against the Throne,
 Or show the Sycophants that set 'em on:
 So shall the Sovereign Pow'r unclouded sway,
 When such Court-Devils shun the glorious Ray,
 And drive like Fogs before the rising Day. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Annibal and Serena.

Annib. **T**HEN you confes you did bespeak the
 Picture?

Gods! and you own you love him! love the Traitor!

Seren. Call him not Traytor, *Annibal*, he who spoke
 The kindest things of you.

Annib. Wondrous kind!
 Accurst Dissembler! that could speak for me,
 But acted for himself.

Seren. Just contrary.
 For when by Signs, which Passion could not hide,
 I let him know my Love, he turn'd away,
 Shaking his Head, as loth to understand me.

Anger and Pity combating in his Face,
 And with his Blushes taught *Serena* Shame. (*Ship!*)

Annib. Shameless himself, and Traytor to my Friend-
 For all I've heard, your Love has forg'd to save him.

52 *Constantine the Great.*

Seren. Heav'n knows 'tis true! nothing was left unsaid,
To his own Disgrace, and your immortal Honour:
In the most melting Terms, and sweetest Words
That Heart could think, or Friendship could invent:
'Therefore forgo, my Lord, this fruitless Passion,
And speak for *Crispus*, as he spoke for you.

Annib. I will; and speak so loud the Gods shall hear me:
'There! take his Picture, feed your hungry Passion,
'Till with my Sword I carve another Feast,
To glut your fatal Eyes——

Seren. Hold; whither go you?
And what fierce Purpose has your Heart in hand?

Annib. I'll tell thee, and if possible force a Warmth
In that cold Breast, kindle a dying Spark
In that inhospitable Land of Love;
And never see thee more— I go to die,
To blot my Youth and Glory from the World;
Though Conquest waits my Sword, I swear to die,
And make thee sport with my untimely Fall.

Seren. To die! by whom? for what?

Annib. For love of thee.
But if I suffer by the Hand of *Crispus*,
And Perjury should prosper in my Ruin,
Then you may revel in each other's Arms'
And laugh indeed at my ridiculous Fortune.
Yet if revenging Ghosts have power to rise,
Expect me at the Riot of your Joys,
With hollow Eyes to stare you in the Face;
At Midnight, look to have your Curtains drawn;
Expect me in your Bed, a Corse of Clay,
To clasp your trembling Limbs with cold Embraces,
And print my gelid Kisses on your Lips:
So to revenge my Death upon your Scorn,
And groan about you 'till the dawning Morn. [*Exit.*

Seren. Stay—and I'll tell thee; 'tis impossible,——
Crispus already is in love with *Fausla*——
He's gone to the execution of his Purpose——
And *Crispus* must be slain; why then my Hour
Of Fate is come. What's that to *Crispus*' Murder?

He's

He's gone to fight ; perhaps not give him leave,
 But take the Innocent at unawares :
 Hasten after him, and by thy own Destruction
 Prevent both Ruins. Follow the Fate that wafts thee,
 And let no Interrupter cross thy Passage. [Exit.

Enter Constantine, Silvester, and Dalmatius.

Const. Were you both Fathers, and in love like me,
 I no more doubt what you would put in Act,
 Than now I doubt myself, who am resolv'd——

Dalm. On what ?

Const. On Death.

Silv. Of whom ?

Const. Of any Man

That knows, yet hides this secret Treason from me.

Dalm. Has *Crispus* own'd he loves her ?

Const. Yes, in effect :

For when I first reveal'd this Contract to him,
 He stopt me from enjoying her with Oaths.
 He knew her false, forsworn : to whom ? to him ;
 To him himself : for this last Night I prov'd ;
 Drawing the Secret from her by a Wile,
 Which she before as craftily conceal'd.

Dalm. But have you marry'd and enjoy'd her, Sir ?

Const. O no ; the Ceremonies and the Dues,
 Without a Blush, were frontlessly deny'd ;
 In all the heat of boiling Love deny'd ;
 Not only from possessing her that Night,
 But, matchless Impudence ! deny'd for ever.
 Now judge if 'tis not fit I should let go
 The struggling Thunder, and destroy 'em both.

Dalm. Not both,— for yet you have not heard your
 Hear him but plead — [Son ;

Const. Then let him plead in time. [Ex. *Dalm.*
 The Bolts are brandish'd, and 'twill be too late
 To lift his blasted Hands, when I have hurl'd.

Silv. How far, Sir, would your utmost Search extend ?

Const. To know if actually they have embrac'd
 Each other, as in Will th' have done already.

Silv. Be not too hafty in your Answer, Sir ;
If I fhould ask, what then, what then muft follow ?

Const. Death certain, on the infant ; imminent Death ;
Death ; and I fwear, not all the Gods fhall fave him .

Silv. Ruin of Piety ! Not all the Gods !
That your Religion ?

Const. Oh ! forgive me, Saint,
I am eaten up with Paflion : So o'erwrought
With racking Love, I knew not what I faid.
But if he has enjoy'd her, by that Power
Whom thou remember'ft well, I now adore,
His Death muft wash th'inceftuous Guilt away.

Silv. Not Inceft, Sir.

Const. Not if he has enjoy'd her ?

Silv. No ; for to prove the Guilt compleated Inceft,
You muft have married and enjoy'd her firft.

Const. True ; but what makes his Crime deferving
More than imputed Treafon, Inceft, all. [Death,
All Faults by Art and Nature join'd in one :
If he has touch'd her, ſhe muft ne'er be mine ;
And that's a Caufe fo pointing to his Fate,
That Death's their due that offer to excufe him.

Silv. He comes—I'm ſilenc'd. Nature, now or never.

Enter Crifpus and Dalmatius.

Criſp. O Emperor ! for I dare not call you Father,
Behold me at your Feet, prepar'd for Death.

Const. O *Criſpus* ! for I muft not call thee Son,
Juſtice ſurveys thee as a Criminal :
But riſe and ſpeak ; plead like a Man for Life.
Come on, and look thy Father in the Face ;
I call thee Traitor, and I'll prove thee one,
Who impiouſly, for all my former Love,
Haſt dar'd to violate my ſacred Bed.

Now answer, Criminal. What canſt thou ſay,
That Sentence ſhould not paſs upon thy Treafon ?

Criſp. Moſt awful Emperor, my Judge and Father !
Father, alas ! I would have offer'd firſt,
But ſince you are not pleas'd it ſhould be ſo,
I'll do as Criminals uſe, and you command ;

Thus plead my Innocence at your Judgment-Bar.
 If either, Sir, I saw or lov'd the Princess,
 You were the only Cause, 'twas you that sent me :
 So far from once but hinting thus your Contract,
 You told me, Sir, her Fate was yet in doubt :
 Which made me wonder when I saw the Virgin,
 So innocent, so beautiful, so young :
 Which Charms did more my Admiration move ;
 Wonder begot my Pity, that my Love.

Const. But if I told you that her Fate was doubtful,
 I told you too, she was a Foe to Rome ;
 Therefore, to think of loving her was Treason.

Crisp. If Love be Treason, Sir, I own I am guilty ;
 Guilty indeed, because it was a Fault
 In any Case to wed without your Knowledge :
 But yet I hop'd, in time you might forgive me ;
 And so my Conscience tells me still you would,
 Had you not been engag'd your self before.

Const. Rebellion, not thy Pardon, was thy Thought :
 If otherwise, how canst thou answer, Traitor,
 For not confessing all when first I met thee ;

Crisp. Pardon me, Sir, for that I had done too,
 Had you not told me first you were betroth'd ;
 But conscious then how closely I was link'd,
 I durst not tempt your Wrath.

Const. How closely, Traitor ! hast thou then enjoy'd

Crisp. Can you forgive me ? (her?)

Const. No, by this shaking Flesh,
 Tho' there my Mother kneel'd too by thy side ;
 If thou hast touch'd her, Death and Curses on thee.

Crisp. Oh by those Knees and Hands which I must hold,
 Racks, Racks, and Death ; but not your Curses, Sir.

Const. If thou wouldst have my Blessing, swear, then
 Thou hast not enjoy'd her. (swear)

Crisp. Swear then to forgive me.

Const. Forgive thee, Villain ! if thou hast possess'd her,
 Speak, or be curs'd.

Crisp. I will ; but give me time. (ready)

Const. Let go. What time ? Thou hast confess'd al-
 By that Demand ; I swear thou hast enjoy'd her.

Crisp. Swear not, and I'll confess this Moment.

Const. What!

Crisp. O Heav'n,

What if your Son has plighted holy Vows?

Const. Why then I make that Vow and Marriage vain.
Therefore, if thou hast not embrac'd her yet,
I charge thee on my Blessing, never hope it,
Nor never think of loving her again

Crisp. Impossibilities! Were you a God,
And doom'd me thus, I could not, Sir, obey you:
For I have sworn to love her while I have Life;
And if I love her, I must hope Enjoyment.

Const. Death then and Curses on thy Disobedience!
Off Villain! Traitor! grovel there on Earth.
What, are you Plotters too? Nay, then 'tis time
To haste his Ruin. Ruin is thy Doom;
And wing'd with all my Curses it shall come.

[*Ex. with Dalm. and Silvester.*

Crisp. *Dalmatius* and *Silvester*! Call him back,
And I'll renounce my Love: Heav'n, 'tis too much!
But hark! I hear a Voice cry, *Crispus* come,
Come to the thoughtless Grave where all is still,
It shall be so: Up then, and fall a Man.
Come forth, thou Minister of others Fates,
And be thy Master's now! Where art thou, *Fausta*?
Where is my Love to close my dying Eyes?

Enter Annibal.

Annib. Ha, Traitor! art thou then prepar'd for Death?

Crisp. Yes *Annibal*, I will receive it calmly,
From any Hand but thine. What have I done,
That he should call me Traitor?

Annib. Guard thy self,
Or else by Heav'n thou dy'ft.

Crisp. Hold. Is't possible? so quickly?
Can the Desire of Empire lose a Friend?
My Father I offended, but not thee;
Execute then the Ruin which he dooms,
Ungrateful Man. I will not make Defence,
But spread my Arms t'embrace the Death he sends me.

Annib.

Constantine the Great. 57

Annib. What thou deserv'st from him I neither know
Nor care, resolv'd upon my own Revenge;
Not but I think the Man who did his Friend
So horrible a Wrong as thou hast done,
Is fit for any Mischief. Therefore guard thee.

Crisp. Never to fight with thee; not tho' my Father
Should grant my Love. Therefore I sheath my Sword.

Annib. Traitor, Coward.

Crisp. O *Annibal*, I know I am no Traitor;
And thou, whose Life I have so oft preserv'd,
Know'it but too well I am no Coward.

Annib. Draw,
Draw then, or perish. By the Gods I'll kill thee,
Be what thou wilt; and take this to provoke thee.

[*Strikes him with his Sword.*]

Crisp. Well, *Annibal*. 'Tis well. Thou hast done well,
Yet thus much Villany am I content to bear;
No longer, Oh ungrateful, for thy sake,
Who injur'st me, yet will not tell the Cause.
But for thy noble Father I will spare thee,
Spare thee thus far; so thou resolve to leave me.

Annib. Not yet? Why then another.

Crisp. But the next
Be mine: Humanity can bear no further. [*Annib. falls.*]

Annib. I have my Death: and now my Heart relents--

Crisp. Cut off my Hand.

Annib. *Crispus*, thou hast wrong'd me.

Crisp. Speak how, and where.

Enter Serena.

Annib. See, she comes to tell thee,
Serena, oh *Serena*!

[*Dies.*]

Crisp. Gone for ever!

Seren. Oh, never to return! and I, alas,
Who could not love again, the wretched Cause!

Crisp. The curf'd Cause.

Seren. Call me not curf'd, *Crispus*,
Who think no Blessing equal to thy Love.

Crisp. Wert thou a Man, by Heav'n such Love I bear
I think that I should seek thee thro' the World. (thee,

To give thee Death——

Seren. Take then the Death you threaten,
Prepare to suffer by a Virgin's Hand.

Crisp. Kill me, and I'll forgive thee *Annibal's* Death ;
But take this Sword, yet reeking in his Blood,
And thrust it thro' my Heart.

Seren. Yet hold, *Serena* :
What will become of him when thou art slain ?
Kill himself last, and that I would prevent.

Crisp. Why dost thou stay ?

Enter Silvester.

(hear us..

Silv. Crispus, I come to tell thee, thy Father will not

Seren. Take these Swords, *Silvester* ; bear 'em hence
Without Reply——or *Crispus* kills himself——Away.

Silv. Crispus' Death !

I thank thee Heav'n that sent me to preserve him. [*Exit.*

Crisp. Why hast thou thus delay'd my Ruin ?

Seren. To make thy Torments lasting ;
Live, that my Ghost and *Annibal's* may haunt thee :
Yet when I come, believe, for all my Threatnings,
My Soul shall seek thee in a gentle Form ;
Court thee to Cells, and to the Garden Shade,
And tell thee there, what Love with us is made ;
What Fires the Fiends for wilful Murder make ;
And what my Spirit suffers for thy sake. }

But hark ! I'm call'd——behold the Dead awake.

They waft me, *Crispus,* to the sleepy Shore,
And I shall never, never see thee more. [*Ex. Seren.*

Crisp. She's gone, and takes the means of Death too
from me.

So, what's the next ? What have the Fates to add
To my vast Sufferings ? Lightning blast me,
Mountains fall on me, gape to the Center Earth,
To hide me from my Friend.

Enter Dalmatius.

Dalm. Why, my dearest *Crispus* ! but alas——
In vain I urg'd thy Father, deaf to all

Our

Our Prayers, remorseless, rocky and unmov'd;
Yet think not but I press'd with all my Love.

Crisp. Therefore in great requital for thy Love
Look there, and let thy Blood congeal to Stone;
Behold thy *Annibal* butcher'd by this Hand.

Dalm. Cold, cold my Boy! *Crispus*, have I? have I—
But I waste Time by such unmanly wailing.
Take to thy Sword.

Crisp. Thou seest I've none: but strike——

Dalm. What could provoke thee to this horrid Deed?

Crisp. His Jealousy, and Anger of the Heav'ns:
Jealous I robb'd him of *Serena's* Love,
He call'd me Traitor, Coward, struck me twice
Before I drew, then ran upon my Sword.

Dalm. Whatever happen'd—I'm a wretched Father,
And thou hast robb'd me of an only Child;
Therefore hereafter we no more are one.
Where'er I go, I'll ask before I enter,
If *Crispus* be not there? that I may shun thee.
Therefore if thou hast any Gratitude
For those kind Offices which I have done thee,
Fly these sad Eyes, as I will run from thine,
To moan my Son, and howl my Life away. [*Exit.*]

Crisp. solus. And whither thou? thou Heap of walking
Woe!

Thou that hast pull'd thy Father's Curse upon thee?
Kill'd thy best Friend, and ruin'd all that lov'd thee—
Where will at last thy cruel Fortune drive thee?
Hence tear thy Robes, and naked fly the World;
Unmantled to the Weather, wander on
To some dark Wild, where Sun-beam never shone. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Constantine, Arius, Fausta, Silvester.

Faust. Consider, Sir, his Youth——

Const. I have consider'd all——

But find thy Love so rooted in my Heart,
I must forego my Life, or lose my Claim.

Yet

Yet mark how deep thy Tears have wrought my Tem-
If thou wilt swear to null thy Marriage with him, (per,
By wedding me in publick, and this Night,
By making me thy Lord——

Faust. No Sir, 'tis impossible; yet if you'll swear
To save your Son if I should prove him guiltless,
I'll tell you Wonders, Sir, which otherwise
Not Racks shall e'er compel.

Const. Forbid it, Heav'n! I should destroy the guiltless
Tho' Strangers to my Blood, much less my Son:
Therefore I swear by Heav'n and all the Saints,
Prove *Crispus* innocent, he shall not die.

Faust. Be witnesses, oh *Arius* and *Silvester*,
What he has sworn: Let *Crispus* strait be call'd,
And quitted of his Crime: Run, *Arius*, haste,
That I may see the Royal Friendship made. [*Ex. Arius.*]

Const. By an entire Surrender of thy self
To me.

Faust. To *Crispus*.

Const. By all thy former Oaths, I swear, to me.

Faust. I told you 'twas impossible before,
And now confirm it.

Const. How?

Faust. I am married.

Const. Curses and Vengeance! Married! say to whom.

Faust. To *Crispus*.

Const. When, thou false one? When? and where?

Faust. Here in your Palace, on that happy Night
Before you made your dreadful Triumph.

Const. Dreadful indeed; for now the Wretch shall die,
Tho' Angels pleaded——

Silv. Emperor, you have sworn.

Const. I know it, Sir, to spare the innocent Blood;
But I will prove him now——

Faust. White as the Saints;

By all the Powers of Heav'n and Earth I swear,
'Twas I that push'd the Marriage, conscious before
What I had sworn to you; nay, cast the Veil
Of Modesty aside to make him sure;
And after Marriage, you may guess the rest.

Const.

Constantine *the Great.* 61

Const. Oh Curses! Vengeance! Curses yet unthought!
Such Curses as thou wilt let fly at me,
When thou shalt see his Head beneath the Ax,
Even Woman's Curses on thee.

Silv. How Sir, the Ax!

Enter Arius with Crispus.

Const. Dost thou not find the Traitor?
But see, he comes. Oh thou Dissembler, answer,
Didst thou not tell me, when thy Life was stak'd,
This Marriage was not yet consummate? Speak.

Crisp. 'Tis true, dread Sir.

Const. Mark all, he has confess'd!
His own Mouth has condemn'd him—he shall die.

Crisp. I own'd, Sir, I was marry'd—but confess'd
No further.

Const. How, Traitor!
Did I not force the Question often?

Crisp. True;
Which I as often wav'd with low Submission —

Const. Yet those thy low Submissions all were Lyes.
For well thou know'st thy subtle-working wrought me
To a Satisfaction that thou hadst not possess'd her.

Crisp. That was, alas! my Crime.

Const. That Crime was Treason;
Purpos'd Abuse; a Plot upon thy Father.
Nay, the whole Cozenage shows thee rank in Sin:
Or Ha!—How know I yet she is enjoy'd?
I've but thy Word and hers, and both are Traitors.
But see my Brother comes to join my Justice.

Enter Dalmatius.

Dalm. What *Crispus* here?

Const. Stay, my *Dalmatius*, stay.

Dalm. Your Pardon, Sir,
There's one among you whom I cannot suffer,
And *Crispus* knows the Cause. [Exit *Dalm.*

Crisp. Come back, and hear it then;
Hear thou unhappy Father, hear me own
The Murder which this cursed Hand committed,

That

62 *Constantine the Great.*

That Hand that slew the wretched *Annibal*.

Const. *Annibal* slain! O Traitor! And by thee!
Is Murder added to thy Treason too?

Crisp. It shall not stand me, Sir, in stead to say,
Mistaken *Annibal* forc'd me to his Ruin.
For see I lay my Body at your Feet,
And plead for Death, as others plead for Life.

Const. *Cleantes*, take him—*Crispus*, thou shalt die.
Therefore be this our fatal last Farewel—
One struggle more. His Mother's in his Eyes.

Faust. And where's his Father but in all his Form?
His every Grace; his Smiles—all but his Frowns:
So exact in Body, Qualities of Mind,
That if you kill your Son, you kill your self.
Oh therefore listen to the Call of Nature,
And once more view him with an Eye of Mercy.

Const. I have look'd my last, and now am Judge again.
Cleantes, take 'em both. They're both your Prisoners,
Crispus and *Fausta*. *Arius*—look you to 'em:
Keep 'em apart; and wait me in my Closet—
What yet again: 'Tis the last Tug of Nature—
And yet another—Why that Sigh uncall'd?
And these wet Eyes? Oh—if I longer stay!
My Vows of Justice will dissolve away— [Exit.

Moment Crispus, Fausta, Arius, Guard.

Faust. Ruin on Ruin, let Destruction come,
With all the Wings of the most violent Death,
Yet arm'd with Innocence, I'll face the Gorgon,
And brave his bloodiest Terrors: But thy Death,
My *Crispus*' Death, my Spirit cannot bear—
Therefore I have resolv'd; and think not, *Crispus*,
Think not thy Tears shall move me from my Purpose.

Crisp. Speak, *Fausta*, speak, how came these Earth-
quakes here?
And those O'erflowings? Why do thy Sighs redouble?

Faust. Because my dearest Life, my all, my *Crispus*,
Soul of my Soul, that's martyr'd for thy Love—
I am resolv'd, rather than see thy Death,
To wed thy Father.

Crisp.

Crisp. Ha! do I hear thee truly?
But speak again, for I'll not trust my Senses.

Faust. To wed him, *Crispus.*

Crisp. Sorrow sure distracts thee——

Faust. No——'tis the effect of Reason——
That makes me desperate in this last Resolve——

Crisp. No more of this. Haste, cast the poison up,
'Tis Hell that tempts thee to eternal Ruin.

Therefore if thou desir'st my Spirit thou'd part
In Peace, and leave my Love and Blessing with thee;
Repent this last Result of thy Despair,
Lest I conclude thee false——

Faust. How! false, my *Crispus.*

Crisp. False to thy Vows, unconstant to thy Love;
And that thy Soul, unable for a Ruin,
Chose rather to sustain an infamous Life,
Than die with Honour.

Faust. Oh I cannot bear it!

Crisp. Not when I beg thee with my latest Breath——

Faust. Thy Death, my Dear! And I the hated Cause!

Crisp. Therefore I love thee: And would die again
For such another Proof of thy Affection.

Faust. As wrought thy Death.

Crisp. Thy Purpose was to save me,
And die thy self. Therefore let's fall together——
Be not cast down, my Fair, but raise thy Eyes;
Those watry setting Suns shine forth, my *Fausta,*
And make our Love look beautiful in Ruin——

Enter Soldier.

Ari. The Emperor sends again to have you parted.

Faust. Oh *Crispus!* Whither now?

Crisp. To our long Home,
Where purer Spirits drink immortal Air,
And thin-clad Souls in flying Chariots move,
And give and take an everlasting Love.

Faust. Such Love, grant Heav'n, our meeting Souls
Which no inhuman Father may divide: (betide,
Where at first sight, our Minds enlarg'd may spread
Thro' all the Space, and know the mighty Dead.

Such


Such is my Hope: But, *Crispus*, what my Fear?
If I should seek, but never find you there——

Crisp. One last Embrace! Oh *Fausta*! do not stain
Our Bliss; with Fears we ne'er shall meet again.
Thro' all the Heav'n, in all their Mansions blest,
To ev'ry Saint my Prayers shall be address; }
Nor shall the Happy taste a Moment's Rest,
Till some kind Angel guides my wand'ring Eyes,
And shews me where thy charming Spirit flies. }
Then crown'd with Joys, we never knew before, }
We'll waste the Stock of Love's immortal Store, }
And cruel Fate shall never part us more. [Exeunt.] }



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

Enter Dalmatius and Serena.

Seren.  O W, Sir, you have it all, the whole
sad Story
Of your unhappy Son, his Love and
mine;

Serena's Guilt, and *Crispus's* Innocence.
Therefore if you ask Blood, and would revenge him,
Here waits his Murd'ers for the Stroke of Death.
But hate not *Crispus*, hate not the Innocent;
Much less proceed to the Murder of your Friend,
Your faultless, guiltless, too deserving Friend;
The gentlest, best of all th'Imperial Race.

Dalm. No more; there needs no more: My Son is
Eternal Peace attend him: A few sad Drops, (dead;
And now no more. *Serena*, I believe thee.
My Heart avows th'Innocence of my Friend:
Which I had own'd before, had not the Wounds
Of *Annibal* laid green upon my Soul.
But that I now forgive him, be thou witness,
Be witness Heav'n, and this last Resolution

I now put on to save my *Crispus'* Life,
Or lose my own.

Seren. O let me kneel to such exalted Virtue.
But, Sir, be quick to save him, or this Goodness
Will come too late.

Dalm. Where is the Emperor ?

Seren. Lock'd in his Closet, deaf to the Peoples Cries:
Fly, Sir, I saw him pass in Fury by,
With *Arius* in discourse.

Dalm. I fear that Traitor. (him ;

Seren. Your Fears, my Lord, are mine. I never lik'd
The Picture which he gave your Son, has shown him :
He has all the Marks we Virgins reckon ominous,
A pale, down Look, red Hair, and leering Eyes,
Mischief is in him : He's with th'Emperor now,
Perhaps solliciting the Fate we fear.

I met 'em, Sir, and interrupted *Cæsar* ;
Who first receiv'd me kindly ; but at the Name
Of *Crispus* frown'd, and shook me from his Arm.

Dalm. Fear not, as thou hast counsell'd, I will join
Silvester on the instant.

Seren. Force the Door,
If he refuse to let you in, do all
That Pity, Love, and Friendship can inspire ;
Do all that I would do, were I *Dalmatius*. [*Ex. severally.*

S C E N E II. *A Bedchamber.*

A Bowl and a Dagger on a Table.

Enter Constantine and Arius.

Const. *Arius!*

Ari. Sir.

Const. I am resolv'd to be at rest,
Thou art my Friend, Physician, I am sick ;
Sick even to Death ; Reach me that Goblet hither :
The Dagger too.

Ari. Sir.

Const.

Const. What an easy matter
It were for Man, in any Case,
Tho' rack'd with th' Gout, Stone, any kind of Torture,
With one of these to sleep?

Ari. For ever, Sir.

Const. Right, *Arius*.

Ari. Then there is Poison in the Bowl?

Const. There is, most deadly.

Ari. May I, Sir, presume
To ask for what?

Const. *Arius*, thou art my Friend ;
I think too, thou wouldst venture Life. Why yes !
'Tis Poison, and I'll tell thee too for what ;
To see how long a Dog will be a dying.
Or say, what if we try'd it on a Man ;
Some Enemy that Laws will not take hold of?

