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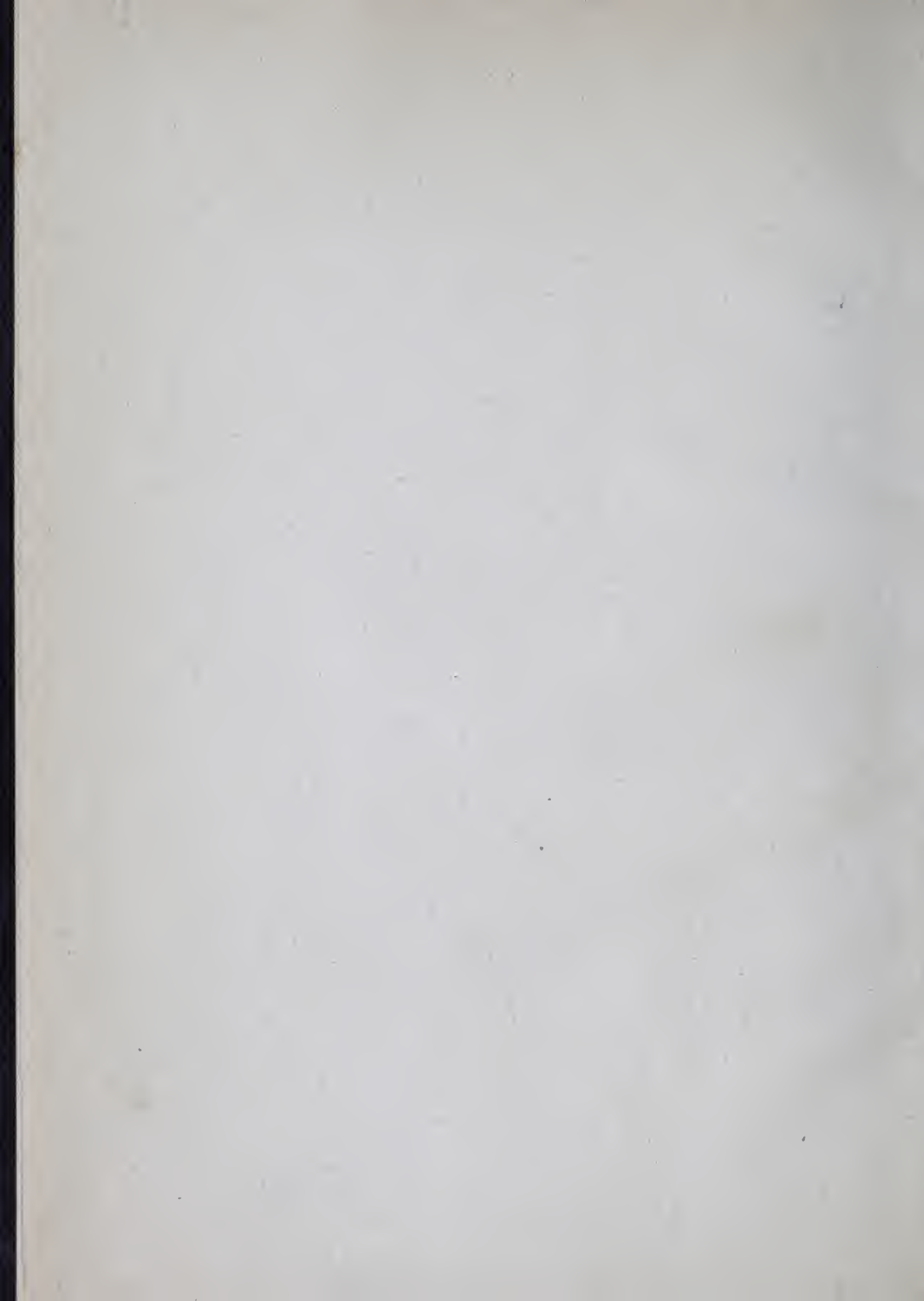
