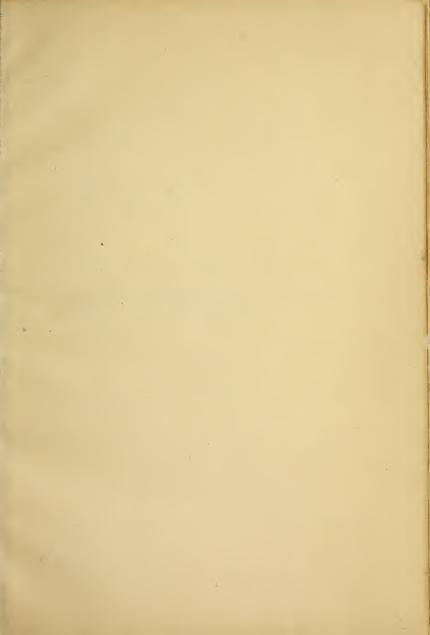


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CONSPIRACY.

VVR I T TE N

BY

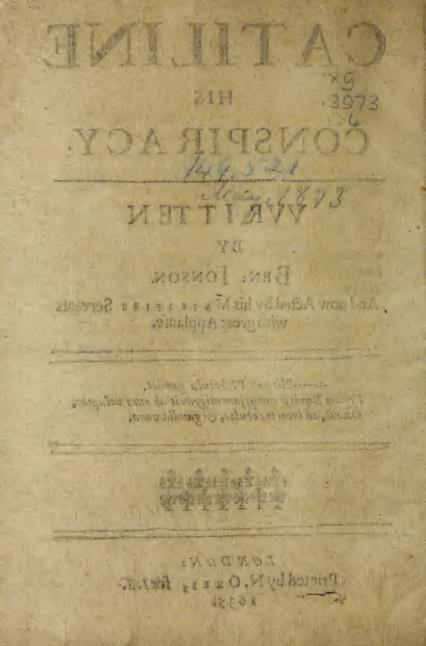
BEN: IONSON.

And now Acted by his MAIESTIES Servants with great Applause.

-----His non Plebecula gaudet. Verum Equitis quoģ jam migravit ab aure voluptas. Omnis, ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana.



LONDON: Printed by N.OKES, for I.S. 1635,



TO THE READER IN or DINARY.

THe Muses forbid, that I should restraine your medling, I whom I fee already busie with the Title, and tricking o. ver the leaves: It is your owne. I departed with my right, when I let it first abroad. And now, so secure an Interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praise, nor dispraise from you can affeetme. Though you commend the two first Actes, with the people, because they are the worst; and dislike the Oration of Cicero, in regard you read some pieces of it, at Schoole, and under stand them not yet; I shall finde the way to forgine you. Beany thing you will be sat your owne charge. Would I had deserv'd but halfe so well of it in Translation, as that ought to deferue of you in judgment, if you have any. I know you will pretend (whofoeuer you are) to have that, and more. But all pretences are not iust claimes. The commendation of good things may fall within a many, their approbation but in a few, for the most commend out of affection, selfe-tickling, an easinesse, or imitation : but menjudge onely out of Knowledge. That is the trying faculty. And, to those workes that will beare a Iudge, nothing is more dangerous then a foolifb praise. You wil say I shal not have yours, therefore; but rather the contrary, all vexation of Censure. If I were not aboue such molestations now, I had great cause to think unworthily of my studies, or they had fo of me. But I leave you to your exercife. Beginne.

To the Reader extraordinary.

Y Ou I would understand to be the better Man, though Places in Court go otherwife : to you I fubmit my felfe, and Worke. Farewell.

BEN: IONSON.

To my friend Mr. Ben. Ionson, upon his Catiline.

F thou hadft itch'd after the wild applaufe Of common people, and hadft made thy Lawes In writing, fuch, at catch'd at prefent voice, I thould commend the thing, but not thy choife. But thou hast fquar'd thy rules, by what is good ;-And art three Ages yet, from understood : And (I dare fay) in it, there lies much Wit Loft, till thy Readers can grow up toit. Which they can nere out-grow, to find it ill, But must fall backe againe, or like it still.

Franc. Beaumont.

-To his worthy friend Mr. Ben: Ionfon.

Ethat dares wrong this Play, it should appeare Dares utter more, then other mendare heare, That haue their wits about 'hem: yet fuch men, Deare friend, must fee your Book, and read, & then, Out of their learned ignorance, cry ill, ausite fishes And lay you by, calling for mad Pa(quill, Or Greene's deare Groat [-worth, or Tom Coryate, The new Lexicon, with the errant Pate : And picke away, from all these severall ends, And durty ones, to make their as-wife friends Beleive they are Translators. Of this, pitty, There is a great plague hanging o're the Citty ! Vnleffe

Linne

Vnleffe fhe purge her judgement prefently. But, O thou happy man, that muft not die As thefe things fhall : leaving no more behind But a thin memory (like a paffing Wind) That blowes, and is forgotten, ere they are cold. Thy labours fhall out liue thee ; and, like gold Stampt for continuance, fhall be currant, where There is a Sunne, a People, or a Yeare.

Iohn Fletcher.

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To his worthy beloved Friend Master BEN. ION SON.

HAd the great thoughts of *Catiline* beene good, The memory of his name, ftreame of his blood, His plots past into acts, (which would have turn'd His infamy to Fame, though Rome had burn'd) Had not begot him equall grace with men, As this, that he is Writ by fuch a Pen : Whofe infpirations, if great Rome had had, Hergood things had bin better'd, and her bad Vndone; the first for joy, the last for feare, That fuch a Muse should spread them, to our eare. But woe to us then : for thy Laureat brow If Rome enjoy'd had, we had wanted now. But, in this Age, where Iigs and Dances moue, How few there are, that this pure worke approue ! Yet, better then I rayle at, thou canst scorne Cenfures, that dye, ere they be throughly borne. Each Subject thou, still thee each Subject raifes. And whofoever thy Booke, himfelfe difpraifes.

> Nat. Field. THE

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The names of the Actors.

SYLL	a's Ghoft.
CATILINE.	S CICERO.
LENTULVS.	ANTONIVS.
CETHEOUS.	CATO.
Curius.	S CATVLVS.
AUTRONIUs. S	CRASSVS.
VARGUNTEIUS.	CÆSAR.
LONGINVS. Lecca.	Qu.CICERO.
LECCA.	
FVLVIVS.	FLACCVS.
Bestia. Gabinivs.	POMTINIVS.
GABINIVS. STALILIVS.	SANGA.
STALILIVS. Ceparivs.	SENATORS.
CORNELIVS.	ALLOBROGES,
VOLTVRTIVS.	PETREIVS. SOLDIERS.
AVRELIA.	PORTER.
FVLVIA.	LICTORS.
SEMPRONIA.	SERVANTS.
GALEA.	PAGES. TOPOWYDA
White was and the	16 Bernander C. Constant

CHORVS. monter of antinities and

Howfew there are, that this pare worke approat Yer, better thin I, whe at thou and that a Cenfarte, that dy c, etc. this be throughly have Fach Subject thou, full there each Subject raties." And whofeever thy Booke, him telle difetailes.

ACT. j.

Enter SYLLA's Ghoft.

Oft not feele me Rome ? not yet ? is night So heavy on thee, and my weight fo light ? Can Sylla's Gholt arife within thy Walls, Leffe threatning then an earth-quake, the quicke fals Of thee, and thine ? Thake not the frighted heads Of thy fleep towers ? or fhrinke to their first beds? Or, as their rume the large Tyber fills, Make that fwel up, and drown thy feven proud hils? What fleep is this doth feize thee, fo like Death, And is not it ? Wake, feele her, in my breath : Behold, I come, Lentfrom the Stygian found, As a dire Vapor, that had cleft the ground, T'ingender with the night, and blaft the day : Or like a Pestilence, that should display Infection through the world : which, thus, I do. Pluto be at thy Councels, and into Thy darker bosome enter Sylla's spirit: All, that was mine, and bad, thy breft inherit. Alas, how weake is that, for Catiline ! Did I but fay (vaine voice!) all that was mine? All, that the Gracchi, Cinna, Marins would : What now, had I a body againe, I could, Comming from Hell ; what fiends would with thould be : And Hannibal could not have with'd to fee: Thinke thou, and practife. Let the long-hid feeds Of treason, in thee, now shoot foorth in deeds, Ranker then horror : and thy former facts Not fall in mention, but to urge new acts : Confcience of them provoke thee on to more. Ee still my Incests, Murders, Rapes before Thy

Thy fence ; thy forcing first a Vestall Nunne ; Thy parricide, late, on thine owne naturall Son. After his Mother, to make empty way For thy last wicked Nuptials ; worfe, then they, That fame that act of thy incestuous life, Which got thee, at once, a Daughter, and a Wife. I leave the flaughters, that thou didft for me, Of Senators; for which, I hid for thee Thy murder of thy Brother, (being fo brib'd) And writ him in the lift of my proferib'd After thy fact, to fave thy little fhame : Thy inceft, with thy Sifter, I not name. These are too light. Fate will have thee pursue Deedes, after which no Mischiefe can be new; The ruine of thy Countrey : Thou wert built For fuch a worke, and borne for no leffe guilt : What thou defeated once th'haft beene, and knowne Tempt it againe ; that is thy act, or none. What all the feverall Ills, that vifite earth, (Brought forth by night, with a finister birth) Plagues, Famine, Fire could not reach unto, The Sword, nor Surfets; let thy fury doe: Make all paft, prefent, future ill thine owne; And conquer all example, in thy one. Nor let thy thought finde any vacant time To hate an old, but still a fresher crime Drowne the remembrance; Let not mischiefe cease, But, while it is in punishing, encrease. Conscience, and care die in thee : And be free Not Heav'n it felfe from thy impiety : Let Night grow blacker with thy plots; and Day, At thewing but thy head forth, ftart away From this halfe-Spheare: and leave Romes blinded walls T'imbrace lusts, hatred, flaughters, funerals, And not recover fight, till their owne flames Doe light them to their ruines. All the names Of thy Confederates, too, be no leffe great In hell, then here : That, when we would repeate Our strengths in Muster, we may name you all, And Furies, upon you, for Furies, call.

Whillt, what you doe, doth ftrike them into feares, Or make them grieve, and with your mischiefe theirs.

CATILINE.

Tisdecree'd. Nor shall thy Fate, oh Rome, Refift my vow. Though Hils were fet on Hils, And Seas met Seas, to guard thee: I would through : I, pluckeup rockes, steepe as the Alpes in dust, And lave the Tyrrhene waters into cloudes : But I would reach thy head, thy head, proud Citty : The ills, that I have done, cannot be fafe But by attempting greater : and I feele A fpirit, within me, chides my fluggifh hands, And fayes, they have beene innocent too long. Was I a Man, bredgreat, as Rome her felfe? One, form'd for all her honours, all her glories ? Equall to all her Titles ? That could fand Close up with Atlas, and fustaine her name As ftrong, as he doth Heav'n? And, was I, Of all her brood, mark'd out for the repulse: By her no voice, when I ftood Candidate, To be Commander in the Ponticke warre? I will hereafter call her Stepdame, ever. If thee can loofe her nature, I can loofe My picty; and in her ftony entrailes Digge me a seate : where I will live againe, The labour of her wombe, and be a burden Weightier then all the Prodigies, and Monsters, What fhee hath teem'd with, fince the first knew Mars?

CATILINE, AVRELIA. THO's there? AVR. Tis I. CAT. Anrelia? VV AVR. Yes. CAT. Appeare, And breake, like day, my beauty, to this circle : Upbraid thy Phabus, that he is fo long In mounting to that point, which should give thee Thy proper splendour. Wherefore frownes my sweete? Have I too long beene absent from these lips, This cheeke, thefe eyes? what is my trefpasse? speake. Av R. It feemes you know, that can accuse your felfe. CAT. I wil redeeme it. Av Ry. Still you fay fo. When? CAT.

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CAT. When Oreftilla, by her bearing well These my retirements, and stolne times for thought, Shall give their effects leave to call her Queene Of all the world, in place of humbled Rome. AVR. You court me now. CAT. As I would alwayes, Love By this Ambrofiacke kiffe, and this of Nectar, Wouldit thoubut heare as gladly, as I speake. Could my Aurelia thinke, I meant her leffe : When, wooing her, I first remov'd a Wife, And then a Sonne, to make my bed, and houfe Spatious, and fit t'embrace her ? These were deeds Not t'have begunne with, but to end with more, And greater : " He that, building, stayes at one "Floore, or the fecond, hath erected none. 'Twas how to raife thee, I was meditating : To make fome act of mine answere thy love : That love, that, when my state was now quite funke. Came with thy wealth, and weigh'd it up againe, And made my emergent Fortune once more looke Above the waine, which, now fhall hit the farres, And flicke my Oreftilla, there amongst 'hem, If any tempest can but make the billow, And any billow can but lift her greatneffe. But I must pray my love, she will put on Like habites with my felfe. I have to doe With many men, and many natures. Some That must be blowne, and sooth'd, as Lentulus, Whom I have heav'd, with magnifying hisblood And a vaine dreame, out of the Sybill's bookes, That a third man, of that great familie Whereof he is descended, the Cornely, Should be a King in Rome : which I have hir'd The flatt'ring Augures to interpret him, Cinna, and Sylla dead. Then bold Cethegus; Whofe valour I have turn'd into his poyfon, And prais'd fo into daring, as he would Goe on upon the Gods, kisse lightning, wrest ~ The engine from the Cyclop's, and give fire At face of a full cloude, and stand his ire, When I would bid him move. Others there are

Whom

Whom envy to the fate drawes, and puts one, For contumelies received, (and fuch are fure ones) As Curius, and the forenam'd Lentulus, Both which have beene degraded, in the Senate, And must have their difgraces, still, new rubd, To make 'hem'fmait, and labour of revenge. Others, whom meere ambition fires, and dole Of Provinces abroad, which they have faind To their crude hopes, and I as amply promis'd: Thefe, Lecca, Vargunteins, Bestia, Authronius, Some whom their wants opprefle, as thidle Captaines Of Silla's troops; and divers Roman Knights (The profuse waiters of their patrimonies) So threatned with their depts, as they, will, now, Runne any desperate fortune for a change. 150 w 2015 10 These, for a time, we mut releeve, Aurelia, And make our house the fafe-guard. Like, for those, That feare the Law, or ftand within her gripe, For any act paft, or to come. Such will From their owne crimes, be factious, as from ours. Some more there be, flight Ayrelings; will be won, With dogs, and horfes; or, perhaps, a whore; Which must be had : And, if they venter lives, For us, Anrelia, wee must hazard honors A little. Get thee ftore, and change of women, As I have boys; and give'hem time and place, And all conniuence : Be thy felfe, too, courtly; And entertaine, and feast, fit up, and revell; Call all the great, the faire, and spirited Dames Of Rome about thee, and beginne a fashion Offreedome, and community. Some will thanke thee, Though the fower Senate frowne, whofe heads must ake In feare and feeling too. Wee must not spare Or coft, or modelty. It can but fhew Like one of Inno's, or of Iove's disguises In eyther thee, or mee; and will as foone, When things fucceed, be throwne by, or let fall; As in a vaile put off, a vifor chang'd, Or the Scene shifted, in our Theaters. Who's that? it is the voyce of Lentulus.

CATILINE.

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AVR.

Avr. Or of *Cethegns*. CAT: In, my faire Aurelia, And thinke upon these arcs : they mult not fee, How farre you are trulted with these privacies; Though, by their shoulders, necks, and heads, you rife.

LENTVLVS. CETHEGVS. CATLLINE.

TTis, mee thinks, a Morning, full of Fate. I crifeth flowly, as her follen care Had all the weights of fleepe, and death hung at it. She is notrofy-fingered, but fwolne blacke. Her face is like a water, turnd to blood, And her ficke head is bound about with clouds, As if thee threatned night, ere noone of day. It does not looke, as it would have a Hayle Or Health, wish'd in it, as on other Mornes. CET. Why, all the fitter, Lentulus: Our comming Is not for falvation, wee have businesse. CAT. Said noble, brave Cethegus, Wher's Autronius? CET. Is he not come? CAT. Not here: CET. Nor Vargunteins? CAT. Neither. CET. A fire in their beds, and bosomes, That fo will ferve this floth, rather then vertue? They are no Romans, and at fuch high need As now. LEN. Both they, Longinus, Lecca, Curins, Fulvius, Gabinius, gave me word, laft night By Lucias, Beffia, they would all be here, And earely. CET. Yes. Asyou, had Inot cald you. Come, wee all fleepe, and are meere Dormice ; Flies, A little leffe then dead : More dulneffe hangs One us, then one the Morne. W'are fprit-bound, In ribs of ice ; our whole bloods are one ftone; And Honour cannot thaw us : nor our wants, Though they burne, hot as fevers, to our states, CAT. I muse they would be tardy, at an houre Of fo great purpole. CAT. If the Gods had call'd Them, to a purpose, they would just have come 1 With the fame Tortoyfe fpeed, that are thus flow To fuch an a tion, which the Gods will envy. As asking no leffe meanes, then all their powers Conjoyn'd, t'effe 7. I would have seene Rome barn't By this time : and her afhes in an Vrne;

The Kingdome of the Senate, rent a funder; And the degenerate, talking Gowne, runne frighted, Out of the ayre of Italy. CAT. Spirit of men! Thou, heart of our great enterprife ! how much I love these voyces in thee! CET. O the daies Of Sylla's fway, when the free fword tooke leave Toact all that it would! CAT. And was familiar With entrailes, as our Augures! CET. Sonnes kild Fathers, Brothers their Brothers. CAT. And had price and praise. All hate had licence given it; all rage raynes. CET. Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretch'd himselfe To feeme more huge ; whilit to his flayned thighes The gore he drew flow'd up : and carried downe Whole heapes of limbes, and bodies, through his arch. No age was spar'd, no Sexe. CAT. Nay, no degree. CET. Not Infants, in the porch of life were free. The Sick, the Old, that could but hope a day Longer, by natures bounty, not let stay. Virgins, and Widdowes, Matrons, pregnant Wives, All dyed. CAT. 'Twascrime enough, that they had lives. To Itricke but onely those, that could doe hurt, Was dull, and poore. Some fell to make the number As fome the prey. CET. The rugged Charon fainted, And ask'd a navie rather then a boat, To ferry over the fad World that came: The mawes, and dennes of beafts could not receive The bodies, that those foules were frighted from; And e'en the graves were fild with men yet living, Whole flight, and feare had mix'd them, with the dead. CAT. And this shall be againe, and more, and more, Now Lentulus, the third Cornelius, Istoftand up in Rome. LEN. Nay, urge not that Is fo uncertaine. CAT. How! LEN. I meane, not clear'd, And therefore, not to be reflected on. CAT. The Sybill's leaves uncertaine? or the Comments Of our grave, deepe, divining men not cleare? LEN. All Prophecies, you know, fuffer the torture. CAT. But this, already, hath confess'd without. And fo beene weigh'd, examin'd, and compar'd, As'twere malicious ignorance in him,

Would faint in the beleefe. LEN. Doe you beleeve it? CAT. Doe I love Lentulus ? or pray to seeit? LEN. The Augures all are constant, I am meant. (Cinna. CAT. They had loft their science elfe" LEN. They count from CAT. And Sylla next, and fo make you the third :-All that can fay the Sunne is ris'n, must thinke it. LEN. Marke me more of late, as I come forth. CAT. Why, what can they doe leffe? Cinna and Sylla Are fet, and gone: And we must turne our eyes. On him that is, and fhines." Noble Cethegus, But view him with me, here : He lookes, already, As if he shooke a Scepter, o're the Senate, And the aw'd purple dropt their rods, and axes. The Statues melt againe; and houshold Gods In grones confesse the travaile of the Citty : The very walles fweat blood before the change, And ftones start out to ruine, ere it comes. CET. But he, and we, and all are idle still. LEN. I am your creature, Sergius : And what ere The great Cornelian Name Shall winne to be, It is not Augury, nor the Sybils Bookes, But Catiline that makes it. CAT. I am Ihadow To honor'd Lentulus, and Cethegus here, Who are the heires of Mars. CET. By Mars himfelfe. Catiline is more my parent : for whofe vertue Earth cannot make a fhadow great enough, Though Envie fnould come too. O, there they are. Now we shall talke more, though we yet doe nothing.