Ari. Sir, I understand you. (me ?

Const. Look then you do : How dost thou understand

Ari. Why thus, you past your Oath, your Son should
If *Fausta* prov'd him innocent. (live

Const. 'Tis true ;

And spite of my Revenge, my Heart must clear him.

Ari. Right, Sir, I find you are grip'd in Conscience :
Now, if a Friend shou'd help you, so ; or Fate,
Not always answering most Men's Expectations,
Should call your Son to Heav'n.

Const. To Heaven, *Arius* !

Ari. To Heaven, or Hell, it matters not for that,
So he be out o'th' Way, and you not know't.

Const. And I not know't?

Ari. No, Sir, nor I. What then?
How then! you never see him more.

And so farewell——I'll take this Poison with me.

Const. Stay, stay ! Come back.

How strange a Guilt is mine, who dare not speak
But indirectly, what my Soul desires
Directly done. Why should I hide my Thoughts
From thee ?

Ari. Why, Sir, indeed ?

Const. When no Eye sees.

Ari.

Ari. None.

Const. None but the Eye of Heav'n.

But Walls they say have Ears; therefore we'll whisper
This horrid, barbarous, and unnatural Murder!
Give him his Choice. Tell him I cannot live,
Unless he dies: Tell him I strove to save him,
And Nature pleaded Wonders in his Cause.

Ari. I'll stab him first, and tell him after——

Const. No, Poison's the gentler Fate. Thou art too loud--
O Conscience! how it heaves within my Bosom——

Ari. Conscience! the Soul's rising of the Lights.
Drink Blood——

Const. Blood, say'st thou! what, the Blood of *Crispus*?
Hark!

Who's there? Run to the Door! Say I am not well,
I'll not be seen to-night.

Ari. Your Fancy, Sir.

Const. I thought I heard my Mother's Voice.

But she's long dead: 'Twas, as thou say'st, my Fancy,
My Fear, my Guilt, that haunts me: But be gone;
If he must fall, there is no hiding it;
Call it no longer Murder, but a Justice,
Survey him as a Thief that robb'd thy Soul
Of all its Wealth; *Arius*——how am I now?

Ari. All Emperor. And, Sir, I'll haste to obey you.

Const. Thou shalt; but go not, *Arius*, till I send thee--
All Emperor and Judge. But, where's the Father?
Work me there, Nature, save him if thou canst;
Remember him as once thy Bosom-Love.

Ari. I like not this Remembrance.

Const. Remember the whole Progress of his Life;
Obedient all, ev'n in his Infant-Years;
When every Morn to my Bed-side he came,
And as I blest him, thank'd me with his Tears.

Serena knocking without.

Seren. My Lord, the Emperor.

Const. *Arius*, hark. Who's there?
Hark, 'tis my Wife. Run to the Door. My Wife!
She's risen from the Dead to save my Son.

Seren.

Constantine *the Great.*

Seren. I will have Audience.

Ari. Madam, you must not enter.

Const. *Arius*, let her in.

Enter Serena.

Seren. *Cæsar*, save thy Son ;
Save him in time, the People are in Arms.

Dalmatius, with the Guards, is gone to quell 'em.

Const. How ! Mutiny ? And in my Son's behalf ?
Is this the Course to save him ? *Arius*, hence——
And execute my Orders.

Seren. May I think it ?

A Bowl of Poison, Sir ! Is that your Order ?

Const. There is no Mystery now to be conceal'd——
'Tis as you said : And *Crispus* dies this Minute.
Arius, away.

Seren. He sha'not, till you hear me.
Think, Sir, oh think !

Const. I've thought too much already :
But with this last Resolve my Heart is steel'd ;
Tho' as you enter'd I was fooling Time
With Thoughts of Mercy.

Seren. And has this cursed Wretch prevented you ?

Const. *Dalmatius* and *Silvester* will be here
To hinder Justice ; break her hold. Away.

Seren. Fall then *Serena* first, and stay that Fury.

[*Stabs herself.*]

Const. *Arius*, come back. What hast thou done, *Serena* ?

Seren. I've paid the Debt of Nature e'er my Time.

Const. 'Twas a too honest Part. What was the Cause ?

Seren. The Love of *Crispus* ; Love of him you hate.
But let this Victim to Despair suffice.

Enter Dalmatius and Silvester.

Your Brother here ! *Dalmatius* pardon me.

Your Son is now reveng'd. Restrain the Emperor——

And look to *Arius*. Oh !

[*She dies.*]

Dalm. The Joys of Heav'n,
And an eternal Requiem waft thy Soul.

Const. Brother, how are the People ?

Dalm.

Dalm. All hush'd again.

Why will you harbour, Sir, that Snake about you,
That puts you on these fatal Resolutions?
For else could it be possible a Prince
So good, so full of every Kingly Grace,
Should once conceive a Thought to put his Son,
His guiltless Son, to an untimely Death,
Without the Instigation of a Devil?

Silv. Consider, *Cæsar*, you that have had the Glory
By Miracles from Heav'n to be converted:
We know your Passion manacles your Reason;
But here are Hands to help you.

Const. Is that then the Result of all your Reason?
To hope for sober Actions from a mad Man?

Dalm. Not till the Frenzy leaves him. But we know
You are not so far gone, to lose all Temper.
Your Hopes and Fears, your broken Resolutions,
Are Symptoms all of a most noble Nature,
Where Judgment seems half sunk, but not quite drown'd.

Const. Why this I can alledge as well as you;
I know the Laurels which I've worn so long
Must wither: If my Son should find a Grave,
My present Fame, and Glory too hereafter,
Is all upon the Hazard. But what then?
I see the Storm before me, threatening Wrack;
I see the Shelves, but who can point the Shore?

Silv. Cast overboard the Casket of your Love.
I know 'tis precious; but 'twill sink you, Sir.
Divorce her, Sir; and give her to your Son.

Const. Forego my *Fausta*! 'tis impossible.

Dalm. Nothing's impossible to a Mind resolv'd:
But pass beyond *Silvester's* mild Remonstrance,
And ease your Love by Death, by *Fausta's* Death.
When she is past recal, you'll love no more;
Envy no more.

Const. If that could be resolv'd——
The Conquest were a great one.

Dalm. The more you think, the more the Thought will
See but the Difference of Counsellors; (strike you.
What Colours good and bad can give to Reason.

Had

Had *Arius* stay'd, by this time you had doom'd
Your Son to Death, who now has gain'd the Conquest.

Const. Would half were gain'd; yet, since the Start
I'll try to win in this Olympick Race: (was noble,
Tho' hilly all the way, and at the Goal
The Summit touches Heav'n.

Dalm. Urge the Necessity; she or *Crispus* dies:
Th' innocent *Crispus*, or the guilty *Fausta*,
That after all her Vows could thus deceive you,
Deceive you both; who, if your Son were dead,
No doubt, as quick would practise with another.

Const. By Heav'n, why not? She that could swear,
Forsworn, may swear and be forsworn again: (and was
Oh! I remember now with what a Look,
An Angel-Look, she vow'd.

Dalm. Yet with that Look,
This Angel, like a Devil, drew in your Son:
Methinks the very grossness of the Cheat
Should make you loath her.

Const. Ha!

Dalm. Detest and scorn her.

Const. Scorn on her Scorn, and Death Disdain suc-
By Majesty, by Empire, she shall bleed. (ceed;

Silv. Banish her, *Cæsar*.——

Dalm. No, Sir; Death, or nothing.
Banish her to-day, and she'll be here to-morrow:
Down with her, down; dwell on her perjur'd Vows,
When the same Breath that swore her yours for ever,
Doom'd her another's.

Const. *Arius*, bring her forth.
She dies! I'll sweat and bleed, but I will conquer——
Call, call my Son.—Henceforth but name a Woman,
'Tis Treason to my Ear: Why, what a Plague
Might she have here engender'd! forc'd a Father
To put his guiltless Son to horrid Death.

Dalm. Royally urg'd. By Heav'n 'twas ever thus
Where Women had to do. Therefore behold her
As a Gangrene to the State.

Const. And cut her off.

Dalm. The Bane of Empire——

Const.

Const. And the Rot of Power!
 Yet there I'll stay and fix my Imagination,
 On all their Mischiefs, Murders, Massacres,
 And Seas of Blood they have spilt in former Ages.
 Woman, no more. And when my Heart is going,
 Sound but that Name, the pow'rful Spell shall bind
 Beyond *Circean* and *Egyptian* Charms:
 'Twill raise the lowest Devils up in swarms,
 Unhinge the Globe, and put the World in Arms. }
 Woman, that dooms us all to one sure Grave,
 And faster damns than Providence can save. [*Exeunt*]

Enter Constantine and Fausta.

Const. *Fausta*, thou art false, forsworn.

Faust. I say so too.

Const. Therefore shalt die.

Faust. I have no other Wish.

Const. What, not to live,
 If I should pardon thee?

Faust. That were Life indeed;
 To gain your Pardon, and to live for *Crispus*.

Const. No, Wretch! remember as you swore to me,
 I now return; it is impossible.

Yet thou shalt die for *Crispus*.

Faust. And not with him, Sir?

Const. No; I've decreed
 That thou shalt die to save him.

Faust. But have you, Sir, decreed to love him too
 On *Fausta's* Death?

Const. I have.

Faust. Oh! then the Gods
 Have heard my Pray'r, which, next to living for him,
 Was, still to die to save him.

Yet grant me, Sir, in Death one last Farewel.

Const. No; thou hast look'd thy last.

Faust. Yet you may let 'em bear me by his Window;
 If it be possible to snatch a Glance,
 And not delay my Execution, Sir.

Const. She weeps; and there is Magick in her Tears.
 I shall weep too. Bring forth the Poison. Haste——

She

72 *Constantine the Great.*

She shall not stay the making of a Bath.

What, *Arius!*

Ari. Sir.

Const. Give her the Poison. Haste, and see her die.

Faust. Stay, Sir, come back. I have no Load upon
But what you all may know; give me the Bowl, (me—
I'll drink it for my Love. Alas, my Lord,
Methinks one last Farewel had not been much;
But since you judge it, Sir, unfit———I'll die,
Without complaining. Therefore tell my Love——
That my last Pray'r was for his Life and yours.

Const. Hold, *Fausta*: *Arius*, take the Poison from her,
And bring the Bath. My Son shall see her die:
Call *Crispus* hither: Since her Fate's decreed,
'Twere just he shou'd be harden'd with the View.
She weeps again, and with the Trick unmans me;
Spite of my Vows, she works my Lion Heart,
And melts me into Love. How fares my *Fausta*?

Faust. Sir.

Const. Thy Hand, before we part for ever, *Fausta*—
I am lost—I'm vanquish'd; with a Touch o'ercome—

Dalm. Wake, Sir. Where are you?

Const. Ha!

Dalm. *Silvester's* here:

And *Crispus* waits.

Const. Why then she dies again.
Haste, bring him in, bring him to my relief.
The yerning of a Father comes upon me,
And my Soul longs to meet him. *Fausta*, turn,
Turn thy bright Eyes on Death; and carry Fires
To scorch new Worlds, but warm the old no more:
For here's the Rising Sun, to eclipse thy Beams.

Enter Crispus with Silvester.

O *Crispus!* Who that has beheld our Distance,
That infinite Space that Passion cast betwixt us,
Would e'er have thought we thus should meet again?

Crisp. What can be added, Heav'n, to such a Kindness!

Const. What, *Crispus*? What indeed to make it lasting?
Sh'e'll thou that Fair-one?

Crisp.

Constantine *the Great.* 73

Crisp. Sir, you give me Hopes; tho' dash'd with Fears.
But hold, perhaps I have to Death offended,
For sinning but in wish: A dawning Joy
Shines in her Eyes, and revels in her Smiles,
Which seem to tell me, we shall both be happy.

Const. Wouldst thou be happy in thy Father's Love?

Crisp. Judge me, you Powers, if that be not my
The utmost Reach of my extended Soul, (Thought,
Which knows no other Wish, but *Fausta's* Love—

Const. And that's the Love, which you, by my Ex-
Must learn to hate. (ample,

Crisp. To hate, Sir! What?

Const. Hate thy Love:

Or, what's all one, to bear the Effect of Hate,
Her Execution here before thy Eyes.

Crisp. My *Fausta's* Death?

SCENE *draws.* Arius, Labienus, Eubulus, *with*
a Bath.

Const. Behold the poison'd Bath.

Crisp. For me—I am ready, Sir. Haste, launch
my Veins:

You that are destin'd here for my Destruction,
Unrobe me—haste—

Const. None touch him, on your Lives.
They may as safely launch their Emperor,
As wound his Son. But *Fausta* must prepare,
There is no other way to reconcile us.

Crisp. Then hold me, Sir, at everlasting Distance,
Cast me again for ever from your Sight;
Banish me; curse me, as you did before—
But make not *Fausta's* Death the curst Cause,
To save this Villain's Life, this Hangman Traitor,
Nay, Coward that can live and hear her threaten'd! (ther,

Faust. My Love, my Lord, blame not thy noble Fa-
Nor curse thy self, for this was all my seeking.—

Crisp. Thy seeking? Ha! and seek'st thou my Em-
After the base Dishonour thou hast done me? (brace—
Hence from my Arms—

Faust. I will not, I will hold thee
To my last Gasp, and grasp thee after Death.
Why, push me yet again: Nay, strike me, *Crispus*.
I will not leave thy Bosom.

Crisp. See, he's going——
By my blest Mother's Soul, let me come at him——

Const. Arius, see it done.

All Prayers are vain; some of you break his hold.

Crisp. *Dalmatius* and *Silvester* will not sure,
And for the rest, let me but see who dares.

Const. Their Emperor commands'em——help to force
I charge thee, *Crispus*, leave me, (him.
And dare not by this Wilfulness provoke me.

Crisp. I have no Wilfulness, but these stubborn Tears;
Hear my last Sighs, for Groans quite choak my Words:
My *Fausta's* Life; or break my Heart before you.

Faust. Sir, do not hear him, snatch your self away,
And leave us here——I'll hush him, e'er I die;
And send him weeping to you for his Pardon.

Const. He sees 'tis vain; and has let go his hold.
Withdraw——yet, Brother, we'll observe unseen——
I do not like this sudden Sullenness——

Fausta farewell. *Arius* dispatch. No more. [*Exeunt.*

Crispus, Arius, Fausta, Executioners.

Faust. Now, *Crispus*, now my Dear, wilt thou forgive
This glorious Conquest of triumphing Love? (me

Crisp. No, by my Soul, and by my hopes of Heav'n,
Not at thy parting Groan, will I forgive thee;
But rather curse the Hour when first I saw thee:
Curse our first Kisses, Marriage and Embraces,
Unless thou join me——ha——come forwarder;
With *Arius*, join me, to provide some means,
That I may bear thee company in Death.

If this thou dost deny me, by the Saints,
By all our Loves——I swear thou never lov'dst me——

Ari. By Heav'n, my Lord, I pity you; and if——

Faust. If, *Arius*! What? thou wilt not join his Mad-
ness?

Crisp. Hark, *Arius*: By our Friendship——I conjure
thee; For

Constantine the Great.

75

For I have sworn I will not eat nor drink,
Tho' I survive this Hour——

Ari. I have the Means.

Crisp. A Dagger. Blessings on thee—give't me, F

Faust. *Arius*, thou art a Villain! (say——

Crisp. I'll tell my Father, that I forc'd it from thee.

Faust. Keep, keep it from him, or I'll tell the Em-
'Twas you that first betray'd him to my Love, (peror,
And marry'd us.

Ari. Hold, Madam! let me beg you——

Crisp. Now Love, I am for thee.

Faust. No! I'll call the Emperor.

Oh that damn'd Villain, Traitor, Devil, *Arius*.

Help there without. *Crispus* is murdered. Help——

Ari. Nay, then 'tis time to fly——

Constantine meets him with the rest.

Const. Yes Fiend, to Hell,

Where thou shalt make thy damn'd Account.——In

Cast the unblooded Villain in the Bath, (with him,

Which he prepared for others: Throw him in.

Ari. Hold Sir, the Bath's not poison'd.

Const. How!

Ari. Compassion for your Empress,

Made me contrive this only way to save her.

Const. Thou hast done well. Yet in with him, to try.

Ari. Hold Sir! and I'll confess, it is, it is,

'Tis poison'd——Pardon.

Const. Down with him, keep him down.

Till he be dead. Then give him to his Slaves.——

[*The Bath sinks with him.*

○ *Crispus*——Why? why dost thou eye me thus

With snatch'd Regards? Why dost thou eye thy Father?

Now looking on thy Dagger, now on *Fausta*——

As if 'twere possible to deny her still?

Crisp. Deny her? Why, Sir? mean you then to give

Const. Or let me stand a Curse to After-Ages. (her?

It is the Hand of Heav'n, not mine, that gives her;

The Treasons of the perjurd *Arius*

So turn my Soul, and quite reduce my Reason,

M 2

That

That I will give her thee without a Pang.
 Take her, my Son; and with her all the Blessings,
 And all the Love, my loaded Bosom bears;
 The Dews of Heav'n; and these thy Fathers Tears.

Crisp. Oh Joys!

Faust. Oh Heav'n!

Crisp. *Fausta!*

Faust. *Crispus! Cæsar!*

Crisp. Father!

But let us prostrate—as a God, approach him—
 Thou glorious Image of the Deity!

What shall we answer?

Const. *Crispus! Fausta—Nothing;*

Nothing but rise, and take me in your Arms.

Thus brooding o'er you with a fruitful Joy,

I prophesy, by my Example led,

Such Love and Peace thro' all the World shall spread,

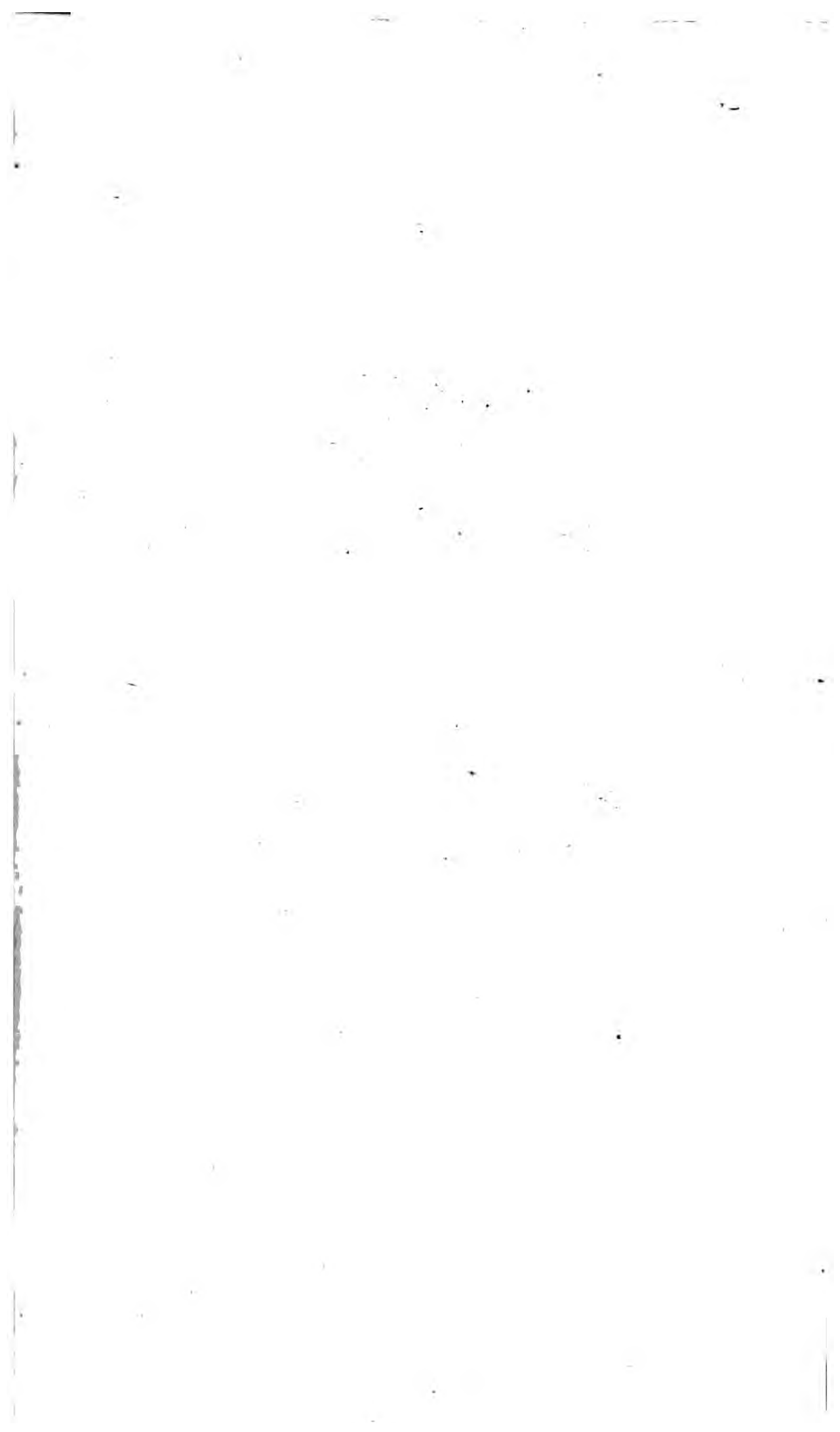
And *Roman Arts* that *British Isle* adorn,

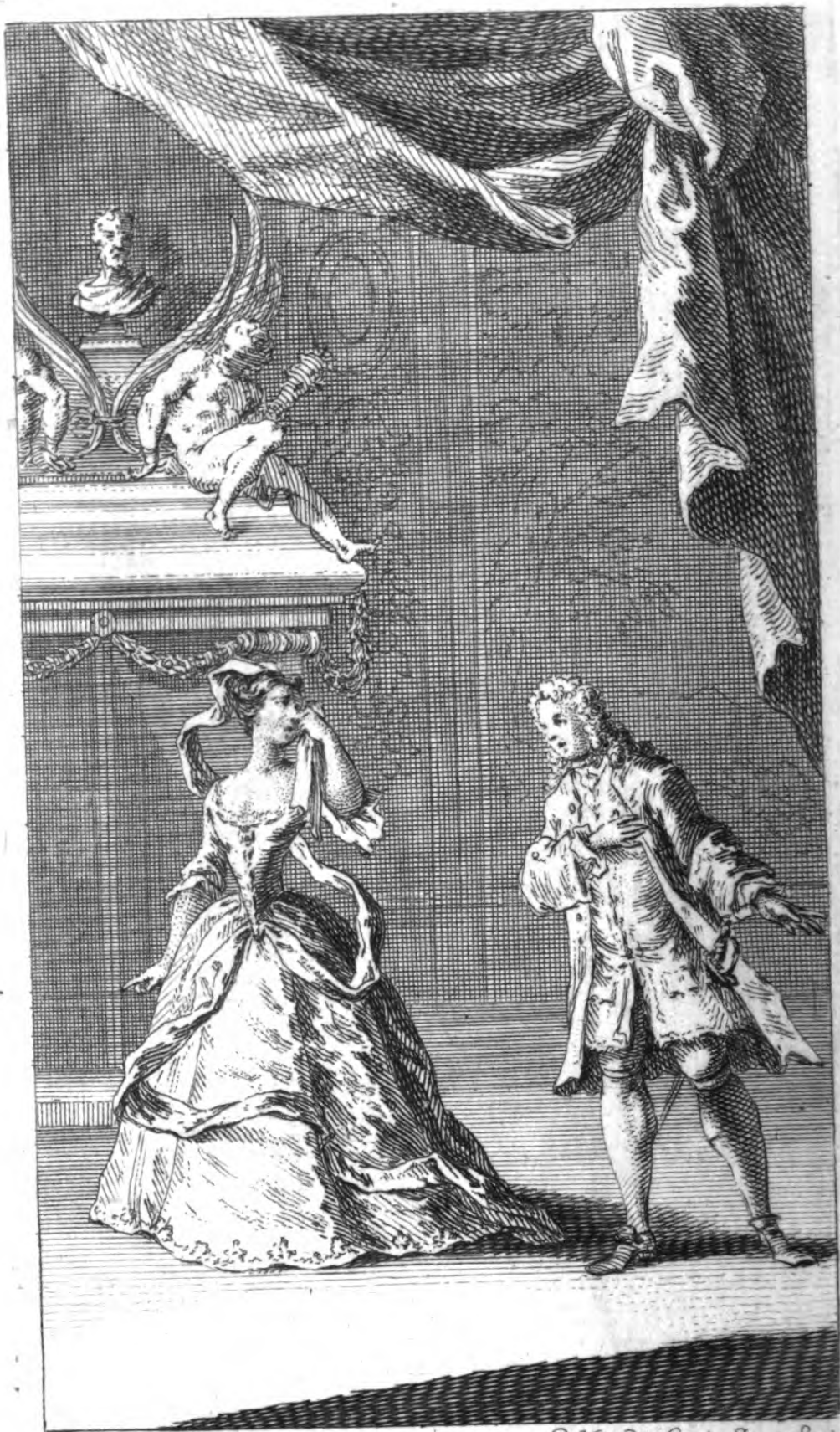
Where *Helena* deceas'd, and I was born:

While *Crispus* thus to *Fausta's* Love I give,

And both for ever in my Bosom live. [Ex. Omnes.







J. Vander Gucht In. & Scul

THE
DUKE
OF
GUISE,
A
TRAGEDY.

Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL,
By His MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by
Mr. LEE and Mr. DRYDEN.

Οὕτως δὲ φιλότιμοι φύτεις ἐν ταῖς πολιτείαις τὸ ἀγαθὸν
μὴ φυλαξάμεναι, τὸ ἀγαθὸν μᾶλλον τὸ κακὸν ἔχουσι.
Plutarch. in Agesilao.