Avthronivs, Vargunteivs, Longinus, Curius, Lecca, Bestia, Fulvius, Gabinius, &c.

Haile Lucius Catiline. VAR. Haile noble Sergius. LON. Haile Publius Lentulus. CVR. Haile the third Cor-LEC. Caius Cethegus haile. CET. Haile floth, & words, (nelius. Infteed of Men, and Spirits. CAT. Nay, deare Caius; CET. Are your eyes yet unfeel'd? Dare they looke day. In the dull face? CAT. Hee's zealous, for the affaire, And blames your tardy comming, Gentlemen. CET. Unleffe we had fold our felves to fleepe, and eafe, And

And would be our flaves flaves. CAT. Pray you forbeare. CET. The North is not fo starke, and cold. CAT. Cetheous. BES. Shall we redeeme all, if your fire will let us. CAT. You are too full of lightning, noble Caius Boy, see all doores be shut, that none approach us, On this part of the house. Go you, and bid The Prieft, he kill the flave I mark'd laft night : And bring me of his blood, when I shall call him : Til then, waite all without. VAR. How is't, Autronius! (thing? AvT. Longinus? LON. Curius? CVR. Lecca? VAR. Feele you no-Lon. A strange, unwonted horrour doth invade me, Iknow not what it is ! Lec. The day goes backe, Or elle my fenses ! Cvr. As at Atreus feast ! FVL. Darkenes growes more & more! LEN. The Vestall flame I think be out. GAB. What grone was that? CET. Our fancies. Strike fire, out of our felves, and force a day. Avr. Againe it founds ! Bes. As all the City gave it ! CET.We feare what our felves faine. VAR.What light is this? Cvr. Look forth. Len. It still grows greater. Lec. Fro whece Lon. A bloody arme it is that holds a pine (comesit? Lighted, above the Capitoll : And now; It waves unto us. CAT. Brave, and omenous ! Our enterprise is seal'd. CET. In spight of darkenesse, That would discountenance it. Looke no more; We loofe time, and our felves : To what we came for, Speake Lucius, we attend you. CAT. Nobleft Romans, If you were leffe, of that your faith, and vertue Did not hold good that title, with your blood, I should not, now, unprofitably spend My felfe in words, or catch at empty hopes, By ayrie waies, for folide certainties. But fince in many, and the greatest dangers, I still have knowne you no lesse true, then valiant, And that I taft; in you, the fame affections, To will, or nill, to thinke things good, or bad, Alike with me : (which argues your firme friendship) I dare the boldlier, with you, let on foote, Or leade unto this great, and goodlieft action. What I have thought of it afore, you all Have heard apart ; I then express'd my zeale

Unto

Unto the giory; Now, the neede enflames me: When I fore-thinke the hard conditions, Our states must undergoe, except, in time, We doe redeeme our felves to liberty, And breake the yron yoake, forg'd for our necks, For, what leffe can we call it? when wee fee The Common-wealth engrofs'd fo by a few. The Giants of the state, that doe, be turnes, Enjoy her, and defile her. All the earth, Her Kings, and Tetrarchs, are their tributaries; People, and Nations pay them hourely flipends: The riches of the world flowes to their coffers, And not to Romes. While(but those few) the reft, How ever great we are, honeft, and valiant, Are hearded with the vulgar ; and fo kept, As we were onely bred, to confume corne, Or weare out wooll, to drinke the Cities water: Ungrac'd, without authority, or marke, Trembling beneath their rods, to whom, (if all Were wellin Rome) we fhould come forth bright axes. All Places, Honors, Offices are theirs: Or where they will confer'hem : they leave us The dangers, the repulses, judgements, wants; Which how long wil you beare molt valiant fpirits? Were we not better to fall, once, with vertue, Then draw a wretched, and difhonor'd breath To loofe with fhame, when thele menspride will laugh? I call the faith of Gods and men to question; The powerisin our hands; our bodies able; Our minds as strong; O'th' contrarie, in them, All things growne aged, with their wealth, and yeares. There wants, but onely to beginne the bufineffe, The issuertaine. CET. LON. On, Let us goe on. (soule, CVR. BES. Go on, braue Sergins. CAT. It doth frike my (And, who can scape the stroke, that hath a foule, Or, but the fmallest ayre of Man within him?) To fee them fwell with treafure, which they poure Out i'their riots, eating, drinking, building, I, i'the fea: planting of Hills with Valleyes : And rayfing Vallies above Hills, whill wee

Have

Have not, to give our Bodies Necessaries. They ha' their change of Houses, Manors, Lordshipse We scarce a fire, or poore houshold Lar. They buy rare Attick statues, Tyrian hangings, Ephesian pictures, and Corinthian plate, Attalicke garments, and, now new-found Gemmes Since Pompey went for Afia : which they purchase At price of provinces. The River Phasis Cannot affoord 'hem Fowle ; nor Lucrine Lake Oylters enow: Cercei, too, is fearch'd To please the witty Gluttony of a meale. Their ancient Habitations they neglect, And fet up new : Then, if the Eccho like not In fuch a roome, they pluck downe those, build newer, Alter them too: and by all franticke waies, Vexe their wild wealth, as they moleft the people, From whom they force it : Yet they cannot tame, Or overcome their riches: Not, by making, Bathes, Orchards, Fish-pooles, letting in of feas, Here; and, then there, forcing 'hem out againe, With mountaynous heaps : For which the earth hath loft Most of her ribbes, as entrayles; being now Wounded no leffe for Marble, then for Gold. We, all this while, like calme, benum'd Spectators, Sit, till our feats doe cracke, and doe not heare The thundring ruines, whilft, at home, our wants, Abroad, our debts do urge us, our states daily Bending to bad, our hopesto worfe : and, what Is left, but to be crush'd? Wake, wake brave Friends, And meete the liberty you oft have wish'd for. Behold, renowne, riches, and glory court you. Fortune holds out these to you, as rewards. Me thinks (though I were dumbe) th'affaire it felfe The opportunity, your needs, and dangers, With the brave spoile the warre brings, should invite you. Use me your Generall, or Souldier : Neither, My Minde, nor Body shall be wanting to you. And being Conful, I not doubt t'effect, All that you wish : If Trust not flatter me, And you had, rather, still be flaves, then free.

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Or the new fellow Cicero's : with that vow Which Catiline hath given. Cvr. So doe I. LEC. And I. BES. And I. FVL. And I. GAB. And all of us. CAr. Why, how's the bufines fafe, and each man ftrengthned. Sirah, what aile you? PAG. Nothing. BES. Somewhat modeft. CAT. Slave, I will frike your foule out with my foote, Let me but finde you againe with fuch a face : You Whelpe. BES, Nay Lucius, CAT. Are you coving it, When I command you to be free, and generall To all ? BES. You'le be observ'd. CAT. Arise, and shew But any least aversion i' your looke To him that bourds you next, and your throat opens. In glot Noble Confederates, thus farre is perfect. Onely your fuffrages I will expect, and an another and a south . I At the affembly for the choosing Confuls, And all the voices you can make by friends To my election. Then let me worke out Your fortunes, and mine owne. Meane while, all reft. Seal'd up, and filent, as when rigid frofts if the lar seales not Have bound up Brookes, and Rivers, forc'd wild beafts Unto their caves, and birds into the woods, Clownes to their houses, and the countrey fleepes : 1991 Hand That when the fudaine thaw comes, we may breaken your noY Upon 'hem like a deluge, bearing downe b'an a coold act to back Halfe Rome before us, and invade the reft of in many should be With cries, and noise able to make the Urnes, of sale cost A Of those are dead, and make their afhes feare. do any of f. sustain "The horrours that doe ftrike the world, figuld come is not O "Loud, and unlook'd for: Tillchey ftrike, be dumbered al or A CET. Oraculous Sergius. LEN. God-like Catiline. CHORVS.

CHORVS. An nothing great, and at the height Remaine fo long? but its owne weight Will ruine it? Or is't blind Chance, That still defires new States t'advance, And quit the old ? Elfe why mult Rome, an face of Hath the not foes now of those, y or the brit A . T 1 A Whom the hath made fuch, and enclose 3 1 22 1

fler

Her round about ? Or, are they none, Except fhe first become her owne ? O wretchednesse of greatest States, To be obnoxious to these Fates : That cannot keepe, what they doe gaine ; And what they raise fo ill fustaine. *Rome*, now is Mistresse of the whole W orld, Sea, and Land, to either Pole : And even that Fortune will destroy The power that made it. Shee doth joy So much in plenty, wealth, and ease, As now, th'excesse is her difease.

Shee builds in gold : And to the Starres : As if thee threatned Heav'n with warres, And feekes for Hell, in quarries deepe, Giving the fiends, that there doe keepe, A hope of day. Her Women weare The spoiles of Nations, in an eare, Chang'd for the treasure of a shell ; And in their loofe attires, doe fwell More light then failes, when all windes play: Yet, are the men more loofe then they, More kemb'd, and bath'd, and rub'd, and trim'd, More fleek'd, more foft, and flacker limb'd, As profitute: fo much, that kinde May feeke it felfe there, and not finde. They eate on beds of filke, and gold, At yvorie tables, or, wood fold Dearer then it : and leaving plate, but and beau Doe drinke in stone of higher rate. They hunt all grounds, and draw all feas: Foule every brooke, and bush, to pleafe Their wanton tafts : and in request 10.5 Have new, and rare things : not the best.

Hence comes that wild, and vaft expence, That hath enforc'd *Romes* vertue thence, Which fimple poverty first made, And now ambition doth invade Her state, with eating avance, Riot, and every other vice.

Decrees

Decrees are bought, and Lawes are fold, Honours, and Offices for gold, The peoples voices : And the free Tongues, in the Senate, bribed be. Such ruine of her manners *Rome* Doth fuffer now, as fhee's become (Without the Gods it foone gaine-fay) Both her owne fpoyler, and owne prey: So *Afia*, art thou cru'lly even With us, for all the blowes thee given : When we, whole vertue conquer d thee, Thus by thy vices ruin'd be.

> FVLVIA, GALLA, SERVANT.

Clame drive to the store of the li

Acr. ij.

THose Roomes doe smell extremely : Bring my glasse, And table hither, Galla. GAL. Madame. FvL. Looke Within, i'my blew Cabinet, for the pearle in the second I'had fent me last, and bring it. GAL. That from Clodius ? FvL. From Cains Cafar. Youarefor Clodius Still. Or Curius. Sirrha, if Quintus Curius come, Man I am not in fit moode ; I keepe my Chamber : 2 400 Give warning fo, without. GAL. Is this it? Madame. FyL. Yes, helpe to hang it in mine eare. GAL. Beleeve me, It is a rich one, Madame. FyL. I hope fo : 12 1222 It should not be worne there elfe. Make an end; And bind my haire up. GAL. As 'twas yefterday ? FvL. No, northet'othirday. When knew you me Appeare two dayes together, in one dreffing? GAL. Will you ha't i'the globe, or fpire? Fy.L. How thou wilt Any way, to thou wilt doe it, good Impertmence. Thy company, if I flept not very well A nights, would make me an errant foole, with que tions. GAL. Alas Madam. Fv L. Nay gentle halfe o'the Dialogue, cease. GAL. I doe it, indeede, but for your exercife, Aral As your Philitian bids me. Fv L. How ! Does he bid you To

To anger me for exercife? GAL. Not to anger you, But firre your blood a little: There's difference Betweene luke-warme, and boyling, Madam. Fvl. *Iove* ! Shee meanes to cooke me, I thinke? Pray you, ha done. GAL. I meane to dreffe you Madam. Fvl. O my funo, Be friend to me ! Offring at wit too? Why, Galla ! (done Where haft thou bin?GAL.Why, Madam?Fvl.What halt thou With thy poore innocent felfe?GA. Wherfore fweet Madam? Fv. Thus to come forth, fo fuddainly, a wit-worme ? GA. It pleafes you to flout one. I did dreame Of Ladie Sempronia. Fv. G, the wonder is out. That did infect thee ? Well, and how ? GA. Me thought, Shee did difcourfe the beft. Fv. That ever thou heardft?

GA. Yes. Fv. I'thy fleepe? Of what was her difcourfe? GA. Othe Republicke, Madam, and the State, And how the was in debt, and where the meant To raife fresh fammes : Shee's a great States-woman. (dame, Fy. Thou dreamp'tft all this? GA. No, but you know theis Ma-And both a Miltreffe of the Latine tongue, And of the Greeke. Fv. I, but I never dreampt it Galla, As thou haft done, and therefore you must pardon me. GA. Indeede you mocke me Madam. Fv. Indeede, no. Forth with your learned Ladie : She has a wit, too? GA. A vene masculine one. Fv. A shee-Criticke, Galla? And can compose, in verse, and make quick jelts, Modeft, or otherwife? GA, Yes Madame. Fv. She can fing too. And play on Instruments? GA. Of all kinds they fay. FvL. And doth dance rarely? GAL. Excellent. So well, Asa bald Senator made a jeft and faid Twasbetter, then an honeft woman neede. FvL. Tut, the may bare that. Few wife womens honefties Will doe their courtilip hurt. GAL. Shee's liberall'too, Madam. Fvz. What of her money, or her honor, pray thee? GAL. Of both, you know not which she doth spare least. FvL. A comely commendation. GAL. Troth, tispitty She is in yeares. FvL. Why Galla? GAL. For it is. FvL. is that all? I thought thou hadft had a reason. GA. Why fo I have. She has beene a fine Ladie, And, yet, fhee dreffes herfelfe, (except you Madame) One o'the best in Rome : and paints and hides

Her

Her decayes very well. Fv L. They-fay, it is Rather a visor, then a face she weares. GAL. They wrong her verily Madam, fhee do's fleeke With crums of bread, and milke, and lies a nights In as neate gloves. But thee is faine of late To feeke, more then fhee's fought to (the fame is) And fo fpends that way. Fvr. Thou know ft all. But Galla. What fay you to Catilines Lady, Oreftilla? There is the Gallant. GAL. Shee does well. Shee has Very good futes, and very rich : but then, Shee cannot put 'hem on. Shee knowes not how To weare a garment. You shall have her all Tewels, and gold fometimes, fo that her felfe Appeares the least part of her felfe. No in troth. As I live, Madam, you put 'hem all downe' With your meere frength of judgement; and doe draw, too, The world of Rome to follow you : you attire Your felfe fo diverfly, and with that fpirit. Still to the nobleft humors. They could make Loye to your dreffe, although your face were away, they fay. FvL. And body too, and hat the better match on't? Say they not fo too, Galla? Now ! what newes Travailes your count'nance with? SER. If't please you, Madam The Ladie Sempronia is lighted at the gate. (you. GAL. Caftor, my dreame, my dreame. SER. And comes to fee GAL. For Venus fake, good Madam fee her. Fy L. Peace, The foole is wild, I thinke. GAL. And heare her talke, Sweet Madam, of State-matters, and the Senate.

SEMPRONIA, FVLVIA, GALLA.

FVIvia, good wench, how doft thon? Fvi. Wel, Sempronia, Whither a'e you thus early addreft? SEM. To fee Aurelia Oreftilla. Shee fent for me. I came to call thee, with me; wilt thou goe? Fvi. I cannot now, in troth, I have fome letters To write, and fend away. SEM. Alas I pitty thee. I ha'beene writing all this night, (and am So very wearie) unto all the Tribes, And Centuries, for their voyces, to help? Catiline, In his election. We fhall make him Conful

1

I hope, amongst us. Craffus, I, and Cafar Will carry it for him. FvL. Does he ftand for't? SEM. H'is the chiefe Candidate. Fv L.Who stands beside? Give me fome wine, and poulder for my teeth. SEM. Here's a good pearle in troth, FvL. A prettie one. SEM. A very orient one. There are Competitors, Caius Antonius, Publius Galba, Lucius, Cassius, Longinus, Quintus Cornificius, Cains Licinius, and that talker, Cicero. But Catiline, and Antonius will be chosen. For foure of the other, Licinius, Longinus, Galba and Cornificius will give away, And Cicero they will not choose. FvL. No? Why? SEM. It will be crofs'd by the Nobility. GAL. How the does understand the comon busines ! SEM. Nor were it fit. He is but a new fellow, An In-mate here in Rome (as Catiline calls him) And the Patricians should doevery ill, To let the Conful-ship be so defil'd As 'twould be, if he obtaind it ? A meere upftart, That has no pedigree, no house, no coate, No enfignes of a family? Fv1. He has vertue. SEM. Hang vertue, where there is no blood : tis vice And in him faucineffe. Why fhould he prefume To be more learned, or more eloquent, Then the Nobility ? or boaft any quality Worthy a Noble man, himfelfe not noble? FvL. Twas vertue onely, at first made all men noble. SEM. I yeeld you, it might at first, in Romes poore age; When both her Kings, and Confuls held the plough, Or garden'd well : But now we ha no need To digge, or loofe our fweat for't.We have wealth, Fortune, and ease, and then their stocke to spend on, O Name, for Veriue, which will beare us out Gainst all new commers, and can never faileus, Whi'e the fucceffion ftayes. And we mult glorifie A Mulhrome? one of yesterday? a fine speaker? Caufe he has fuckd at Athens ? and advance him, To our owne loffe? No Fulvia ; there are they Can speake Greeke too, if neede were. Casar and I

D 2

Have

Have fate upon him; fo hath Craffus too; And others. We have all decreed his reft, For rifing farder. GAL. Excellent rare Ladie ! Fv L. Sempronia, you are beholden to my woman, here. She does admire you. SFM. O good Galla, how doft thou? GAL. The better for your learned Ladiship. SEM. Is this grey poulder, a good Dentifrice? FVL. You fee I ufeit. SEM. I have oue is whiter. FVL. It may be fo. SEM. Yet this fmels well. GAL. And clenfes Very well, Madam, and relifts the crudities. SEM. Fulvia, I pray thee, who comes to thee now? Which of our great Patricians ? FvL. Faith, I keepe No Catalogue of 'hem. Sometimes I have one, Sometimes another, as the toy takes their bloods. SEM. Thou halt them all. Faith, when was Quintus Curius, Thy speciall servant, heere ? FvL. My special servant? SEM. Yes, thy Idolater, I call him. FvL. He may be yours," If you doe like him. SEM. How ! FvL. He comes not here. I have forbid him hence. SEM. Venus forbid ! (rather. FVL. Why? SEM. Your fo unconftant Lover. FvL. So much the I would have change. So would you too, I am fure. And now you may have him. SEM. Hee's fresh yet, Fulvia: Beware, how you doe tempt me. FvL. Faith, for me, He is fomewhat too fresh indeed. The falt is gone, That gave him feafon. His good gifts are done. He does not yeeld the crop that he was wont? And for the act, I can have fecret fellowes, With backs worth ten of him, and shall please me (Now that the Land is fled) a myriade better. (dings, SEM. And those one may command. FvL. Tis true, These Lor-Your noble Faunes, they are foimperious, faucy, Rude, and as boystrous as Centaures ; leaping A Ladie at first fight. SEM. And must be borne Both with, and out, they thinke. Fvr. Tut, Ile observe None of 'hem all : nor humor 'hem a jot " Longer, then they come laden in the hand," And fay, here's t'one, for th'to ther. SEM. Does Cafar give wel? FvL. They shall all give, and pay well, that come here If they will have it : and that jewels, pearle, Plate, or round fummes, to buy thefe, Iam not taken

With

With Cob-Swan, or a high-mounting Bull, As foolish Leda, and Europa were, But the bright gold with Dane. For fuch price, I would endure, a rough, hard 7 upiter, Or ten fuch thundring gamesters ; and refraine To laugh at 'hem, till they are gone, with my much fuffiing. SEM. Th'art a most happy wench, that thus canst make Use of thy youth, and freshnesse in the feason : And haft it to make ule of. Fvr. (Which is the happineffe.) SEM. I am now faine to give to them, and keepe Musicke, and a continuall Table, to invit 'hem. FvL. Yes, and they Itudie your kitchin, more then you: SEM. Eate my felfe our with usurie, and my Lord too, And all my officers, and friends befide, To procure monies, for the needfull charge I must be at, to have 'hem : And yet scarce Can I atchieue'liem fo, Fy. Why, that's because You affect yong faces onely, and imooth chinnes, Sempronia. If you'ld love beards, and briftles, (One with another, as others doe) or wrinkles----Who's that ? Looke Galla. GA. Tis the partie Madam. Fvr. What party? Has he no name? GA. Tis Quintus Curins. Fv. Did 1 not bid 'hem fay, I kept my chamber? GA. Why, fo they doe. SEM. I leave you Fulvia. Fv. Nay, good Sempronia, flay. SEM. In Faith, I will not. Fv. By Juno, I would not fee him. SEM. Ile not hinder you. GA. You know, he will not be kept out, Madam. SEM, Noy. Nor shall not, carefull Galla, by my meanes. Fv. As Idoe live Sempronia. SEM. What needs this? Fv. Goe, fay, I am alleepe, and ill at eafe. SEM. By Caftor, no; Ile tell him, you are awake ; And very well. Stay Galla. Farewell Fulvia : I know my manners. Why doe you labour thus, With action against purpose? Quintus Curins, She is yfaith here, and in disposition. FvL. Spight, with your courtefie. How shall I be tortur'd !