L O N D O N;

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, the corner
of *Essex-Street* in the *Strand*; R. WELLINGTON,
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and F. CLAY, in Trust for B. WELLINGTON.

MDCCLXXXIV.

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be supported by a valid receipt or invoice. This ensures transparency and allows for easy verification of the data.

In the second section, the author outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze the data. This includes both primary and secondary data collection techniques. The primary data was gathered through direct observation and interviews with key personnel. Secondary data was obtained from existing reports and databases.

The third section details the results of the data analysis. It shows a clear trend of increasing activity over the period studied. The data indicates that the most significant changes occurred in the latter half of the year. These findings are supported by statistical analysis and visual representations of the data.

Finally, the document concludes with a series of recommendations based on the findings. It suggests that the current processes are largely effective but require some minor adjustments to improve efficiency. The author also notes that ongoing monitoring and reporting will be necessary to ensure continued success.



To the Right Honourable

L A U R E N C E,

EARL of Rochester, &c.

MY LORD

THE Authors of this Poem present it humbly to your Lordship's Patronage, if you shall think it worthy of that Honour. It has already been a Confessor, and was almost made a Martyr for the Royal Cause. But having stood two Tryals from its Enemies, one before it was acted, another in the Representation, and having been in both acquitted, 'tis now to stand the publick Censure in the Reading: Where since, of necessity, it must have the same Enemies, we hope it may also find the same Friends; and therein we are secure not only of the greater number, but of the more honest and loyal Party. We only expected bare Justice in the Permission to have it acted; and that w

had, after a severe and long Examination, from an upright and knowing Judge, who having heard both Sides, and examin'd the Merits of the Cause in a strict Perusal of the Play, gave Sentence for us, that it was neither a Libel, nor a Parallel of particular Persons. In the Representation itself, it was persecuted by so notorious Malice by one side, that it procur'd us the Partiality of the other; so that the Favour more than recompenced the Prejudice: And 'tis happier to have been sav'd (if so we were) by the Indulgence of our good and faithful Fellow-Subjects, than by our own Deserts; because thereby the Weakness of the Faction is discovered, which in us, at that time, attack'd the Government; and stood combin'd, like the Members of the rebellious League, against the lawful Sovereign Authority. To what Topick will they have recourse, when they are manifestly beaten from their chief Post, which has always been Popularity, and Majority of Voices? They will tell us, That the Voices of a People are not to be gathered in a Playhouse; and yet even there, the Enemies as well as Friends have free Admission: but while our Argument was serviceable to their Interests, they could boast that the Theatres were true Protestant, and came insulting to the Plays, where their own Triumphs were represented. But let them now assure themselves, that they can make the major Part of no Assembly, except it be a Meeting-House. Their Tide of Popularity is spent, and the natural Current of Obedience is, in spite of them, at last prevalent. In which, *My Lord*, after the merciful Providence of God, the unshaken Resolution, and prudent Carriage of the King, and the inviolable Duty, and manifest Innocence of his Royal Highness, the prudent Management of the Ministers is also most conspicuous. I am not particular in this Commendation, because I am unwilling

DEDICATION. vii

willing to raise Envy to your Lordship, who are too just not to desire that Praise shou'd be communicated to others, which was the common Endeavour and Co-operation of all. 'Tis enough, *my Lord*, that your own Part was neither obscure in it, nor hazardous: And if ever this excellent Government, so well establish'd by the Wisdom of our Forefathers, and so much shaken by the Folly of this Age, shall recover its ancient Splendor, Posterity cannot be so ungrateful, as to forget those, who in the worst of Times have stood undaunted by their King and Country, and for the Safeguard of both, have expos'd themselves to the Malice of false Patriots, and the Madness of an headstrong Rabble. But since this glorious Work is yet unfinish'd, and tho' we have Reason to hope well of the Success, yet the Event depends on the unsearchable Providence of Almighty God; 'tis no Time to raise Trophies, while the Victory is in dispute: But every Man, by your Example, to contribute what is in his Power, to maintain so just a Cause, on which depends the future Settlement and Prosperity of three Nations. The Pilot's Prayer to *Neptune* was not amiss, in the middle of the Storm: *Thou mayst do with me, O Neptune, what thou pleasest, but I will be sure to hold fast the Rudder.* We are to trust firmly in the Deity; but so as not to forget, that he commonly works by second Causes, and admits of our Endeavour with his Concurrence. For our own parts, we are sensible, as we ought, how little we can contribute with our weak Assistance. The most we can boast of, is, that we are not so inconsiderable as to want Enemies, whom we have raised to ourselves on no other account, than that we are not of their number: And since that's their Quarrel, they shall have daily occasion to hate us more

viii *D E D I C A T I O N.*

'Tis not, my Lord, that any Man delights to see himself pasquin'd and affronted by their inveterate Scriblers; but on the other side, it ought to be our Glory, that themselves believe not of us what they write. Reasonable Men are well satisfied for whose sakes the Venom of their Party is shed on us, because they see that at the same time our Adversaries spare not those to whom they owe Allegiance and Veneration. Their Despair has push'd them to break those Bonds; and 'tis observable, that the lower they are driven, the more violently they write: As *Lucifer* and his Companions were only proud when Angels, but grew malicious when Devils. Let them rail, since 'tis the only Solace of their Miseries, and the only Revenge, which, we hope, they now can take. The greatest and the best of Men are above their reach; and for our Meanness, tho' they assault us like Footpadders in the dark, their Blows have done us little harm; we yet live, to justify ourselves in open day, to vindicate our Loyalty to the Government, and to assure your Lordship, with all Submission and Sincerity, that we are

Your Lordship's

Most obedient, faithful Servants,

John Dryden, Nat. Lee.

P R O-



PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. *Dryden*. Spoken by
Mr. *Smith*.

OUR Play's a Parallel: The holy League
Begot our Cov'nant; Guifards got the Whig:
Whate'er our hot-brain'd Sheriffs did advance,
Was, like our Fashions, first produc'd in France;
And when worn out, well scourg'd, and banish'd there,
Sent over, like their godly Beggars, here.
Cou'd the same Trick, twice play'd, our Nation gull?
It looks as if the Devil were grown dull;
Or serv'd us up, in scorn, his broken Meat,
And thought we were not worth a better Cheat.
The fulsome Cov'nant, one would think in reason,
Had given us all our Bellies full of Treason:
And yet, the Name but chang'd, our nasty Nation
Chaws its own Excrement, th' Association.
'Tis true, we have not learn'd their pois'ning way,
For that's a Mode but newly come in play;
Besides, your Drug's uncertain to prevail;
But your true Protestant can never fail,
With that compendious Instrument, a Flail.
Go on; and bite, e'en though the Hook lies bare;
Twice in one Age expel the lawful Heir:
Once more decide Religion by the Sword,
And purchase for us a new Tyrant Lord.
Pray for your King; but yet your Purses spare;
Make him not Two-pence richer by your Prayer.
To shew you love him much, chastise him more;
And make him very Great, and very Poor.

Push him to Wars, but still no Pence advance;
Let him lose England, to recover France:
Cry Freedom up with popular noisy Votes,
And get enough to cut each other's Throats:
Lop all the Rights that fence your Monarch's Throne;
For fear of too much Pow'r, pray leave him none.
A Noise was made of Arbitrary Sway;
But in revenge, you Whigs have found a Way,
An arbitrary Duty now to pay.
Let his own Servants turn to save their Stake,
Glean from his Plenty, and his Wants forsake.
But let some Judas near his Person stay,
To swallow the last Sop, and then betray.
Make London independent of the Crown,
A Realm apart; the Kingdom of the Town.
Let Ignoramus Furies find no Traytors,
And Ignoramus Poets scribble Satirs.
And, that your Meaning none may fail to scan,
Do, what in Coffee-Houses you began,
Pull down the Master, and set up the Man.



E P I L O G U E.

Written by Mr. *Dryden.*

Spoken by Mrs. *Cook.*

MUCH Time and Trouble this poor Play hath cost;
 And, faith, I doubted once the Cause was lost.
 Yet no one Man was meant, nor Great nor Small;
 Our Poets, like frank Gamesters, threw at all.
 They took no single Aim, —————
 But, like bold Boys, true to their Prince, and hearty;
 Huzza'd, and fir'd Broad-sides at the whole Party.

Duels

E P I L O G U E.

21

*Duels are Crimes, but when the Cause is right,
 In Battel every Man is bound to fight.
 For what shou'd hinder me to sell my Skin
 Dear as I cou'd, if once my Hand were in?
 Se Defendendo never was a Sin.
 'Tis a fine World, my Masters, right or wrong,
 The Whigs must talk, and Tories hold their tongue.
 They must do all they can——
 But we, forsooth, must bear a Christian Mind;
 And fight, like Boys, with one Hand ty'd behind;
 Nay, and when one Boy's down, 'twere wondrous wise,
 To cry, box fair, and give him time to rise.
 When Fortune favours, none but Fools will dally:
 Wou'd any of you Sparks, if Nan or Mally
 Tip you th'inviting Wink, stand still I, shall I?
 A Trimmer cry'd, (that heard me tell his Story)
 Fie, Mistress Cook! Faith you're too rank a Tory!
 Wish not Whigs hang'd, but pity their hard Cases;
 You Women love to see Men make wry Faces.
 Pray, Sir, said I, don't think me such a Jew;
 I say no more, but give the Devil his due.
 Lenitives, says he, suit best with our Condition.
 Jack Ketch, says I, 's an excellent Physician.
 I love no Blood——Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
 But hanging is a fine dry Kind of Death.
 We Trimmers are for holding all things even:
 Yes——just like him that hung 'twixt Hell and Heaven;
 Have we not had Mens Lives enow already?
 Yes sure:——but you're for holding all things steady:
 Now, since the Weight hangs all on one side, Brother,
 You Trimmers shou'd, to poize it, hang on t'other.
 Damn'd Neuters, in their middle Way of steering,
 Are neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good Red-Herring:
 Not Whigs nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;
 Not Birds, nor Beasts; but just a Kind of Bat:
 A Twilight Animal; true to neither Cause,
 With Tory Wings, but Whiggish Teeth and Claws.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

The King,
Duke of *Guise*,
Duke of *Mayenne*,
Grillon,
The Cardinal of *Guise*,
Archbishop of *Lyons*,
Alphonso Corfo,
Polin,
Aumale,
Buffy,
The Curate of St. *Eustace*,
Malicorn,
Melanax, *a Spirit*,
Two Sheriffs,
Citizens and Rabble, &c.

Mr. *Kynaston*.
Mr. *Betterton*.
Mr. *Fevon*.
Mr. *Smith*.
Mr. *Wiltshire*.
Mr. *Perin*.
Mr. *Mountfort*.
Mr. *Bowman*.
Mr. *Carlile*.
Mr. *Saunders*.
Mr. *Underhill*.
Mr. *Percival*.
Mr. *Gillo*.
Bright and Samford.

W O M E N.

Queen-Mother,
Marmoutier,

Lady *Slingsby*.
Mrs. *Barry*.

SCENE, P A R I S.



T H E
DUKE OF *GUISE*.



ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Council of Sixteen seated: An empty Chair prepar'd for the Duke of Guise.*

Buffy and Polin, two of the Sixteen.

Buf. **L**IGHTS there! more Lights; what
burn the Tapers dim,
When glorious *Guise*, the *Moses*, *Gi-*
deon, *David*,
The Saviour of the Nation, makes ap-
proach?

Pol. And therefore are we met; the whole Sixteen,
That sway the Croud of *Paris*, guide their Votes,
Manage their Purfes, Persons, Fortunes, Lives,
To mount the *Guise*, where Merit calls him high:
And give him a whole Heav'n, for room to shine.

Enter

*The Duke of Guise.**Enter Curate of St. Eustace.*

Buf. The Curate of St. *Eustace* comes at last ;
But, Father, why so late ?

Cur. I have been taking godly Pains to satisfy some
Scruples rais'd amongst weak Brothers of our Party,
that were staggering in the Cause.

Pol. What cou'd they find t'object ?

Cur. They thought to arm against the King was Treas-

Buf. I hope you set 'em right. (son.

Cur. Yes ; and for Answer, I produc'd this Book.

A Calvinist Minister of *Orleans*

Writ this, to justify the Admiral

For taking Arms against the King deceas'd :

Wherein he proves that irreligious Kings

May justly be depos'd, and put to Death.

Buf. To borrow Arguments from Heretick Books
Methinks was not so prudent.

Cur. Yes, from the Devil, if it would help our Cause.
The Author was indeed a Heretick ;

The Matter of the Book is good and pious.

Pol. But one prime Article of our holy League,
Is to preserve the King, his Pow'r and Person.

Cur. That must be said, you know, for Decency ;
A pretty Blind to make the Shoot secure.

Buf. But did the primitive Christians e'er rebel,
When under heathen Lords ? I hope they did.

Cur. No sure, they did not ; for they had not Pow'r :
The Conscience of a People is their Pow'r.

Pol. Well ; the next Article in our solemn Covenant
Has clear'd the Point again.

Buf. What is't ? I should be glad to find the King
No safer than needs must.

Pol. That in case of Opposition from any Person
whatsoever—

Cur. That's well, that's well ; then the King is not
excepted, if he oppose us—

Pol. We are oblig'd to join as one, to punish
All, who attempt to hinder or disturb us,

Buf.

The Duke of Guise. 13

Buf. 'Tis a plain Case ; the King 's included in the Punishment, in case he rebel against the People.

Pol. But how can he rebel ?

Cur. I'll make it out : Rebellion is an Infurrection against the Government ; but they that have the Power are actually the Government : Therefore if the People have the Power, the Rebellion is in the King.

Buf. A most convincing Argument for Faction.

Cur. For Arming, if you please ; but not for Faction. For still the Faction is the fewest number ; So, what they call the lawful Government, Is now the Faction ; for the most are ours.

Pol. Since we are prov'd to be above the King, I wou'd gladly understand whom we are to obey ; or whether we are to be all Kings together.

Cur. Are you a Member of the League, and ask that Question ?

There's an Article, that, I may say, is as necessary as any In the Creed : Namely, that we, the said Associates, are Sworn to yield ready Obedience, and faithful Service, To that Head which shall be deputed.

Buf. 'Tis most manifest, that by virtue of our Oath We are all Subjects to the Duke of Guise. The King's An Officer that has betray'd his Trust ; and therefore we Have turn'd him out of Service.

Omnes. Agreed, agreed.

Enter the Duke of Guise, Cardinal of Guise, Aumale, Torches before them. The Duke takes the Chair.

Buf. Your Highness enters in a lucky Hour ; Th'unanimous Vote you heard, confirms your Voice, As Head of Paris, and the holy League.

Card. I say Amen to that.

Pol. You are our Champion ; Buckler of our Faith.

Card. The King, like Saul, is Heav'n's repented Choice ; You his Anointed one, on better Thought.

Gui. I'm what you please to call me : any thing, Lieutenant General, Chief, or Constable, Good decent Names, that only mean your Slave.

Buf.

Buf. You chas'd the *Germans* hence, exil'd *Navarre*,
And rescu'd *France* from Hereticks and Strangers.

Aum. What he and all of us have done, is known.
What's our Reward? our Offices are lost;
'Turn'd out like labour'd Oxen, after Harveft,
To the bare Commons of the wither'd Field.

Buf. Our Charters will go next; because we Sheriffs
Permit no Justice to be done on those
'The Court calls Rebels, but we call them Saints.

Gui. Yes, we are all involv'd, as Heads, or Parties;
Dipt in the Noisy Crime of State, call'd Treason:
And Traitors we must be to King or Country.

Buf. Why then my Choice is made.

Pol. And mine.

Omn. And all.

Card. Heav'n is it self Head of the holy League;
And all the Saints are Covenanters, and *Guifards*.

Gui. What say you, Curate?

Cur. I hope well, my Lord.

Card. That is, he hopes you mean to make him Abbot,
And he deserves your care of his Preferment,
For all his Prayers are Curses on the Government;
And all his Sermons Libels on the King:
In short, a pious, hearty, factious Priest. (tunes;

Gui. All that are here my Friends, shall share my For-
There's Spoil, Preferments, Wealth enough in *France*;
'Tis but deserve and have: The *Spanish* King
Consigns me fifty thousand Crowns a Week,
To raise and to foment a Civil War.
'Tis true, a Pension from a foreign Prince
Sounds Treason in the Letter of the Law,
But good Intentions justify the Deed.

Cur. Heav'n's good, the Cause is good, the Money's
No matter whence it comes. (good;

Buf. Our City Bands are twenty thousand strong;
Well disciplin'd, well arm'd, well season'd Traitors;
Thick rinded Heads, that leave no room for Kernel;
Shop Consciencs, of proof against an Oath,
Preach'd up, and ready tinn'd for a Rebellion.

Gui.

The Duke of Guise. 17

Gui. Why then the noble Plot is fit for birth ;
And labouring *France* cries out for Midwife Hands.
We mis'd surprizing of the King at *Blois*,
When last the States were held ; 'twas oversight :
Beware we make not such another Blot.

Card. This holy time of *Lent* we have him sure ;
He goes unguarded, mix'd with whipping Fryars,
In that Procession, he's more fit for Heav'n :
What hinders us to seize the Royal Penitent,
And close him in a Cloyster ?

Cur. Or dispatch him ? I love to make all sure.

Gui. No, guard him safe ;
Thin Diet will do well ; 'twill starve him into Reason,
Till he exclude his Brother of *Navarre*,
And graft Succession on a worthier Choice :
To favour this, five hundred Men in Arms
Shall stand prepar'd to enter at your Call,
And speed the Work : *St. Martin's Gate* was nam'd :
But the Sheriff *Conty*, who commands that Ward,
Refus'd me Passage there.

Buf. I know that *Conty* ;
A sniveling, conscientious, loyal Rogue :
He'll peach, and ruin all.

Card. Give out he's Arbitrary, a *Navarrist*,
A Heretick ; discredit him betimes,
And make his Witnesses void.

Cur. I'll swear him guilty.
I swallow Oaths as easy as Snap-Dragon,
Mock-Fire that never burns.

Gui. Then, *Buffy*, be't your care t'admit my Troops
At *Porte St. Honore* : [*Rises.*] Night wears apace,
And Day-light must not peep on dark Designs.
I will my self to Court ; pay formal Duty ;
Take leave ; and to my Government retire,
Impatient to be soon recall'd ; to see
The King imprison'd, and the Nation free. [*Exeunt.*

Enter.

Enter Malicorn.

Mal. Each dismal Minute, when I call to mind
The Promise that I made the Prince of Hell,
In one and twenty Years to be his Slave,
Of which near twelve are gone, my Soul runs back,
The Wards of Reason roll into their Spring.
O horrid Thought! but one and twenty Years,
And twelve near past, then to be steep'd in Fire,
Dash'd against Rocks, or snatch'd from molten Lead,
Reeking and dropping, piece-meal born by Winds,
And quench'd ten thousand Fathom in the Deep!

[Knocking at the Door.

But hark! he comes, see there, my Blood stands still;
My Spirits start an end for *Guise's* Fate.

A Devil rises.

What Counsel does the Fate of *Guise* require?

Dev. Remember with his Prince there's no delay,
But, the Sword drawn, to fling the Sheath away;
Let not the fear of Hell his Spirit grieve,
The Tomb is still, whatever Fools believe;
Laugh at the Tales which wither'd Sages bring,
Proverbs and Morals, let the waxen King }
That rules the Hive, be born without a Sting;
Let *Guise* by Blood resolve to mount to Pow'r,
And he is great as *Mecha's* Emperor;
He comes, bid him not stand on Altar Vows,
But then strike deepest, when he lowest bows;
Tell him Fate's aw'd when an Usurper springs,
And joins to croud out just indulgent Kings. *[Vanishes.*

Enter the Duke of Guise, and Duke of Mayen.

May. All Offices and Dignities he gives
To your profest and most inveterate Foes;
But if he were inclin'd, as we could wish him,

There

There is a Lady Regent at his Ear,
That never pardons.

Gui. Poison on her Name!

Take my Hand on't, that Cormorant Dowager
Will never rest, till she has all our Heads
In her Lap. I was at *Bayonne* with her,
When she, the King, and grisly *d'Alva* met;
Methinks I see her listening now before me,
Marking the very motion of his Beard,
His op'ning Nostrils and his dropping Lids:
I hear him croak too to the gaping Council;
"Fish for the great Fish, take no care for Frogs,
"Cut off the Poppy-Heads, Sir; Madam, charm
"The Winds but fast, the Billows will be still."

May. But, Sir, how comes it you should be thus warm,
Still pushing Councils when among your Friends;
Yet at the Court cautious, and cold as Age,
Your Voice, your Eyes, your Mien so different,
You seem to me two Men?

Gui. The Reason's plain:

Hot with my Friends, because the Question giv'n,
I start the Judgement right where others drag.
This is the effect of equal Elements,
And Atoms justly pois'd; nor should you wonder
More at the strength of Body than of Mind.
'Tis equally the same to see me plunge
Headlong into the *Sein* all over arm'd,
And plough against the Torrent to my point,
As 'twas to hear my Judgement on the *Germans*.
This to another Man would be a brag;
Or at the Court among my Enemies,
To be as I am here quite off my Guard,
Would make me such another thing as *Grillon*,
A blunt, hot, honest, downright, valiant Fool.

May. Yet this you must allow a Failure in you;
You love his Niece, and to a Politician
All Passion's Bane, but Love directly Death.

Gui. False, false, my *Mayen*, thou'rt but half *Guise*
Were she not such a wondrous Composition, (again;
A Soul so flush'd as mine is with Ambition,

Sagacious

The Duke of Guise.

Sagacious and so nice, must have disdain'd her;
 But she was made when Nature was in humour,
 As if a *Grillon* got her on the Queen,
 Where all the honest Atoms fought their Way,
 Took a full Tincture of the Mother's Wit,
 But left the Dregs of Wickedness behind.

May. Have you not told her what we have in hand?

Gui. My utmost aim has been to hide it from her,
 But there I'm short, by the long Chain of Causes
 She has scan'd it, just as if she were my Soul:
 And tho' I flew about with Circumstances,
 Denials, Oaths, Improbabilities;
 Yet thro' the Histories of our Lives, she look'd,
 She saw, she overcame.

May. Why then we're all undone.

Gui. Again you err.

Chaste as she is, she wou'd as soon give up
 Her Honour, as betray me to the King:
 I tell thee, she's the Character of Heav'n:
 Such an habitual over-womanly Goodness,
 She dazzles, walks mere Angel upon Earth.
 But see, she comes, call the Cardinal *Guise*,
 While *Malicorn* attends for some Dispatches,
 Before I take my Farewel of the Court.

Enter Marmoutier.

Mar. Ah, *Guise*, you are undone.

Gui. How, Madam?

Mar. Lost,

Beyond the possibility of Hope:
 Despair, and die.

Gui. You menace deeply, Madam;
 And should this come from any Mouth but your's,
 My Smile should answer how the Ruin touch'd me.

Mar. Why do you leave the Court?

Gui. The Court leaves me.

Mar. Were there no more but Weariness of State,
 Or cou'd you, like great *Scipio*, retire,
 Call *Rome* ungrateful, and sit down with that;

Such

The Duke of Guise.

21

Such inward Gallantry would gain you more
Than all the sullied Conquest you can boast.
But oh, you want that *Roman* Mastery ;
You have too much of the tumultuous Times,
And I must mourn the Fate of your Ambition.

Gui. Because the King disdains my Services,
Must I not let him know I dare be gone ?
What, when I feel his Council on my Neck,
Shall I not cast 'em backward if I can ;
And at his Feet make known their Villany ?

Mar. No, *Guise*, not at his Feet, but on his Head ;
For there you strike.

Gui. Madam, you wrong me now ;
For still whate'er shall come in Fortune's whirl,
His Person must be safe.

Mar. I cannot think it.
However, your last Words confess too much.
Confess ! What need I urge that Evidence,
When every Hour I see you court the Croud,
When with the Shouts of the rebellious Rabble,
I see you born on Shoulders to Cabals ;
Where with the Traitorous Council of Sixteen,
You sit and plot the Royal *Henry's* Death ;
Cloud the Majestick Name with Fumes of Wine,
Infamous Scrolls, and treasonable Verse ;
While, on the other side, the Name of *Guise*,
By the whole Kennel of the Slaves, is rung :
Pamphleteers, Balladmongers, sing your Ruin,
While all the Vermin of the vile *Parisians*
'Toss up their greasy Caps where-e'er you pass,
And hurl your dirty Glories in your Face.

Gui. Can I help this ?

Mar. By Heav'n I'd earth my self,
Rather than live to act such black Ambition :
But, Sir, you seek it with your Smiles and Bows,
This side, and that side congeeing to the Croud ;
You have your Writers too, that cant your Battels,
That stile you the new *David*, Second *Moses*,
Prop of the Church, Deliverer of the People.
Thus from the City, as from the Heart, they spread
Thro'

Thro' all the Provinces, alarm the Countries,
Where they run forth in Heaps, bellowing your Won-
Then cry, The King, the King's a Hugonot, (ders,
And, spite of us, will have *Navarre* succeed,
Spite of the Laws, and spite of our Religion:
But we'll pull 'em down, down with 'em, down. [*Kneels.*

Gui. Ha, Madam! Why this Posture?

Mar. Hear me, Sir:

For, if 'tis possible, my Lord, I'll move you.
Look back, return, implore the Royal Mercy,
E'er 'tis too late, I beg you by these Tears,
These Sighs, and by th' ambitious Love you bear me;
By all the Wounds of your poor groaning Country,
That bleeds to Death, O seek the best of Kings,
Kneel, fling your stubborn Body at his Feet:
Your Pardon shall be sign'd, your Country sav'd,
Virgins and Matrons all shall sing your Fame,
And every Babe shall bless the *Guise's* Name.

Gui. O rise, thou Image of the Deity;
You shall prevail, I will do any thing;
You have broke the very Gall of my Ambition,
And all my Powers now float in Peace again:
Be satisfy'd that I will see the King,
Kneel to him, e'er I journey to *Champaign*,
And beg a kind Farewel.

Mar. No, no, my Lord;
I see thro' that, you but withdraw a while,
To muster all the Forces that you can,
And then rejoin the Council of Sixteen.
You must not go.

Gui. All the Heads of the League
Expect me, and I have engag'd my Honour. (*sav'd.*

Mar. Would all those Heads were off, so yours were
Once more, O *Guise*, the weeping *Marmoutier*
Intreats you do not go.

Gui. Is't possible
That *Guise* should say, in this he must refuse you?

Mar. Go then, my Lord, I late receiv'd a Letter
From one at Court, who tells me the King loves me:
Read it, there is no more than what you hear,

The Duke of Guise.

23

I have Jewels offer'd too, perhaps may take 'em:
And if you go from *Paris*, I'll to Court.

Gui. But Madam, I have often heard you say,
You lov'd not Courts.

Mar. Perhaps I have chang'd my Mind:
Nothing as yet could draw me, but a King,
And such a King, so good, so just, so great,
That at his Birth the Heavenly Council paus'd,
And then at last cry'd out, This is a Man.

Gui. Come, 'tis but Counterfeit; you dare not go.

Mar. Go to your Government, and try.

Gui. I will.

Mar. Then I'll to Court, nay, to the King.

Gui. By Heav'n

I swear, you cannot, shall not, dare not see him.

Mar. By Heav'n I can, I dare, nay, and I will:
And nothing but your Stay shall hinder me;
For now, methinks, I long for't.

Gui. Possible!

Mar. I'll give you yet a little time to think:
But if I hear you go to take your leave,
I'll meet you there, before the Throne I'll stand;
Nay, you shall see me kneel, and kiss his Hand. [*Exit*]

Gui. Furies and Hell! She does but try me: Ha!
This is the Mother-Queen and *Espernon*,
Abbot *Delbene*, *Alphonso Corso* too,
All pack'd to plot, and turn me into Madness.

[*Reading the Letter.*]

Enter Cardinal Guise, Duke of Mayen, Malicorn, &c.

Ha! can it be! *Madam, the King loves you.* [*Reads.*]
But Vengeance I will have; to pieces, thus,
To pieces with 'em all. [*Tears the Letter.*]

Card. Speak lower.

Gui. No;

By all the Torments of this galling Passion,
I'll hollow the Revenge I vow, so loud,
My Father's Ghost shall hear me up to Heav'n.

Card. Contain your self, this Outrage will undo us.]

Gui.

Gui. All things are ripe, and Love new-points their
Ruin.

Ha! my good Lords, what if the murd'ring Council
Were in our power, should they escape our Justice?
I see by each Man's laying of his Hand
Upon his Sword, you swear the like Revenge.
For me, I wish that mine may both rot off——

Card. No more.

May. The Council of Sixteen attend you.


Gui. I go——That Vermin may devour my *Limbs*,
That I may die like the late puling *Francis*,
Under the Barber's Hands, Imposthumes choak me,
If while alive I cease to chew their Ruin;
Alphonso Corso, Grillon, Priest, together,
To hang 'em in Effigy; nay, to tread,
Drag, stamp, and grind 'em, after they are dead.

[*Excunt.*]



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

Enter Queen-Mother, Abbot Delbene, Polin.

Q.M.  RAY mark the Form of the Conspiracy:
Guise gives it out he journeys to *Cham-*
paign,
But lurks indeed at *Legny*, hard by
Paris,

Where every Hour he hears, and gives Instructions.
Mean time the Council of Sixteen assure him
They have twenty thousand Citizens in Arms.
Is it not so, *Polin*?

Pol. True, on my Life;
And if the King doubts the Discovery,
Send me to the *Bastile* till all be prov'd.

Q.M. Call Colonel *Grillon*, the King would speak
with him. [Exit *Polin.*]

Ab. Was ever Age like this?

Q.M.

Q. M. *Polin* is honest :

Beside, the whole Proceeding is so like
The hair-brain'd Rout, I guess'd as much before:
Know then, it is resolv'd to seize the King,
When next he goes in penitential Weeds,
Among the Friars, without his usual Guards;
Then, under shew of popular Sedition,
For Safety, shut him in a Monastery,
And sacrifice his Favourites to their Rage.

Ab. When is this Council to be held again?

Q. M. Immediately upon the Duke's Departure.

Ab. Why sends not then the King sufficient Guards,
To seize the Fiends, and hew'em into pieces?

Q. M. 'Tis in appearance easy, but th'Effect
Most hazardous; for strait, upon th' Alarm,
The City would be sure to be in Arms:
Therefore to undertake, and not to compass,
Were to come off with Ruin and Dishonour.

You know th' *Italian* Proverb, *Bisogna Coprierfi*;
He that will venture on a Hornet's Nest,
Should arm his Head, and buckler well his Breast.

Ab. But wherefore seems the King so unresolv'd?

Q. M. I brought *Polin*, and made the Demonstration,
Told him Necessity cry'd out to take
A Resolution to preserve his Life,
And look on *Guise* as a reclaimless Rebel.
But thro' the natural Sweetness of his Temper,
And dangerous Mercy, coldly he reply'd,
Madam, I will consider what you say.

Ab. Yet after all, could we but fix him.

Q. M. Right,

The Business were more firm for this Delay;
For noblest Natures, tho' they suffer long,
When once provok'd, they turn the Face to Danger.
But see, he comes, *Alphonso Corso* with him:
Let us withdraw, and when 'tis fit, rejoin him. [*Exit.*

The Duke of Guise.

Enter King, Alphonso Corfo.

King. *Alphonso Corfo.*

Alph. Sir.

King. I think thou lov'st me.

Alph. More than my Life.

King. That's much; yet I believe thee.

My Mother has the Judgement of the World,
And all things move by that: But, my *Alphonso*,
She has a cruel Wit.

Alph. The Provocation, Sir.

King. I know it well:

But if thou'dst have my Heart within thy Hand,
All Conjurations blot the Names of Kings.
What Honours, Interest, were the World to buy him,
Shall make a brave Man smile, and do a Murder?
Therefore I hate the Memory of *Brutus*,
I mean the latter, so cry'd up in Story.
Cæsar did ill, but did it in the Sun,
And foremost in the Field; but sneaking *Brutus*,
Whom none but Cowards and white-liver'd Knaves
Would dare commend, lagging behind his Fellows,
His Dagger in his Bosom, stabb'd his Father.
This is a Blot which *Tully's* Eloquence
Could ne'er wipe off, tho' the mistaken Man
Makes bold to call those Traitors Men Divine.
Alph. *Tully* was wise, but wanted Constancy.

Enter Queen-Mother, Abbot Delbene.

Q.M. Good Even, Sir; 'tis just the time you order'd
To wait on your Decrees.

King. Oh Madam.

Q.M. Sir.

King. Oh Mother, but I cannot make it way;
Chaos and Shades, 'tis huddled up in Night.

Q.M. Speak then, for Speech is Morning to the Mind,
It spreads the beauteous Images abroad,
Which else lie furl'd and clouded in the Soul.

King.

The Duke of Guise.

27

King. You would embark me in a Sea of Blood.

Q.M. You see the Plot directly on your Person;
But give it o'er, I did but state the Case.

Take *Guise* into your Heart, and drive your Friends;
Let Knaves in Shops prescribe you how to sway,
And when they read your Acts, with their vile Breath
Proclaim aloud, they like not this or that;
Then in a drove come lowing to the *Louvre*,
And cry they'll have it mended, that they will,
Or you shall be no King.

King. 'Tis true, the People
Ne'er know a Mean, when once they get the Power;
But Oh, if the Design we lay should fail,
Better the Traitors never should be touch'd,
If Execution cries not out 'tis done.

Q.M. No, Sir; you cannot fear the sure Design:
But I have liv'd too long, since my own Blood
Dares not confide in her that gave him Being.

King. Stay Madam, stay, come back, forgive my Fears;
Where all our Thoughts should creep like deepest Streams.
Know then, I hate aspiring *Guise* to death;
Whor'd *Marguerite* plots upon my Life;
And shall I not revenge?

Q.M. Why this is *Harry*;
Harry at *Moncontour*, when in his Bloom
He saw the Admiral *Coligny's* Back.

King. O this Whale *Guise*, with all the *Lorrain Fry*,
Might I but view him after his Plots and Plunges,
Struck on those cowering Shallows that await him;
'This were a *Florence* Matter-piece indeed.

Q.M. He comes to take his leave.

King. Then for *Champaign*;
But lies in wait till *Paris* is in Arms.
Call *Grillon* in; all that I beg you now,
Is to be hush'd upon the Consultation,
As Urns that never blab.

Q.M. Doubt not your Friends;
Love 'em, and then you need not fear your Foes.

Enter Grillon.

King. Welcome my Honest Man, my old try'd Friend,
Why dost thou fly me, *Grillon*, and retire?

Grill. Rather let me demand your Majesty,
Why fly you from your self? I've heard you say,
You'd arm against the League, why do you not?
The Thoughts of such as you are Starts Divine,
And when you mould with second Cast, the Spirit,
The Air, the Life, the golden Vapour's gone.

King. Soft, my old Friend, *Guise* plots upon my Life,
Polin shall tell thee more: hast thou not heard
Th' unsufferable Affronts he daily offers,
War without Treasure on the *Hugonots*,
While I am forc'd against my bent of Soul,
Against all Laws, all Custom, Right, Succession,
To cast *Navarre* from the Imperial Line? (tor.

Grill. Why do you, Sir? Death, let me tell the Tray-

King. Peace, *Guise* is going to his Government;
You are his Foe of old: Go to him, *Grillon*;
Visit him as from me, to be employ'd
In this great War against the *Hugonots*,
And prithee tell him roundly of his Faults;
No farther, honest *Grillon*.

Grill. Shall I fight him?

King. I charge thee not.

Grill. If he provokes me, strike him?
You'll grant me that.

King. Not so, my honest Soldier.
Yet speak to him.

Grill. I will by Heav'n to th' purpose,
And if he force a beating, who can help it? [*Ex. Grill.*]

King. Follow *Alphonso*; when the Storm is up,
Call me to part 'em.

Q.M. *Grillon* to ask him Pardon,
Will let *Guise* know, we are not in the dark.

King. You hit the Judgement; yet, O yet, there's more,
Something upon my Heart, after these Counsels,
So soft, and so unworthy to be nam'd.

Q.M.

The Duke of Guise. 29

Q.M. They say that *Grillon's* Niece is come to Court,
And means to kiss your Hand. [*Exit Q.Mother.*]

King. Could I but hope it.
O my dear Father, pardon me in this,
And then enjoin me all that Man can suffer ;
But sure the Powers above will take our Tears
For such a fault, Love is so like themselves. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Louvre.*

*Enter Guise attended with his Family, Marmoutier meet-
ing him new drest, attended, &c.*

Gui. Furies, she keeps her Word, and I am lost ;
Yet let not thy Ambition shew it to her,
For after all she does it but to try me,
And foil my vow'd Designs. Madam, I see
You're come to Court ; the Robes you wear become you :
Your Air, your Mien, your Charms, your every Grace,
Will kill at least your thousand in a Day. (sands?)

Mar. What, a whole Day, and kill but one poor thou-
An Hour you mean, and in that Hour ten thousand ?
Yes, I wou'd make with every Glance a Murder.
Mend me this Curl.

Gui. Woman !

Mar. You see, my Lord,
I have my Followers, like you : I swear
The Court's a Heav'nly Place ; but o' my Heart,
I know not why that Sigh should come uncall'd ;
Perhaps 'twas for your going, yet I swear
I never was so mov'd, O *Guise*, as now ;
Just as you enter'd, when from yonder Window
I saw the King.

Gui. Woman, all over Woman.
The World confesses, Madam, *Henry's* Form
Is Noble and Majestick.

Mar. O you grudge
Th' extorted Praise, and speak him but by halves.

Gui. Priest, *Corso*, Devils ! how she carries it !

Mar. I see, my Lord, you are come to take your leave ;
And were it not to give the Court Suspicion,
I would oblige you, Sir, before you go,
To lead me to the King.

Gui. Death and the Devil!

Mar. But since that cannot be, I'll take my leave
Of you, my Lord, Heav'n grant your Journey safe,
Farewell once more. Not stir? Does this become you?
Does your Ambition swell into your Eyes?
Jealousy, by this Light: Nay then, proud *Guise*,
I tell you, you're not worthy of the Grace,
But I will carry't, Sir, to those that are,
And leave you to the Curse of Bosom War. [Exit.

May. Is this the Heav'nly —

Gui. Devil, Devil, as they are all ;
'Tis true, at first she caught the Heav'nly Form,
But now Ambition sets her on her Head,
By Hell, I see the cloven Mark upon her :
Ha! *Grillon* here! some new Court-Trick upon me.

Enter Grillon.

Grill. Sir, I have Business for your Ear.

Gui. Retire. [Exeunt his Followers.

Grill. The King, my Lord, commanded me to wait
And bid you welcome to the Court. (you,

Gui. The King
Still loads me with new Honours, but none greater
Than this the last.

Grill. There is one greater yet,
Your High Commission against the Hugonots ;
I and my Family shall shortly wait you,
And 'twill be glorious Work.

Gui. If you are there,
There must be Action.

Grill. Oh, your Pardon, Sir.
I'm but a Stripling in the Trade of War ;
But you, whose Life is one continued Broil,
What will not your Triumphant Arms accomplish?
You, that were form'd for Mastery in War ;

That

The Duke of Guise.

31

That, with a start, cry'd to your Brother *Mayenne*,
To Horse, and slaughter'd forty thousand *Germans*.

Gui. Let me beseech you, Colonel, no more.

Grill. But, Sir, since I must make at least a Figure
In this great Business, let me understand
What 'tis you mean, and why you force the King
Upon so dangerous an Expedition.

Gui. Sir, I intend the Greatness of the King,
The Greatness of all *France*, whom it imports
To make their Arms their Business, Aim, and Glory;
And where so proper, as upon those Rebels
That cover'd all the State with Blood and Death?

Grill. Stor'd Arsenals and Armories, Fields of Horse,
Ordnance, Munition, and the Nerve of War,
Sound Infantry, not harass'd and diseas'd,
To meet the fierce *Navarre*, should first be thought on.

Gui. I find, my Lord, the Argument grows warm;
Therefore, thus much, and I have done. I go
To join the holy League in this great War,
In which no Place of Office, or Command,
Not of the Greatest, shall be bought or sold:
Whereas too often Honours are confer'd
On Soldiers, and no Soldiers; this Man knighted
Because he charg'd a Troop before his Dinner,
And sculk'd behind a Hedge i'th' Afternoon.

I will have strict Examination made
Betwixt the Meritorious and the Base. (doubt

Grill. You have mouth'd it bravely, and there is no
Your Deeds would answer well your haughty Words;
Yet let me tell you, Sir, there is a Man,
Curse on the Hearts that hate him, that wou'd better,
Better than you, or all your puffy Race,
That better would become the Great Battalion;
That when he shines in Arms, and suns the Field,
Moves, speaks, and fights, and is himself a War.

Gui. Your Idol, Sir, you mean the Great *Navarre*;
But yet——

Grill. No yet, my Lord of *Guise*, no yet;
By Arms, I bar you that; I swear, no yet;
For never was his like, nor shall again,

Tho' voted from his Right by your curs'd League.

Gui. Judge not too rashly of the holy League,
But look at home.

Grill. Ha! dar'st thou justify
Those Villains?

Gui. I'll not justify a Villain
More than your self: but if you thus proceed,
If every heated Breath can puff away,
On each Surmise, the Lives of free-born People,
What need that awful General Convocation,
The Assembly of the States? Nay, let me urge,
If thus they vilify the holy League,
What may their Heads expect?

Grill. What, if I cou'd,
They should be certain of, whole Piles of Fire.

Gui. Colonel, 'tis very well, I know your Mind,
Which without fear or flattery to your Person,
I'll tell the King, and then, with his Permission,
Proclaim it for a warning to our People.

Grill. Come, you're a Murderer yourself within,
A Traitor.

Gui. Thou a——hot old hair-brain'd Fool.

Grill. You were Complotter with the cursed League,
The black Abettor of our *Harry's* Death.

Gui. 'Tis false.

Grill. 'Tis true, as thou art double-hearted:
Thou double Traitor, to conspire so basely,
And when found out, more basely to deny't.

Gui. O gracious *Harry*, let me sound thy Name,
Lest this old Rust of War, this knotty Trifler
Should raise me to Extremes.

Grill. If thou'rt a Man,
That didst refuse a Challenge of *Navarre*,
Come forth.

Gui. Go on, since thou'rt resolv'd on Death,
I'll follow thee, and rid thy shaking Soul.

Enter

The Duke of Guise.

33

Enter King, Queen-Mother, Alphonso, Abbot, &c.

But see, the King: I scorn to ruin thee.

Therefore go tell him, tell him thy own Story.

King. Ha, Colonel, is this your Friendly Visit?
Tell me the Truth, how happen'd this Disorder?
Those ruffled Hands, red Looks, and Port of Fury

Grill. I told him, Sir, since you will have it so,
He was the Author of the Rebel League,
Therefore a Traitor, and a Murderer.

King. Is't possible?

No matter, Sir, no matter:

A few hot Words, no more upon my Life;

The old Man rouz'd and shook himself a little:

So if your Majesty will do me Honour,

I do beseech you let the Business die.

King. *Grillon*, submit your self, and ask his Pardon.

Grill. Pardon me! I cannot do't.

King. Where are the Guards?

Gui. Hold, Sir; come Colonel, I'll ask Pardon for
This soldierly Embrace makes up the Breach; (you,
We will be sorry, Sir, for one another.

Grill. My Lord I know not what to answer you,
I'm Friends, and I am not, and so farewell. [*Exit.*

King. You have your Orders; yet before you go,
Take this Embrace, I court you for my Friend,
Tho' *Grillon* wou'd not.

Gui. I thank you on my Knees;
And still while Life shall last, will take strict care
To justify my Loyalty to your Person. [*Exit.*

Q.M. Excellent Loyalty, to lock you up!

King. I see even to the bottom of his Soul:
And, Madam, I must say the *Guise* has Beauties,
But they are set in Night, and foul Design:
He was my Friend when young, and might be still.

Abbot. Mark'd you his hollow Accents at the parting?

Q.M. Grave in his Smiles.

King. Death in his bloodless Hands.

O *Marmoutier*! now I will haste to meet thee;

The Face of Beauty, on this rising Horror,
Looks like the midnight Moon upon a Murder;
It gilds the dark Design that stays for Fate,
And drives the Shades that thicken from the State.

[*Exeunt.*]



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

Enter Grillon and Polin.

Grill.



AVE then this pious Council of Sixteen
Scented your last Discovery of the Plot?

Pol. Not as from me, for still I kennel
with them,

And bark as loud as the most deep-mouth'd Traytor,
Against the King, his Government and Laws;
Whereon immediately there runs a Cry
Of, Seize him on the next Procession, seize him,
And clap the *Chilperick* in a Monastery.
Thus it was fix'd, as I before discover'd:
But when, against his Custom, they perceiv'd
The King absented, strait the Rebels met,
And roar'd, they were undone.

Grill. Oh, 'tis like 'em,

'Tis like their mungrel Souls; Flesh 'em with Fortune,
And they will worry Royalty to death:
But if some crabbed Virtue turn and pinch 'em,
Mark me, they'll run and yelp, and clap their Tails,
Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and howl for Mercy.

Pol. But *Malicorn*, sagacious on the point,
Cry'd call the Sheriffs, and bid 'em arm their Bands;
Add yet to this, to raise you above hope,
The *Guise* my Master will be here to-day.
For, on bare guess of what has been reveal'd,
He wing'd a Messenger to give him notice;
Yet, spite of all this Factor of the Fiends

Cou'd

The Duke of Guise.

35

Cou'd urge, they flunk their Heads like Hinds in Storms:
But see, they come!

Enter Sheriffs with the Populace.

Grill. Away, I'll have amongst 'em;
Fly to the King, warn him of *Guise's* coming,
That he may strait dispatch his strict Commands
To stop him.

1 Sher. Nay, this is Colonel *Grillon*,
The Blunderbus o'th' Court, away, away,
He carries Ammunition in his Face.

Grill. Hark you, my Friends, if you are not in haste,
Because you are the Pillars of the City,
I wou'd inform you of a general Ruin.

2 Sher. Ruin to the City! marry, Heav'n forbid.

Grill. Amen, I say; for look you, I'm your Friend,
'Tis blown about you've plotted on the King,
To seize him, if not kill him; for who knows,
When once your Conscience yields, how far 'twill stretch?
Next, quite to dash your firmest hopes in pieces,
The Duke of *Guise* is dead.

1 Sher. Dead, Colonel!

2 Sher. Undone, undone!

Grill. The World cannot redeem you;
For what, Sirs, if the King, provok'd at last,
Should join the *Spaniard*, and should fire your City,
Paris your Head, but a most venomous one,
Which must be blooded?

1 Sher. Blooded, Colonel!

Grill. Ay, blooded, thou most infamous Magistrate,
Or you will blood the King, and burn the *Louvre*:
But, e'er that be, fall million miscreant Souls,
Such Earth-born Minds as yours; for mark me, Slaves,
Did you not Ages past consign your Lives,
Liberties, Fortunes, to Imperial Hands,
Made 'em the Guardians of your sickly Years,
And now you're grown up to a Booby's Greatness,
What; wou'd you wrest the Scepter from his Hand?

Now,

Now, by the Majesty of Kings I swear,
You shall as soon be fav'd for packing Juries.

1 *Sher.* Why, Sir, may'nt Citizens be fav'd ?

Grill. Yes, Sir,

From drowning, to be hang'd, burnt, broke o'th' wheel.

1 *Sher.* Colonel, you speak us plain.

Grill. A Plague confound you,

Why should I not? what is there in such Rascals,
Should make me hide my Thought, or hold my tongue ?
Now, in the Devil's Name, what makes you here,
Daubing the Inside of the Court like Snails,
Sliming our Walls, and pricking out your Horns ?
To hear, I warrant, what the King's a doing,
And what the Cabinet-Council, then to th' City,
To spread your monstrous Lyes, and sow Sedition ?
Wild-Fire choak you.

1 *Sher.* Well, we'll think of this,

And so we take our leaves.

Grill. Nay, stay, my Masters ;

For I'm a thinking now just whereabouts.

Grow the two tallest Trees in *Arden* Forest.

1 *Sher.* For what, pray Colonel, if we may be so bold ?

Grill. Why to hang you upon the highest Branches ;
'Fore God it will be so ; and I shall laugh
To see you dangling to and fro i'th' Air,
With the honest Crows picking your Traitor's Limbs.

All. Good Colonel !

Grill. Good Rats, my precious Vermin,
You moving Dirt, you rank stark Muck o'th' World,
You Oven-Bats, you things so far from Souls,
Like Dogs you're out of Providence's reach,
And only fit for hanging: but be gone,
And think of Plunder—You right Elder Sheriff,
Who carv'd our *Henry's* Image on a Table,
At your Club-Feast, and after stabb'd it thro'.

1 *Sher.* Mercy, good Colonel.

Grill. Run with your Noie to Earth,
Run Blood-hound, run, and scent out Royal Murder.
You second Rogue, but equal to the first,
Plunder, go hang, nay take your tackling with you,
For

The Duke of Guise. 37

For these shall hold you fast, your Slaves hang you
To the mid Region in the Sun :

[*Exeunt Sheriffs and People.*

Plunder, be gone Vipers, Asps, and Adders.

Enter Malicorn.

Ha, but here comes a Fiend that soars above
A Prince o'th' Air, that sets the Mud a moving.

Mal. Colonel, a word.

Grill. I hold no speech with Villains.

Mal. But, Sir, it may concern your Fame and Safety.

Grill. No matter, I had rather die traduc'd,
Than live by such a Villain's help as thine.

Mal. Hate then the Traytor, but yet love the Treason.

Grill. Why, are you not a Villain ?

Mal. 'Tis confes'd.

Grill. Then in the name of all thy Brother Devils,
What wouldst thou have with me ?

Mal. I know you're honest,
Therefore it is my business to disturb you.

Grill. 'Fore God I'll beat thee, if thou urge me farther.

Mal. Why tho' you shou'd, yet if you hear me after,
The Pleasure I shall take in your Vexation,
Will heal my Bruises.

Grill. Wert thou definite, Rogue,
I'faith, I think that I should give thee hearing ;
But such a boundless Villany as thine
Admits no Patience.

Mal. Your Niece is come to Court,
And yields her Honour to our *Henry's* Bed.

Grill. Thou'ly'ft, damn'd Villain. [*Strikes him.*

Mal. So, why this I look'd for.
But yet I swear by Hell and my Revenge,
'Tis true, as you have wrong'd me,

Grill. Wrong'd thee, Villain !
And name Revenge ! O wert thou *Grillon's* Match,
And worthy of my Sword, I swear by this,
One had been pass an Oath ; but thou'rt a Worm,
And if I tread thee, dar'ft not turn again.

Mal.

The Duke of Guise.

Mal. 'Tis false, I dare like you, but cannot act ;
 There is no Force in this enervate Arm.
 Blasted I was e'er born, curse on my Stars,
 Got by some Dotard in his pithless Years,
 And sent a wither'd Saplin to the World.
 Yet, I have Brain, and there is my Revenge ;
 Therefore I say again these Eyes have seen
 Thy Blood at Court bright as a Summer's Morn
 When all the Heav'n is streak'd with dappled Fires,
 And fleck'd with Blushes like a rifled Maid ;
 Nay, by the gleamy Fires that melted from her,
 Fast Sighs and Smiles, swollen Lips and heaving Breasts,
 My Soul presages *Henry* has enjoy'd her,

Grill. Again thou ly'st, and I will crumble thee,
 Thou bottled Spider, into thy primitive Earth,
 Unless thou swear thy very Thought's a Lye.