CVRIVS, FVLVIA, GALLA. W Here are you faire one, that conceale your felfe, And keepe your beautie within locks, and barres here, D 3. Like

· Like a fooles treasure? Fv L. True fne was a foole, When, first, she shew'dit to a theefe. CvR. How prety fullennes! So harth and fhort? FyL. The fooles Artillery, fir. CVR. Then take my gowne off, for th'encounter. FvL.Stay fir. I am not in the moode. CvR. Ile put you into'c. Fvr. Belt, put your felfe,i'your cafe againe, and keepe Your furious appetite warme, against you have place for't. CVR. What! doe you coy it? Fv1. No fir. I am not proud. CVR. I would you were. You, thinke this flate becomes you? By Herculus, it does not. Looke i'your glaffe; now, And fee, formely that countenance fhewes; You would be loth to owneit. Fv L. I shall not change it. CVR. Faith, but you mult; and flacke this bended brow: And thoot leffe fcorne : there is a Fortune comming Towards you, Dainty, that will take thee, thus, And let thee aloft, to tread upon the head Of her owne statue here in Rome. Fy L. I wonder, Who let this Promifer in !Did you, good Diligence? Give him his bribe, againe. Or if you had none, Pray you demand him, why he is fo ventrous, To preffe, thus, to my chamber, being forbidden Both, by my felfe, and fervants? CVR. How!this's handfome! And fomewhat a new straine! FyL. Tisnotstraind, Sir. Tis very naturall. CVR. I have knowne it otherwife, Betweene the parties, though. Fvr. For your fore-knowledge, Thanke that, which made it. It will not be fo, Hereafter, I affure you. Cvr. No, my Mistresse? Fvr. No though you bring the fame materials. Cvr. Heare me, You over act when you fhould underdoe. A little call your felfe againe, and thinke. If you doe this practice on me or finde At what forc'd diftance you can hold your fervant; That it be an artificiall tricke, to enflame, And fire me more fearing my loue may need it, As, heretofore, you ha'done; why, proceede FVL. As I ha' done heretofore? CVR. Yes, when you'ld faine Your husbands jealousie, your servants watches, Speake foftly and runne often to the dore; Or to the windore, forme strange feares that were not: As if the pleafure were leffe acceptable,

That were fecure. Fvr. You are an impudent fellow. CyR. And, when you might better have done it, at the gate, To take mein at the cafement. Fv L. I take youin? CVR. Yes, you my Lady, And, then, being a bed with you, To have you well taught wayter, here, come running, And cry, her Lord, and hid him without caufe, Crush'd in a chest, or thrust up in a chimney. When he, tame Crow, was winking at his Farmes Or, had beene here, and prefent, would have kept Both eyes, and beake feal'd up, for fixe fefterces. Fyr. You have a flanderous, beaftly, unwalh'd tongue, I'vour rude mouth, and favouring your felfe, Un-manner'd Lord. (AR. How Dow! FvL. It is your title, Sir. Who (fince you ha' loft your good name and know not What to loole more) care, not, who fe honor you wound, Or fame you poy fon with it. You fhould goe, And vent your felfe i'the region, where you live, Among the Suburbe-Brothels, Bauds, and Brokers, Whither your broken fortunes have defign'd you. CVR. Nay, then I must stop your furie, I fee; and plucke The Tragicke vifor off. Come, Lady Cypris, Know your owne vertues, quickly. Ile not be Put to the woing of you thus, affresh, At every turne, for all the Venus in you. Yeeld, and be pliant; or by Pollux----How now? Will Lais turne a Lucrece? Fv L. No, but by Caftor, Hold off your Ravishers hands, I pierce your heart, elfe. Ile not be put to kill my felfe, as the did For you fweet Tarquine. What? doe you fall off? Nay, it becomes you gracioully. Put not up. You'll fooner draw your weapon on me, I thinke it, Then one the Senate, who have calt you forth Difgracefully, to be the common tale Of the whole Citty : base, infamous Man: For, were you other, you would there imploy Your desperate danger. Cvr. Fuluia, you doe know The strengths you have upon me : Doe not use Your power too like a Tyrant: I can bare, Almost till you breake me. FvL. I doe know Sir, So does the Senate, too, know, you can beare,

CYR.

CVR. By all the Gods, that Senate will imart deepe For your upbraidings. I should be right forry To have the meanes fo to be veng'd on you, (At least, the will) as I shall shortly on them. But, goe you on still : Fare you well, deare Ladie; You could not still be faire unlesse you were proud. You will repent thefe moods, and ere't be long, too. I shall ha'you come about againe, FvL. Doe you thinke fo? CVR. Yes, and I know fo. FvL. By what Augury? CVR. By the faire Entrailes of the Matrons chefts, Gold, Pearle, and Jewels, here in Rome, which Fulvia Will then (but late) fay that fhe might have fhar'd. And, grieving, miffe. FvL. Tut, all your promis'd Mountaines, And Seas, I am fo stately acquainted with----CVR. But, when you fee the univerfall flood-Runne by your coffers; that my Lords, the Senators, Are fold for flaves, their Wives for bond-women. Their Houfes, and fine Gardens given away, And all their goods under the Speare, at out-cry, And you have none of this; but are still Fulvia, Or perhaps leffe, while you are thinking of it: You will advise then, Coynesse, with our cushion, And looke o'your fingers; fay, how you were with'd: And fo, he left you. FvL. Call him agen Galla: This is not usuall, fomething hangs on this That I must winne out of him. Cvr. How now, melt you? FvL. Come you will laugh, now at my easinessie? But, tis no miracle; Doves, they fay, will bill, After their pecking, and their murmuring. Cvr. Yes, And then tis kindly. I would have my Love Angry, fometimes, to sweeten off the reft Of her behaviour. FvL. you doe fee, I ftudy How I may please you, then. But you thinke Curius, Tis covetife hath wrought mee If you love me Change that unkinde conceit. 'Cvr. By my loa'd foule, I love thee, like to it; and tis my ftudie, More then my ownerevenge, to make thee happy. FvL. And tis that just revenge doth make me happy To heare you profecute : and which, indeed, Hath wonne me, to you, more then all the hope

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Of what can elfe be promis'd. I love valour Better, then any Ladie loves her face, Or dreffing : then my felfe does. - Let me grow Still, where I doe embrace. But what good meanes Ha' you t'effect it? Shall I know your project? CVR. Thoushalt, if thou'lt be gracious, FvL. As I can be. CVR. And wilt thou kiffe me then ? FvL. As clofe as shels Of Cockles meet. Cv R, And print 'hem deep? Fv. Quite through Our fubtle lips. Cvr. And often? Fyr. I will fow 'hem, Faster then you can reape. What is your plot? Cyr. Why, now my Fulvia lookes, like her bright name, And is her selfe. FvL. Nay, answere me, your plot : I pray thee tell me Quintus. CVR. I, these founds Become a Mistresse. Here is harmony. When you are harsh, I fee, the way to bend you Is not with violence, but fervice. Cruell, A Ladie is a fire, gentle, a light. FvL. Will you not tell me, what I aske you? CvR. All, That I can thinke, fweete Love, or my breaft holds, Ile poure into thee. FvL. What is your defigne then ? CVR. Ile tell thee : Catiline shall now be Conful : But you will heare more shortly. FvL. Nay, deare Love, CVR. Ile speake it, in thine armes : Let us goe in. Rome will be fack'd, her wealth will be our prize, By publique ruine, private spirits must rife.

CHORVS.

GReat Father Mars, and greater Jove, By whole high anspice, Rome hath flood Of your great Nephew, that then strove Not with his brother, but your Rites : Be present to her now, as then, And let not proud and factious Men Against your wills oppose their mights. Our Consuls, now are to be made : O, put it in the publique voice To make a free and worthy choice : Excluding such as would invade The Common-wealth. Let whom we name

Have

Have wisedome, foresight, fortitude, Be more with faith, then face endn'd, And fudy conscience, above fame. Such, as not seeks to get the ftart In State, by power, parts, or bribes, Ambition's baudes ; but move the Tribes By vertue, modesty, desart. Such as to justice will adhere, What ever great one it offend, And from th'embraced truth not bend For envie, hatred, gifts, or feare. That by their deedes will make it knowne, Whofe dignity they doe fuftaine; And life, state, glory, all they gaine, Count the Republiques, not their owne. Such the old Bruti, Decij mere, The Cipi, Curtij, who did give Themselves for Rome : And would not live, As men, good, onely for a yeare. Such were the great Camilli too ; The Fabij, Scipio's, that still thought No worke at price enough, was bought, That for their Countrey they could doe. And to her honour, so did knit ; As all their acts were understood The finewes of the Publique good : And they them felves, one foule with it. These men were truely Magistrates; These neither practis' d force, nor formes, Nor did they leave the helme in stormes : And such they are make happy States.

Аст. ііј.

CICERO, CATO, CATVLVS, ANTONIVS, CRASSVS, CAESAR, CHORVS, LICTORS.

GReat Honors are great burdens: But on whom They are cast with envy, he doth beare two loads.

His care must still be double to his joyes, In any Dignitie; where if he erre, He findes no pardon : and for doing well A small praise, and that wrung out by force. I fpeake this, Romanes, knowing what the weight Of the high charge, you have trufted to me, is. Not that thereby I would with art decline The good, or greatnesse of your b. nefit : For laferibe it to your fingular grace And vow, to owe it to no title elfe, Except the Gods, that Cicero is your Conful. I have no Urnes, no dufty Monuments, No broken images of Ancestors, Wanting an eare, or nofe : no forged tables Of long descents, to boast false honours from : Or be my undertakers to your truft. But a new Man (as I am Itil'd in Rome) Whom you have dignified : and more, in whom Yo'have cut away, and left it ope for vertue Hereafter, to that place, which our Great men Held shut up, with all rampires, for themselves. Nor have but few of them in time beene made Your Confuls lo; New men, before me, none : At my first suite, in my just yeare, prefer'd To all Competitors, and fome the nobleft. (have CRA. Now the vaine fwels. CAEs. Up glory. Cic. Andro Your loud consents, from your owne utter'd voyces, Not filent bookes, nor from the meaner tribes, But first, and last, the universall concourse. This is my joy, my gladne fe. But my care, My industrie, and vigilance now must worke? That still your counfell of me approv'd, Both by your felves, and those, to whom you have, With grudge prefer'd me : Two things I. must labour, That neither they upbraid, nor you repent you. For every lapfe of mine will now be call'd Your errour, if I make fuch. But my hope is, So to beare through, and out the Confulfhip, As fpight shall ne're wound you, though it may man And for my felfe, I have prepar'd this ftrength,

E 2

CATILINE,

To doe to well, as if there happen ill Unto me, it shall make the Gods to blush, And be their crime, not mine, that I am envi'd. CAES. O confidence ! more new, then is the Man ! Crc. I know well, in what termes I doe receive The Common-wealth, how vexed, how perplex'd : In which there is not that mifchiefe, or ill fate, That good men feare not, wicked men expect not. I know, beside, some turbulent practifes Already on foote, and rumours of moe dangers. CRA. Or you will make them, if there be none. Crc.Laft. I know twas this, which made the envie, and pride Of the great Roman blood bate, and give way To my election. CAT. Marcus Tullius, true : Our neede made thee our Confull, and thy vertue. CAES. Cato, you will undoe him with your praife. CAT. Cafar will hurt himfelfe, with his owne envie. CHO. The voyce of Cato is the voyce of Rome. CAT. The voyce of Rome is the confent of Heaven 5 And that hath plac'd thee Cicero at the helme, Where thou must render, now thy felfe a Man, And Master of thy art. Each pettie hand Can steere a ship becalm'd : but he that will Governe, and carrie her to her ends, mult know His tides, his currents, how to thift his failes : What she will beare in foule, what in faire weathers: Where her fprings are, her leakes, and how to ftop 'hem; What fands, what thelves, what rockes to threaten her; The forces, and the natures of all winds, Gufts, ftormes, and tempefts, when her keele ploughs hell, And decke knocks Heaven : then, to manage her Becomes the name, and office of a Pilot. Crc. Which Ile performe, with all the diligence, And fortitude I have : not for my yeare, But for my life ; except my life be leffe, And that my yeare conclude it : if it mult, Your will lov'd Gods. This heart shall yet employ A day, an houre is left me, fo for Rome. As it shall spring a life out of my death, To thine for ever glorious in my facts :.

CATILINE:

"The vicious count their yeares, vertuous their acts. Сно. Most noble Conful ! Let us waite him home. CAEs. Most popular Conful he is growne, me thinkes. CRA. How the rout cling to him! CAEs. And Cato leads' hem? CRA. You, his colleague. Antonius, are not look't on. ANT. Not I, nor doe I care. CAEs. He enjoyes reft, And ease the while : Let th'others spirit toyle, And wake it out, that was infpir'd for turmoyle. CATV. If all reports be true, yet Caius Casar, The time hath neede of fuch a watch, and spirit : CAES. Reports? Doe you beleeve 'hem Catulus, Why, he does make, and breed hem for the people; T'endeare his fervice to 'hem. Doe you not taft An art that is fo common? Popular men, They must create strange Moniters, and then quell 'hem ; To make their Arts feeme fomething. Would you have Such an Herculean Actor in the Scene, And not his Hydra? They must fweat no leffe To fit their properties, then t'expresse their parts. "CRA. Treasons and guiltie men are made in States "Too oft to dignifie the Magistrates. "Those States are wretched, that are forc'd to buy "Their Rulers fame, with their owne infamy. CRA. We therefore should provide that ours doe not. CAES. That will Antonius make his care. ANT. I ihall. CAEs. And watch the watcher. CATV. Here comes Catiline. How does he brooke his late repulse? CAES. I know not. But hardly fure. CAT. Longinus too, did stand? CAES. At first : But he gave way unto his friend. CATV. Who's that come? Lentulus? CAES. Yes. He is againe Taken into the Senate. ANT. And made Prætor. CAT. I know't. He had my fuffrage, next the Confuls. CAEs. True, you were there, Prince of the Senate then.

> CATILINE, ANTONIVS, CATVLVS, CAESAR, CRASSVS, LONGI-NVS, LENTVLVS.

HI gratulate your Honon. ANT. I could with It had beene happier, by your fellowship,

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E 3.

Most noble Sergins, hadit pleas'd the people. CATI. It did not please the Gods; Who instruct the people And their unquestion'd pleasures must be ferv'd. They know what's fitter for us, then our felves; And 'twere impietie, to thinke against them. CATV. You beare it rightly, Lucius; and, it glads me, To finde your thoughts so even, CATI. I shallstill Studie to make them fuch in Rome, and Heaven. I would withdraw with you, a little, Inlins. CAES. Ile come home to you : Craffus would not ha you To speake to him, fore Quintus Catulus. CATI. I apprehend you. No, when they shall judge Honors convenient for me, I shall have 'hem With a full hand : I know it. In meane time, They are no leffe part of the Common-wealth, That doe obey, then those, that doe command. CATV. O, let me kille your forehead, Lucins. (port. How are you wrongd! CATI. By whom? CATV. Publicke re-That gives you out, to ftomacke your repulse; And brooke it deadly. CATI. Sir : The brookes not me Beleeve me rather, and your felfe, now, of me; It is a kinde of flaunder, to truft rumour. CATV. I know it. And I could be angrie with it. CATT. So may not I. Where it concernes himfelte, WI .490 Who's angry at a flander, makes it true. CATV. Most noble Sergius ! this your temper melts me. CRA, Will you doe office to the Confull Quintus? CAES. That Gate, and the Rout have done the other? CATV. I waite, then he will goe. Be still your felfe. He wants no state; or honors; that hath vertue. CATI. Did I appeare fo tame, as this man thinks me? Look'd fo poore, fo dead? So like that nothing Which he cals vertuous? O my breaft, breake quickly; And thew my friends my in-parts, leaft they thinke I have betraid'liem. Low. Wher's Gabining? LEN. Gone. LON. And Vargunteins? LEN. Slipt away ; all fhrunke: Now that he milt the Conful-Ihip. CATI. I am The fcome of bond-men; who are next to beaffs. What can I worfe pronounce my felfe, that's fitter? The Owle of Rome, whom Boyes, and Girles will hout:

That were I fetup, for that Wooden God, That keeps our Gardens, could not affright the Crowes, Or the leaft Bird from muting one my head. Lon. Tistrange how he fhould miffeit. LEN. Is't not itranger The upflart *Cicero* fhould carrie it fo, By all confents, from men fo much his Mafters? Lon. Tistrue. CATI. To what a fhadow, am I melted? Lon. Antonias wanit but by fome few voices. CATI. Strocke through, like aire, and feele it not. My wounds Clofe fafter, then they're made. LEN. The whole defigne And enterprife is loft by't. All hands quit it. Upon his fayle. CATI. Igrow mad at my patience. It is a Vifor that hath poyfen'd me. Would it had burnt meup, and I died inward: My heart firit turn'd to afhes. Lon. Here's Cethegus yet.

CATILINE, CETHEGYS, LENTVLVS, LONGINVS, CATO.

) Epulse upon repulse ? An In-mate, Conful? That I could reach the axell, where the pinnes are, Which bolt this frame; that I might pull'hem out, And plucke all into Chaos, with my felfe. CET. What, are we wishing now? CATI. Yes my Cethegus. Who would not fall with all the world about him? CET. Not I, that would fland one it, when it falls: And force new Nature out, to make another. These wishingstalte of women, not of Romane. Let us feeke other armes. CATI. What should we doe? CET. Do, and not with; fomething, that withes take not, So fudaine, as the Gods should not prevent, Nor scarce have time to feare. CATI. Onoble Cains! CET. It likes me hetter, that you are not Conful. I would not goe through open dores, but breake 'hem :. Swim to my ends through blood : or build a bridge Of carcaffes : make on, upon the heads Of men, ftrooke downe like piles; to reach the lives Of those remaine, and stand : then is't a pray, When Danger stoppes, and Ruine makes the way ... CATI. How thou doft utter mee, brave foule, that may not, -Atall times, they fuch as I am : but bend.

· Unto occasion ? Lentulus, this man, If all your fire were out, would fetch downe new, Out of the hand of love, and rivet him To Gaucasus, should he but frowne : and let His owne gaunt Eagle flie at him, to tire. LEN. Peace, here comes Cato. CAT. Let him come, and heare I will no more diffemble. Quit us all: I, and my lov'd Cethegus here, alone Will undertake this Giants warre, and carry it. LEN. What needs this, Lucius? LON. Sergius be more wary. CATI. Now Marcus Cato, our new Confuls spie, What is your fower aufterity fent t'explore. CATO. Nothing in thee licentious Catiline: Halters, and racks cannot expresse from thee More, then thy deeds. Tis onely judgement waits thee. CATI. Whole? Cato's? shall he judge me? CAT. No, the Gods: Who, ever follow those, they go not with: And Senate : who, with fire, must purge ficke Rome Of noy fome Citizens, whereof thouart one. Begone, or else let me. Tis beine to draw · (Cains: The fame ayre with thee. CET. Stricke him. LEN. Hold good CET. Fearlt thou not Cato? CATO. Rash Cethegus, no. Twere wrong with Rome, when Catiline and thour Doe threat, if Cato feard. CATI. The fire you speake of If any flame of it approach my fortunes Ile quench it, not with water but with ruine. CATO. You heare this, Romans. CATI. Bear' it to the Conful. CET. I would have fent away his foule, before him. You are too heavie, Lentulus, and remisse: It is for you we labour, and the Kingdome Promis'd you by the Sybill's. CATE: Which his pratorihip, And some small flattery of the Senate more, Will make him to forget. -LEN. You wrong me, Lucius. LON, He will not need thefe fpurs. CET. The a Rion needs'hem. "Thefe things, when they proceed not, they goe back ward. LEN. Let us confulcthen. CET. Let us, hrit, take armes They that denie us just things, now, will give All that we aske : if once they fee our fwords. CAT. Our objects must be fought with wounds not words.