Mal. I stand in Adamant, and thus defy thee ;
 Nay, draw, and with the edge betwixt my Lips,
 Even while thou rak'st it thro' my Teeth, I'll swear
 All I have said is true, as thou art honest,
 Or I a Villain.

Grill. Damn'd infamous Wretch,
 So much below my Scorn, I dare not kill thee ;
 And yet so much my Hate, that I must fear thee.
 For should it be as thou hast said, not all
 The Trophies of my laurel'd Honesty
 Shou'd bar me from forsaking this bad World,
 And never draw my Sword for *Henry* more.

Mal. Ha, 'tis well, and now I am reveng'd.
 I was in hopes thou wouldst have utter'd Treason,
 And forfeited thy Head to pay me fully.

Grill. Hast thou compacted for a Lease of Years
 With Hell, that thus thou ventur'st to provoke me ?

Mal. Perhaps I have : (How right the Blockhead hits)
 Yet more to rack thy Heart, and break thy Brain,
 Thy Niece has been before the *Guise's* Mistress.

Grill. Hell-hound, avant.

Mal. Forgive my honest Meaning. [Exit.

Grill. 'Tis hatch'd beneath, a Plot upon mine Ho-
 And thus he lays his Baits to catch my Soul : (nour,
 Ha !

The Duke of Guise.

39

Ha! but the Prefence opens; who comes here?
By Heav'n my Niece, led by *Alphonso Corso!*

Enter Alphonso, Marmoutier.

Ha, *Malicorn*, is't possible? Truth from thee!
'Tis plain, and I in justifying Woman
Have done the Devil wrong.

Alph. Madam, the King,
Pleafe you to fit, will instantly attend you.

Grill. Death, Hell, and Furies! ha, she comes to seek
O Prostitute! and on her prodigal Flesh (him;
She 'as lavish'd all the Diamonds of the *Guise*
To fet her off, and sell her to the King.

Mar. O Heav'ns! did ever Virgin yet attempt
An Enterprize like mine? I that resolv'd
Never to leave those dear delightful Shades,
But act the little Part that Nature gave me,
On the green Carpets of some guiltless Grove,
And having finish'd it, forsake the World,
Unless sometimes my Heart might entertain
Some small Remembrance of the taking *Guise*:
But that far, far from any darkning Thought,
To cloud my Honour, or eclipse my Virtue.

Grill. Thou ly'st, and if thou hadst not glanc'd aside,
And spy'd me coming, I had had it all.

Mar. By Heav'n, by all that's good——

Grill. Thou hast lost thy Honour.
Give me thy Hand, this Hand by which I caught thee
From the bold Ruffian in the Massacre,
That would have stain'd thy almost Infant Honour
With Lust, and Blood; dost thou remember it?

Mar. I do, and bless the godlike Arm that sav'd me.

Grill. 'Tis false, thou hast forgot my gen'rous Action;
And now thou laugh'st to think how thou hast cheated,
For all his Kindness, this old griled Fool.

Mar. Forbid it, Heav'n!

Grill. But oh, that thou hadst dy'd
Ten Thousand Deaths, e'er blasted *Grillon's* Glory,
Grillon, that sav'd thee from a barb'rous World,

Where

Where thou hadst starv'd, or sold thy self for Bread,
Took thee into his Bosom, foster'd thee
As his own Soul, and lapt thee in his Heart-Strings ;
And now for all my Cares, to serve me thus !
O 'tis too much, ye Powers ! double Confusion
On all my Wars ; and oh, out, shame upon thee,
It wrings the Tears from *Grillon's* iron Heart,
And melts me to a Babe.

Mar. Sir, Father, hear me ;
I come to Court to save the Life of *Guise*.

Grill. And prostitute thy Honour to the King.

Mar. I have look'd, perhaps, too nicely for my Sex,
Into the dark Affairs of fatal State ;
And to advance this dangerous Inquisition,
I listen'd to the Love of daring *Guise*.

Grill. By Arms, by Honesty, I swear thou lov'st him.

Mar. By Heav'n that gave those Arms Success, I
I do not, as you think ; but take it all. (swear
I've heard the *Guise*, not with an Angel's Temper,
Something beyond the Tenderness of Pity ;
And yet not Love.

Now, by the Powers that fram'd me, this is all ;
Nor should the World have wrought this close Confession,
But to rebate your Jealousy of Honour.

Grill. I know not what to say, nor what to think ;
There's Heav'n still in thy Voice, but that's a Sign
Virtue's departing, for thy better Angel
Still makes the Woman's Tongue his rising Ground,
Wags there a while, and takes his flight for ever.

Mar. You must not go.

Grill. Tho' I have Reason, plain
As Day, to judge thee false, I think thee true :
By Heav'n, methinks I see a Glory round thee ;
There's something says thou wilt not lose thy Honour :
Death, and the Devil, that's my own Honesty :
My foolish open Nature, that would have
All like my self ; but off, I'll hence and curse thee.

Mar. O stay !

Grill. I won't.

Mar. Hark, the King's a coming.

Let

The Duke of Guise.

41

Let me conjure you, for your own Soul's Quiet,
And for the everlasting Rest of mine,
Stir not till you have heard my Heart's Design.

Grill. Angel, or Devil, I will—nay, at this rate
She'll make me shortly bring him to her Bed,
Bawd for him? No, he shall make me run my Head
Into a Cannon, when 'tis firing first.
That's honourable Sport; but I'll retire,
And if she play me false, here's that shall mend her.

[*Marmoutier fits. Song and Dance.*

Enter the King.

King. After the breathing of a Love-sick Heart,
Upon your Hand, once more, nay twice, forgive me.

Mar. I discompose you, Sir.

King. Thou dost, by Heav'n;
But with such charming Pleasure,
I love, and tremble, as at Angels view.

Mar. Love me, my Lord?

King. Who shou'd be lov'd, but you?
So lov'd, that even my Crown, and self are vile,
While you are by; try me upon despair,
My Kingdom at the stake, Ambition starv'd;
Revenge forgot, and all great Appetites
That whet uncommon Spirits to aspire;
So once a day I may have leave——
Nay, Madam, then you fear me.

Mar. Fear you, Sir? What is there dreadful in you?
You've all the Graces that can crown Mankind;
Yet wear 'em so, as if you did not know 'em:
So stainless, fearless, free in all your Actions,
As if Heav'n lent you to the World to pattern.

King. Madam, I find you're no Petitioner;
My People wou'd not treat me in this sort,
Tho' 'twere to gain a Part of their Design:
But to the *Guise* they deal their faithless Praise
As fast, as you your Flattery to me;
Tho' for what end I cannot guess, except
You come, like them, to mock at my Misfortunes.

Mar.

The Duke of Guise.

Mar. Forgive you, Heav'n, that Thought : No, mighty Monarch,

The Love of all the Good, and Wonder of the Great ;
I swear, by Heav'n, my Heart adores and loves you.

King. O, Madam, rise.

Mar. Nay, were you, Sir, unthron'd
By this seditious Rout that dare despise you ;
Blast all my Days, ye Powers, torment my Nights ;
Nay, let the Misery invade my Sex
That cou'd not for the Royal Cause, like me,
Throw all their Luxury before your Feet,
And follow you like Pilgrims thro' the World.

Grill. Sound Wind and Limb, 'fore God a gallant Girl.

King. What shall I answer to thee, O thou Balm
To heal a broken, yet a kingly Heart ?
For, so I swear I will be to my last :
Come to my Arms, and be thy *Harry's* Angel,
Shine thro' my Cares, and make my Crown fit easy.

Mar. O never, Sir.

King. What said you, *Marmoutier* ?
Why dost thou turn thy Beauties into Frowns ?

Mar. You know, Sir, 'tis impossible, no more.

King. No more—and with that stern resolv'd Beha-
By Heav'n, were I a dying, and the Priest (viour.
Shou'd urge my last Confession, I'd cry out,
Oh *Marmoutier* ! and yet thou say'st, No more.

Mar. 'Tis well, Sir, I have lost my Aim, farewell.

King. Come back, O stay, my Life flows after you.

Mar. No, Sir, I find I am a trouble to you.
You will not hear my Suit.

King. You cannot go,
You sha'not—O your Suit, I kneel to grant it,
I beg you take whatever you demand.

Mar. Then, Sir, thus low, or prostrate, if you please,
Let me intreat for *Guise*.

King. Ha, Madam, what !
For *Guise* ! for *Guise* ! that stubborn arrogant Rebel,
That laughs at proffer'd Mercy, flights his Pardon,

Mocks

Mocks Royal Grace, and plots upon my Life?
Ha! and do you protect him? then the World
Is sworn to *Henry's* Death: Does Beauty too,
And Innocence it self, conspire against me?
Then let me tamely yield my Glories up,
Which once I vow'd with my drawn Sword to wear
To my last Drop of Blood. Come, *Guise*, come, Cardinal,
All you lov'd Traitors, come—I strip to meet you,
Sheath all your Daggers in curst *Henry's* Heart.

Mar. This I expected, but when you have heard
How far I would intreat your Majesty,
Perhaps you'll be more calm.

King. See, I'm hush'd;
Speak then, how far, Madam, would you command?

Mar. Not to proceed to last Extremities,
Before the Wound is desperate; think alone,
For no Man judges like your Majesty,
Take your own Methods, all the Heads of *France*
Cannot so well advise you, as your self:
Therefore resume, my Lord, your godlike Temper,
Yet do not bear more than a Monarch should:
Believe it, Sir, the more your Majesty
Draws back your Arm, the more of Fate it carries.

King. Thou Genius of my State, thou perfect Mo-
Of Heav'n it self, an Abstract of the Angels, (del
Forgive the late disturbance of my Soul;
I'm clear by Nature, as a Rockless Stream,
But they dig thro' the Gravel of my Heart;
Therefore let me conjure you do not go.
'Tis said the *Guise* will come, in spite of me;
Suppose it possible, and stay to advise me.

Mar. I will, but on your Royal Word, no more.

King. I will be easy
To my last Gasp, as your own Virgin Thoughts,
And never dare to breathe my Passion more;
Yet you'll allow me now and then to sigh
As we discourse, and court you with my Eyes.

Enter

*The Duke of Guise.**Enter Alphonso.*

Why do you wave your Hand,
 And warn me hence ?
 So looks the poor condemn'd,
 When Justice beckons, there's no hope of Pardon.
 Sternly like you the Judge his Victim eyes ;
 And thus, like me, the Wretch despairing dies.
[Exit with Alph.]

Enter Grillon.

Grill. O rare, rare Creature ! by the Power that made
 Wert possible we cou'd be damn'd again (me,
 By some new *Eve*, such Virtue might relieve us ;
 O I cou'd clasp thee, but that my Arms are rough,
 Till all thy Sweets were broke with my Embraces,
 And kifs thy Beauties to a Dissolution.

Mar. Ah Father, Uncle, Brother, all the kin,
 The precious Blood that's left me in the World,
 Believe, dear Sir, whate'er my Actions seem,
 I will not lose my Virtue for a Throne.

Grill. Why, I will carve thee out a Throne my self ;
 I'll hew down all the Commonwealths in *Christendom*,
 And seat thee on their Necks, as high as Heav'n.

Enter Abbot Delbene.

Ab. Colonel, your Ear.

Mar. By these whispering Counsels,
 My Soul presages that the *Guise* is coming :
 If he dares come, were I a Man, a King,
 I'd sacrifice him in the City's fight.
 O Heav'ns ! what was't I said ? Were I a Man,
 I know not that, but as I am a Virgin,
 If I wou'd offer thee, too lovely *Guise*,
 It shou'd be kneeling to the Throne of Mercy.
 Ha ! then thou lov'dst, that thou art thus concern'd ;
 Down, rising Mischief, down, or I will kill thee,
Even

The Duke of Guise.

45

Even in thy Cause, and strangle new-born Pity :
Yet, if he were not married ! ha, what then ?
His Charms prevail ; no, let the Rebel die.
I faint beneath this strong Oppression here,
Reason and Love rend my divided Soul,
Heav'n be the Judge, and still let Virtue conquer ;
Love to his Tune my jarring Heart wou'd bring,
But Reason over-winds and cracks the String. [Exit.

Ab. The King dispatches Order upon Order,
With positive Command to stop his coming.
Yet there is Notice given to the City ;
Besides, *Belleure* brought but a half account,
How that the *Guise* reply'd he would obey
His Majesty in all, yet if he might
Have leave to justify himself before him,
He doubted not his Cause.

Grill. The Ax, the Ax.
Rebellion's pamper'd to a Pleurisy,
And it must bleed. [Shouts within.

Ab. Hark what a Shout was there !
I'll to the King, it may be 'tis reported
On purpose thus. Let there be Truth or Lyes
In this mad Fame, I'll bring you instant Word.
[Exit Abbot.

*Manet Grillon : Enter Guise, Cardinal Mayen, Malicorn,
Attendants, &c. Shouts again.*

Grill. Death and thou Devil *Malicorn*, is that
Thy Master ?

Gui. Yes *Grillon*, 'tis the *Guise*,
One that wou'd court you for a Friend.

Grill. A Friend !
Traitor, thou mean'st, and so I bid thee welcome ;
But since thou art so insolent, thy Blood
Be on thy Head, and fall by me unpitied. [Exit.

Gui. The Bruises of his Loyalty have craz'd him.
[Shouts louder.

Spirit

Spirit within Sings.

Malicorn, Malicorn, Malicorn, ho!
 If the Guise resolves to go,
 I charge, I warn thee let him know,
 Perhaps his Head may lie too low.

Gui. Why, Malicorn?

Mal. (*starting.*) Sir, do not see the King.

Gui. I will.

Mal. 'Tis dangerous.

Gui. Therefore I will see him,
 And so report my Danger to the People.
 Halt to your Judgement, let him, if he dare;
 But more, more, more, why, Malicorn, again?
 I thought a Look with us had been a Language;
 I'll talk my Mind on any Point but this
 By Glances; ha, not yet, thou mak'st me blush
 At thy Delay; why, Man, 'tis more than Life,
 Ambition, or a Crown.

Mal. What, Marmoutier!

Gui. Ay, there a General's Heart beats like a Drum,
 Quick, quick, my Reins, my Back, and Head, and
 Ake, as I'd been a Horse-back forty hours. (*Breast*

Mal. She has seen the King.

Gui. I thought she might. A Trick upon me, well.

Mal. Passion o' both sides.

Gui. His, thou meanest.

Mal. On her's.

Down on her Knees.

Gui. And up again, no matter.

Mal. Now all in Tears, now smiling, sad at parting.

Gui. Dissembled, for she told me this before,

'Twas all put on, that I might hear, and rave.

Mal. And so to make sure Work on't, by Consent
 Of Grillon, who is made their Bawd——

Gui. Away.

Mal. She's lodg'd at Court.

Gui. 'Tis false, they do belye her.

Mal. But, Sir, I saw the Apartment.

Gui.

Gui. What, at Court?

Mal. At Court, and near the King; 'tis true, by Heav'n.
I never play'd you foul, why should you doubt me?

Gui. I wou'd thou hadst e'er thus unmann'd my Heart;
Blood, Battels, Fire and Death! I run, I run,
With this last Blow he drives me like a Coward;
Nay, let me never win a Field again,
If with the Thought of these irregular Vapours,
The Blood han't burst my Lips.

Card. Peace, Brother.

Gui. By Heav'n, I took thee for my Soul's Physician,
And dost thou vomit me with this loath'd Piece?
'Tis contradiction; no, my peaceful Brother,
I'll meet him now, tho' fire-arm'd Cherubins
Shou'd cross my way. O Jealousy of Love!
Greater than Fame; thou eldest of the Passions,
Or rather, all in one, I here invoke thee,
Where-e'er thou'rt thron'd, in Air, in Earth, or Hell,
Wing me to my Revenge, to Blood and Ruin.

Card. Have you no Temper?

Gui. Pray, Sir, give me leave,
A Moment's Thought; ha, but I sweat and tremble,
My Brain runs this and that way, 'twill not fix
On aught but Vengeance; *Malicorn*, call the People.

[*Shouts within.*

But hark, they shout again, I'll on and meet 'em,
Nay, head 'em to his Palace as my Guards;
Yet more, on such exalted Causes born,
I'll wait him in his Cabinet alone,
And look him pale, while in his Courts without
The People shout him dead with their Alarms,
And make his Mistress tremble in his Arms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter King and Council.

[*Shouts without.*

King. What mean these Shouts?

Ab. I told your Majesty,

The

The Duke of Guise.

The Sheriffs have puff'd the Populace with hopes
Of their Deliverer. [Shouts again.]

King. Hark, there rung a Peal
Like Thunder; see *Alphonso* what's the Cause.

Enter Grillon.

Grill. My Lord, the *Guise* is come.

King. Is't possible! ha! *Grillon*, saidst thou, come?

Grill. Why droops the Royal Majesty? O Sir——

King. O Villain, Slave, wert thou my late-born Heir,
Giv'n me by Heav'n, ev'n when I lay a dying;
But Peace, thou festring Thought, and hide thy Wound;
Where is he?

Grill. With her Majesty, your Mother;
She has taken Chair, and he walks bowing by her,
With thirty thousand Rebels at his heels.

King. What's to be done? No pall upon my Spirits;
But he that loves me best, and dares the most
On this nice Point of Empire, let him speak.

Alph. I would advise you, Sir, to call him in,
And kill him instantly upon the spot.

Ab. I like *Alphonso's* Counsel, short, sure Work,
Cut off the Head, and let the Body walk.

Enter Queen-Mother.

Q.M. Sir, the *Guise* waits.

King. He enters on his Fate.

Q.M. Not so, forbear, the City's up in Arms;
Nor doubt, if in their Heat you cut him off,
That they will spare the Royal Majesty.
Once, Sir, let me advise, and rule your Fury.

King. You shall, I'll see him, and I'll spare him now.

Q.M. What will you say?

King. I know not,
Colonel *Grillon*, call the Archers in,
Double your Guards, and strictly charge the *Swiss*
Stand to their Arms, receive him as a Traitor. [Ex. Gri.]

My

My Heart has set thee down, O *Guise*, in Blood,
Blood, Mother, Blood ne'er to be blotted out.

Q.M. Yet you'll relent, when this hot Fit is over.

King. If I forgive him, may I ne'er be forgiven;
No, if I tamely bear such Insolence,
What Act of Treason will the Villain stop at?
Seize me, they've sworn, imprison me's the next,
Perhaps arraign me, and then doom me dead;
But e'er I suffer that, fall all together,
Or rather, on their slaughter'd Heaps erect
Thy Throne, and then proclaim it for Example,
I'm born a Monarch; which implies alone
To wield the Scepter, and depend on none. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Louvre.*

A Chair of State plac'd, the King appears sitting in it; a Table by him on which he leans, Attendants on each side of them: amongst the rest, Abbot, Grillon, and Belleure. The Queen-Mother enters, led by the Duke of Guise, who makes his Approach with three Reverences to the King's Chair; after the third, the King rises, and coming forward, speaks.

King. Sent you word you should not come.



Gui. Sir, that I came——

King. Why, that you came, I see.
Once more, I sent you word, you should
not come.

Gui. Not come to throw my self with all Submission,
Beneath your Royal Feet, to put my Cause
And Person in the hands of Sovereign Justice!

King. Now 'tis with all Submission, that's the Preface,
Yet still you came against my strict Command,

You disobey'd me, Duke, with all Submission.

Gui. Sir, it was the last Necessity that drove me
To clear my self of Calumnies and Slanders,
Much urg'd, but never prov'd against my Innocence;
Yet had I known it was your exprefs Command,
I shou'd not have approach'd.

King. 'Twas as exprefs, as words could signify;
Stand forth *Belleure*, it shall be prov'd you knew it.
Stand forth, and to this false Man's Face declare
Your Message, word for word.

Bell. Sir, thus it was; I met him on the way,
And plain as I could speak, I gave your Orders,
Just in these following Words—

King. Enough, I know you told him;
But he has us'd me long to be contemn'd;
And I can still be patient, and forgive.

Gui. And I can ask Forgiveness when I err;
But let my gracious Master please to know
'The true Intent of my misconstru'd Faith.
Should I not come to vindicate my Fame
From wrong Constructions? And—

King. Come, Duke, you were not wrong'd, your
Conscience knows

You were not wrong'd; were you not plainly told
'That if you dar'd to set your Foot in *Paris*,
You should be held the Cause of all Commotions,
'That shou'd from thence ensue? and yet you came. (me?)

Gui. Sir, will you please with Patience but to hear

King. I will, and wou'd be glad, my Lord of *Guise*,
To clear you to my self.

Gui. I had been told

There were in agitation here at Court,
'Things of the highest note against Religion,
Against the common Properties of Subjects,
And Lives of honest well-affected Men;
I therefore judg'd—

King. Then you it seems are Judge
Betwixt the Prince and People, Judge for them,
And Champion against me?

Gui.

The Duke of Guise.

51

Gui. I fear'd it might be represented so,
And came resolv'd——

King. To head the factious Croud.

Gui. To clear my Innocence.

King. The Means for that,
Had been your Absence from this hot-brain'd Town——
Where you, not I, are King——

I feel my Blood kindling within my Veins,
The Genius of the Throne knocks at my Heart;
Come what may come he dies.

Q.M. stopping the King. What mean you, Sir?
You tremble and look pale, for Heav'n's sake think,
'Tis your own Life you venture, if you kill him..

King. Had I ten thousand Lives, I'd venture all.
Give me way, Madam.

Q.M. Not to your Destruction.
The whole *Parisian* Herd is at your Gates;
A Croud's a Name too small, they are a Nation,
Numberless, arm'd, enrag'd, one Soul informs 'em.

King. And that one Soul's the *Guise*, I'll rend it out,
And damn the Rabble all at once in him.

Gui. [*aside.*] My Fate is i'th' Ballance, Fool within,
I thank thee for thy Foresight.

Q.M. Your Guards oppose 'em.

King. Why not? a Multitude's a bulky Coward.

Q.M. By Heav'n there are not Limbs in all your Guards
For every one a Morfel.

King. *Cæsar* quell'd 'em,
But with a Look a Word.

Q.M. So *Galba* thought.

King. But *Galba* was not *Cæsar*.

Gui. I must not give 'em time for Resolution. [*Aside.*
My Journey, Sir, has discompos'd my Health. [*To the*
I humbly beg your leave I may retire, (*King.*
Till your Commands recall me to your Service. [*Ex. Gui.*

Manent King, Queen-Mother, Grillon, Abbot.

King. So, you have counsell'd well; the Traitor's gone
To mock the Meekness of an injur'd King. [*To Q.M.*

Why did not you, who gave me part of Life,
 Infuse my Father stronger in my Veins?
 But when you kept me coop'd within your Womb,
 You pall'd his generous Blood with the dull Mixture
 Of your *Italian* Food, and milk'd slow Arts
 Of Womanish Tameness in my Infant Mouth:
 Why stood I stupid else, and mis'd a Blow,
 Which Heav'n and daring Folly made so fair?

Q.M. I still maintain 'twas wisely done to spare him.

Grill. A pox o'this unseasonable Wisdom;
 He was a Fool to come; if so, then they
 Who let him go, were somewhat.

King. Th'Event, th'Event will shew us what we were.
 For like a blazing Meteor hence he shot,
 And drew a sweeping fiery Train along.
 O *Paris, Paris*, once my Seat of Triumph,
 But now the Scene of all thy King's Misfortunes,
 Ungrateful, perjurd, and disloyal Town,
 Which by my Royal Presence I have warm'd
 So long, that now the Serpent hisses out,
 And shakes his forked Tongue at Majesty.
 While I——

Q.M. While you lose time in idle Talk,
 And use no means for Safety and Prevention.

King. What can I do? O Mother, *Abböt, Grillon!*
 All dumb! nay, then 'tis plain my Cause is desperate.
 Such an o'erwhelming Ill makes Grief a Fool,
 As if Redress were past.

Grill. I'll go to the next Sheriff,
 And beg the first Reversion of a Rope;
 Dispatch is all my Business, I'll hang for you.

Abb. 'Tis not so bad, as vainly you surmise;
 Some space there is, some little space, some steps
 Betwixt our Fate and us; our Foes are powerful,
 But yet not arm'd, nor martial'd into Order:
 Believe it, Sir, the *Guise* will not attempt,
 'Till he have roll'd his Snow-ball to a heap.

King. So then, my Lord, we're a Day off from Death,
 What shall to-morrow do?

Abb. To-morrow, Sir,
If Hours between slide not too idly by,
You may be Master of their Destiny,
Who now dispose so loftily of your's.
Not far without the Suburbs there are quarter'd
Three thousand *Swiss*, and two *French* Regiments.

King. Wou'd they were here, and I were at their Head.

Q.M. Send *Mareschal Byron* to lead 'em up.

King. It shall be so, by Heav'n there's Life in this ;
The wrack of Clouds is driving on the Winds,
And shows a break of Sun-shine.
Go, *Grillon*, give my Orders to *Byron*,
And see your Soldiers well dispos'd within,
For safeguard of the *Louvre*.

Q.M. One thing more,
The *Guise* (his Bus'ness not yet fully ripe)
Will treat at least for show of Loyalty ;
Let him be met with the same Arts he brings.

King. I know he'll make exorbitant Demands,
But here your part of me will come in play ;
Th' *Italian* Soul shall teach me how to sooth :
Ev'n *Jove* must flatter with an empty Hand,
'Tis time to thunder when he gripes the Brand. [*Ex.*

A Night. SCENE.

Enter Malicorn.

Mal. Thus far the Cause of God : but God's or Devil's,
I mean my Master's Cause, and mine succeed :
What shall the *Guise* do next ? [*A flash of Lightning.*

Enter the Spirit Melanax.

Mel. First seize the King, and after murder him.

Mal. Officious Fiend, thou com'st uncall'd to-night.

Mel. Always uncall'd, and still at hand for Mischief.

Mal. ——— But why in this fanatick Habit, Devil?
Thou look'st like one that preaches to the Croud ;

Gospel is in thy Face, and outward Garb,
And Treason on thy Tongue.

Mel. Thou hast me right,
Ten thousand Devils more are in this Habit,
Saintship and Zeal are still our best Disguise:
We mix unknown with the hot thoughtless Croud,
And quoting Scriptures, which too well we know,
With impious Glosses ban the holy Text,
And make it speak Rebellion, Schism, Murder;
So turn the Arms of Heav'n against it self.

Mal. What makes the Curate of St. *Eustace* here?

Mel. Thou art mistaken, Master, 'tis not he,
But 'tis a zealous, godly, canting Devil,
Who has assum'd the Churchman's lucky Shape,
To talk the Croud to Madness, and Rebellion.

Mal. O true Enthusiastick Devil, true!
For Lying is thy Nature, ev'n to me:
Didst thou not tell me, if my Lord the *Guise*
Enter'd the Court, his Head shou'd lie too low?
That was a Lye; he went, and is return'd.

Mel. 'Tis false; I said, perhaps it should lie low.
And, but I chill'd the Blood in *Henry's* Veins,
And cramm'd a thousand ghastly, frightful Thoughts,
Nay, thrust 'em foremost in his lab'ring Brain,
Ev'n so it wou'd have been.

Mal. Thou hast deserv'd me,
And I am thine, dear Devil; what do we next?

Mel. I said, First seize the King.

Mal. Suppose it done,
He's clapt within a Convent, shorn a Saint,
My Master mounts the Throne.

Mel. Not so fast, *Malicorn*;
Thy Master mounts not till the King be slain.

Mal. Not when depos'd?

Mel. He cannot be depos'd.
He may be kill'd, a violent Fate attends him;
But at his Birth there shone a Regal Star.

Mal. My Master had a stronger.

Mel. No, not a stronger, but more popular:
Their Births were full oppos'd, the *Guise* now strongest,
But

The Duke of Guise.

55

But if th' ill Influence pass o'er *Harry's* Head,
As in a Year it will, *France* ne'er shall boast
A greater King than he; now cut him off,
While yet his Stars are weak.

Mal. Thou talk'st of Stars:
Canst thou not see more deep into Events,
And by a surer way?

Mel. No, *Malicorn*,
The ways of Heav'n are broken since our Fall,
Gulph beyond Gulph, and never to be shot:
Once we cou'd read our mighty Maker's Mind,
As in a Crystal Mirror, see th' Ideas
Of things that always are, as he is always:
Now shut below in this dark Sphere,
By second Causes dimly we may guess,
And peep far off on Heav'n's revolving Orbs,
Which cast obscure Reflections from the Throne.

Mal. Then tell me thy Surmises of the future.

Mel. I took the Revolution of the Year,
Just when the Sun was entering the Ram:
Th' ascending Scorpion poison'd all the Sky,
A sign of deep Deceit and Treachery,
Full on his Cup his angry Master sat,
Conjoin'd with *Saturn*, baleful both to Man:
Of secret Slaughters, Empires overturn'd,
Strife, Blood, and Massacres, expect to hear,
And all th' Events of an ill-omen'd Year.

Mal. Then flourish Hell, and mighty Mischief reign,
Mischief to some, to others must be good;
But hark, for now tho' 'tis the dead of Night,
When Silence broods upon our darken'd World,
Methinks I hear the murmuring hollow Sound,
Like the deaf Chimes of Bells in Steeples touch'd.

Mel. 'Tis truly guess'd:
But know, 'tis from no nightly Sexton's hand,
There's not a damned Ghost, nor hell-born Fiend,
That can from Limbo scape, but hither flies,
With leathern Wings they beat the dusky Skies.
To sacred Churches all in swarms repair,

Some croud the Spires, but most the hallow'd Bells,
 And softly toll for Souls departing Knells;
 Each Chime, thou hear'st, a future Death foretels. }
 Now there they perch to have 'em in their Eyes,
 'Till all go loaded to the nether Skies.

Mal. To-morrow then.

Mel. To-morrow let it be:

Or thou deceiv'st those hungry gaping Fiends,
 And *Beelzebub* will rage.

Mal. Why *Beelzebub*? hast thou not often said,
 That *Lucifer's* your King?

Mel. I told thee true:

But *Lucifer*, as he who foremost fell,
 So now lies lowest in th' Abyss of Hell;
 Chain'd till the dreadful Doom, in place of whom
 Sits *Beelzebub*, Vicegerent of the Damn'd,
 Who listning downward hears his roaring Lord,
 And executes his Purpose. - But no more,
 The Morning creeps behind yon Eastern Hill;
 And now the Guard is mine, to drive the Elves
 And foolish Fairies from their Moon-light Play,
 And iash the Lagers from the sight of Day. [*Descends.*]

Enter Guise, Mayenne, Cardinal, and Archbishop.

May. Sullen, methinks, and slow the Morning breaks,
 As if the Sun were listless to appear,
 And dark Designs hung heavy on the Day.

Gui. Y'are an old Man too soon, y'are superstitious,
 I'll trust my Stars, I know 'em now by proof,
 The Genius of the King bends under mine:
 Inviron'd with his Guards, he durst not touch me;
 But aw'd and craven'd as he had been spell'd,
 Would have pronounc'd, Go kill the *Guise*, and durst not.

Card. We have him in our power, coopt in his Court.
 Who leads the first Attack? Now by yon Heav'n—
 That blushes at my Scarlet Robes, I'll doff
 This womanish Attire of Godly Peace,
 And cry, Lie there, Lord Cardinal of *Guise*.

Gui.

The Duke of Guise.

57

Gui. As much too hot, as *Mayenne* too cool,
But 'tis the manlier Fault o'th' two.

Archb. Have you not heard the King, preventing
Receiv'd the Guards into the City Gates, (Day
The jolly *Swiffes* marching to their Fifes?
The Croud stood gaping, heartless, and amaz'd,
Shrunk to their Shops, and left the Passage free.

Gui. I would it should be so, 'twas a good horror,
First let 'em fear for Rapes, and ranfack'd Houses;
That very fright, when I appear to head 'em,
Will harden their soft City Courages:
Cold Burghers must be struck, and struck like Flints,
E'er their hid Fire will sparkle.

Archb. I am glad the King has introduc'd these
Car. Your Reason. (Guards.

Archb. They are too few for us to fear.
Our Numbers in old martial Men are more,
The City not cast in; but the pretence
That hither they are brought to bridle *Paris*,
Will make this Rising pass for just Defence.

May. Suppose the City should not rise.

Gui. Suppose as well the Sun should never rise:
He may not rise, for Heav'n may play a trick;
But he has risen from *Adam's* time to ours.
Is nothing to be left to noble Hazard?
No Venture made, but all dull Certainty?
By Heav'n I'll tug with *Harry* for a Crown,
Rather than have it on tame Terms of yielding.
I scorn to poach for Power.

Enter a Servant, who whispers Guise.

A Lady, say'st thou, young, and beautiful,
Brought in a Chair?

Conduct her in——

[Exit Servant]

Card. You wou'd be left alone?

Gui. I wou'd: Retire.

Re-enter Servant with Marmoutier, and Exit.

Is't possible, I dare not trust my Eyes: [*Starting back.*
You are not *Marmoutier!*

Mar. What am I then?

Gui. Why, any thing but she:

What should the Mistrets of a King do here?

Mar. Find him who wou'd be Master of a King.

Gui. I sent not for you, Madam.

Mar. I think, my Lord, the King sent not for you.

Gui. Do you not fear your Vifit will be known?

Mar. Fear is for guilty Men, Rebels and Traytors;
Where-e'er I go, my Virtne is my Guard.

Gui. What Devil has sent thee here to plague my
O that I cou'd detest thee now as much (Soul?)

As ever I have lov'd, nay, even as much

As yet in spite of all thy Crimes I love:

But 'tis a Love so mix'd with dark Despair,

The Smoke and Soot smother the rising Flame,

And make my Soul a Furnace: Woman, Woman,

What can I call thee more? if Devil, 'twere less.

Sure thine's a Race was never got by *Adam*;

But *Eve* play'd false, engend'ring with the Serpent,

Her own part worse than his.

Mar. Then they got Traytors.

Gui. Yes, Angel-Traytors, fit to shine in Palaces,
Fork'd into Ills, and split into Deceits;

Two in their very frame: 'twas well, 'twas well,

I saw not thee at Court, thou Basilisk;

For if I had, those Eyes, without his Guards,

Had done the Tyrant's work.

Mar. Why then, it seems,

I was not false in all; I told you, *Guise*,

If you left *Paris*, I would go to Court:

You see I kept my Promise.

Gui. Still thy Sex:

Once true in all thy Life, and that for Mischief.

Mar. Have I said I lov'd you?

Gui.

Gui. Stab on, stab,
'Tis plain you love the King.

Mar. Nor him, nor you,
In that unlawful way you seem to mean.
My Eyes had once so far betray'd my Heart,
As to distinguish you from common Men;
Whate'er you said, or did, was charming all. (ing.

Gui. But yet, it seems, you found a King more charm-

Mar. I do not say more charming, but more noble,
More truly royal, more a King in Soul,
Than you are now in Wishes.

Gui. May be so:
But Love has oil'd your Tongue to run so glib,
Curse on your Eloquence.

Mar. Curse not that Eloquence, that sav'd your Life:
For when your wild Ambition, which defy'd
A Royal Mandate, hurried you to Town;
When over-weening Pride of Popular Power,
Had thrust you headlong in the *Louvre* Toils,
Then had you dy'd: For know, my haughty Lord,
Had I not been, offended Majesty
Had doom'd you to the Death you well deserv'd.

Gui. Then was't not *Henry's* Fear preserv'd my Life?

Mar. You know him better, or you ought to know him:
He's born to give you Fear, not to receive it.

Gui. Say this again, but add you gave not up
Your Honour as a Ransom of my Life;
For if you did, 'twere better I had dy'd.

Mar. And so it were.

Gui. Why said you, so it were?
For tho' 'tis true, methinks 'tis much unkind.

Mar. My Lord, we are not now to talk of Kindness;
If you acknowledge I have sav'd your Life,
Be grateful in return, and do an Act
Your Honour, tho' unask'd by me, requires.

Gui. By Heav'n, and you whom next to Heav'n I
(If I said more, I fear I should not lye) (love,
I'll do whate'er my Honour will permit.

Mar. Go throw your self at *Henry's* Royal Feet,
And rise not, 'till approv'd a Loyal Subject.

Gui.

The Duke of Guise.

Gui. A duteous loyal Subject I was ever.

Mar. I'll put it short, my Lord, depart from *Paris*.

Gui. I cannot leave

My Country, Friends, Religion, all at stake;
Be wise, and be before-hand with your Fortune;
Prevent the turn, forsake the ruin'd Court;
Stay here, and make a Merit of your Love.

Mar. No, I'll return, and perish in those Ruins;
I find thee now, ambitious, faithless *Guise*:
Farewel the basest, and the worst of Men.

Gui. Stay, or—O Heav'n! I'll force you: stay—

Mar. I do believe

So ill of you, so villainously ill,
That if you durst you would:
Honour you've little, Honesty you've less;
But Conscience you have none.
Yet there's a thing call'd Fame, and Mens Esteem,
Preserves me from your Force; once more farewel:
Look on me, *Guise*, thou seest me now the last,
Tho' Treason urge not Thunder on thy Head,
This once departing Glance shall flash thee dead. [*Exit.*]

Gui. Ha! said she true? have I so little Honour?
Why then a Prize so easy, and so fair,
Had never 'scap'd my Gripe: but mine she is,
For that's set down as sure as *Harry's* Fall.
But my Ambition, that she calls my Crime:
False, false, by Fate, my Right was born with me,
And Heav'n confess'd it in my Frame;
The Fires that would have form'd ten thousand Angels,
Were cram'd together for my single Soul.

Enter Malicorn.

Mal. My Lord, you trifle precious Hours away,
The Heav'ns look gaudily upon your Greatness,
And the crown'd Moments court you as they fly;
Brisack and the fierce *Aumale* have pent the *Swiss*,
And folded 'em like Sheep in holy Ground,
Where now with order'd Pikes, and Colours furl'd,
They

The Duke of Guise. 61

They wait the Word that dooms 'em all to die :
Come forth and bleſs the Triumph of the Day.

Gui. So flight a Victory requir'd not me :
I but ſat ſtill, and nodded like a God
My World into Creation; now 'tis Time
To walk abroad, and careleſly ſurvey
How the dull Matter does the Form obey.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Citizens, and Melanax in his ſanatick Habit
at the Head of 'em.*

Mel. Hold, hold a little, Fellow-Citizens, and you
Gentlemen of the Rabble; a word of godly Exhortation
to ſtrengthen your Hands, e'er you give the Onſet.

1 Cit. Is this a time to make Sermons? I wou'd not
hear the Devil now, tho' he ſhould come in God's name
to preach Peace to us.

2 Cit. Look you, Gentlemen, Sermons are not to be
deſpis'd, we have all profited by godly Sermons that pro-
mote Sedition. Let the precious Man hold forth.

Omnes. Let him hold forth, let him hold forth.

Mel. To promote Sedition is my Buſineſs: It has
been ſo before any of you were born, and will be ſo
when you are all dead and damn'd; I have led on the
Rabble in all Ages.

1 Cit. That's a Lye, and a loud one.

2 Cit. He has led the Rabble both old and young, that's
all Ages: A heav'nly ſweet Man, I warrant him, I
have ſeen him ſomewhere in a Pulpit.

Mel. I've ſown Rebellion every where.

1 Cit. How, every where? That's another Lye: How
far have you travell'd, Friend?

Mel. Over all the World.

1 Cit. That's a Rapper.

2 Cit. I ſay, no: For, look you Gentlemen, if he
has been a Traveller, he certainly ſays true, for he may
lye by Authority.

Mel. That the Rabble may depoſe their Prince, has in
all Times, and in all Countries, been accounted lawful.

1 Cit.

1 *Cit.* That's the first true Syllable he has utter'd: But as how, and whereby, and when may they depose him?

Mel. Whenever they have more Power to depose, than he has to oppose; and this they may do upon the least occasion.

1 *Cit.* Sirrah, you mince the Matter; you should say, we may do it upon no occasion, for the less the better.

Mel. Aside. Here's a Rogue now will out-shoot the Devil in his own Bow.

2 *Cit.* Some Occasion, in my mind, were not amiss: For, look you Gentlemen, if we have no occasion, then we have no occasion whereby to depose him; and therefore either Religion or Liberty, I stick to those occasions: For when they are gone, Good-night to Godliness and Freedom.

Mel. When the most are of one side, as that's our Case, we are always in the Right; for they that are in Power will ever be the Judges: So that if we say, White is Black, poor White must lose the Cause, and put on Mourning; for White is but a single Syllable, and we are a whole Sentence: Therefore go on boldly, and lay on resolutely, for your solemn League and Covenant; and if here be any squeamish Conscience who fears to fight against the King, tho' I that have known you Citizens these thousand Years suspect not any, let such understand, That his Majesty's politick Capacity is to be distinguish'd from his natural; and tho' you murder him in one, you may preserve him in the other: and so much for this time, because the Enemy is at hand.

2 *Cit.* [*Looking out.*] Look you, Gentlemen, 'tis Grillon the fierce Colonel, he that devours our Wives, and ravishes our Children.

1 *Cit.* He looks so grum, I don't care to have to do with him; wou'd I were safe in my Shop behind the Compter.

2 *Cit.* And wou'd I were under my Wife's Petticoats. Look you, Gentlemen.

Mel. You, Neighbour, behind your Compter, yesterday paid a Bill of Exchange in Glass *Louis d'ors*; and
you,

The Duke of Guise.

63

you, Friend, that cry, Look you Gentlemen, this very Morning was under another Woman's Petticoats, and not your Wife's.

2 *Cit.* How the Devil does he know this?

Mel. Therefore fight lustily for the Cause of Heav'n, and to make even Tallies for your Sins, which that you may do with a better Conscience, I absolve you both, and all the rest of you: Now go on merrily, for those that escape shall avoid killing; and those who do not escape, I will provide for in another World.

[*Cry within on the other side of the Stage, Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy.*

Enter Grillon, and his Party.

Grill. Come on, Fellow-Soldiers, *Commilitones*, that's my Word, as 'twas *Julius Cæsar's* of Pagan Memory; 'fore God I am no Speech-maker, but there are the Rogues, and here's Bilbo, that's a Word and a Blow, we must either cut their Throats, or they cut ours, that's pure Necessity for your comfort: Now if any Man can be so unkind to his own Body, for I meddle not with your Souls, as to stand still like a good Christian, and offer his Weeson to a Butcher's Whittle, I say no more, but that he may be sav'd, and that's the best can come on him.

[*Cry on both Sides, Vive le Roy, Vive Guise. They fight.*

Mel. Hey for the Duke of Guise and Property, up with Religion and the Cause, and down with those arbitrary Rogues there: Stand to't, you associated Cuckolds.

[*Citizens go back.*

O Rogues, O Cowards, damn these half-strain'd Shopkeepers, got between Gentlemen and City-Wives, how naturally they quake, and run away from their own Fathers? twenty Souls a Penny were a dear Bargain of 'em.

[*They all run off, Melanax with them, the 1 and 2 Citizens taken.*

Grill. Possess yourselves of the Place, *Maubert*,
And hang me up those two Rogues for an Example.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* O spare me, sweet Colonel, I am but a young Beginner, and new set up.

Grill. I'll be your Customer, and set you up a little Go hang him at the next Sign-post: (better, Sirrah; What have you to say for yourself, Scoundrel? Why were you a Rebel?

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, 'twas out of no ill Meaning to the Government; all that I did was pure Obedience to my Wife.

Grill. Nay, if thou hast a Wife that wears the Breeches, Thou shalt be condemn'd to live: Get thee home for a hen-peck'd Traytor—— What, are we encompass'd? Nay, then face this way; We'll sell our Skins to the fairest Chapmen.

Enter Aumale and Soldiers on the one side, Citizens on the other. Grillon and his Party are disarm'd.

1 *Cit.* Bear away that bloody-minded Colonel, and hang him up at the next Sign-post: Nay, when I am in Power, I can make Examples too.

Omnes. Tear him piece-meal, tear him piece-meal.

[*Pull and hale him.*

Grill. Rogues, Villains, Rebels, Traitors, Cuckolds; 'fswounds what do you make of a Man? Do you think Legs and Arms are strung upon a Wire, like a Jointed-Baby? Carry me off quickly, you were best, and hang me decently, according to my first Sentence.

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, you are too bulky to be carried off all at once, a Leg or an Arm is one Man's Burden: Give me a little Finger for a Sample of him, whereby I'll carry it for a Token to my sovereign Lady.

Grill. 'Tis too little, in all Conscience for her; Take a bigger Token, Cuckold. *Et tu Brute*, whom I O the Conscience of a Shopkeeper! (sav'd;

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, for your saving me, I thank you heartily, whereby that Debt's paid; but for your speaking Treason against my anointed Wife, that's a new Reckoning between us.

Enter

The Duke of Guise: 65

Enter Guise with a General's Staff in his hand, Mayenne, Cardinal, Archbishop, Malicorn, and Attendants.

Omnes. Vive *Guise*.

Gui. I thank you, Countrymen, the hand of Heav'n
[*Bowing and Bareheaded.*]

In all our Safeties has appear'd this Day,
Stand on your Guard, and double every Watch,
But stain your Triumph with no Christian Blood,
French we are all, and Brothers of a Land.

Card. What mean you, Brother, by this godly Talk,
Of sparing Christian Blood? why these are Dogs:
Now by the Sword that cut off *Malchus'* Ear,
Mere Dogs, that neither can be sav'd nor damn'd.

Archb. Where have you learnt to spare inveterate Foes?

Gui. You know the Book.

Archb. And can expound it too:

But Christian Faith was in the Nonage then,
And *Roman* Heathens lorded o'er the World:
What Madness were it for the Weak and Few,
To fight against the Many and the Strong?
Grillon must die, so must the Tyrant's Guards,
Lest gathering head again, they make more Work.

Mal. My Lord, the People must be flesh'd in Blood,
To teach 'em the true Relish, dip 'em with you—
Or they'll perhaps repent

Gui. You are Fools! to kill 'em were to shew I fear'd
The Court disarm'd, disheartned, and besieg'd, ('em:
Are all as much within my power, as if
I grip'd 'em in my Fist.

May. 'Tis rightly judg'd:
And let me add, who heads a popular Cause,
Must prosecute that Cause by popular Ways;
So whether you are merciful or no,
You must affect to be.

Gui. Dismiss those Prisoners; *Grillon*, you are free,
I do not ask your Love, be still my Foe.

Grill. I will be so: But let me tell you, *Guise*,
As this was greatly done, 'twas proudly too;

I'll give you back your Life when next we meet,
'Till then I am your Debtor.

Gui. That's 'till Doom's-day.

[*Grillon and his Exeunt one way, Rabble the other.*

Haste, Brother, draw out fifteen thousand Men,
Surround the *Louvre*, lest the Prey should 'scape.
I know the King will fend to treat,
We'll set the Dice on him in high Demands,
No less than all his Offices of Trust,
He shall be par'd, and canton'd out, and clip'd,
So long he shall not pass.

Card. What do we talk

Of paring, clipping, and such tedious Work,
Like those who hang their Noses o'er a Potion,
And qualm, and keck, and take it down by Sips?

Archb. Best make advantage of this popular Rage,
Let in th' o'erwhelming Tide on *Harry's* Head.
In that promiscuous Fury who shall know,
Among a thousand Swords, who kill'd the King?

Mar. O my dear Lord, upon this only Day
Depends the Series of your following Fate:
Think your good Genius has assum'd my Shape,
In this Prophetick Doom.

Gui. Peace, croaking Raven,
I'll seize him first, then make him a led Monarch;
I'll be declar'd Lieutenant-General,
Amidst the three Estates that represent
The glorious, full, majestick Face of *France*,
Which in his own despite the King shall call:
So let him reign my Tenant during Life,
His Brother of *Navarre* shut out for ever,
Branded with Heresy, and barr'd from Sway,
That when *Valois* consum'd in Ashes lies,
The *Phœnix* Race of *Charlemain* may rise.. [Exeunt.

S C E N E

S C E N E, *The Louvre.*

Enter King, Queen-Mother, Abbot, Grillon.

King. Dismist with such Contempt?

Grill. Yes, faith, we past like beaten *Romans* underneath the Fork

King. Give me my Arms.

Grill. For what?

King. I'll lead you on.

Grill. You are a true Lion, but my Men are Sheep;
If you run first, I'll swear they'll follow you.

King. What all turn'd Cowards? Not a Man in *France*,
Dares set his Foot by mine, and perish by me? (ing.)

Grill. Troth, I can't find 'em much inclin'd to perish-

King. What can be left in Danger, but to dare?
No matter for my Arms, I'll go barefac'd,
And seize the first bold Rebel that I meet.

Ab. There's something of Divinity in Kings,
That sits between their Eyes, and guards their Life.

Grill. True, Abbot, but the mischief is, you Church-
Can see that something farther than the Croud; (men
These Musquet Bullets have not read much Logick,
Nor are they given to make your nice Distinctions:

[*One enters, and gives the Queen a Note, she reads.*
One of 'em possibly may hit the King
In some one part of him that's not divine;
And so the mortal part of his Majesty wou'd draw
The Divinity of it into another World, sweet Abbot.

Q. M. 'Tis equal Madnes to go out or stay:
The Reverence due to Kings is all transferr'd
To haughty *Guise*, and when new Gods are made,
The old must quit the Temple; you must fly.

King. Death, had I Wings, yet I would scorn to fly.

Grill. Wings, or no Wings, is not the Question:
If you won't fly for't, you must ride for't,
And that comes much to one.

King. Forfake my regal Town!

Q. M. Forfake a Bedlam!

This

This Note informs me, fifteen thousand Men
Are marching to enclose the *Louvre* round.

Ab. The Business then admits no more dispute ;
You, Madam, must be pleas'd to find the *Guise*,
Seem easy, fearful, yielding, what you will ;
But still prolong the Treaty all you can,
To gain the King more Time for his Escape.

Q. M. I'll undertake it—Nay, no Thanks, my Son,
My Blessing shall be given in your Deliverance ;
That once perform'd, their Web is all unravel'd,
And *Guise* is to begin his Work again. [Exit *Q. M.*

King. I go this Minute.

Enter Marmoutier.

Nay then, another Minute must be given.
O how I blush, that thou shouldst see the King
Do this low Act, that lessens all his Fame :
Death, must a Rebel force me from my Love !
If it must be —

Mar. It must not, cannot be.

Grill. No, nor shall not, Wench, as long as my Soul
wears a Body.

King. Secure in that, I'll trust thee ; shall I trust thee ?
For Conquerors have Charms, and Women Frailty :
Farewel, thou mayst behold me King again,
My Soul's not yet depos'd, why then Farewel,
I'll say't as comfortably as I can :
But oh, curs'd *Guise*, for pressing on my Time,
And cutting off ten thousand more Adieus.

Mar. The Moments that retard your Flight are Tray-
Make haste, my royal Master, to be safe, (tors.
And save me with you, for I'll share your Fate.

King. Wilt thou go too ?
Then I am reconcil'd to Heav'n again :
O welcome, thou good Angel of my Way,
Thou Pledge and Omen of my safe Return :
Not *Greece*, nor hostile *Juno* cou'd destroy
The Hero that abandon'd burning *Troy*,

He

The Duke of Guise. 69


He 'scap'd the Dangers of the dreadful Night,
When loaded with his Gods he took his Flight.
[*Ex. King leading her.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Castle of Blois.*

Enter Grillon, and Alphonso Corfo.