CICERO, FVLVIA. T Sthere a Heaven? and Gods? and can it be They fhould fo flowly heare, fo flowly fee? Hath love no thunder ? or is love become Stupid as thou art?oh neare-wretched Rome, When both the Senate, and the Gods doe fleepe, And neither thine nor their owne states doe keepe! What will awake thee, Heaven? what can excite Thine anger, if this practife be too light? His former drifts partake of former times. But this last plot was onely Catilines. O, that it were his last. But he, before, Hath fafely done fo much, hee'll still dare more. Ambition, like a torrent, nere lookesbackes And is a fwelling, and the last affection A high minde can put off : being both a Rebell Unto the foule, and reason, and enforceth All lawes, all confcience, treads upon religion, And offereth violence to Natures felfe. But here is that transforads it. A blacke purpose fm hor of To confound Nature : and to ruine that, Which never Age nor Mankinde can repaire. Sit downe, good Lady ; Cicero is loft In this your fable : for, to thinke it true Tempteth my reason. It fo farre exceeds a standard and and All infolent fictions of the tragicke Scene. The Common-wealth, yet panting, inderneath The stripes, and wounds of a late civill warre, Gasping for life, and scarce restor'd to hope; To feeke t'oppreffe her, with new cruelty, And utterly extinguish her long name, With fo prodigious, and unheard-of firceneffe! What finke of Monsters, wretches of lost minds, Mad after change, and desperate in their states, Wearied and gall'd with their neceffities, (For all this I allow them) durft have thought it? Would not the barbarous deeds haue bin beleev'd Of Marius, and Sylla, by our Children, Without this fact had rife forth greater, for them? All, that they did, was piety, to this.

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They yet, but murdred Kinsfolke, Brothers, Parents, Ravifn'd the Virgins, and perhaps, fome Matrons ; They left the Citty standing, and the Temples : The Gods, and Majestie of Rome were safe yet. These purpose to fire it, to dispoile them, (Beyond the other evils,) and lay walte The farre-triumphed world : For unto whom Rome is too little, what can be enough? Fv L. Tis true, my Lord, I had the fame discourse. Cic. And then, to take a horrid Sacrament In humane blood, for execution. Of this their dire defigne; which might be call'd states and The height of wickedneffe : but that, that was higher, For which they did it. Fvz. I affure your Lordship. The extreame horrour of it almost turn'd me To aire, when first I heard it; I was all A vapour, when 'twas told me : And I long'd To vent it any where : 'Twas fuch a fecret, I thought, it would have burnt me up. Cic. Good Falvin, Feare not your act; and lesse repent you of it. Fv1. I doe not my good Lord. I know to whom I have utter'dit. Cic. You have difcharg'd it fafely. Should Rome, for whom you have done the happy fervice, Turne most ingrate; yet were your vertue paid In confeience of the fact : fo much good deedes Reward themfelves. FvL. My Lord, I did it not To any other aime, but for it felfe. To no ambition. CIC. You have learn'd the difference Of doing office to the publike weale, And private friendship, and have shewne it, Ladie. Be still your felfe. I have sent for Quintus Curius, And (for your vertuous fake) if I can winne him, Yet to the Common-wealth ; He shall be fafe too. Fv1. Ile undertake, my Lord, he will be wonne. CIC.Pray you joyne with me, then : And helpe to worke him.

CICERO, LICTOR, FVLVIA, CVRIVS.

HOw now? Is he come? Lic. He's here my Lord. Cic. Goe Pray my Colleague Antonins, I may speake with him,

About

(presently,

About some present businesse of the State; And (as you goe) call on my brother Quintus, And pray him, with the Tribunes to come to me. Bid Curins enter. Fulvia, you will aide me? FvL. It is my duty. CIC. O, my noble Lord ! I have to chide you yfaith. Give me your hand. Nay, be not troubled, 'tshall be gently, Gurins. You looke upon this Lady ? What Doe you gueffe My bufineffe, yet ? Come, If you frowne, I thunder : Therefore, put on your better lookes, and thoughts. There's nought but faire, and good intended to you; And I would make thefe your complexion. Would you, of whom the Senate had that hope, As, on my knowledge, it was in their purpofe, Next fitting, to reftore you : as they ha' done The stupid and ungratefull Lentuins : (Excuse me, that I name you thus, together, For, yet, you are not fuck) would you, I fay, A perfon both of Blood aud Honour, ftock't In a long race of vertuous Ancestors, Embarke your felfe for fuch a hellish action, With Parricides, and Traitors, men turn'd Furies, Out of the waste, and ruine of their fortunes : (For 'tis defpaire, that is the mother of madneffe) Such as want (that, which all Confpirators, But they, have first) meere colour for their mischiefe? O, I must blush with you. Come, you shall not labour To extenuate your guilt, but quit it cleane : "Bad men excufe their faults, good men will leave 'hem. "He acts the third crime, that defends the first. Here is a Lady that hath got the ftart, In pietie, of us all, and for whofe vertue, I could almost turne Lover, againe : but that Terentia would be jealous. What an honour Hath the atchieved to her felfe ! What voices, Titles, and loud applauses will purfue her Through every ftreet ! What windores wil be fill'd, To shoote eyes at her ! What envie an griefe in Matrons, They are not the ! when this her act shall feeme Worthier a Chariot, then if Pompey came, With

With Afia chain'd ! All this is while the lives. But dead, her very name will be a Statue, Not wrought for time, but rooted in the mindes Of all posterity ; when Braffe, and Marble. I, and the Capitolit felfe is duft. FyL. Your Honour thinkes too highly of me. Cre. No. I cannot thinke enough. And I would have Him emulate you. 'Tis no fhame, to follow The better precedent. Shee thews you Curius, What claime your Countrey laies to you; and what dutie You owe toit : Be not afraide, to breake With Murderers, and Traytors, for the faying A life fo neare, and necessary to you, As is your Countries. Thinke but on her right. " No Child can be too naturall to his Parent. She is our common Mother, and doth challenge The prime part of us : Doe not ftop, but give it : "He that is voide of feare, may loone be just, "And no Religion binds men to be Traitors." FvL. My Lord, he understands it; and will follow Your faving counsell. But his shame, yet stayes him. I know that he is comming. CVR. Doe you know it? (I? FvL. Yes, let me fpeak with you. CvR. O you are-FvL. what am CVR. Speake not fo loud. FvL. I am, what you should be, Come, doe you thinke, I'ld walke in any plot, Where Madam Sempronia should take place of me, And Fulvia come i'the rere, or on the by? That I would be her fecond in a bufineffe. Though it might vantage me all the Sunnefces? It was a filly fancie of yours. Apply Your felfe to me, and the Conful, and be wife: Follow the fortune I haput you into : You may be fomething this way, and with fafety. Cic. Nay, I must tolerate no whisperings, Lady. FvL. Sir, you may heare. I tell him in the way, Wherein he was, how hazardous his courfe was Cic. How hazardous? how certaine to all ruine. Did he, or doe, yet any of them imagine The Gods would fleepe, to fuch a Stygian practife, Against that Common wealth which they have founded With

With fo much labour, and like care have kept, Now neare seven hundred yeares? It is madnesse, Wherwith Heaven blinds 'hem, when it would cofound 'em That they fhould thinke it. Come, my Curius, I see your nature's right, you shall no more Be mention'd with them : I will call you mine, And trouble this good shame, no farder. Stand Firme for your Countrie, and become a man Honor'd, and lov'd. It were a noble life, To be found dead, embracing her. Know you, What thankes, what titles, what rewards the Senate Will heape upon you, certaine, for your fervice? Let not a desperate action more engage you, Then fafety fhould, and wicked friend thip force What honefty aud vertue cannot worke. FvL. He tels you right, fweete friend : 'cis faving counfell. CyR. Moft noble Conful, I am yours, and hers, I meane my Countries : you have form'd me new. Inspiring me with what I should be truely. And I intreate, my faith may not feeme cheaper For fpringing out of penitence. Cic. Good Curius, It shall be dearer rather, and because I'ld make it fuch, heare how I truft you more. Keepe still your former face; and mixe againe With these lost spirits. Run all their mazes with 'hem, For fuch are treasons. Finde their windings out, And fubt'e turnings, watch their fnakie waies, Through brake, , and hedges, into woods of darkeneffe, Where they are faine to creepe upon, their breafts In pathesnere trod by Men, but Wolves, and Panthers. Learne, beside Catiline, Lentulus, and those, Whole names I have, what new ones they draw in, Who elfe are likely, what those Great ones are, They doe not name, what waies they meane to take, And whither their hopes point, to warre : or ruine, By fome furprize. Exp'ore all their intents, And what you finde may profite the Republique, Acquaint me with it, either by your felfe, Or this your vermous friend, en whom I lay The care of urging you; I'e fee that Rome Shall prove a thankefull and a bounteous Mother:

Be fecret as the night. Cvs. And conftant Sir. Crc. I doe not doubt it. Though the time cut off All vowes. "The dignity of truth is loft, With much protecting: Who is there ! This way, Leaft you be feene, and met. And when you come, Be this your token; to this fellow. Light'hem.

O Rome, in what fickneffe art thou fall'n! How dangerous, and deadly ! when thy head Is drownd in fleepe, and all thy body feu'ry! No noife, no pulling, no vexation weaks thee, Thy Lethargie is fuch : or if by chance, Thou have thy eye-lids vp, thou dolt forget Sooner, then thou wert told, thy proper danger, I did unreverently, to blame the Gods, Who wake for thee, though thou fnore to thy felfe. Is it not strange, thou should'st be fo difeas'd, And fo fecure? But more, that the first fymptomes Of fuch a malady, fhould not rife out From any worthy member but a bafe And common strumpet, worthlesse to be nam'd A haire or part of thee ? Thinke, thinke, hereafter, What they needs were, where thou must vie fuch meanes: And lay it to thy breaft, how much the Gods to the and Upbraid the foule neglect of them; by making So vile a thing, the Author of thy fafety. They could have wrought by nobler wates: have ftrooke. Thy foes with forked lightning ; or ramm'd Thunder; Throwne hills upon 'hem, in the act; have fent Death, like a dampe, to fall cheur families: Or caus d their confcience to burft'em. But, When they will shew thee what thou art, and make A fcornefull difference 'twixt their power and thee, They helps thee by fuch aides, as Geefe, and Harlots. Vr. v now? What an fwere? Is he come? LEC. Your Brother, Will fraight be here : and your Colleague Antonius Said coldly, he would follow me. Cic. I, that Troubles me fomewhat, and is worth my feare: He is a man, 'gainft whom I must provide, That (as hee'll doe no good) he doe no harme: He, though he be not of the plot, will like it, And with it fbould proceed : for unto men,

Prest with her wants, all change is ever welcome. I must with offices, and patience winne him: Make him, by art, that which he is not borne, A friend vnto the publique, and beftow The Province on him ; which is by the Senate Decreed to me : that benefit will bind him. Tis well, if fome men will doe well, for price: "So few are vertuous, when the reward's away: Nor mult I be unmindfull of my private; Of alle For which I have call'd my Brother, and the Tribunes, My Kins-folke, and my Clients to be neare me; "He that itands up'gainst Traitors, and their ends, "Shall need a double guard, of Law, and friends: "Especially, in fuch an envious State, an introduced a fino I "That fooner will accuse the Magistrate, detailed on the same? "Then the Delinquent ; and will rather grieve "The Treafon is not acted, then beleeve.

CAESAR, CATILINE, SUSSILI, I A. "He night growes on ; and you are for your meeting: I le therefore end in few. Be relolute, And put your enterprise in act : The more "Actions of depth, and danger are confider'd, IT TO VILT "The leffe affuredly they are perform'd. And thence it hapneth that the braveft plots (Not executed straight) have bin discour'd. Say, you are constant, or another, a third, Or more : there may be yet one wretthed spirit, -With whom the feare of punishment shall worke Bove all the thoughts of honor, and revenge. You are not, now, to thinke what's beft to doe, As in beginnings : what mult be done, Being thus entred : and flip no advantage That may fecure you. Let 'hem call it mischiefe: "When it ispaft, and profp'red, 'twill be vertue. "Th'are petty crimes punith'd, great rewarded. fit which port Nor mult you thinke of perill, fince, "Attempts, "Begunne with danger, still doe end with glory: "And, when neede spurrs, despaire will be cald wisedome. Leffe ought the care of men, or fame to fright you: "For they, that winne, do feldome receive fhame we will not "Of victory: how ere it be atchieu'd:

And vengeance, least. For who, belieg'd with wants Would stop at death, or any thing beyond it? Come there was never any great thing, yet? Afpired, but by violence, or fraud: And he that flicks (for folly of a confcience) To reachit----CAT. Is a good religious foole. CAEs. A superfitious flave and will die beast. Good night. You know what Graffus thinks, and I, By this : Prepare you wing, as large as fayles To cut through Ayre, and leave no print behind you. A Serpent, ere he comes to be a Dragon, Do's eat a Bat : and to mult you a Conful, That watches. What you doe, doe guickly Sergins. You shal not stir for me. CAT, Excuse me, lights there. (Cafar. CAES. By no meanes. CAT, Stay then. All good thoughts to And like to Craffus. CAES. Mind but your friends counfels. CATILINE, AVRELIA, LECCA. R I will beare no minde. How now, Aurelia? Are your confederats come? the Ladies? Avr. Yes. CAT. And is Sempronia there? AVR. Sheis. CAT. That's well She ha's a fulpherous fpirit and wiltake Light at a sparke. Breake with them, gentle love, About the drawing as many of their husbands, in the state of I' Into a plot, as can : if not to rid 'bemi. a intermedia stand have That'll be the eafier practife, anto fome, and the standard Who have bintir'd with 'hem long. Sollicite Their aydes, for money; and their Servantshelpe. In firing of the Citty, at the time Shall be defign'd. Promife' bem States, and Empures, And men, for Lovers, made of better clay to the domas to the Then ever the old Potter Titan knew, Who's that? O: Porcius Lecca! are they met? LEC. They are all, here. CAT. Love, you have your instructions: le truit you with the ft ffe you haue to worke on. (ou'll formeit? Porcins, fetch the filver Eagle I ga'you in charge, and pray'hem, they will enter. CATILINE, CETHEGVIS, CVRIVS, LENTVLVS, VARGVINT, FIV'S, LONGLNVIS GABINYS, CEOPARIVS, ANTRONIVS, &C. 1) 10011 Friends your faces gladme. This will ben want, site offer Our last, I hope of consultation.

CAT. So, it had need. CAR. We loofe occasion, daily, CAT. I, and our meanes : whereof one woundes me molt. That was the faireft. Pifois dead, in Spaine. CET. As we are, here. LON. And it is thought, by envy Of Pompey's followers. LEN. He too's comming backe. Now, out of Afia. CAT. Therefore what we intend We must be swift in. Takeyour seates, and heare. -I have, already, fent Septimius Into the Picene territory; and Julius, To raile force, for us, in Apulia: Manling at Fefulais (by this time)up With the old needie troopes, that follow'd Sylla; And all doe but expect, when wee will give The blow at home, Behold this filver Eagle, Was Marius Standard, in the Cimbrian warre, Fatall to Rome : and as our Augures tell me, Shall still be fo : For which one omenous caufe, I'have kept it fafe, and done it facred rites. As to a God-head; in a Chappell built Of purpose to it, with vowes of death and ruine, Strooke filently, and home. So waters speake When they run deepest. Now's the time this yearc The twenti'th, from the firing of the Capitol, As fatall too, to Rome, by all predictions: And, in which honor'd Lentulas must rife A King, if he peruse it. Cvr. If he doe not, He is not worthy the great deftiny. LEN. It is too great for me, but what the Gods, And their great loves decree me, I mult not Seeme carelesse of. CAT. No nor we envious. We have enough beside, all Gallia, Belgia, Greece, Spaine, and Africke. CvR. I, and Afia too, Now Pompey is returning. CAT. Nobleft Romanes, Me thinks our lookes, are not fo quicke and high, As thy were wont. Cvr. No? whole is not? CAT. We have No anger in our eyes, no ftorme, no lightning: Our hate is fpent, and fum'd away in vapor, Before our hands be'at worke. I can accufe Not any one, but all of flackneffe. CET. Yes, And be your felfe fuch while you doit. CAT. Ha?

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Tis fharply answerd, Cains. CET. Truly, truly. LEN. Come, let us each one know his part to doe, And then be accus'd, leave these untimely quarrels. Cvr. I would there were more Romes then one, to ruine. CET. More Romes? More Worlds. CVR. Nay then, more Gods, & If they tooke part. LEN. When that the time be, Firft? (Natures, CAT. I thinke the Saturnals. CET. 'Twill be too long. CAT. They are not now farre off, 'tis not a month. CET. A weeke, a day, an houre is too farre off, Now, were the fittest time. CAr. We ha'not laid All things to fafe, and ready. CET. While we are laying, We shall all lie; and grow to earth. Would I Were nothing in it, if not now. Thefe things They should be done, e're thought. CAT. Nay, now your reason Forfakes you, Cains. Thinke but what commodity That time will minister : the Cities custome Of being, then, in mirth, and feast. LEN. Loos'd whole In pleasure and fecurity. Avr. Eachhouse Refolv'd in freedome. Cvr. Every flave a mafter. LON. And they too no meane aides. Cvr. Made from their hope Of liberty. LEN. Or hate unto their Lords. VAR. Tis fure, therecannot be a time found out More apt, and naturall. LEN. Nay good Cethegus, Why doe your paffions, now, dilturbe our hopes? CET. Why doe your hopes delude your certainties? CAT. You must lend him his way. Thinke, for the order, And processe of it. Lon. Yes. LEN. I like not fire. Twill too much walt my Citie. CAT. Were it embers, There will be wealth enough, rack't out of them, To fpring a new : It mult be fire or nothing. LON. What elfe fhould fright, or terrifie'hem? VAR. True. In that confusion, must be the chiefe flaughter. CVR. Then we fhall kill'hem braveft. CEP. And in heapes. Avr. Strew Sacrifices. Cvr. Make the Earth an Altar. LON. And Rome the fire. LEC. Twill be a noble night. VAR. And worth al Sylla's daies. CVR. When Husbands, Wives, Virgins, and Priefts, the Infant, and the Nurfe Go all to hell, together, in a fleete. CAT. I would have you Longinus, and Statilius, To take the charge o'the firing, which must be, At

CATILINE. At a figne given with a trumpet, done In twelve chiefe places of the Citie, at once. The flaxe, and fulphure, are already laid In, at Cethegus house. So are the weapons, Gabinius, you with other force, shall stop The pipes, and conduits : and kill those that come For water. Cyr. What shall I doe? CAT. All will have Employment, feare not, ply the execution. CVR. For that, trult me, and Cethegus. CAT. I will be At hand, with the army, to meet those that scape. And Lentulus, begirt you Pompey's houfe, To feize his fonnes alive : for they are they Must make our peace with him. All elfe cut off, As Tarquin did the Poppey heads; ormowers A field of thiftles : or elfe, up, asploughes Do barren lands : and strick together flints, And clods : th'ungratefull Senate, and the people: Till no rage, gone before, or comming after May weigh with yours, though Horror leapt her felfe Into the scale : but in your violent acts, The fall of torrents, and the noyfe of tempests, The boyling of Charibdis, the Seas wildneffe, The eating force of flames, and wings of winds Be all outwrought, by your transcendent furies. It had beene done, eare this, had I bin Conful: We'had had no ftop, no let. LEN. How find you Antonius? CAT. The'other has wonne him loft, that Cicero Wasborne to be my oppolition, umpk_ -----And stands in all our waies. Cvr. Remove him first. CET. May that, yet, be done fooner? CAT. Would it were done. CVR. VAR, I'll doe't. CET. It is my province:none usurpe it. LEN. What are your meanes? CET. Enquire not. He shall die. Shall, was to flowly faid. He'is a dying. That Is, not to flow. He is dead. CAT. Brave, onely Roman,

Whofe foule might be the worlds foule, were that dying: Refufe not, yet, the aydes of thefe your friends:

LEN. Here's Vargunteius holds good quarter with him. CAT. And under the pretext of clientele And visitation of morning Hayle,

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Will be admitted. CET. What is that to me? VAR. Yes, we may kill him in his bed, and fafely.

CEr. Safe is your way, then, take it. Mine's mine owne. CAT. Follow him Varganteius, and periwade. The morning is the fittelt time. LON. The night Will turne all into tumult. LEN. And perhaps Miffe of him too. CAT.Intreat, and conjure him. (to them. In all our names. LEN. By all our vowes, and friendships

SEMPRONIA, AVRELIA, FVLVIA. THat ! is our Councell broke up first ? Avr. You fay, Women are greatest talkers. SEM. We ha'done, And are now fit for action. Low. Which is paffion. There's your belt activity, Lady. SEM. How Mainten 1 Knowes your wife fatneffe that? Low. Your Mothers daughter Did teach me, Madam. CET. Come Sempronia, leave him : He is a Giber. And our prefent businesse Is of more serious consequence. Aurelia Tellsme, you have done most masculinely within. And plaid the Orator. SEM. But we mult halten To our defigne as well, and execute : Wir with Not hang ftill, in the feaver of an accident. CAT. You fay well, Lady. SEM. I doe like our plot Exceeding well, tis fure; and we shall leave Little to fortune, in it. CAT. Your banquet staves. Aurelia take her in. Where's Fulvia? SEM. O the two Lovers are coupling. CVR. In good faith, She'sv.ry ill, with fitting up. SEM. You'ld have her Laugh, and lie downe. Fvr. No, faith, Sempronia, I am not well; Ile take my leave, it drawes Toward the morning : Curius shall stay with you. Madam, I pray you pardon me, my health I must respect. Avr. Farewell, good Fulvia. CvR. Make halte, and bid him get his guards about him. For Vargunteins, and Cornelins Have undertane it, should Cethegus misse: Their reason, that they thinke his open rashnesse Will suffer easier discovery, Then their attempt; fo vailed under friendship. Ile bring you to your Coach. Tell him befide, Of Cafars comming forth, here. CAT. My fweet Madam Will you be gone? Fv1. Iam, my Lord, in truth, In some indisposition. CAT. I do with

You had all your health, fweet Lady. Lentulus, You'll doe her fervice. LEN. To her coach, and duty.

CATILINE.

CATILINE.

7 Hat ministers men must, for practife, use ! V The rash, th'ambitious, needie, desperate, Foolifh, and wretched, ev'n the dregs of Mankinde, To whores, and women ! Still, it must be fo. Each have their proper place, and in their roomes, They are the best. Groomes fittelt kindle fires, Slaves carry burdens, Butchers are for flaughters, Apothecaries, Butlers, Cookes for poylons, As these for me : Dull, stupid Lentulus, My Itale, with whom I Italke : the rafh Cethegus, My executioner, and fat Longinus, Statilins, Curius, Ceparius, Cimber, My labourers, pioners, and incendiaries, With these do mesticke traitors, bosome theeves, Whom suftome hath call'd Wives, the readiest helpes To strangle head-strong Husbands, rob the easie, And lend the moneyes, on returnes of luft. Shall Catiline not doe, now, with these aides, So fought, fo forted, fomething shall be call'd Their labour, but his profite ? and make Cafar Repent his ventaing counfels, to a spirit, So much his Lord in mischiefe ? when all these, Shall like the Brethren sprung of Dragons teeth, 1 Ruine each other, and he fall among ft 'hem : With Crass, Pompey, or who else appeares, But like, or neere a great one. May my braine Refolve to water, and my blood turne phlegme, My hands drop off, unworthy of my fword, And that b'inspired, of it selfe, to rip My breast for my lost entrailes, when I leave A foule, that will not ferve. And who will, are The fame with flaves, fuch clay I dare not feare. The cruelty I meane to act, I with Should be call'd mine, and tarrie in my name : Whillt after ages doe toyle out themfelves In thinking for the like, but do it leffe. T

And

And were the power of all the fiends let loofe, With Fate to boote, it fhould be, flill, example. When, what the *Gaule*, or *Moore* could not effect, Nor æmulous *Carthage*, with their length of fpight, Sha'l be the worke of one, and that my night.

CICERO, FVLVIA, QVINTVS.

Thanke your vigilance. Where's my brother Quintus ? Call all my fervants up. Tell noble Curius, And fay it to your felfe, you are my Savers : But that's too little for you, you are Romes : What could I then, hope leffe ? O brother ! now, The engines I told you of, are working; The machine'gins to move. Where are your weapons? Arme all my houshold prefently. And charge The Porter, he let no man in, till day. (names. Qv1. Not Clients, and your friends? Crc. They weare those That come to murder me. Yet fend for Cato, And Quintus Catulus, those I dare truft; And Flaccus, and Pomtinius, the Prætors, By the backe way. Qv1. Take care, good brother Marcus, Your feares be not form'd greater then they fhould ; And make your friends grieve, while your enemies laugh. Cic. Tis brothers counfell, and worth thankes. But doe As I intreate you. I provide not feare, Was Cafar there, fay you? FvL. Curius fayes, he met him, Comming from thence. CIC. O, fo. And had you a counfell CfLadies too ? Who was your Speaker, Madam ? Fvr. She that would be, had there beene fortie more ; Sempronia, who had both her Greeke, and Figures: And ever and anon, would aske us, if The wittie Conful could have mended that? Or Orator Cicero could have faid it better ? Cic. Shee's my gentle enemie. Would Cethegus Had no more danger in him. But my guards Are you great powers, and th'unbated ftrengths Of a firme confcience, which shall arme each step. Tane for the State, and teach me flacke no pace For feare of malice. How now, Brother? Qvi. Cato. And Quintus Catulus were comming to you, mins in M And Craffus with 'hem, I have let 'hem in,

By

By th'garden. Crc. What would *Craffus* have? Qv1. I heare Some whilpering 'bout the gate, and making doubt, Whether it be not yet too early, or no? But I doe thinke, they are your friends, and Clients, And fearefull to diffurbe you. Crc. You will change To another thought anon. Ha' you giv'n the Porter The charge, I wil'd you? Qv1. Yes. Crc. Withdraw, & hearken.

VARGVNTEIVS, CORNELIVS, PORTER, CI-CERO, CATO, CATVLVS, CRASSVS.

"He dore's not open yet. Cor. You were best to knocke. VAR. Let them fland close then : And when we are in, Rush after us. Cor. But where's Cethegus ? VAR. He Has left it, fince he might not do't his way. Por. Who's there? VAR. A friend, or more. I may not let Any manin, till day. VAR. No? why? Cor. Thy reafon? POR. Iam commanded fo. VAR. By whom ? Cor. I hope We are not discover'd. VAR. Yes, by revelation. Pray thee good flave, who has commanded thee ? Por. He that may best, the Confull. VAR. We are his friends. Por. All'sone. Cor. Beft give your name. VA. Doft thou heare I have fome instant businesse with the Conful. (Ifellow ?. My name is Vargunteius. Cic. True, he knowesit : And for what friendly office you are fent. Cornelius, too, is there? VAR. We are betrai'd. Cic. And desperate Cethegus, is he not? VAR. Speak you, he knows my voice. Crc. What fay you to't? Cor. Youare deceiv'd Sir. Cic. No, tis you are fo : Poore, milled men. Your states are yet worth pittie, If you would heare, and change your favage mindes. Leave to be mad : forlake your purposes Of Treason, Rapine, Murder, Fire, and Horror : The Common-wealth hath eyes, that wake as tharply Over her life, as yours doe for her ruine. Be not deceiv'd, to thinke her lenity Will be perpetuall : or if Men be wanting, The Gods will be to fuch a calling caufe. Confider your attempts, and while there's time; Repent you of'hem. It doth make me tremble There should those spirits yet breath, that when they cannot Live honeftly, would rather perifh bafely.

CATO. You talke too much to 'hem, Marcus. They are lot. Go forth, and apprehend 'hem. CATV. If you prove This practife, what fhould let the Common-wealth To take due vengeance? VAR. Let us fhift away. The darkeneffe hath conceal'd us, yet : Wee'll fay Some have abus'd our names. COR. Denie it all. CATO. Quintus, what guards ha' you? Call the Tribunes aide, And raife the Citty. Conful, you are too mild, "The fouleneff. of fome facts takes thence all mercy : Report it to the Senate. Heare : The Gods Grow angry with your patience. "This their care, "And must be yours, that guilty men efcape not. "As crimes doe grow, Juftice fhould roufe it felfe.

CHORVS.

Hat is it, Heavens, you prepare With so much swiftneffe, and so sudaine rising? There are no Sonnes of earth, that dare, Againe, rebellion : or the Gods surprising ? The World doth, and Nature feares, Yet is the tumult, and the horror greater Within our minds, and in our eares, So much Romes faults (now growne her Fate) do threat her. The Priefts and People runne about, Each Order, Age, and Soxe amaz'd at other : And at the Ports, all thronging out, As if their Jafety were to quit their Mother : Tet find they the same dangers there, From which they make such hast to be preserved; For guilty States do ener beare The plagues about them, which they have deferned. And, till those plagues do get aboue The mountaine of our faults, and there do fit, We see 'hem not. Thus, fill we love The evill we do, until we Inffer it. But, most, ambition, that neere vice. To Vertue, bath the fate of Rome provoked : And made, that now Rome's selfe no price, To free her from the death, where with she's yoked. That restlesse Ill, that still doth build Vpon success, und ends not in aspiring :

CATILINE,

But there beginnes. And nere is fill'd, While ought remaines that seemes but worth desiring. Wherein the thought much like the Eye, To which things farre, seeme smaller thea they are Deemes all contentment plac'd on high: And thinks there's nothing great, but what is farre. O, that in time, Rome did not cast Her errors up, this fortune to prevent: T'have seene her crimes'ere they were past: And felt her faults, before her punishment.

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ALLOBROGES.

An thefe men feare ? who are not onely ours, But the worlds mafters? Then I fee, the Gods Upbraid our faffrings, or would humble them: By fending thefe affrights, while we are here: That we might laugh at their ridiculous feare, Whofe names, we tremble at beyond the Alpes. Of all that passe, I doe not see a face it day Worthy a man, that dares looke up, and fland One thunder out : but downeward all, like beafts, Running away from every flash is made. The falling world could not deferve fuch baseneffe. Are we imploydhere, by our miferies, Like superstitious fooles (or rather flaves) To plaine our griefes, wrongs, and oppreffions, To a meere clothed Senate, whom our folly Hath made, and ftill intends to keepe our Tyrannes? In the It is our base petitionary breath and ron and party dance That blowes'hem to his greatnes; which this pricke Would foone let out, if we were bold, & wretched. When they have taken all we have : our goods, Crop, lands, and houfes, they will leave us this: A weapon, and an arme will still be found, Though naked left, and lower then the ground. CATO, CATVLVS, CICERO.

DOe; urge thine anger, still; good Heaven, and a just. Tell guilty men, what powers are above them.

To

In fuch a confidence of wickedneffe, Twas time, they should know something fit to feare CATV. Inever faw a mome more full of horror. CATO. To Catiline, and his : But, to just men: Though Heaven fould speake, with all his wrath at once, That, with his breath, the hinges of the world Did cracke : we should stand upright, and unfear'd. Cic. Why, fo we doe, good Cato. Who be thefe? CATV. Ambassadors, from the Allobroges. I take 'hem, by their habits. ALL. I, thefe men Seeme of another race ; Let's fue to these Ther's hope of justice, with their fortitude. Cic. Friends of the Senate, and of Rome, to day We pray you to forbeare us : on the morrow What fute you have, let us, by Fabius Sanga (Whofe Patronage your State doth use) but know it, And, on the Confell's word, you shall receive Dispatch, or else an answere, worth your patience. ALL. We could not hope for more, most worthy Conful This Magistrate hath strooke an awe into me, And by his fweetneffe, wonne a more regard Unto his place, then all the boiltrous moodes That ignorant Greatnesse practifeth, to fill The large, unfit authority it weares ... How easie is a noble spirit discern'd From harfh, and fulpherous matter that flies out In contumelies, makes a noyfe, and flinks. May we finde good, and great men, that know how To ftoupe to wants, and meete neceffities, And will not turne from any equall fuites. "Such men, they doe not fuccour more the caufe, "They undertake, with favour and fucceffe: "Then by it their owne judgements they doe raile, " In turning just mens needes, into their praise.

THE SENATE.

PRAE. Rome for the Confuls. Fatherstake your places. Herein the houfe of *Inpiter*, the STAYER, By edict from the Confull, *Marcus Tullins*, You'are met, a frequent *Senate*. Heare him speake. Cic. Which may be happy and auspicious still

UATTEINE.

To Rome, And hers. Honour'd and Confcript Fathers, If I were filent, and that all the dangers Threatning the State, and you, were it fo hid In night, or darkenesse, thicker in their breafts, That are the blacke contrivers: fo, that no Beame of the light could pierce'hem : Yet the voice Of Heav'n, this morning, hath fpoke loud inough, T'instruct you with a feeling of the horror; And wake you from a fleepe, as dead, as death. I have, of late, spoke often in this Senate. Touching this argument, but still have wanted Tither your eares, or faith : fo'incredible Their plots have feem'd, or I fo vaine, to make These things for mine owne glory, and false greatnesse, As hath beene given out. But be it fo: When they breake forth, and shall declare themselves, By their too foule effects, then, then, the enuy Of my just cares will finde another name. For me, I am but one : And this poore llfe, So lately aim'd at, not an houre yet fince, They cannot with more eagernesse perfue, Then I with gladneffe would lay downe, and loofe; To buy Romes peace, if that would purchase it. But when I fee they'ld make it but the ftep To more and greater; unto yours, Romes, all: I would with those preferve it, or then fall. CAES. I I, let you alone, cunning Artificer! See how his gorget peeres above his Gowne; To tell the people, in what danger he was It was abfurdly done of Vargunteins. To name himfelfe, before he was got in. × : · CRA It matters not fo they deny it all: And can but carry the lie constantly. Will Catiline behere? CAEs Phave fent for him. CRA. And ha' you bid him to be confident? CAES. To that his owne neceffity will prompt him. CRA Seeme to beleeve nothing at all, that Cieero Relate us. CAES. It will mad him. CRA. O, and helpe The other party. Who is that ? His Brother? -What new inteligence ha's he brought him now? CAES. Some cautions from his Wife, how to beliave him, CIC

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Cic. Place fome of them without, and fome bring in. Thanke their kinde loves. It is a comfort vet. That all depart not from their Countries caufe. CAES. How now, what meanes this Mufter? Conful Antonius? ANT. I doenot know, aske my Colleague, he'll tell you. There is some reason in state, that I must yeeld to. And I have promis'd him : Indeed he has bought it. With giving me the Province. Crc. I prefesse. It grieves me, Fathers, that I am compeli'd To draw these armes, and aides for your defence, And more, against a Cittizen of Rome, Borne here amongst you, a Patrician, A man I must confesse, of no meane house, Nor no fmall vertue, it he had imploy'd Those excellent gifts of Fortune, and of Nature, Unto the good, not ruine of the State." But being bred in's fathers needie fortunes, Brought up in's fisters prostitution, Confirm'd in civill flaughter, entring first The Common-wealth with murder of the Gentry; Since, both by fudy, and custome, conversant With all licentiousnesse: what could be hop'd In such a field of riot, but a course Extreame pernicious? Though, I must protest, I found his mischiefes, sooner, with mine eyes, Then with my thought; and with these hands of mine Before they touch'd at my fuspicion. CAEs. What are his mischiefes, Conful ? you declame Against his manners, and corrupt your owne; "No wife man fhould, for hate of guiltie men, Loofe his owne innocence. Crc. The noble Cafar Speakes Godlike truth. But when he heares, I can Convince him, by his manners, of his mischiefes, He might be filent : And not caft away His fentences in vaine, where they fearce looke. Toward his subject. CAT. Here he comes himselfe. If he be worthy any good mans voice, That good man fit downe by him : Cato will not-CATV. If Cato leave him. Ile not keepe alide. CATI. What face is this, the Senate here puts on, Against me Fathers ! Give my modesty

Leave, to demand the caufe of fo much ftrangent ffe. CAEs. It is reported here you are the head To a strange faction, Lucius. Cic. I, and will Be prov'd against him. CAT. Let it be. Why, Conful, If in the Common-wealth, there be two bodies, One leane, weake, rotten, and that hath a head The other strong, and healthfull, but hath none : If I doe give it one, doe I offend? Restore your felves unto your temper, Fathers; And without perturbation, heare me speake : Remember who I am, and of what place, What petty fellow this is, that opposes, One that hath exercis'd hiseloquence, Still to the bane of the Nobility : A boafting, infolent tongue-man. CATO. Peace leud Traitor, Or wash thy mouth. He is an honest man, And loveshis Countrey; would thou didft fo too. CATI. Cato, you are too zealous for him. CATO. No, Thou art too impudent. CATV. Catiline be filent. CATI. Nay then, I cafily feare, my just defence Will come too late, to so much prejudice. ty the P (me, CAES. Willhe fit downe? CATI. Yet, let the world forfake My innocence must not. CATO. Thou innocent? So are the Furies, CIC. Yes, and Ate, too. Dost thou not blush, pernicious Catiline ? Or hath the paleneffe of thy guilt drunke up Thy blood, and drawne thy veines, as dry of that; As is thy heart of truth, thy brealt of vertice? Whither at length wilt thou abuse our patience? Still shall thy fury mocke us? To what licence Dares thy unbridled boldneffe runne it felfe? Doe all the nightly guards, kept on the Palace, The Cittie-watches, with the Peoples feares, The concourse of all good men, this fo ftrong And fortified seate here of the Senate, The prefent lookes upon thee, ftrike thee nothing? Dost thou not feele thy Councels all laid open? And fee thy wild Confpiracy bound in With each mans knowledge? which of all this Order Canft thou thinke ignorant (if they'll but utter Their confcience to the right) of what thou didlt

CALLINE.