Grill.  Welcome, Colonel, welcome to *Blois*.

Alph. Since last we parted at the
Barricadoes,

The World's turn'd upside up.

Grill. No, faith, 'tis better, now 'tis
downside up;

Our Part of the Wheel is rising, tho' but slowly.

Alph. Who look'd for an Assembly of the States?

Grill. When the King was escap'd from *Paris*, and
got out of thy Toils, 'twas time for the *Guise* to take 'em
down, and pitch others, that is, to treat for the Calling
of a Parliament, where being sure of the major Part, he
might get by Law what he had missed by Force.

Alph. But why should the King assemble the States, to
satisfy the *Guise* after so many Affronts?

Grill. For the same Reason that a Man in a Duel says
he has received Satisfaction, when he is first wounded,
and afterwards disarm'd. *(ris?)*

Alph. But why this Parliament at *Blois*, and not at *Pa-*

Grill. Because no Barricado's have been made at *Blois*:
This *Blois* is a very little Town, and the King can draw
it after him.

But *Paris* is a damn'd unwieldy Bulk, and when the
Preachers draw against the King, a Parson in a Pulpit
is a devilish Fore-horse.

Besides, I found in that Insurrection, what dangerous
Beasts these Townsmen are; I tell you, Colonel, a Man
had

had better deal with ten of their Wives, than with one zealous Citizen.

O your inspir'd Cuckold is most implacable.

Alph. Is there any seeming Kindness between the King and the Duke of *Guise* ?

Grill. Yes, most wonderful : they are as dear to one another, as an old Usurer and a rich young Heir upon a Mortgage. The King is very loyal to the *Guise*, and the *Guise* is very gracious to the King : Then the Cardinal of *Guise* and the Archbishop of *Lions*, are the two Pendants that are always hanging at the royal Ear : They ease his Majesty of all the Spiritual Business, and the *Guise* of all the Temporal ; so that the King is certainly the happiest Prince in *Christendom*, without any Care upon him : So yielding up every thing to his loyal Subjects, that he's infallibly in the way of being the greatest and most glorious King in all the World.

Alph. Yet I have heard, he made a sharp reflecting Speech upon their Party at the Opening of the Parliament, admonish'd Men of their Duties, pardon'd what was past, but seem'd to threaten Vengeance if they persisted for the future.

Grill. Yes, and then they all took the Sacrament together : He promising to unite himself to them, and they to obey him, according to the Laws : yet the very next Morning they went on, in pursuance of their old Commonwealth Designs, as violently as ever.

Alph. Now I am dull enough to think they have broken their Oaths.

Grill. Ay, but you are but one private Man, and they are the Three States ; and if they vote that they have not broken their Oaths, who is to be Judge ?

Alph. There's one above.

Grill. I hope you mean in Heaven, or else you are a bolder Man than I am in Parliament-time ; but here comes the Master and my Neice.

Alph. Heaven preserve him, if a Man may pray for him without Treason.

Grill. O yes, you may pray for him ; the Preachers of the *Guise's* Side do that most formally ; Nay, you may
be

The Duke of Guise. 71

be suffer'd civilly to drink his Health, be of the Court, and keep a Place of Profit under him : For, in short, 'tis a judg'd Case of Conscience, to make your best of the King, and to side against him.

Enter King and Marmoutier.

King. *Grillon*, be near me,
There's something for my Service to be done,
Your Orders will be sudden, now withdraw.

Grill. aside. Well, I dare trust my Neice, even tho' she comes of my own Family ; but if she cuckolds my good Opinion of her Honesty, there's a whole Sex fall'n under a general Rule, without one Exception.

[*Exeunt Grill. and Alph.*

Mar. You bid my Uncle wait you.

King. Yes.

Mar. This Hour.

King. I think it was.

Mar. Something of Moment hangs upon this Hour.

King. Not more on this, than on the next, and next,
My Time is all ta'en up on Usury ;
I never am beforehand with my Hours,
But every one has Work before it comes.

Mar. There's something for my Service to be done,
Those were your Words.

King. And you desire their Meaning.

Mar. I dare not ask, and yet perhaps may guess.

King. 'Tis searching there where Heav'n can only pry,
Not Man, who knows not Man, but by surmise :
Nor Devils nor Angels of a purer Mould,
Can trace the winding Labyrinths of Thought.
I tell thee, *Marmoutier*, I never speak,
Not when alone, for fear some Fiend should hear,
And blab my Secrets out.

Mar. You hate the *Guise*.

King. True, I did hate him.

Mar. And you hate him still.

King. I am reconcil'd.

Mar.

Mar. Your Spirit is too high;
Great Souls forgive not Injuries, 'till Time
Has put their Enemies into their Power,
That they may shew Forgiveness is their own;
For else, 'tis fear to punish that forgives:
The Coward, not the King.

King. He has submitted.

Mar. In shew, for in effect he still insults.

King. Well, Kings must bear sometimes.

Mar. They must, 'till they can shake their Burden off,
And that's, I think, your Aim.

King. Mistaken still:

All Favours, all Preferments pass through them;
I'm pliant, and they mould me as they please.

Mar. These are your Arts to make them more secure,
Just so your Brother us'd the Admiral.

Brothers may think, and act like Brothers too.

King. What said you, ha! what mean you, *Marmoutier*?

Mar. Nay, what mean you? That Start betray'd you,

King. This is no Vigil of St. *Bartolomew*, (Sir,
Nor is *Blois Paris*.

Mar. 'Tis an open Town.

King. What then?

Mar. Where you are strongest.

King. Well, what then?

Mar. No more, but you have Power, and are provok'd.

King. O! thou hast set thy Foot upon a Snake,
Get quickly off, or it will sting thee dead.

Mar. Can I unknow it?

King. No, but keep it secret.

Mar. Think, Sir, your Thoughts are still as much your
As when you kept the Key of your own Breast: (own,
But since you let me in, I find it fill'd

With Death and Horror; you would murder *Guise*.

King. Murder! what Murder! use a softer Word,
And call it Sovereign Justice.

Mar. Wou'd I cou'd:

But Justice bears the godlike Shape of Law,
And Law requires Defence, an equal Plea
Betwixt th' Offender and the righteous Judge.

King.

King. Yes, when th' Offender can be judg'd by Law;
But when his Greatness overturns the Scales,
Then Kings are Justice in the last Appeal,
And forc'd by strong Necessity may strike:
In which indeed they assert the Publick Good,
And like sworn Surgeons, lop the gangeen'd Limb;
Unpleasant wholesome Work.

Mar. If this be needful.

King. Ha, didst not thou thy self, in fathoming
The Depth of my Designs, drop there the Plummets?
Didst thou not say, Affronts, so great, so publick,
I never could forgive?

Mar. I did, but yet——

King. What means but yet? 'Tis Evidence so full,
If the last Trumpet sounded in my Ears,
Undaunted I should meet the Saints half way;
And in the face of Heav'n maintain the Fact.

Mar. Maintain it then to Heav'n, but not to me;
Do you love me?

King. Can you doubt it?

Mar. Yes, I can doubt it, if you can deny:
Love begs once more this great Offender's Life:
Can you forgive the Man you justly hate,
That hazards both your Life and Crown to spare him?
One whom you may suspect I more than pity,
(For I wou'd have you see that what I ask,
I know is wond'rous difficult to grant)
Can you be thus extravagantly good?

King. What then? For I begin to fear my Firmness,
And doubt the soft Destruction of your Tongue.

Mar. Then in return, I swear to Heav'n, and you,
To give you all the Preference of my Soul:
No Rebel-Rival to disturb you there,
Let him but live, that he may be my Convert.

[King walks a while, then wipes his Eyes, and speaks.]

King. You've conquer'd, all that's past shall be for-
My lavish Love has made a lavish Grant: (giv'n,
But know this Act of Grace shall be my last.
Let him repent, yes, let him well repent,
Let him desist, and tempt Revenge no farther:

The Duke of Guise.

For by yon Heav'n, that's conscious of his Crimes,
I will no more by Mercy be betray'd.

[Deputies appearing at the Door.

The Deputies are ent'ring. You must leave me :
Thus Tyrant Business all my Hours usurps,
And makes me live for others.

Mar. Now Heav'n reward you with a prosperous Reign,
And grant you never may be good in vain. *[Exit.*

*Enter Deputies of the three States, Cardinal of Guise,
and Archbishop of Lyons at the Head of 'em.*

King. Well, my good Lords, what Matters of Im-
Employ'd the States this Morning? *(portance*

Archb. One high Point
Was warmly canvas'd in the Commons House,
And will be soon resolv'd.

King. What was't?

Card. Succession.

King. That's one high Point indeed, but not to be
So warmly canvas'd, or so soon resolv'd.

Card. Things necessary must sometimes be sudden.

King. No sudden Danger threatens you, my Lord.

Archb. What may be sudden, must be counted so :
We hope, and wish your Life ; but yours, and ours,
Are in the Hand of Heav'n.

King. My Lord, they are :
Yet in a natural Way I may live long,
If Heav'n and you my Loyal Subjects please.

Archb. But since good Princes, like your Majesty,
Take care of Dangers merely possible,
Which may concern their Subjects, whose they are,
And for whom Kings are made —

King. Yes, we for them,
And they for us, the Benefits are mutual,
And so the Ties are too.

Card. To cut things short,
The Commons will decree to exclude *Navarre*
From the Succession of the Realm of *France.*

King.

The Duke of Guise. 75

King. Decree, my Lord! What, one Estate decree!
Where then are the other two, and what am I?
The Government is cast up somewhat short,
The Clergy and Nobility cashier'd,
Five hundred popular Figures on a row,
And I my self that am, or should be King,
An o'er-grown Cypher set before the Sum:
What Reasons urge our Sovereigns for th' Exclusion?

Archb. He stands suspected, Sir, of Heresy.

King. Has he been call'd to make his just Defence?

Card. That needs not, for 'tis known.

King. To whom?

Card. The Commons.

King. What is't those Gods the Commons do not
But Heresy, you Churchmen teach us Vulgar, (know?)
Supposes obstinate, and still persisting
In Errors prov'd, long Admonitions made,
And all rejected; has this Course been us'd?

Archb. We grant it has not, but——

King. Nay, give me leave,

I urge from your own Grant it has not been:
If then in process of a petty Sum,
Both Parties having not been fully heard,
No Sentence can be giv'n;
Much less in the Succession of a Crown,
Which after my Decease, by Right inherent,
Devolves upon my Brother of *Navarre*.

Card. The Right of Souls is still to be preferr'd;
Religion must not suffer for a Claim.

King. If Kings may be excluded, or depos'd,
Whene'er you cry Religion to the Croud,
That Doctrine makes Rebellion orthodox,
And Subjects must be Traitors to be sav'd.

Archb. Then Heresy's entail'd upon the Throne.

King. You would entail Confusion, Wars and Slaugh-
Those Ills are certain, what you name contingent. (ters:
I know my Brother's Nature, 'tis sincere,
Above Deceit, no Crookedness of Thought,
Says what he means, and what he says, performs;
Brave, but not rash; successful, but not proud.

So much acknowledging, that he's uneasy,
Till every petty Service be o'er-paid.

Archb. Some say revengeful.

King. Some then libel him:

But that's what both of us have learnt to bear.
He can forgive, but you disdain Forgiveness:
Your Chiefs are they no Libel must profane:
Honour's a sacred thing in all but Kings;
But when your Rhymes assassinate our Fame,
You hug your nauseous, blund'ring Ballad-Wits,
And pay 'em as if Nonsense were a Merit,
If it can mean but Treason.

Archb. Sir, we have many Arguments to urge—

King. And I have more to answer; let 'em know
My Royal Brother of *Navarre* shall stand
Secure by Right, by Merit, and my Love.
God, and good Men will never fail his Cause,
And all the bad shall be constrain'd by Laws.

Archb. Since gentle Means t'exclude *Navarre* are
To-morrow in the States 'twill be propos'd, (vain,
To make the Duke of *Guise* Lieutenant-General;
Which Power most graciously confirm'd by you,
Will stop this headlong Torrent of Succession,
That bears Religion, Laws, and all before it:
In hope you'll not oppose what must be done,
We wish you, Sir, a long and prosperous Reign.

[*Exeunt omnes but the King.*

King. To-morrow *Guise* is made Lieutenant-General,
Why then to-morrow I no more am King;
'Tis time to push my slacken'd Vengeance home,
To be a King, or not to be at all.
The Vow that manacled my Rage is loos'd,
Even Heav'n is wearied with repeated Crimes,
Till Lightning flashes round to guard the Throne,
And the curb'd Thunder grumbles to be gone.

Enter Grillon to him.

Grill. 'Tis just the pointed Hour you bid me wait.

King.

King. So just, as if thou wert inspir'd to come ;
As if the Guardian Angel of my Throne,
Who had o'er-slept himself so many Years,
Just now was rouz'd, and brought thee to my Rescue.

Grill. I hear the *Guise* will be Lieutenant-General.

King. And can'st thou suffer it ?

Grill. Nay, if you will suffer it, then well may I.
If Kings will be so civil to their Subjects, to give up all
things tamely, they first turn Rebels to themselves, and
that's a fair Example for their Friends ; 'sife, Sir, 'tis a
dangerous matter to be loyal on the wrong Side, to serve
my Prince in spite of him : if you'll be a Royalist your
self, there are Millions of honest Men will fight for you ;
but if you won't, there are few will hang for you.

King. No more : I am resolv'd.

The Course of things can be withheld no longer.
From breaking forth to their appointed End :
My Vengeance, ripen'd in the Womb of Time,
Presses for Birth, and longs to be disclos'd.

Grillon, the *Guise* is doom'd—to sudden Death :
The Sword must end him ; has not thine an Edge ?

Grill. Yes, and a Point too ; I'll challenge him.

King. I bid thee kill him.

[*Walking.*]

Grill. So I mean to do.

King. Without thy Hazard.

Grill. Now I understand you, I shou'd murder him :
I am your Soldier, Sir, but not your Hangman.

King. Dost thou not hate him ?

Grill. Yes.

King. Hast thou not said,
That he deserves it ?

Grill. Yes, but how have I
Deserv'd to do a Murder ?

King. 'Tis no Murder :

'Tis Sovereign Justice urg'd from Self-Defence.

Grill. 'Tis all confess'd, and yet I dare not do't.

King. Go, thou art a Coward.

Grill. You are my King.

King. Thou say'st thou dar'st not kill him.

Grill. Were I a Coward, I had been a Villain,
And then I durst ha' don't.

King. Thou hast done worse in thy long Course of
Hast thou ne'er kill'd a Man? (Arms,

Grill. Yes, when a Man wou'd have kill'd me.

King. Hast thou not plunder'd from the helpless Poor?
Snatch'd from the sweating Labourer his Food?

Grill. Sir, I have eaten and drunk in my own Defence,
When I was hungry and thirsty.

I have plunder'd,

When you have not paid me——

I have been content with a Farmer's Daughter,

When a better Whore was not to be had.

As for cutting off a Traitor, I'll execute him lawfully.

In my own Function, when I meet him in the Field;

But for your Chamber-Practice, that's not my Talent.

King. Is my Revenge unjust, or tyrannous?

Heav'n knows, I love not Blood.

Grill. No, for your Mercy is your only Vice.

You may dispatch a Rebel lawfully;

But the Mischief is, that Rebel

Has giv'n me my Life at the Barricadoes,

And till I have return'd his Bribe,

I am not upon even Terms with him.

King. Give me thy Hand, I love thee not the worse.

Make much of Honour, 'tis a Soldier's Conscience.

Thou shalt not do this Act, thou'rt e'en too good;

But keep my Secret, for that's Conscience too.

Grill. When I disclose it, think I am a Coward.

King. No more of that, I know thou art not one:

Call *Lognat* hither strait, and *St. Malin*;

Bid *Larchant* find some unsuspected Means

To keep Guards doubled at the Council-Door,

That none pass in or out, but those I call:

The rest I'll think on further, so farewell.

Grill. Heav'n bless your Majesty!

Tho' I'll not kill him for you, I'll defend you when he's

For the honest Part of the Job, let me alone. (kill'd)

[Exeunt severally]

The SCENE opens, and discovers Men and Women at a Banquet, Malicorn standing by.

Mal. This is the solemn annual Feast I keep,
As this day Twelve Years, on this very Hour
I sign'd the Contract for my Soul with Hell;
I barter'd it for Honours, Wealth, and Pleasure,
Three things which mortal Men do covet most.
And, faith, I over-fold it to the Fiend:
What, one and twenty Years, nine yet to come,
How can a Soul be worth so much to Devils?
O how I hug myself, to out-wit these Fools of Hell!
And yet a sudden Damp, I know not why,
Has seiz'd my Spirits, and like a heavy Weight
Hangs on their active Springs: I want a Song
To rouse me, my Blood freezes: Musick there!

A S O N G and Dance.

Shepherdes. Tell me, Thirsis, tell your Anguish,
Why you sigh, and why you languish,
When the Nymph whom you adore,
Grants the Blessing of possessing,
What can Love and I do more?

Shepherd. Think it's Love beyond all measure,
Makes me faint away with Pleasure;
Strength of Cordial may destroy,
And the Blessing of possessing
Kills me with excess of Joy.

Shepherdes. Thirsis, how can I believe you?
But confess, and I'll forgive you:
Men are false, and so are you;
Never Nature fram'd a Creature
To enjoy, and yet be true.

Shepherd. Mine's a Flame beyond expiring,
Still possessing, still desiring.

The Duke of Guise.

*Fit for Love's Imperial Crown;
Ever shining and refining,
Still the more 'tis melted down.*

[Loud knocking at the Door.]

Enter Servant.

Mal. What Noise is that?

Serv. An ill-look'd furlly Man,
With a hoarse Voice, says he must speak with you.

Mal. Tell him I dedicate this Day to Pleasure,
I neither have, nor will have Business with him. [Ex. Serv.
What louder yet, what faucy Slave is this? [Knocks louder.]

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. He says you have, and must have Business with
him;
Come out, or he'll come in, and spoil your Mirth.

Mal. I won't.

Serv. Sir, I dare not tell him so.

[Knocks again more fiercely.]

My Hair stands up in Bristles when I see him;
The Dogs run into Corners; the Spay'd-Bitch
Bayes at his Back and howls.

Mal. Bid him enter, and go off thyself. [Ex. Serv.]

[Scene closes upon the Company.]

*Enter Melanax, an Hour-Glass in his Hand almost
empty.*

How dar'st thou interrupt my softer Hours?
By Heav'n I'll ram thee in some knotted Oak,
Where thou shalt sigh and groan to whistling Winds
Upon the lonely Plain; or I'll confine thee
Deep in the red Sea, grov'ling on the Sands,
Ten thousand Billows rolling o'er thy Head.

Mel. Ho, ho, ho.

Mal. Laugh'st thou, malicious Fiend?
I'll ope my Book of bloody Characters,
Shall rumple up thy tender airy Limbs,

Like

The Duke of Guise.

81

Like Parchment on a Flame.

Mel. Thou can't not do't,
Behold this Hour-Glass.

Mal. Well, and what of that?

Mel. See'st thou these ebbing Sands?
They run for thee, and when their Race is run,
Thy Lungs, the Bellows of thy mortal Breath,
Shall sink for ever done, and heave no more.

Mal. What, resty Fiend?
Nine Years thou hast to serve.

Mel. Not full nine Minutes.

Mal. Thou ly'st, look on thy Bond, and view the Date.

Mel. Then wilt thou stand to that, without Appeal?

Mal. I will, so help me Heav'n.

Mel. So take thee Hell. [*Gives him the Bond.*]
There, Fool, behold who lyes, the Devil or thou?

Mal. Ha! One and twenty Years are shrunk to twelve.
Do my Eyes dazzle?

Mel. No, they see too true:
They dazzled once, I cast a Mist before 'em;
So what was figur'd Twelve, to thy dull Sight
Appear'd full Twenty-one.

Mal. There's Equity in Heav'n for this; a Cheat!

Mel. Fool, thou hast quitted thy Appeal to Heav'n,
To stand to this.

Mal. Then I am lost for ever.

Mel. Thou art.

Mal. O why was I not warn'd before?

Mel. Yes, to repent, then thou hadst cheated me.

Mal. Add but a Day, but half a Day, an Hour:
For sixty Minutes I'll forgive Nine Years.

Mel. No, not a Moment's Thought beyond my time:
Dispatch, 'tis much below me to attend
For one poor single Fare.

Mal. So pitiless?
But yet I may command thee, and I will:
I love the *Guise*, even with my latest Breath,
Beyond my Soul, and my lost Hopes of Heav'n;
I charge thee by my short-liv'd Power, disclose
What Fate attends my Master.

Q 5.

Mel.

The Duke of Guise.

Mel. If he goes
To Council when he next is call'd, he dies.

Mal. Who waits?

Enter Servant.

Go, give my Lord my last Adieu,
Say I shall never see his Eyes again:
But if he goes when next he's call'd to Council,
Bid him believe my latest Breath, he dies. [*Exit Serv.*]
The Sands run yet, O do not shake the Glass:

[*The Devil shakes the Glass.*]

I shall be thine too soon; could I repent,
Heav'n's not confin'd to Moments; Mercy, Mercy.

Mel. I see thy Prayers dispers'd into the Winds,
And Heav'n has puft 'em by:

I was an Angel once, of foremost Rank,
Stood next the shining Throne, and wink'd but half,
So almost gaz'd I Glory in the Face
That I could bear it, and star'd farther in.
'Twas but a Moment's Pride, and yet I fell,
For ever fell; but Man, base Earth-born Man,
Sins past a Sum, and might be pardon'd more:
And yet 'tis just, for we were perfect Light,
And saw our Crimes; Man in his Body's Mire,
Half-foul, half-clod, sinks blindful into Sin,
Betray'd by Frauds without, and Lusts within.

Mal. Then I have hope.

Mel. Not so, I preach'd on purpose
To make thee lose this Moment of thy Prayer,
Thy Sands creep low; Despair, Despair, Despair.

Mal. Where am I now? Upon the Brink of Life,
The Gulph before me, Devils to push me on,
And Heav'n behind me closing all its Doors.
A thousand Years for ev'ry Hour I've pass'd,
O could I 'scape so cheap! But Ever, Ever,
Still to begin an endless round of Woes,
To be renew'd for Pains, and last for Hell?
Yet can Pains last, when Bodies cannot last?
Can earthy Substance endless Flames endure?

Or

The Duke of Guise.

83

Or when one Body weats and flits away,
Do Souls thrust forth another Cruft of Clay?
To fence and guard their tender Forms from Fire—
I feel my Heart-strings rend, I'm here, I'm gone.
Thus Men, too carelefs of their future State,
Dispute, know nothing, and believe too late.

[A Flash of Lightning, they sink together.]

Enter Duke of Guise, Cardinal, Aumale.

Card. A dreadful Message from a dying Man,
A Prophecy indeed!
For Souls just quitting Earth, peep into Heaven,
Make swift Acquaintance with their Kindred Forms,
And Partners of immortal Secrets grow.

Aum. 'Tis good to lean on the securer side:
When Life depends, the mighty Stake is such,
Fools fear too little, and they dare too much.

Enter Archbishop.

Gui. You have prevail'd, I will not go to Council,
I have provok'd my Sovereign past a Pardon,
It but remains to doubt if he dare kill me:
Then if he dares but to be just, I die:
'Tis too much odds against me, I'll depart,
And finish Greatness at some safer time.

Archb. By Heav'n 'tis Harry's Plot to fright you hence,
That, Coward-like, you might forsake your Friends.

Gui. The Devil foretold it dying *Malicorn*.

Archb. Yes, some Court-Devil, no doubt:
If you depart, consider, good my Lord,
You are the Master-spring that moves our Fabrick,
Which once remov'd, our Motion is no more.
Without your Presence, which buoys up our Hearts,
The League will sink beneath a Royal Name:
Th' inevitable Yoke prepar'd for Kings,
Will soon be shaken off; things done, repeal'd;
And things undone, past future Means to do.

Card. I know not, I begin to taste his Reasons.

Archb.

Archb. Nay, were the Danger certain of your Stay,
An Act so mean would lose you all your Friends,
And leave you single to the Tyrant's Rage :
Then better 'tis to hazard Life alone,
Than Life, and Friends, and Reputation too.

Gui. Since more I am confirm'd, I'll stand the shock :
Where-e'er he dares to call, I dare to go.
My Friends are many, faithful, and united ;
He will not venture on so rash a Deed :
And now I wonder I should fear that Force,
Which I have us'd to conquer and contemn.

Enter Marmoutier.

Archb. Your Tempter comes, perhaps to turn the
And warn you not to go. (Scale,

Gui. O fear her not,
I will be there. [*Exeunt Archbishop and Cardinal.*
What can she mean, Repent ?

Or is it cast betwixt the King and her
To sound me ? Come what will, it warms my Heart
With secret Joy, which these my ominous Statesmen
Left dead within me. Ha ! she turns away !

Mar. Do you not wonder at this Visit, Sir ?

Gui. No, Madam, I at last have gain'd the Point
Of mightiest Minds, to wonder now at nothing.

Mar. Believe me, *Guise*, 'twere gallantly resolv'd,
If you could carry't on the Inside too.

Why came that Sigh uncall'd ? For love of me
Partly, perhaps, but more for thirst of Glory,
Which now again dilates itself in Smiles,
As if you scorn'd that I should know your purpose.

Gui. I change, 'tis true, because I love you still ;
Love you, O Heav'n, e'en in my own Despite,
I tell you all, e'en at that very Moment,
I know you straight betray me to the King.

Mar. O *Guise*, I never did ; but, Sir, I come
To tell you, I must never see you more.

Gui.