I at night, what on the former, where thou wert, Whom thou did it call together, what your plots were ? O Age and manners ! This the Conful fees, The Senate understands, yet this man lives ! Lives? I, and comes here into Councell with us; Partakes the publique cares : and with his eye Markes, and points out each man of us to flaughter. And we, good men, doe satisfie the State. If we can thunne but this mans fword, and madneffe. There was that vertue, once, in Rome, when good men Would, with more fharpe coërcion, had reftrain'd A wicked Citizen, then the deadlieft Foe. W e have that law still, Catiline, for thee 5 An act as grave, as sharpe : The State's not wanting, Nor the authority of this Senate ; we, We that are Confuls, onely faile our felves. This twentie dayes, the edge of that decree We have let dull, and rult; keptit fhut up, As in a fheath, which drawne fhould take thy head. Yet still thou liv'st : and liv'st not to lay by Thy wicked confidence, but to confirme it. I could defire, Fathers, to be found Still mercifull, to feeme in these maine perils, Grasping the State, a man remisse, and slacke; But then I should condemne my felfe of floth, And trechery. Their Campe's in Italy, Pitch'd in the jawes, here of Hetruria; Their numbers daily increasing, and their Generall Within our walles, nay in our Councell, plotting Hourely fome fatall mifchiefe to the Publique. If Catiline, I should command thee, now, Here to be taken, kill'd ; I make just doubt, Whether all good men would not thinke it done Rather too late, then any man.too cruell. CATO. Except he were of the fame meale, and batch. Cic. But that, which ought to have beene done long fince, I will, (and for good reason) yet forbeare. Then will I take thee, when no man is found So loft, fo wicked, nay fo like thy felfe, But shall professe, 'tis done of neede, and right. While there is owne, that dares defend thee, live;

Thou shalt have leave; but fo, as now thou liv'ft : Watch'd at a hand, belieged, and oppreft From working least commotion to the State. I have those eyes, and eares, shall still keepe guard, And spiall on thee, as they have ever done, And thou not feele it. What then, can't thou hope? If neither Night can, with her darkneffe, hide Thy wicked meetings; nor a private Houfe Can'in her walles, containe the guilty whifpers Of thy confpiracy : If all breakeout; All be discovered, change thy minde at last, And loofe thy thoughts of ruine, flame, and flaughter. Remember, how I told, here, to the Senate, That fuch a day, thy Lictor, Cains Manlins, Would be in armes. Was I deceiv'd, Catiline, Or in the fact, or in the time ? the hower ? I told too, in this Senate; that thy purpofe Was on the fifth, the Kalends of November, T'have flaughter'd this whole Order : which my caution Made many leave the city. Cault thou here Denie, but this thy blacke defigne was hindred, That very day, by me, thy felfe clos'd in Within my ltrengths, fo that thou could t not move Against a publique reed ? when thou wert heard To fay, upon the parting of the reft; Thou would'ft content thee, with the murder of vs, That did remaine. Hadst thou not hope, beside, By a furprize, by night, to take Preneste ? Where when thou cam'ft, didft thounot finde the place Made good against thee, with my aides, my watches? My Garrifons fortified it. Thou doft nothing Sergins, Thou canft endeavour nothing, may not thinke, But I both fee, and heare it; and am with thee, By, and before, about, and in thee, too. Callbut to minde thy last nights businesse. Come, Ile use no circumstance : at Lecca's house, The shop, and mint of your conspiracy, Among your Sword-men, where fo many affociates Both of thy mischiefe, and thy madnesse, met. Dar'A thou denie this? wherefore art thou filent? Speake, and this shall convince thee : Here they are

I fee 'hem in this Senate, that were with thee, O you immortall Gods ! in what clime are wee? What region doe wee live in ? in what avre? What Common-wealth, or State is this we have? Here, here, amongst us, our owne number, Fathers, In this most holy Councell of the world, Anethours They are, that feeke the fpoile of me, of you, Of ours, of all ; what can I name's too narrow: Follow the Sunne, and find not their ambition. -Thefe I behold being Confull; Nay, I aske Their counsels of the State, as from good Patriots: Whom it were fit the axe fhould hew in peeces, I not fo much as wound, yet, with my voyce. Thou wast last night, with Lecca, Catiline, Your shares, of Italy, you there divided; Appointed who, and whither, each should goe, What men fhould stay behinde, in Rome, were chofen: Your offices fet downe : the parts mark'd out, And places of the Cittie, for the fire; Three charges of the Thy felfe (thou affirmd'ft) wast readie to depart, Onely, a little let there was, that ftay'd thee, it all set pattors That I yet liv'd : Upon the word, ft pt forth d wall war and 1 Three of thy crew, to rid thee of thy care; Two undertooke this morning, before day, To kill me in my bed. All this I knew, Your covenant scarce difmis'd, arm'd all my fervauts, Call'd both my brother, and friends, fhut out our clients, You fent to visit me : whose names I told To fome there, of good place, before they came. CATO. Yes, I, and Quintus Catulus can affirme it. CAES. Hee's loft, and gone. His fpirits have for fooke him. Cic. If this be fo, why, Catiline, doft thou flay? Goe, where thou meanst : The Ports are open : forth. The Campe abroad wants thee, their Chiefe, too long. Lead with thee all thy troups out. Purge the Citie. Draw dry that noy fome, and pernicious finke, regain on sha all Which left, behinde thee, would infect, the world. godi ad I Thou wilt free mee of all iny feares at once, our and good To fee a wall betweene us. Doft thou ftop To do that now, commanded : which before, Of thine owne choise th' art prone to? Goe, The Conful

Bids thee, an enemy, to depart the Citie. Whither, thou'lt aske ? to exile ? I not bid Thee that. But aske my counfell, I perfwade it. What is there, here, in Rome, that can delight thee? Were not a foule, without thy owne foule knot, But feares, and hates thee. What domefticke note Of private filthinesse, but is burnt in Into thy life? What clofe, and fecret fhame, But is growne one, with thy knowne infamy? What luft was ever absent from thine eyes? What lewd fact from thy hands? what wickedneffe From thy whole body? wher's that youth drawne in Within the nets, or catch'd up with thy baytes, Before whose rage thou halt not borne a sword, And to whose lust thou hast not held a torch? Thy latter Nuptialls I let passe in filence; Where finnes incredible, on finnes, where heapt: Which I not name, left, in a civill State, So monstrous facts should either appeare to be, Or not to be reveng'd. Thy Fortunes too, I glance not at, which hang but till next Ides, I come to that, which is more knowne, more publick, The life, and fafety of us all by thee Threatned, and fought, Stood'st thou not in the field When Lepidus, and Tullius were our Confuls. Upon the day of choyfe, arm'd and with forces, To take their lives, and our chiefe Citizens: When, not thy feare, nor confcience chang'd thy mind, But the meere fortune of the common-wealth Withftood thy active malice? Speake but right. How often hast thou made attempt on mee? How many of thy affaults have I declin'd With shifting but my body, (as wee'ld fay) Wrefted thy dagger from thy hand, how oft? How often hath it fallen or flipt by chance? Yet, can thy fide not want it: which, how vow'd, Or with what rites,'tis facred of thee, I know not That still thou mak'st it a necessitie, To fix it in the bodie of a Conful. But let me loofe this way, and speake to thee, Not as one mov'd with hatred, which I ought,

GATILINE.

But pitty, of which none is owing thee. CAT. No more then unto Tantalus, or Tityus. Crc. Thou cam'ft ere while, into this Senate. Who Offuch a frequency, fo many friends, And kindred thou halt here faluted thee? Were not the Scates made bare upon thy entrance? Ris'd not the Confular men? and left their places, So foone as thou fat'ft downe ? and fled thy fide, Like to a plague, or ruine ; knowing how ofe They had beene, by thee mark'd out for the Shambles? How doft thou beare this? Surely, if my Slaves At home fear'd me, with halfe th'affright, and horror, That here thy fellow Cittizens doe thee, I thould foone quit my house, and thinke it need too. Yet thou dai 'ft tarry here ? Go forth at laft : Condemne thy felfe to flight, and folitude. Discharge the Common-wealth of her deepe feare. Goe into banishment, if thou wait'st the word. Why do'ft thou looke? They all confent unto it. Do'ft thou expect th'authority of their voyces, Whofe filent wills condemne thee? While they fit, They approve it; while they fuffer it, they decree it. And while they are filent to it, they proclaimeit. Prove thou there honeft, Ile endure the envy. But there's no thought, thou mould ft be ever he, Whom either shame should call from filthinesse, Terror from danger, or discourse from fury. Goe, I intreate thee: yet, why do I fo? When I already know, they are fent afore, That tarry for thee in armes, and do expect thee On the Aurelian way. I know the day Set downe, twixt thee and Manlins ; unto whom The filver Eagle too is fent, before : Which I doe hope shall prove, to thee as banefull, As thou conceiv' ft it to the Common-wealth. But may this wife, and facred Senate fay, What meanst thou Marcus Tullius? If thou know'st That Catiline be look'd for, to be Chiefe Of an intestine warre, that he's the Author Of fuch a wickedneffe : the Caller out Ofmen of marke in mifchiefe, to an action

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Of fo much horror : Prince of fuch a treafon: Why do'it thou fend him forth? why let him fcape? This is to give him liberty, and power: Rather, thou fhould'it lay hold upon him, fend him To deferv'd death, and a just punishment. To thefe fo holy voyces, thus I an fwere. If I did thinke it timely, Conferint Fathers, To punish him with death, I would not give The Fencer use of one shorthoure, to breath : But when there are in this grave Order, fome, Who with fofc cenfures, still doe nource his hopes : Some, that with not beleeving, have confirm'd His defignes more, and whole authority The weaker, as the worft men, too, bave follow'd : I would now fend him, where they all should fee Cleare as the light, his heart fhine, where no man Could be fo wickedly, or fondly ftupide, But should cry out he faw, touch'd, felt, and grasp'tit. Then, when he hath runne out himfelfe, led forth His defp'rate partie with him, blowne together Aides of all kinds, both thipwrack'd minds and fortunes : Not onely the growne evill, that now is fprung, And fprouted forth, would be pluck'd up, and weeded; But the stocke, roote, and feed of all the mischiefes, Choking the Common-wealth. Where thould we take Of fuch a fivarme of traytors, onely him, Our cares, and feares might feeme a while reliev'd, But the maine perill would bide still enclos'd Deepe in the veines, and bowels of the State. As humane bodies, labouring with fevers, While they are toft with heate, if they doe take Cold water, seeme for that short space much eas'd, But afterward, are ten times more afflicted. Wherefore I fay, let all this wicked crew Depart, divide themfelves from good men, gather Their forces to one head, as I faid oft, Let 'hem be fever'd from us with a wall : Let 'hem leave off attempts, upon the Conful, In his owne house, to circle in the Prator : To girt the Court with weapons, to prepare Fire, and balles, fwords, torches, fulphure, brands : T 2.

In

In thort, let it be writ in each mans forehead What thoughts he beares the Publike. I here promife, Fathers Confeript, to you, and to my felfe, That dilligence in us Confuls, for my honour'd Colleague, abroad, and for my felfe at home : So great authority in you; fo much . Vertue in thefe, the Gentlemen of Romes Whom I could scarce reftraine to day, in zeale. From feeking out the Parricide to flaughter: So much confent in all good men, and minds, As on the going out of this one Catiline, As shall be cleare, made plaine, oppress'd, reveng'd. And with this omen, goe pernicious plague, Out of the City, to the wilh'd destruction Of thee, and those, that to the ruine of her, Have tane that bloody, and blacke facrament. Thou Jupiter, whom we doe call the STAYER Both of this City, and this Empire, wilt (with the fame aufpice thou didft raifeit first) Drive from thy Altars, and all other Temples, And Buildings of this City ; from our walles; Lives, states, and fortunes of our Cittizens : This fiend, this fury, with his complices. And all the offence of good men (thele knowne traitors Unto their countrey, theeves of Italy, Joyn'd in fo damn'd a league of milchiefe) thou Wilt with perpetuall plagues, alive, and dead, Punish for Rome, and fave her innocent head. CATI. If an Oration, or high language, Fathers, Could make me guilty, here is one, hath done it : H'as strove to a mulate this mornings thunder, With his prodigious Rhetoricke. But I hope, This Senate is more grave, then to give credit Rashly to all vomits, gainst a man Of your owne Order, a Patrician ; And one, whole ancestors have more deferv'd Of Rome, then this mans eloquence could utter, Turn'd the best way, as full, it is the worlt. CATO. His eloquence hath more deferved to day, Speaking thy ill, then all thy anceftors Did, in their good : And that the State will finde,

Which he hath fav'd. CATT. How he hat enemy That he would make me : 1'ld not with ? More wretched, then to neede his prefervaned. What doe you make him, Cato, fuch a Hercules ? An Atlas ? A poore petty In-mate. CATO. Traitor. CATI. He fave the State ? A Burgesse fonne of Arpinum. The Gods would rather twentie Romes fhould perifh, Then have that contumely Aucke upon'hem, That he should share with them, in the preferving A fhed, or figne-poft. CATO. Peace thou prodigie. CATI. They would be runne themfelves, againe, and loft In the first, rude, and indigested heape ; Ere fuch a wretched name, as Ciceroy Should found with theirs. CATY. Away thou impudent head. CATI. Doe you all backe him? are you filent too? Well, I will leave you Fathers; I will goe. But-my fine dainty speaker --- CIC. What now Fury? Wilt thou affault me here? CHo. Helpe, aide the Conful. CATI. See Fathers, laugh you not? who threatned him? In vaine thou doft conceive, ambitious Orator, Hope of fo brave a death, as by this hand. CATO. Out of the Court, with the pernicious Traitor. CATI. There is no title, that this flattering Senate, Nor honour, the base multitude can give thee, Shall make thee worthy Catilines anger. CATO. Stop. Stop that portentous mouth. CATI. Or, when it shall, Ile looke thee dead. CATO. Will none reftraine the Monfter? CATY: Parricide. Qv1. Butcher, Traitor, leave the Senate. CATI. I am gone to banifhment, to please your Fathers. Thruft head-log forth? CATO. Stil doft thou murmur, moster? CATI. Since, I am thus put out, and made a ---- Cic. What ? CATV. Not guiltier then thou art. CATI. I will not burne Without my funerall pile. CATO. What fayes the Fiend? CATI.I wil have matter, timber. CATO. Sing out Scrich-owle. CATI. It shall be in .-- CATV. Speake thy imperfect thoughts. CATI. The common fire, rather then mine owne. For fall I will with all, ere fall alone. CAES. Unleffe CRA. H'is lost, there is no hope of him. He prefently take armes; and give a blow, Before the Confuls forces can be levied. Crc. What is your pleafure, Fathers, shall be done? CATY.

ATTLI

THE FILL. CATV. Se doctimon-wealth receive no loffe CAT O. Commerce thereof unto the Confuls. (Senate. But what decreatiney, unto Curius, And Fulvia? CATY, What the Conful shall thinke meete. Crc. They must receive reward, though't be not knowne : Least when a State needes ministers, they ha' none. CATO. Yet, Marcus Tullius, doe not I beleeve, But Craffus, and this Cafar here ring hollow. CIC. And would appeare fo, if that we durft prove 'hem. CATO. Why dare we not? What honeft act is that, The Roman Senate fhould not dare, and doe? CIC. Not an unprofitable, dangerous act, To ftirre too many Serpents up at once. Casar, and Crassus, if they be ill men, Are mighty ones; and we must fo provide, That while we take one head, from this foule Hydra, There fpring not twenty more. CATO. I prove your Counfell Crc. They shall be watch'd, and look'd too. Till they doe Declare themfelves, I will not put 'hem out By any queftion. There they fand. Ile make My felfe no enemies, nor the State, no traytors.

CATILINE, LENTVLVS, CETHEGVS, CV-RIVS, GABINIVS, LONGINVS, STATILIVS.

FAlfe to our felves? All our defignes difcouer'd To this State-Cat? CET. I, had I had my way, He had mew'd in flames, at home, not int e Senate: I had fing'd his furres by this time. CAT. Well, there's now No time of calling backe, or flanding flill Friends, be your felves, keepe the fame Roman hearts, And ready minds, you had yefternight: Prepare to execute what we refolv'd. And let not Labour, or danger, or difcovery fright you. Ile to the army: you (the while) mature Things here at ho me. Draw to you any aides, That you thinke fit, of men of all conditions, Or any fortunes, that may helpe a warre. Ile bleede a life, or winne an Empire for you. Within thefe few dayes, looke to fee my enfignes,

LAILLING.

Here, at the walles : Be you but firme within. Meane time, to draw an envy on the Confull, And give a lesse sufficion of our course, Let it be given out, here in the City. That I am gone an innocent man, to exile, Into Massilia, willing to give way To fortune, and the times ; being unable To ftand fo great a faction, without troubling The Common-wealth : whofe peace I rather feeke, Then all the glory of contention, Or the fupport of mine owne innocence. Farewell the noble Lentulus, Longinus, Curius, the reft; and thou my better Genius, The brave Cethegus : when we meete againe, Wee'll facrifice to Liberty. CET. And revenge. That we may praise our hands once. LEN.O you Fates Give Fortune now her eyes, to fee with whom Shee goes along, that the may nere for fake him. Cvr. He needs not her, nor them. Goe but on, Sergins. " A valiant man is his owne Fate, and Fortune. LON. The Fate and fortune of us all goe with him. GAB. STA. And ever guard him. CAT. I am all your Creature. LEN, Now friends, 'tis left with us. I have already Dealt, by Umbrenus, with the Allobroges, Here refidant in Rome, whofe State I heare, Is discontent with the great usuries, They are oppress'd with : and have made complaints Divers, unto the Senate, but all vaine. Theie men, Phaue thought, both for their owne oppreffions As also that, by nature, they are a people Warlike, and fierce, still watching after change, And now, in present hatred with our State, The fittest, and the easiest tobe drawne To our fociety, and to aide the warre. The rather, for their feate : beingnext bordrers On Italy sand that they abound with horfe, Of which one want our Campe doth one'y labour. And I have found 'hem comming. They wi'l meete Soone at Sempronia's house, where I would pray you All to be presen', to confirme 'hem more. The fight of fuch spirits hurt not, nor the store, GAB. GAB. I will not faile. STA. Nor I. CVR. Nor I. CET. Would I Had fome what by my felfe, apart, to doe. I ha'no genius to these many counfels. Let me kill all the Senate, for my fhare, Ile doe it at next fitting. LEN. Worthy Cains, Your prefence will adde much. CET. I shall marre more.

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CICER'O. SANGA. ALLOBROGES. T'He State's beholden to you, Fabius Sanga, For this great care : And those Allobroges Are more then wretched, if they lend a lithing To fuch perfwalion. SAN. They, most worthy Conful As men employ'd here, from a grieved State, Groaning beneath a multitude of wrongs, And being told, there was finall hope of eafe To be expected, to their evils from hence, Were willing, at the first to give an eare To any thing that founded liberty: But fince, on better thoughts, and my urg'd reafons, They'are come about, and wonne, to the true fide. The fortune of the Common-wealth hath conquer'd. Cic. What is that fame Vmbrenus, was the Agent? SAN. One that hath negotiation In Gallia oft, and knowne unto their State. CIC. Are the Ambaffadours come with you? SEN. Yes. Cic. Well, bring 'hem in, if they be firme, and honeft, Never had men the meanes fo to deferve Of Rome, as they. A happy, with'd occasion, And thruttinto my hands, for the difcovery, And manifest conjunction of these traytors. Be thank'd, O fupiter. My worthy Lords, Confederates of the Senate, you are welcome. I understand by Quintus Fabius Sanga, Your carefull Patron here, you have beene lately Sollicited against the Common-wealth, By one Vmbrenus (take a feate, I pray you) From Publius Lentulus, to be affociates In their intended warre. I could advise, That men, whofe fortunes are yetflourishing, And are Romes friends, would not, without a caufe, Become her enemies; and mixe themfelves

And their eftates, with the loft hopes of Catiline, Or Lentulus, whofe meere despaire doth arme em : That were to hazard certainties, for aire, And undergo all danger, for a voice. Belieue me, friends. "Loud tumults are not layd "With halfe the eafineffe, that they are rais'd. « All may begin a war, but few can endit. The Senate have decreed, that my Colleague Shall lead their army, against Catiline, And have declar'd both him, and Manlius traitors. Metellus Celer hath already given Part of their troopes defeat. Honors are promis'd To all, will quit'hem : and rewards propos'd Even to flames, that can deteft their courles. Here, in the Citty, I have by the Prators, And Tribunes, plac'd my guards and watches fo, That not a foos can tread, a breath can whilper, But I haue knowledge. And be fure, the Senate, And people of Rome, of their accustom'd greatnes, Will sharply, and feverely vindicate, Not only any fact, but any practife Or purpose, gainst the State. Therefore, my Lords, Confult of your owne waies, and think which hand Is best to take. You, now, are present futors For fome redreffe of wrongs : Ile undertake Not only that shall be affur'd you, but What grace or priviledge elfe, Senate, or people Can calt upon you, worthy fuch a fervice, As you have now the way and meanes to do en; If but your wils confent, with my defignes. ALO. We covet nothing more, most worthy Conful. And how foere we have bin tempted lately, To a defection, that not makes us guilty : We are not yet so wretched in our Fortunes, Norin our wils fo loft, as to abandon A friendship, prodigallity, of that price, As is the Senate, and the people of Romes, For hopes, that do precipitate them felues. Crc. You then are wife and honeft. Do but this, then: When shall you speak with Lentulus, and the reft? ALO. We are to meet anone, at Brushs house.

Cic. Who? Decius Brutus ? Heisnotin Rome, SAN. O, but his wife Sempronia. Crc. You inftruct mes. She is a chiefe. Well, faile not you to meet em. And to expresse the best affection You can put on, to all that they intend: Like it, applaud it, giue the Common-wealth And Senate, loft to em. Bromife any aides By armes or counfell. What they can defire I would have you prevent. Only, fay this, You have had difpatch, in private, by the Confull Of your affaires, and for the many feares The State's now in, you are will'd by him, this evening To depart Rome : which you, by all fought meanes, Will do, of reason to decline fusition. and the public or noval Now, for the more authority of the bulinelle, 31) side and They have trufted to you, and to give it credit of an dir T brink With your owne State at home, you would defire Their letters to your Senate and your people, and the Which fhewne, you durftingage both life and honor but The relt fhould every way antwer their hopes a worth Hi VA I hofe had, pretend fuddain departure. And, as yourgive menotice, at what pore You will go out, Ile ha'you intercepted, wo and had had And all the letters taken with you : Some of an optimat As you shall be redeem'd in all opinions, ice and and and And they convicted of their manifest treason. " Ill deeds are well turnd back, upon their Authors : " And 'gainft an Injurer, the revenge is juft. This must be done, now .- ALO. Chearfully, and firmly. We are they, would rather haft to undertake it, Then Itay, to fay fo: Crc. With that confidence, go: Make your felues happy, while you make Rome fo. By Sanga, let me have notice from you. ALO, Yes.

SEMPRONIA, LENTVLVS, CETHEGVS, GABINIVS, STATSLIVS, LONGINVS, VOLTVRTIVS, ALLOBROGES.

W Hen come these creatures, the Embassiadors? I would faine fee'em. Are they any Schollers? (furely. LEN. I think not, Madam. SEM. Ha'they no Greek? LEN. No. SEM. Fie, what do There, waiting on em then? If they be nothing but meere States-men. LEN. Yes, Your Ladiship shall observe their gravity, And their refervedneffe, their many cautions, Fitting their perfons. SEM. I doe wonder much, That States and Common-wealths employ not women, To be Ambassadors, fometimes : we should Doe as good publike fervice, and could make As honourable Spies (for fo Thucidides Call, all Ambaffadors). Are they come Cethegus ? CET. Doe you aske me ? Am I your fcout, or baud ? LEN. O Cains, it is no fuch businesse. CET. No? What does a woman at it then? SEM. Good Sir, There are of us can be as exquisite Traitors. As ere a male-confpirator of you all. CET. I, at fmock-treafon, Matron, I beleeve you : And if I were your Husband : But when I Trust to your cobweb-bosomes any other Let me there die a Flie ; and feast you, Spider. LEN. You are too fowre, and harth Cethegus. CEr. You. Are kinde, and courtly, Il'd be torne in pieces, With wilde Hippolytus, nay prove the death, Every limbe over, ere I'ld truft a woman, With winde, could I retaine it. SEM. Sir; they'll be trufted With as good fecrets, yet, as you have any, this make be the And carry 'hem too, as clofe, and as conceald, As you shall for your heart. CET. He not contend with you Either in tongue, or carriage, good Calipso : LON. Th' Ambaffadors are come. CET. Thanks to thee Mercury That to halt refcu'd me. LEN. How now Volturius ? VoL. They doe defire fome speech wirh you, in private. LEN. O! tis about the prophecie belike, And promise of the Sibylls. GAB. It may be. SEM. Shun they, to treat with me too? GAB. No, good Lady, You may partake : Thave told 'hem, who you are, SEM. I thould be loath to be left out, and here too. CET. Can these, or fuch, be any aides to us ? Looke they, as they were built to fhake the world, Or be a moment to ous enterprife ? A thousand fuch as they are, could not make One Atome of our foules. They fhould be men Worth Heavens feare, that looking up, but thus, BAL arsta

WIND.

Would make love ftand upon his guard, and drave Himfelfe within his Thunder ; which amaz'd, He fhould difcharge in vaine, and they unhurt. Or if they were, like Capaneus, at Thebes, They fhould hang dead, upon the higheft fpires, And aske the fecond charge, to be throwne downe. Why Lentulus, talke you fo long ? This time Had beene enough, t'have scatter'd all the Starres, To have quench'd the Sanne, and Moone, and made the World Despaire of day, or any light, but ours: LEN. How doe you like this fpirit? In fuch men, Mankind doth live. They are fuch foules as thefe, That move the world. SEN. I, though he beare me hard, I, yet must doe him right. He is a spirit 19 7-1-020 Of the right Martian breed. ALO. He is a Mars. Would we had time to live here, and admire him. LEN. Well, I doe fee you would prevent the Conful. And I commend your care : It was but reafon, To aske our Letters, and we had prepar'd them. Goein, and we will take an oath, and feale 'hem. You shall have Letters too, to Catiline, To visite him i'the way, and to confirme The affociation. This our friend, Volturtius, Shall goe along with you. Tell our great Generally That we are ready here ; that Lucius Beftia The Tribune, is provided of a speech, To lay the envie of the warre on Cioero That all but long for his approach, and perfon : And then, you are made Freemen, as our felves.

CICERO, FLACCVS, POMTINIYS, SANGA.

Thefe

Cannot feare the warre but to fucceed well, Both for the honour of the caufe, and worth Of him that doth command. For my Colleague, Being fo ill affected with the goute, Will not be able to be there in perfon; And then *Petreins*, his Lieutenant, mult Of neede take charge o' the army : who is much The better fouldier, having beene a Tribune, Prefect, Lieutenant, Prætor in the warre,

UTI I DITT'D'

Thefe thirty yeares, fo conversant i'the army, As he knowes all the fouldiers by their names. FLA. They'll fight then brauely, with him, POM, I, and he Will lead 'hem on, as brauely. Cic. They have a foe Will aske their braveries, whole neceffities Willarme him like a fury. But; how euer, Ile trust it to the mannage, and the fortune Of good Petreins, who's a worthy Patriot. Metellus Celer, with three Legions, too, Will ftop their course for Gallia. How now, Fabius? SAN. The traine hath taken. You must instantly Dispose your guard, vpon the Milvian bridge : For, by that way, they meane to come. Cic. Then, thither Pomtinius, and Flaccus, I must pray you To lead that force you have, and feize them all : Let not a person scape. Th'Ambassadours Will yeeld themfelues. If there be any tumule Ile fend you aide. I, in meane time will call. Lentulus to me, Gabinius, and Cethegus, Statilius, Ceparius, and all these By feverall meffengers : who no doubt will come, Without sense or suspicion. "Prodigall men "Feele not their owne ftocke wafting. When I have 'hem, Ile place those guards upon em, that they flatt not. SAN. But what'll you do with Sempronia ? Cic. " A State "Should not take knowledge either of Fooles or Women. I do not know whether my ioy or care Ought to be greater ; that I have discover'd So foule a treason : or must undergo The enuy of fo many great mens fate. But, happen what there can, I will be iuft, My fortune may forfake me, not my vertue : That shall go with me, and before me still, And glad me, doing well, though I heare ill.

PRETORS, ALLOBROGES, VOLTVRTIVS.

LA.Stand, who goes there? ALO. we are th' Allobroges; And friends of Rome. POM. If you be fo, then yeeld Your felues unto the Prætors, who in name Of the whole Senate, and the people of Rome, Yet: Y et till you cleare your felvos, charge you of practife Against the State. Vor. Doe friends, and be not caken. FLA. What voice is that? Downe with 'hem all. ALL. we yeeld. Pom. What's he flands out? Kill him there. Vol. Hold, hold, I yeeld upon conditions. FLA. We give none (hold. To traytors, strike him downe. Vol. My name's Volturtius : Iknow Pomtinius. Pom. Buthe knowes not you, While you stand out upon these trayterous termes. Vol. Ile yeeld upon the fafety of my life. POM. If it be forfeited, we cannot faveit. Vol. Promise to doe your best. I am not so guiltie, As many others I can name, and will : Charles State In Co If you will grant me favour. Pom. All we can Is to deliver you to the Conful. Take him, And thanke the Gods, that thus have faved Rome.

CALLERE

CHORVS. Ow doe our eares, before our eyes, Like men in mistes, Discover, who'ld the State surprise, And who refifts ? And as these clouds doe yeeld to light, Now, doe we see, Our thoughts of things, how they did fight, and shall Which feem dit agree 3. Of what strange pieces are we made, is we we But as new Agres our eares invades Still censure for ? That now doe hope, and now doe feare, And now envie at the second and to the out And then doe hate, and then love deare, But know not why: Or, if we doe, it is so late, As our best moode; Though true, is then thought out of date, And empty of good. Or or a line and How have we chang'd, and come about Inevery doome. San hand Since wicked Catiline went out, And quitted Rome? One while, we thought him innocest;

And then m' accus'd 0000 mar 1940 The Conful for his malice spent, And power abus'd. the huny et the Since, that me heare, he is in Armes We thinke not fo : Yet charge the Conful, with our barmes, So, in our confure of the State, We still dae wander ; to stand a stand of the And make the carefull Magifrates minutings Themanke of fander. In a line ; monther. What age is this, where boneft men, cally a, 3101 91.0 Plac datthe helme, It and share when bein at VI A Sea of fome foule mouth or pension 1. 9000 STA Growne ne die, and poore, and smiledward or on word And call their diligence, deceipt ; a stand and Their vertue, vice ; lar 516 (yet voits) upm of de Their matchfulne ffe,but lying in maiten intov John And blood, the price, suitaling one and trade use O, let us plucke this evil feedel and daman of Out of our fpirits, to country at tout one pallel And give to every noble deede, The name it merits. Least we secme falne (if this endures) Into those times, To love dijease : and brooke the cures -Worse then the crimes.

A c r. V. PETREIVS. THE ARMY. Tis my fortune, and my glory, Souldiers, This day, to leade you on : the worthy Conful Kept from the honour of it, by difeafe : And I am proud, to have fo brave a caufe To exercife your armes in. We not, now, Fight for how long, how broad, how great, and large Th' extent, and bounds o'th' people of Rome shall be: But to retaine what our great Ancestors, With all their labours, counfels, arts, and actions, For us, were purchasing fo many yeares.

The

a state a state of the quarrell is not now, of fame, of tribute, Or of wrongs, done unto Confederates, For which, the Army of the people of Rome Was wont to move : but for your owne Republique, For the rais'd Temples of th'immortall Gods. For all your Fortunes, Altars, and your Fires, For the deare foules of your lov'd Wives, and Children, Your Parents tombes, your Rites, Lawes, Liberty, And briefly for the lafety of the world : Against fuch men, as onely by their crimes' Are knowne; thrust out by riot, want, or rashnesse. One fort, Sylla's old troopes, left here in Fesula, Who fuddainly made rich, in those dire times, Are fince, by their unbounded, vaft expence, Growne needie, and poore, and have but left t'expect. From Catiline, new Billes, and new Proferiptions. These men (they fay) are valiant, yet I thinke 'hem Not worth your paule : For either their old vertue Isin their floth, and pleasures loft ; or if soils back It tarry with 'hem, foill match to yours' gen tol, O As they are fhort in number, or in caufe. The fecond fort are of those (Citty-beafts, 100 Rather then Cittizens) who whill they reach a After our fortunes, have let flie their owne and has I Thefe whelm'din wine, fwelld up with meates, and weakned With hourely whoredomes, never left the lide 1 Of Catiline in Rome : nor here are loos'd From his embraces : Such, as (truit m.) never In riding, or in using well their armes, Watching, or other military laos B -Did exercise their youth, but learn'd to love, Drinke, dance, and fing, make feats, and be fine gamfters. And thefe will with more hart to you, then they bring you. The reft are but a mixt kinde, of all forts of furies, model and Adulterers, Dicers, Fencers, Outlawes, Theeves, The Murderers of their Parents, all the finke, And plague of Italy, met in one torrent, so wall in the To take, to day, from us the punishment, of the set as fill Due to their mischiefes, for so many yeares. And who in fuch a caufe, and gainft fuch fiends, Would not now with himfelfe all arme; and weapon?

To cut fuch poyfons from the earth, and let Their blood out, to be drawne away in cloudes, And pour'd, on fome inhabitable place, Where the hot Sunne, and Slime breeds naught but Monfters? Chiefly, when this fure joy shall crowne our fide, That the least man, that falles upon our party This day (as fome mult give their happy names To fate, and that eternall memory Of the best death, writ with it, for their Countrey) Shall walke at pleafure, in the tents of relt: And fee farre off, beneath him, all their holt Tormented after life : and Catiline, there, Walking a wretched, and leffe Ghoft, then he. Ile'urge no more : Move forward, with your Eagles, And trust the Senates, and Romes cause to Heaven. ARM. To thee, great Father Mars, and greater love.

CAESAR. CRASSVS.

Ever look'd for this of Lentulus. When Catiline was gone. CRA. I gave 'hem loft, Many daies fince. CAES. But, wherefore did you beare Their letter to the Confull, that they fent to you, To warne you from the City? CRA. Did I know Whether he made it? it might come from him, For ought I could affure : if they meant, I should be fafe, among fo many, they might Haue come, as well as writ. CAEs. There is no loffe In being fecure. I have of late, too, ply'd him, Thicke, with intelligences, but they have bin Of thingshe knew before. CRA. A little ferues To keep a man upright, on these State-bridges, Although the paffage were more dangerous. Let vs now take the standing part. CAES. We must, And be as zealous for't, as Cato. Yet I would faine helpe thefe wretched men. CRA. You cannot. Who would faue them, that have betraid them felues?

CICERO, QVINTVS, CATO.

To

I Will not be wrought to it, brother Quintum. There's no mans private enmity shall make Me violate the dignity of another. If there were proofe 'gain!t Cafar, or who ever, To fpeake him guilty, I would fo declare him. But Quintus Catulus, and Pifo both, Shall know, the Confull will not for their grudge. Have any man accus'd, or named fally. Qvr. Not fally, but if any circumftance, By the Allobroges, or from Volturtius, would cary it. Crc. That thalt not be fought by me, If it reveale it felfe, I would not fpare You, brother, if it pointed at you, truft me. Caro. Good Marcus Tullius (which is more, Then great) thou hadft thy education, with the gods. Crc. Send Lentulus forth, and bring away the reft. This office, I am forry, Sir, to do you.

THE SENATE.

T Hat may be happy still, and fortunate, Ta Rome, and to this Senate : Please you, Fathers; To breake these Letters, and to view them round. If that be not found in them, which I feare, I. yet, intreat, at fuch a time, as this, My diligence be not contemn'd. Ha you brought The weapons hither, from Cethegus house? PRE. They are without. Cic. Beready, with Volturtius. To bring him, when the Senate cals : and fee None of the reft, conferre together. Fathers, What do you reade? Is it yet worth your care, If not your feare, what you find practis'd there? CEAS. It hath a face of horror. CRA. I am amaz'd. CAT. Look there. SyL, Gods! can fuch men draw comon aire? Crc. Although the greatneffe of the mifchiefe, Fathers, Hath often made my faith small, in this Senate, Yet, fince my caffing Catiline out (for now I do not feare the enuy of the word, Unleffe the deed be rather to be fear'd, That he went hence alive; when those I meant Should follow him, did not) I have fpent both daies, And nights in watching, what their fury and rage Was bent on, that fo straid, against my thought :-And that I might but take 'hem in that light, Where when you met their treason, with your eies, Your minds, at length, would thinke for your owne fafety. And now, tis done. There are their hands and feales.

Their

Their perfons too, are fafe, thankes to the Gods. Bring in Voltartius, and the Allobroges. These be the men, were trusted with their Letters. VoL. Fathers, beleeve me, I knew nothing : I Was travailing for Gallia, and am forry----Cic, Quake not Volturtius, fpeake the truth, and hope Well of this Senate, on the Confuls word. VoL. Then I knew all. But truely I was drawne in But tother day. CAES. Say, what thou know'ft, and feare not. Thou halt the Senates faith, and Confuls word, To fortifie thee. Vol: I was fent with Letters-And had a meffage too----from Lentulus---To Catiline -- that he should use all aides----Servants, or others-and come with his army, Assone, unto the Citty as he could-For they were ready, and but staid for him-To intercept those, that should flee the fire-----These men, the Allobroges, did heare it too. ALO. Yes Fathers, and they tooke an oath, to us. Befides their Letters, that we fhould be free: And urg'd us, for fome prefent aide of horfe. CIC. Nay, here be other teltimonies, Fathers, Cethegus Armdury. CRA. What, not all thefe? Cic. Here's not the hundred part. Call in the Fencer, That we may know the armes to all these weapons. Come my brave Sword-player, to what active use, Wasallthis steele provided ? CET. Had you ask'd In Syllas dayes, it had beene to cut throates; But now it was to looke on onely : I lov'd To fee good blades, and feele their edge, and points. To put a helme upon a blocke, and cleave it, And now and then, to stabbe an armour through. CIC. Know you that paper ? That will stable you through. Is it your hand ? Hold, fave the peeces. Traytor, Hath thy guilt wak'd thy fury? CET. I did write, I know not what; nor care not : That Foole Lentulus Did dictate, and I tother Foole, did figneit. Cic. Bring in Statilius : Does he know his hand too? And Lentulus. Reach him that letter. STA. I. Confesseit all. Cic. Know you that feale yet; Publius ? LEN Yes it is mine Cro What that renown'd good man.

LEN. My Grandfathers. Crc. What, that renown'd good man. That did fo only embrace his Countrey, and low'd His fellow Cittizens ! was not hispicture, Though mute, of power to call thee from a fact, So foule---- LEN. As what, impetuous Cicero? Cic. As thou art, for I doe not know what's fouler. Looke upon these. Doe not these faces argue Thy guilt and impudence ? LEN. What are thefe to me? Tknow 'hem not. ALO. No Fublins ? we were with you, At Brutus houfe. Vol. Laft night. LEN. What did you there? Who fent for you ? ALO. Your felfe did. We had Letters From you Cethegus, this Statilius here, Gabinius (imber, all, but from Longinus, Who would not write, because he was to come Shortly, in perfon, after us (he faid) To take the charge o' the horfe, which we fhould levy. Cic. And he is fled to Catiline, I heare. LEN. Spice? fpice? ALO. You told us too, o'the Sibyls bookes, And how you were to be a King this yeare, The twentieth, from the burning of the Capitol. That three Cornely were to reigne in Rome, Of which you were the last : and prais'd Cethegus, And the great fpirits, were with you in the action. CEr. These are your honorable Ambassadors, My Soveraigne Lord. CAT. Peace, th'art too bold Cethegus, ALO. Besides, Gabinins, your Agent, nam'd Autronius, Servius Sulla, Vargunteius, And divers others. Vol. I had Letters from you, To Catiline, and a meffage, which I have cold Unto the Senate, truly, word for word : For which I hope, they will be gracious to me. I was drawne in, by that fame wicked Cimber, And thought no hurtatall: Cic. Volturtim, peace. Where is thy vifor, or thy voyce, now Lentulus? Art thou confounded ? Wherefore fpeak'st thou not ? Is all fo cleare, fo plaine, fo manifelt, That both thy eloquence, and impudence, And thy ill nature too, have left thee at once? Take him aside. There's yet one more. Gabinins, The Enginer of all. Shew him that paper,

GAB. No. Nor I will not know, CAT. Impudent head ? Sticke it into his throate ; were I the Conful, I'ld make thee eate the mitchiefe thou halt vented. GAB. Is there a Law for't Cato ? CAT. Doft thou aske After a Law, that would'it have broke all lawes, Of Nature, Manhood, Confcience, and Religion. GAB. Yes, I may aske for't. CAT. No, pernicious Cimber, " Th'inquiring after good, does not belong " Unto a wicked perfon. GAB. I, but Cato Does nothing, but by Law. CRA. Take him afide. There's proofe enough, though he confesse not. GAB. Stay I will confesse. All'strue, your spieshave told you. Make much of 'hem. CET. Yes, and reward 'hem well, For feare you get no more fuch. See, they doe not Die in a dich, and flinke, now you ha' done with 'hem ; Or beg o'the bridges, here in Rome, whole Arches Their active industrie hath fav'd. Crc. See Fathers, What mindes, and fpirits thefe are, that being convicted Of fuch a treafon, and by fuch a cloud Of witnesses, dare yet retaine their boldnesse? What would their rage have done, if they had conquer'd? I thought, when I had thrust out Catiline, Neither the State, nor I, should neede t'have fear'd Lentulus fleepe here, or Longinus fat, Or this Cethegus rashnesse : It was he, I only watch'd, while he was in our walles, As one that had the braine, the hand, the heart. But now we finde the contrary. Where was there A People griev'd, or a State difcontent, Able to make, or helpe a warre 'gainst Rome, But thefe, th' Allobroges, and those they found ? Whom had not the just Godsbeene pleas'd to make More friends unto our fafety, then their owne, As it then feem'd, neglecting these mens offers, Where had we beene ? or where the Common-wealth ? When their great Chiefe had beene call'd home : This man, Their absolute King, (whose noble Grandfather, Arm'd in pursure of the seditious Gracchus, Tooke a brave wound, for deare defence of that, Which he would fpoile) had gather'd all his aides Of Ruffins, Slaves, and other Slaughter-men :

The other ranke of Citizens, to Gabinins; The Citty to be fir'd by Cassis; And Italy, nay the world, to be laid walt By curfed Catiline, and his complices. Lay but the thought of it before you, Fathers, Thinke but with me you faw this glorious City, The Light of all the earth, Tower of all Nations, Sudainly falling in one flame. Imagine, You view'd your Countrey buried with the heapes. Of Ilaughter'd Cittizens, that had no grave; This Lentulus here, reigning, (as he dreamp't) And those his purple Senate ; Catiline come, With his fierce army; and the cries of Matrons, The flight of Children, and the rape of Virgins, Shriekes of the livin , with the dying grones On every fide t'invade your fense; untill The blood of Rome, were mixed with their afhes. This was the Spectacle thefe fiends intended To please their malice. CEr. 1, and it would of an and the Have beene a brave one, Conful. But your part and mining of Had not then bin to long, as now it is : I should have quite defeated your Oration; And flit that fine rhetoricall pipe of yours, I'the first Scene. CAT. Infolent Monster / Cic, Fathers, Is it yourpleafures, they shall be committed Unto fome fafe, but a free cultodie, Untill the Senate can determine farder? SEN. It pleafeth well. Cic. Then, Marcus Craffus, Takecharge of Gabinius : fend him home Unto your house. You Cafar, of Statilins. Cethegus shall be fent to Cornificius ; And Lentulus, to Publius Lentulus Spinther, Who now is Ædile. CAT. It were belt, the Pretor Carried 'hem to their houfes, and delivered 'hem. CIC. Letit be fo. Take 'hem from hence. CAES. But, Let Lentulus put off his Pratorship. LEN. I doe refigne it here unto the Senate. C. . . So, now there's no off nce done to Religion. CAT. Cafar,' cwaspioully, and timely urg'd. CIC. What doe you decree to th' Allobroges? That were the lights to this difcovery ?