Gui. The King's at *Blois*, and you have reason for't;
Therefore what am I to expect from Pity,
From yours, I mean, when you behold me slain?

Mar. First answer me, and then I'll speak my Heart;
Have you, O *Guise*, since your last solemn Oaths,
Stood firm to what you swore? Be plain, my Lord,
Or run it o'er a while, because again
I tell you I must never see you more.

Gui. Never! she's set on by the King to sift me.
Why, by that Never then, all I have sworn
Is true, as that the King designs to end me.

Mar. Keep your Obedience, by the Saints you live.

Gui. Then mark, 'tis judg'd by Heads grown white
This very Day he means to cut me off. (in Council,

Mar. By Heaven, then you're forsworn, you've broke
your Vows.

Gui. —By you, the Justice of the Earth, I have not.

Mar. By you, Dissembler of the World, you have;
I know the King.

Gui. —I do believe you, Madam.

Mar. —I have try'd you both.

Gui. —Not me, the King you mean.

Mar. —Do these o'erboiling Answers suit the *Guise*?
But go to Council, Sir, there shew your Truth,
If you are innocent, you're safe; but O!
If I should chance to see you stretch'd along,
Your Love, O *Guise*, and your Ambition gone,
That venerable Aspect, pale with Death,
I must conclude you merited your End. (der.

Gui. —You must, you will, and smile upon my Mur-

Mar. Therefore, if you are conscious of a Breach,
Confess it to me; lead me to the King,
He has promis'd me to conquer his Revenge,
And place you next him; therefore if you're right,
Make me not fear it by Asseverations:
But speak your Heart, and O resolve me truly:

Gui. —Madam, I ha' thought, and trust you with
my Soul;
You saw but now my parting with my Brother,

The Prelate too of *Lyons*, 'twas debated
Warmly against me, that I should go on.

Mar. Did I not tell you, Sir?

Gui. True, but in spite
Of those imperial Arguments they urg'd,
I was not to be work'd from second Thought;
There we broke off; and mark me, if I live,
You are the Saint that makes a Convert of me.

Mar. Go then, O Heav'n! why must I still suspect you?
Why heaves my Heart? and why o'erflows my Eyes?
Yet if you live, O *Guise*, there, there's the Cause,
I never shall converse, nor see you more.

Gui. O say not so, for once again I'll see you,
Were you this very Night to lodge with Angels,
Yet say not never; for I hope by Virtue
To merit Heav'n, and wed you late in Glory.

Mar. This Night, my Lord, I'm a Recluse for ever.

Gui. Ha! Stay till Morning, Tapers are too dim;
Stay 'till the Sun rises to salute you:
Stay 'till I lead you to that dismal Den
Of Virgins, buried quick, and stay for ever.

Mar. Alas! your Suit is vain, for I have vow'd it:
Nor was there any other way to clear
Th' imputed Stains of my suspected Honour.

Gui. Hear me a Word, one Sigh, one Tear at parting,
And one last Look; for, O my earthly Saint,
I see your Face, pale as the Cherubims
At *Adam's* Fall.

Mar. O Heav'n! I now confess
My Heart bleeds for thee, *Guise*.

Gui. Why, Madam, why?

Mar. Because by this Disorder,
And that sad Fate that bodes upon your Brow,
I do believe you love me more than Glory.

Gui. Without an Oath I do, therefore have Mercy,
And think not Death could make me tremble thus:
Be pitiful to those Infirmities
Which thus unman me, stay 'till the Council's o'er—
If you are pleas'd to grant an Hour or two
To my last Prayer, I'll thank you as my Saint;

If you refuse me, Madam, Ill not murmur.

Mar. Alas, my *Guise!* O Heav'n what did I say?
But take it, take it, if it be too kind,
Honour may pardon it, since it's my last.

Gui. O let me crawl, vile as I am, and kiss
Your sacred Robe. Is't possible, your Hand!

[*She gives him her Hand.*]

O that it were my last expiring Moment,
For I shall never taste the like again.

Mar. Farewel, my Profelyte, your better Genius
Watch your Ambition.

Gui. I have none but you;
Must I ne'er see you more?

Mar. I have sworn you must not:
Which Thought thus roots me here, melts my Resolves,

[*Weeps.*]

And makes me loiter when the Angels call me.

Gui. O ye celestial Dews! O Paradise!
O Heav'n! O Joys! ne'er to be tasted more.

Mar. Nay, take a little more, cold *Marmoutier*,
The temperate, devoted *Marmoutier*
Is gone, a last Embrace I must bequeath you.

Gui. And O let me return it with another.

Mar. Farewel for ever; ah, *Guise*, tho' now we part,
In the bright Orbs prepar'd us by our Fates,
Our Souls shall meet,—Farewel,—and *Io's* sing above,
Where no Ambition, nor State-Crime, the happier
Spirits prove.

But all are blest, and all enjoy an everlasting Love.

[*Exit Mar.*]

Guise solus.

Gui. Glory, where art thou? Fame, Revenge, Ambition,
Where are they fled? There's Ice upon my Nerves:
My Salt, my Metal, and my Spirits gone,
Pall'd as a Slave that's bed-rid with an Ague,
I wish my Flesh were off: What now! thou bleed'ft!
Three and no more! What then? and why what then?
But just three Drops! and why not just three Drops,
As well as four or five, or five and twenty?

Enter

*The Duke of Guise.**Enter Page.*

Page. My Lord, your Brother and the Archbishop wait you.

Gui. I come: down Devil, ha! must I stumble too?
 Away ye Dreams: what if I thunder'd now?
 Or if a Raven cross'd me in my way?
 Or now it comes, because last Night I dreamt
 The Council-Hall was hung with Crimson round,
 And all the Ceiling plaister'd o'er with Black.
 No more, blue Fires, and ye dull rolling Lakes,
 Fathomless Caves, ye Dungeons of old Night,
 Faints be gone; if I must die, I'll fall
 True Politician, and defy you all.

*SCENE the Court before the Council-Hall.**Grillon, Larchant, Soldiers plac'd, People crowding.*

Grill. Are your Guards doubled, Captain?

Larch. Sir, they are.

Grill. When the *Guise* comes, remember your Petition,
 Make way there for his Eminence: Give back,
 Your Eminence comes late.

*Enter two Cardinals, Counsellors, the Cardinal of Guise,
 Archbishop of Lyons; last, the Guise.*

Gui. Well, Colonel, are we Friends?

Grill. Faith, I think not.

Gui. Give me your Hand.

Grill. No, for that gives a Heart.

Gui. Yet we shall clasp in Heav'n.

Grill. By Heav'n we shall not,
 Unless it be with Gripes.

Gui. True *Grillon*, still.

Larch. My Lord.

Gui.

The Duke of Guise.

89

Gui. Ha, Captain, you are well attended ;
If I mistake not, Sir, your Number's doubled.

Larch. All these have serv'd against the Hereticks,
And therefore beg your Grace you would remember
Their Wounds and lost Arrears.

Gui. It shall be done.

Again, my Heart, there is a Weight upon thee,
But I will figh it off : Captain, farewell.

[*Exeunt* Cardinal, Guise, &c.]

Grill. Shut the Hall-door, and bar the Castle-Gates ;
March, march there, closer yet, Captain, to the Door.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE The Council-Hall.

Gui. I do not like myself to-day.

Archb. ——— A Qualm, he dares not.

Card. ——— That's one Man's Thought ; he dares,
and that's another's.

Enter Grillon.

Gui. O *Marmoutier* ! Ha, never see thee more !
Peace, my tumultuous Heart, why jolt my Spirits
In this unequal circling of my Blood ?
I'll stand it while I may ; O mighty Nature !
Why this Alarm, why dost thou call me on
To fight, yet rob my Limbs of all their use ? (*Swoons.*)

Card. Ha ! he's fallen, chase him ; he comes again.

Gui. I beg your Pardons, Vapours, no more.

Grill. Th' Effect

Of last Night's Letchery with some working Whore.

Enter Revol.

Rev. My Lord of *Guise*, the King would speak with

Gui. O Cardinal ! O *Lyons* ! but no more ; (you.
Yes, one Word more, thou hast a Privilege

[*To the Cardinal.*]

To speak with a Recluse, O therefore tell her,

I

The Duke of Guise.

If never thou beholdst me breathe again,
Tell her I figh'd it last,—O *Marmoutier*. [*Exit bowing.*]

Card. You will have all things your own way, my Lord;
By Heav'n, I have strange Horror on my Soul.

Archb. I say again, that *Henry* dares not do't.

Card. Beware your Grace of Minds that bear like him,
I know he scorns to stoop to mean Revenge;
But when some mightier Mischief shocks his Tower,
He shoots at once, with Thunder on his Wings.
And makes it Air; but hark, my Lord, 'tis doing.

Gui. within] Murderers, Villains!

Archb. I hear your Brother's Voice; run to the Door.

Card. Help, help, the *Guise* is murder'd.

Archb. Help, help.

Grill. Cease your vain Cries, you are the King's Pri-
Take 'em, *Dugast*, into your Custody. (toners;

Card. We must obey, my Lord, for Heaven calls us.

[*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE draws, behind it a Traverse.

*The Guise is assaulted by Eight: they stab him in all
Parts, but most in the Head.*

Gui. O Villains! Hell-hounds! Hold:
Murder'd, O basely, and not draw my Sword!

[*Half draws his Sword; is held.*]

Dog, Logniack; but my own Blood choaks me,

Down, Villain, down, I'm gone: O *Marmoutier!*

[*Flings himself upon him—Dies.*]

*The Traverse is drawn. The King rises from his Chair,
comes forward with his Cabinet Council.*

King. Ope the Closet, and let in the Council,
Bid *Dugast* execute the Cardinal,
Seize all the factious Leaders, as I order'd,
And every one be answer'd on your Lives.

Enter Queen-Mother, follow'd by the Counsellors.

Oh, Madam, you are welcome, how goes your Health?

Q. M. A little mended, Sir: what have you done?

King. That which has made me King of *France*, for
The King of *Paris* at your Feet lies dead. (there

Q. M. You have cut out dangerous Work, but make
With Speed and Resolution. (it up

King. Yes, I'll wear

The Fox no longer, but put on the Lyon;
And since I could resolve to take the Heads
Of this great Infurrection, you the Members
Look to't, beware, turn from your Stubbornness,
And learn to know me, for I will be King.

Grill. 'Sdeath, how the Traitors lowr, and quake,
and droop,

And gather to the Wing of his Protection,
As if they were his Friends, and fought his Cause.

King. Be witness, Heav'n, I gave him treble Warning;
[Looking upon Guise.

He's gone; no more, disperse, and think upon't,
Beware my Sword, which if I once unsheath,
By all the Reverence due to Thrones and Crowns,
Nought shall atone the Vows of speedy Justice,
'Till Fate to Ruin every Traitor brings,
That dares the Vengeance of indulgent Kings.

[*Exeunt.*

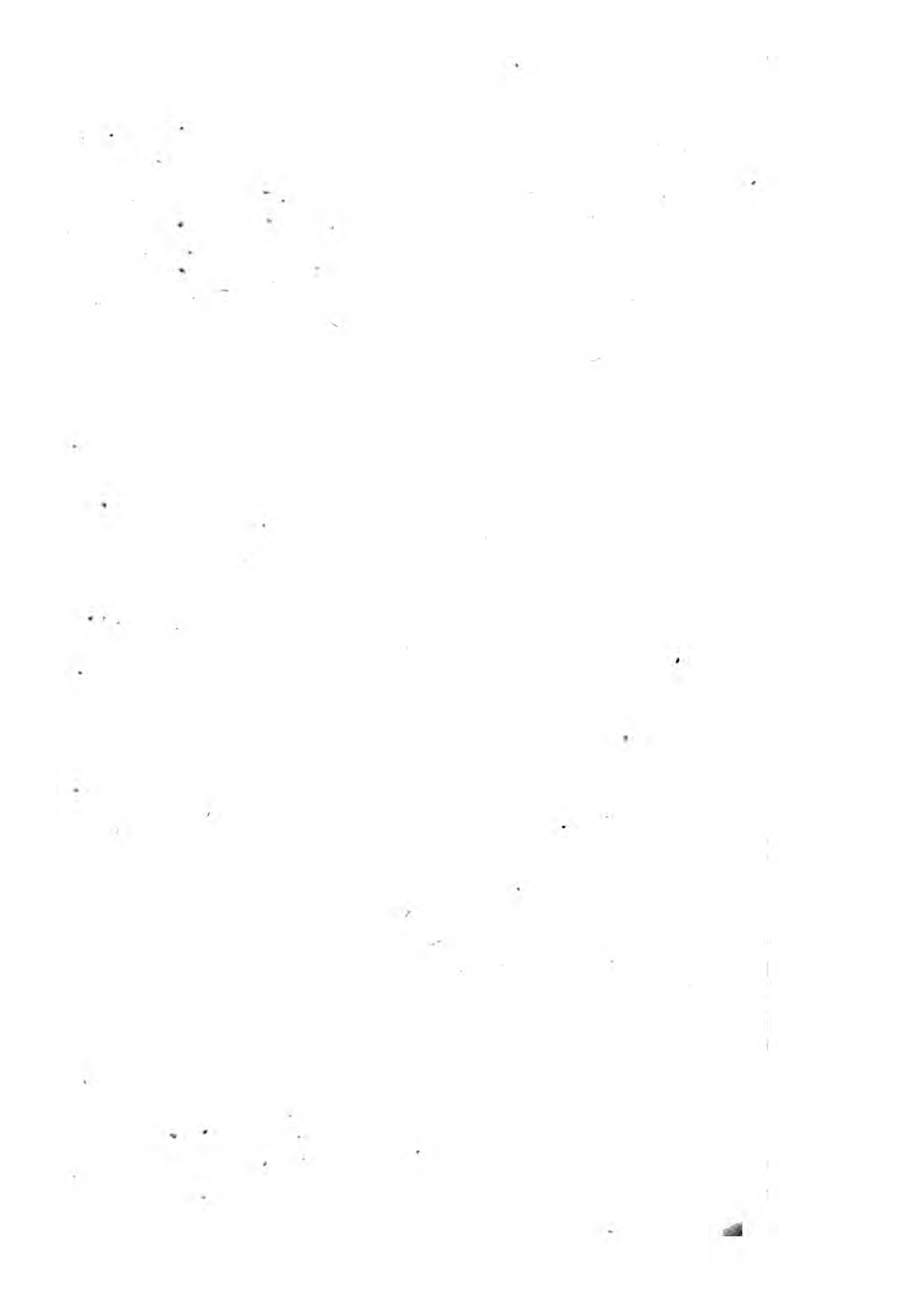
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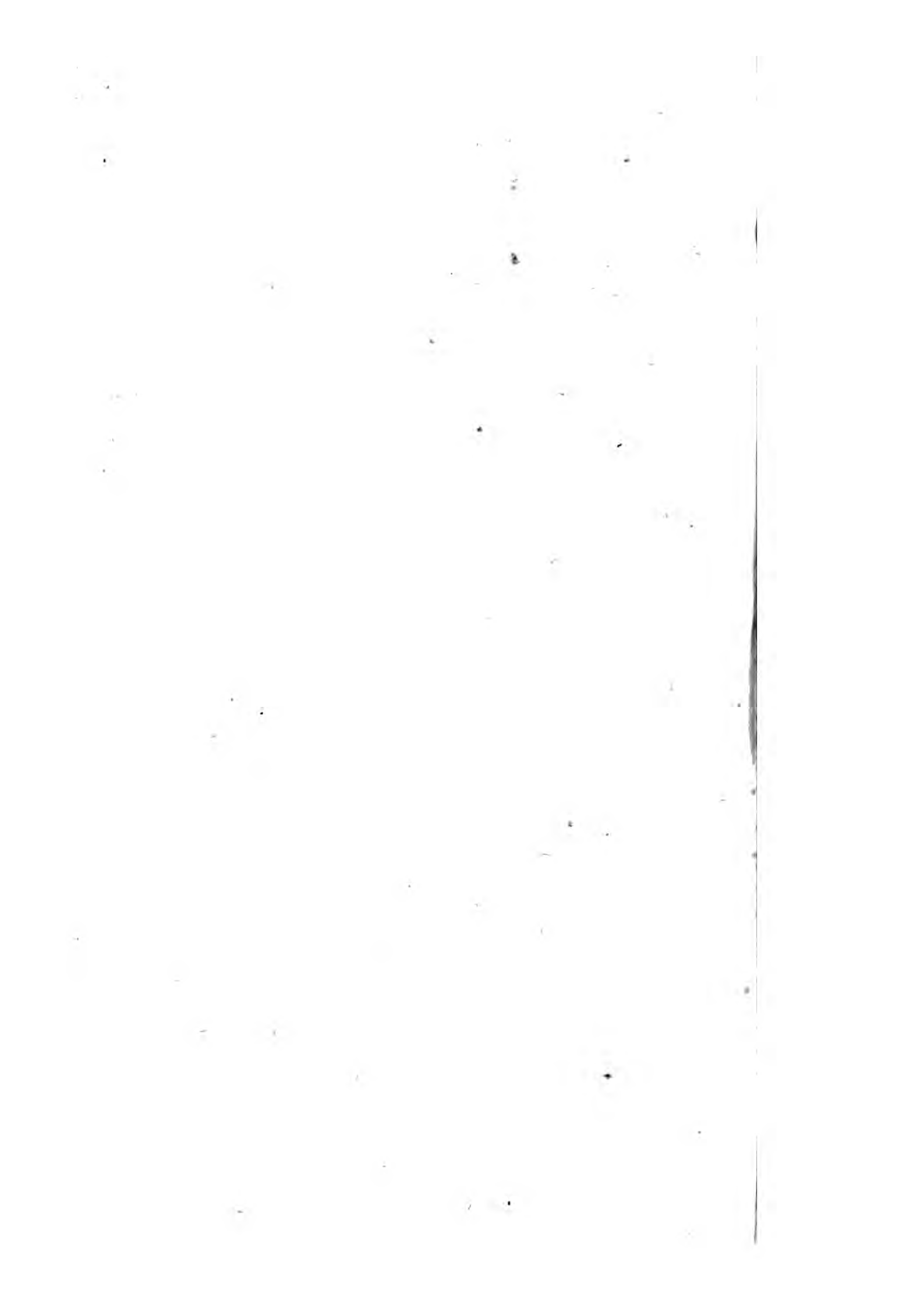


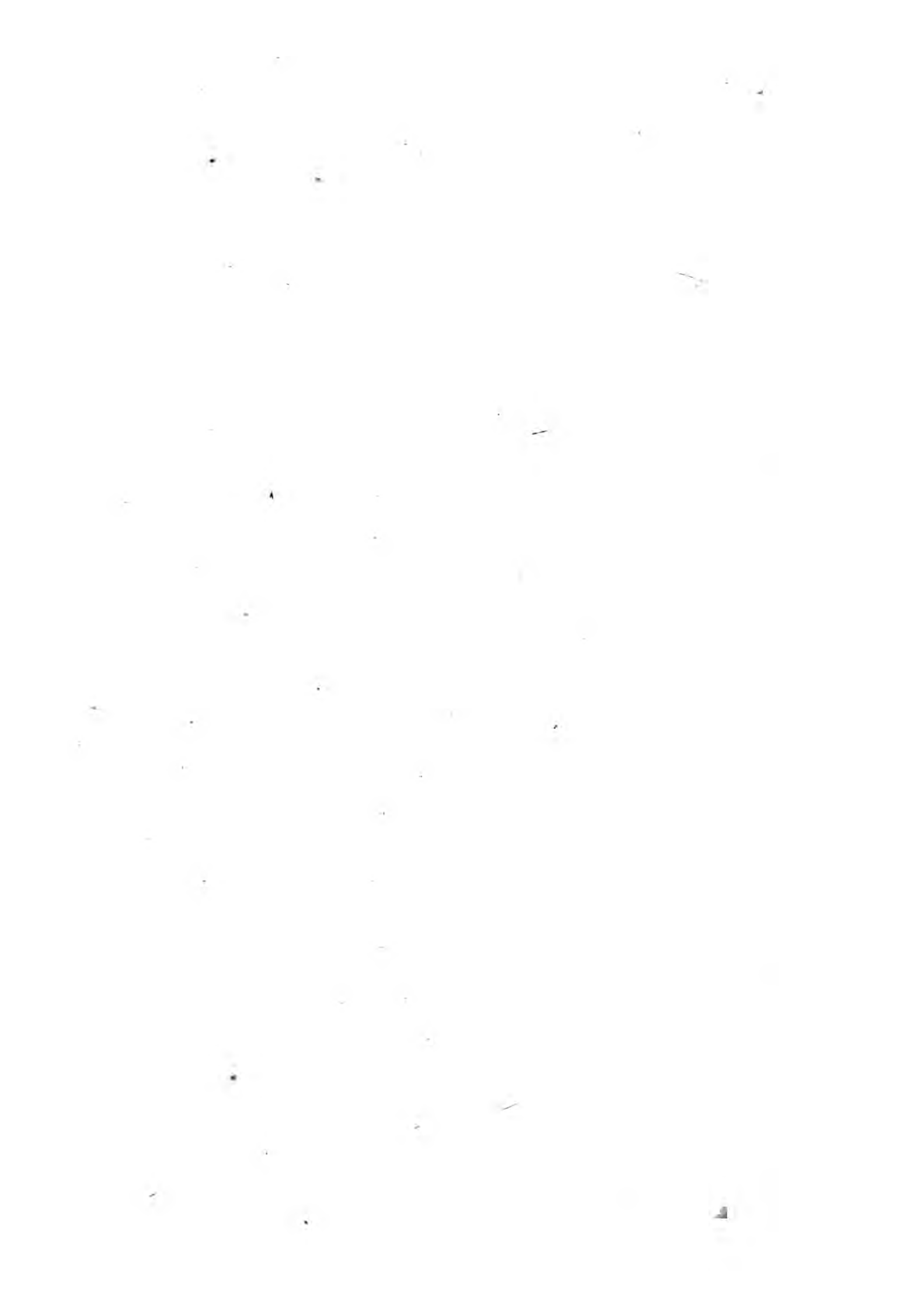
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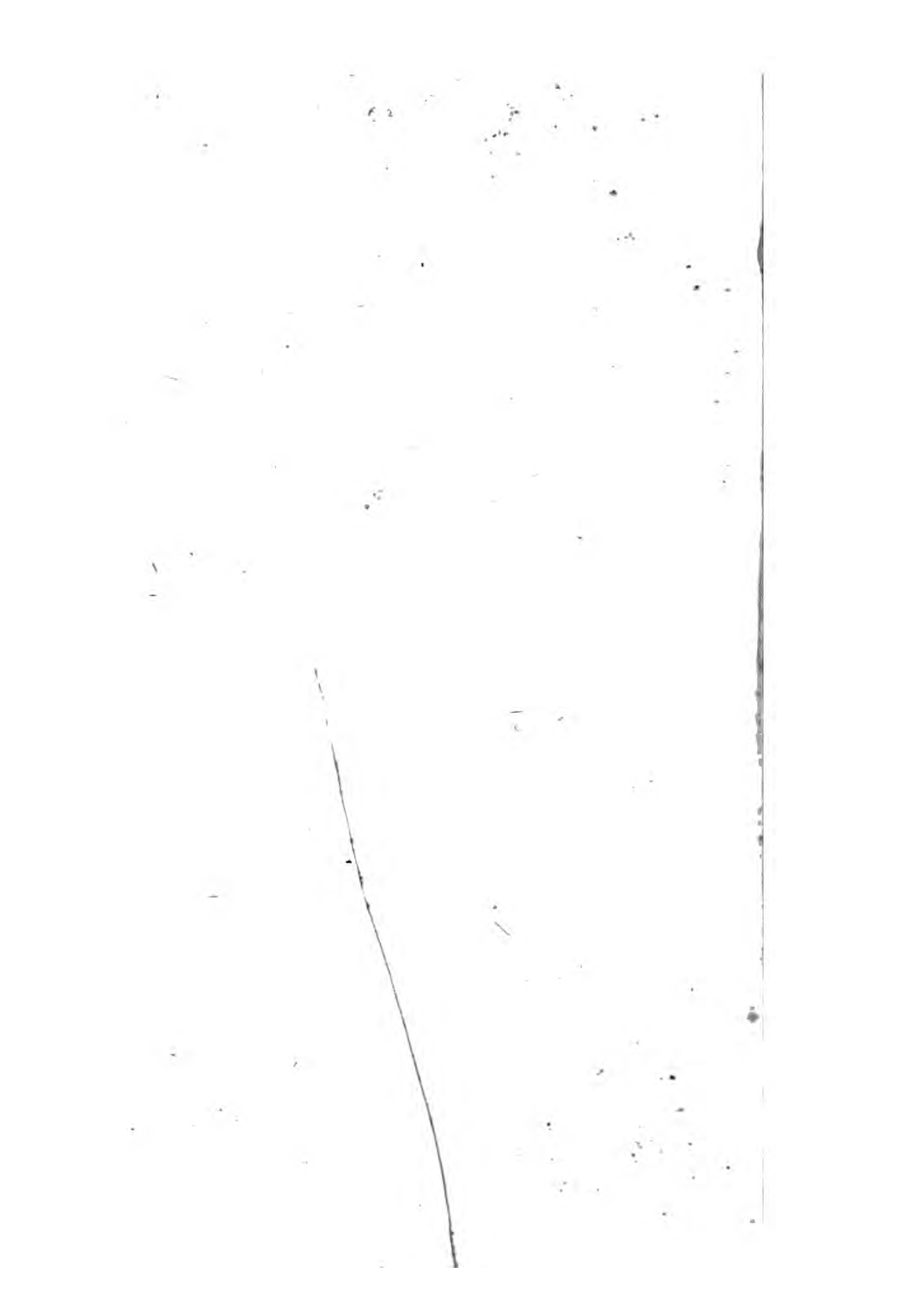
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