WIII I LILLE DO

CAES. And a reward, out of the publicke treasure. CAT. I, and the title of honeft men, to crowne 'hem. CIC. What to Volturtins ? CAES. Life, and favour's well. Vollaske no more. CAT. Yes, yes, fome money, thou needft it. Twill kepe thee honeft : Want made thee a knave. SyL. Let Flaccus, and Pomtinius, the Pritors, Have publicke thankes, and Quintus Fabius Sanga, For their good fervice. CRA. They deferve it all. CAT. But what doe we decree unto the Conful, Whofe vertue, counfell, watchfulnesse, and wifedome, Hath freed the Common-wealth, and without tumult, Slaughter, or blood, or fcarce rayfing a force, Rescu'd us all out of the jawes of Fate? CRA. We owe our lives unto him, and our fortunes. CAES. Our Wives, our Children, Parents, and our Gods Syr. Weallare fav'd by his fortitude. CAT. The Common-wealth owes him a civicke gyrland. He is the onely Father of the Countrey. CAES. Let there be publike prayer, to all the Gods, (he hath, Made in that name for him. CRA. And in these words, For that By his vigilance preserv'd Rome from the flame, the Senate From the fword, and all her Cittizens from massacre. Cic. How are my labours more then paid, grave Fathers, In these great titles, and decreed honours ! Such as to me, first, of the civill Robe, Of any man, fince Rome was Rome, have hapned; And from this frequent Senate : which more glads me; That I now see, you have sense of your owne fafety. If those good dayes come no lesse gratefull tous, Wherein we are preferv'd from fome great danger, Then those wherein w'are borne, and brought to light, Becaufe that gladneffe of our fafety is certaine, But the condition of our birth not fo: And that we are fav'd with pleafure, but are borne Without the fense of joy why should not then, This day to us, and all posterity Of ours, be had in equall fame, and honour, With that, when Romulus first reard these walles, When fo much more is faved, then he built? CAES. It ought. CRA. Let it be added to our Fasti: Crc. What tumult's that? FLA. Here's one Tarquinius taken, Going

Going to Catiline ; and fayes he was fent By Marcus Craffus : whom he names, to be Guiltie of the confpiracie? Crc. Some lying varlet. Take him away, to prifon. CRA. Bring him in, And let me fee him. Crc.He is not worth it, Craffus. Keep him up clofe, and hungry, till he tell; By whofe permicious counfell, he durft flander So great, and good a Citizen. CRA. By yours I feare, twill proue. SxL.Some o'the Traiters, fure, out To give their action the more credit, bid himo soursy shall d Name you, or any man. Crc. I know my felfe, By all the tracts, and courses of this businesse, Craffus is noble, iuft, and loues his Countrie. FLA. Here is a Libell too, accusing Cafar, From Lucius Vectius, and confirm'dby Curius. Crc. Away with all, throw it out o'the Court. CAES. A tricke on me, too? Cic. It is fome mens malice. I faid to Curius, I did not beleeue him. CEAS. Was not that Curius your fpic, that had rade 1. Reward decreed unto him, the laft Senate, i sman asin mabe M With Fulvia, upon your private motion? CIC. Yes. CEAS. But he has not that reward, yet. Cic. No. Let not this trouble you Cafar, none beleeues it, one wold .o. CAES. It fhall not, if that he have no reveard, slip som shous wi But if he haue, fure I shall thinke my felfe to duit, on or as dand Very vntimely, and unfafely honeft, Wherefuch, as he is, may have pay t'accufe meit infinite and Crc. You Ihal haueno wrong done you, nob'e Cefar, when I and But all contentment. CEAS. Confull, Iam filent. CATILINE. THE ARMY. T Never yet knew, Souldiers, that, in fight, Words added vertue unto valiant men ; a ability of a sloses Or, that a Generals Oration made and the to not removed and An Army fall, or fland: But how much prowefferm ave sais Lad Habituall, or naturall each man's breaft of to a sol statuont We Was owner of, fo much in act it thew'd. Is the most state "Whom neither glory or danger can excite minal destand "Tis vain t'attempt with Speech: for the minds feare. "Keeps all braue founds from entring at that care our of nonthe I,yet, would warne you fome few things, my friends, And give you reason of my present countailes."

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You

CALLUL IL LI

You know, no leffe then I, what ftate, what point Our affaires Itand in; And you have heard, What a calamitous milery the floth, And fleepineffe of Lentulus, hath pluck'd Both on himfelfe, and us : How, whilft our aides There, in the Cittie look'd for, are defeated, Our entrance in Gallia, too, is flopt. Two Armies waite us : One from Rome, the other From the Gaule-Provinces. And, where we are, (Although I most defire it) the great want Of corne, and victuall, forbids longer ftay, So that, of neede, we mult remove, but whither The fword must both direct, and cut the passage. I only, therefore with you, when you ftrike, To have your valours, and your foules, about you; And thinke, you carry in your labouring hands The things you feeke, glory, and liberty, Your Country, which you want now, with the Fates, That are to be instructed, by our fwords. If we can give the blow, all will be fafe to us. We shall not want provision, nor supplies. The Colonies, and free Townes will lie open. Where if we yeeld to feare, expect no place, Nor friend, to shelter those, whom their owne Fortune, And ill us'd Armes have left without protection. You might have liv'd in fervitude, or exile, Or fafe at Rome, depending on the great ones; But that you thought those things unfit for men. And, in that thought, you then were valiant. For no man ever yet chang'd peace for warre But he, that meant to conquer. Hold that purpofe. There is more neceffirie, you fhould be fuch, In'fighting for your felues, then they for others. "Hee's bafe, that trufts his feete, whofe hands are arm'd. Methinks, I fee Death, and the Furies, waiting What we will doe; and all the Heaven at leifure For the great Spectacle. Draw, then, your fwords: And, if your deltiny enuy our vertue The honor of the day, yet let us care To fell our leives, at fuch a price, as may Undoe the world to buy us; and make Fate,

While the tempts ours, feare her owne estate. THE SENATE.

EN. What meanes this hafty calling of the Senate ? SEN. We thal know straight. Wait, til the Conful speaks. Pom. Fathers Confcript, bethinke you of your fafeties, And what to doe, with these Conspirators; Some of their Clients, their Free'd men, and Slaves 'Ginne to make head : There is one of Lentulus Bauds Runs up and downe the floops, through every freet, With money to corrupt, the poore artificers, And needie tradefmen, to their aide. Cethegus Hath fent too, to his fervants, who are many, Chofen, and exercis'd in bold attemptings, That forthwith they should armethemfelves, and prove Hisrefcue : All will be in instant uproare, If you prevent it not, with prefent counfailes. We have done what we can, to meete the furie, And will doe more. Be you good to your felves. CIC. What is your pleafure Fathers, shall be done? Syllanus, you are Conful next defign'd. Your fentence of the fe men. Syr. Tis fhort, and this. Since they have fought to blot the name of Rome, Out of the world ; and raze this glorious Empire With her owne hands, and armes, turn'd on her felfe : I thinke it fit they die. And could my breath Now execute 'hem, they fhould not enjoy An article of time, or eye of light, Longer, to poy fon this our common aire. SEM. I thinke fo too. SEN. And I. SEN. And I. SEN. And I. CIC. Your fentence, Cains Cafar. CAEs. Confeript Fathers, In great affaires, and doubtfull, it behooves: Men, that are ask'd their fentence, to be free From either hate, or love, anger, or pitty : For where the least of these doe hinder, there. The minde not eafily difermes the truth. I speake this to you, in the name of Rome. For whom you fland; and to the prefent caufe : That this foule fact of Lentulus, and the reft, Weigh not more with you, then your dignity; And you be more indulgent to your paffion, then to your honour. If there could be found

A paine, or punishment, equall to their crimes. I would devise, and helpe : But if the greatneffe Of what they ha'done, exceede all mans invention, I thinke it fit to ftay, where our lawes doe. Poore petty States may alter upon hnmour, Where, if they offend with anger, few doe know it. Becaufe they are obfcure ; their Fame, and Fortune Is equall, and the fame : But they, that are Head of the world, and live in that feene height, All Mankinde knowes their actions. So we fee The greater fortune hath the'leffer licence, They must not favour, hate, and least be angry : For what with others is call'd anger, there, Is cruelty and pride. I know Syllanus, Who spoke before me, a just, valiant Man, A lover of the State, and one that would not, In fuch a bulineffe, use or grace, or hatred; I know too well his manners, and his modefty : Nor doe I thinke his fentence cruell (for 'Gainlt fuch delinquents, what can be too bloody ? But that it is abhorring from our state; Since to a Citizen of Rome, offending, Our Lawes give exile, and not death. Why then Decrees he that? Twere vaine to thinke, for feare : When by the diligence of fo worthy a Conful, All is made fafe, and certaine. Is't for punishment? Why Death's the end of evils, and a reft, Rather then torment : It diffolves all griefes. And beyond that, is neither care, nor joy. You heare, my fentence would not have 'hem die. How then ? fet free, and increase Catilines Army? So will they being but banish'd. No, grave Fathers, I judge 'hem, first, to have their states confiscate, Then, that their perfons remaine prisoners I'the free townes, farre off from Rome, and fever'd : Where they might n ither have relation, Hereafter to the Senate, or the People. Or if they had, those townes, then to be mulched, As enemies to the State, that had their guard. SEN. Tis good and honourable, Cafar hath utterd. Cic. Father, I feeyour faces, and your eyes,

All bent on me, to note of these two censures Which I incline to. Eyther of them are grave, And answering the dignity of the speakers. The greatneffe of th'affaire, and both feuere. One urgeth death : And he may well remember This State hath punish'd wicked Citizens fo. The other bonds : and those perpetuall, which He thinks found out for the more fingular plague. Decree which you shall please. You have a Conful Not readier to obey, then to defend What ever you shall act, for the Republique: And meete with willing thoulders any burden, Or any fortune, with an even face, Though it were death . which to a valiant man Can never happen foule, nor to a Conful Be immature, or to a wife man wretched. SyL. Fathers, I fpeake, but as I thought : the needes O'th'Common-wealth requird. CAT. Excuseit not. Cic. Cato, speake you your fentence. CAT. This it is You here dispute, on kinds of punishment, And stand confulting, what you should decree 'Gainst those, of whom, you rather should beware. This mischiefe is not like those common facts. Which, when they are done, the lawes may profecute. But this, if you provide not, ere it happen, When it is happen'd, will not waite your judgement. Good Cains Cafar, here, hath very well And fubtill difcours'd of life, and death, As if he thought those things, a prety fable, That are deliver'd us of Hell, and Furies, Or of the divers way, that ill men goe From good, to filthy darke, and ougly places. And therefore he would have thefe live; and long too: But farre from Rome, and in the fmall free Townes. Left here they might have refcue : As if men, Fit for fuch acts, were only in the City, And not through out all Italy ? or that boldneffe Could not doe more, where it found least resistance ? Tis a vaine counfaile, if he thinke them dangerous. Which if he doe not, but that he alone In so great feare of all men, stand unfrighted,

He gives me caufe, and you, more to feare him. I am plaine, Fathers. Here you looke about, One at another, doubting what to doe; With faces, as you trufted to the Gods, That ftill have fav'd you : and they can do't : But. They are not withings, or bafe womanith prayers Can draw their aides ; but vigilance, counfell, action : Which they will be ashamed to forfake. Tisfloth they hate, and cowardife. Here you have The Traytors in your houses, yet you ftand Fearing what to doe with 'hem : Let them loofe, And fend them hence with armes too; that your mercy May turne your mifery, as foone as't can, O, but they are great men, and have offended But through ambition. We would fpare their honour: I, if them felves had fpar'd it, or their fame, Or modesty, or eyther God, or Man : Then I would spare 'hem. But as things now stand, Fathers, to spare these men, were to commit A greater wickednesse, then you would revenge. If there had bin but time, and place for you, To have repair'd this fault, you fhould have made it; It should have beene your punishment, to have felt Your tardie errour : But neceffity, Now bids me fay, let them not live an houre, If you meane Rome should live a day. I have done. SEN. Cato hath spoken like an Oracle. CRA. Let it be fo decreed. SEN. We all were fearefull. Syr. And had bin base, had not this vertue rais'd us. SEN. Go forth molt worthy Conful, wee'll affilt you. CAEs. Iam not yet chang'din my fentence, Fathers. CAT. No matter. What be those ? SER. Letters for Cafar. CAT. From whom ? let 'hem be read in the open Senate :. Fathers, they come from the Conspirators. I crave to have 'hem read, for the Republique. CAES. Cato, reade you it. Tis a Love-letter, From your deare fifter, to me : though you hate me. Doe not discover it. CAT. Hold thee drunkard. Conful. Goe forth, and confidently. CAES. You'll repent This rafhnesse, Cicero. PRAE. Cafar shall repent it. Cic, No violence, Cafar be lafe, Leade on : Where

Where are the publique Executioners? Bid them waite on us. On to Spinthers houfe. Bring Lentulus forth. Here, you, the fad revengers Of capitall crimes, against the Publicke, take This man unto your justice : strangle him. LEN. Thou doft well, Conful: Twas a cast at dice In Fortunes hand, not long fince, that thy felfe Should's have heard thefe, or other word as fatall. C10. Leade on to Quintus Cornificius houfe;

Bring forth Cethegus. Take him to the due Death that he hath deferu'd : and let it be Said, He was once. CEr. A beaft,or, what is worfe, A flave, Cethegus. Let that be the name For all that's bafe hereafter : That would let This worme pronounce on him; and not have trampled Hisbody into---Ha ! Art thou not mov'd? Crc. "Juffice is neuer angry : Take him hence. CEr. O the whore Fortune! and her bauds the Fates! That put these tricks on men, which knew the way To death by a fword. Strangle ine I may fleepe: I fhall grow angry with the Gods, elfe. Crc. Leade To Cains Cafars, for Statilus.

Bring him, and rude Gabinius out. Here, take'hem To your cold hands, and let'hem feele death from you: GAB. I manke you, you do meapleasure. STA. And me too. CAT. So Marcus Tullins, thou mailt now stand up, And call it happy Rome, thou being Conful. Great Parent of the Countrie, goe, and let The Old men of the City, ere they die. Kiffe thee; the Matrons dwell about thy neck ; The Youths, and Mails lay.up, gain't they are old What kind of men thou wert, to tell their Nephewes, When, fuch a yeare, they reade, within our Fafti, Thy Confulfhip. Who's this? Petreius? Cic. Welcoes Welcome renowned Souldier. What's the newes? This face can bring no ill with't, unto Rome. How do's the worthy Conful, my Colleague? Par. As well as victory can make him, Sir. He greets the Fathers, and to me hath trufted The fad relation of the Civill Brite,

CALILINE.

For in fuch warre, the conquest stil is blacke. Cic. Shall we withdraw into the house of Concord? CAT. No, happy Conful, here let all earestake The benefit of this tale. If he had voice, To foread unto the Poles, and ftricke it through The Center, to the Antipodes ; it would aske it. PET. The ftreights and needes of Catiline being fuch. As he must fight, with one of the two Armies, That then had neare enclos'd him : It pleas'd Fate, To make us th'object of his desperate choile, Wherein the danger almost paiz d-the honour : And as he ris'd, the day grew blacke with him ; And Fate descended nearer to the earth, . As if the meant to hide the name of things Under her wings, and make the world her quarry. At this we rouz'd, least one small minutes stay Had left it to be enquir'd, what Rome was. And (as we ought) arm'd in the confidence Of our great cause, in forme of battaile, ftood. Whillt Catiline came on, not with the face Of any man, but of a publique ruine : His count'nance was a civill warre it felfe. And all his hoft had flanding in their lookes The paleneffe of the death, that was to come. Yet cryed they out like Vultures, and urg'd on, As if they would præcipitate our fates. Norstaid we longer for 'hem : But himfelre Strooke the first ftroke : And with it fled a life. Which cut, it feem'd a narrow necke of land Had broke betweene two mighty Seas ; and either Flow'd into other ; for fo did the flaughter : And whirl'd about, as when two violent Tides Meete, and not yeeld. The Furies flood, on hills Circling the place, and trembled to fee men Doe more then they : whilft Fiety left the field, Griev'd for that fide, that in fo bad a caufe, They knew not, what a crime their valour was. The Sunne ftood still, and was behinde the cloud The battaile made, feene fweating, to drive up His frighted horfe, whom still the noise drove backward. And now had fierce Enyo, like a flame, Confr

Confum'd all it could reach, and then it felfe; Had not the fortune of the Common-wealth Come Pallas-like, to every Roman thought. Which Catiline feeing, and that now his Troopes Cover'd that earth, they had fought on, with their trunkes, 1 Ambitious of great fame, to crowne hisill, Collected all his fury, and ranne in (Arm'd with a glory, high as his defpaire) Into our battell, like a Lybian Lion, Upon his hunters, fcornefall of our weapons, Careleffe of wounds, plucking downe lives about him, Till he had circled in himfelfe with death : Then fell he too, t'embrace it where it lay. And as in that rebellion 'gainst the Gods, MILLING. Minerva holding forth Aledufa's head, . Li.L. J One of the Gyant Brethren felt himfelfe Grow Marble at the killing fight, and now, 3 343 C. 11 1. 1. 1. 1. Almost made stone, began t'inquire, what flint, o swas) bar What rocke it was, that crept through all his limbes, And ere he could thinke more, was that he fear day of the W So Catiline, at the fight of Rome infus, 1-17 10 2. C. anta vac D Became his Tombe : yet did his looke retaine Woonan Intos eit. Some of his fierceneile, and his hinds full movid, claim is In A As if he labour'd, yet to grafpe the State, and to shan her and With those rebellious parts. CAT. Abrave bad death 3 335 Y Had this bin honeft now, and for his Countrey, 1000 min in As 'twas against it, who had ere fallen greater? Cic. Honour'd Petrein's, Rome, not I mult thanke you. Storne How modefly has he fooken of him felfe ! CAT. He did the more. Crc. Thanks to the immortall Gods, I Romans, I now am paid for all my labours or ivol I My watchings, and my dangers. Here conclude a barrier in Your praifes, triumphes, honours, and rewards " ton no a so a Decreed to me : only the memory Of this glad day, if I may know it live ST. FLE FLOWINGS Within your thoughts, Thall much affect my confcience Which I must alwayes studie before fame. It which is the soul "Though both be good, the latter yet is worft, boo sound at "And ever is ill got, without the first?" in the state of the state



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