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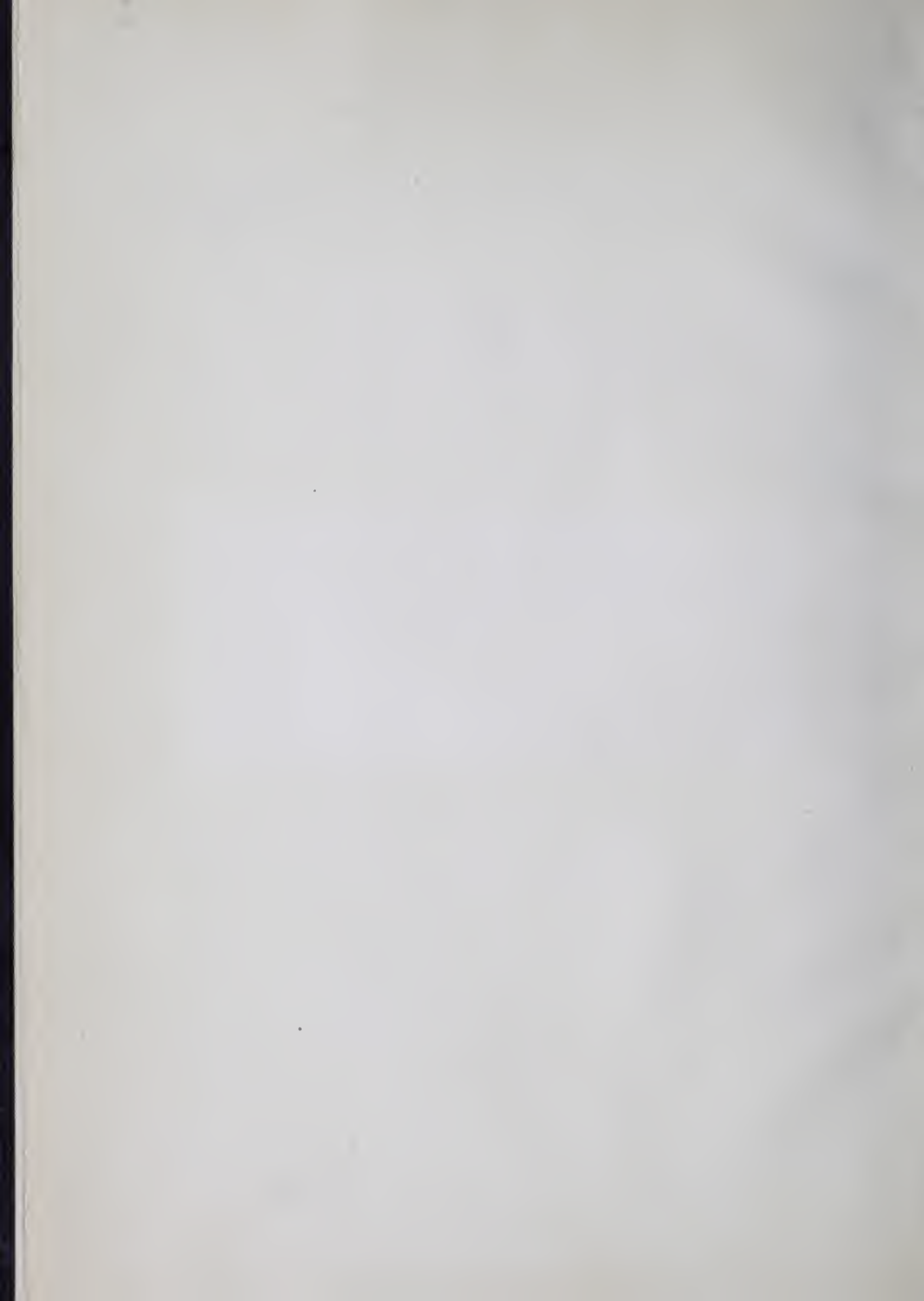
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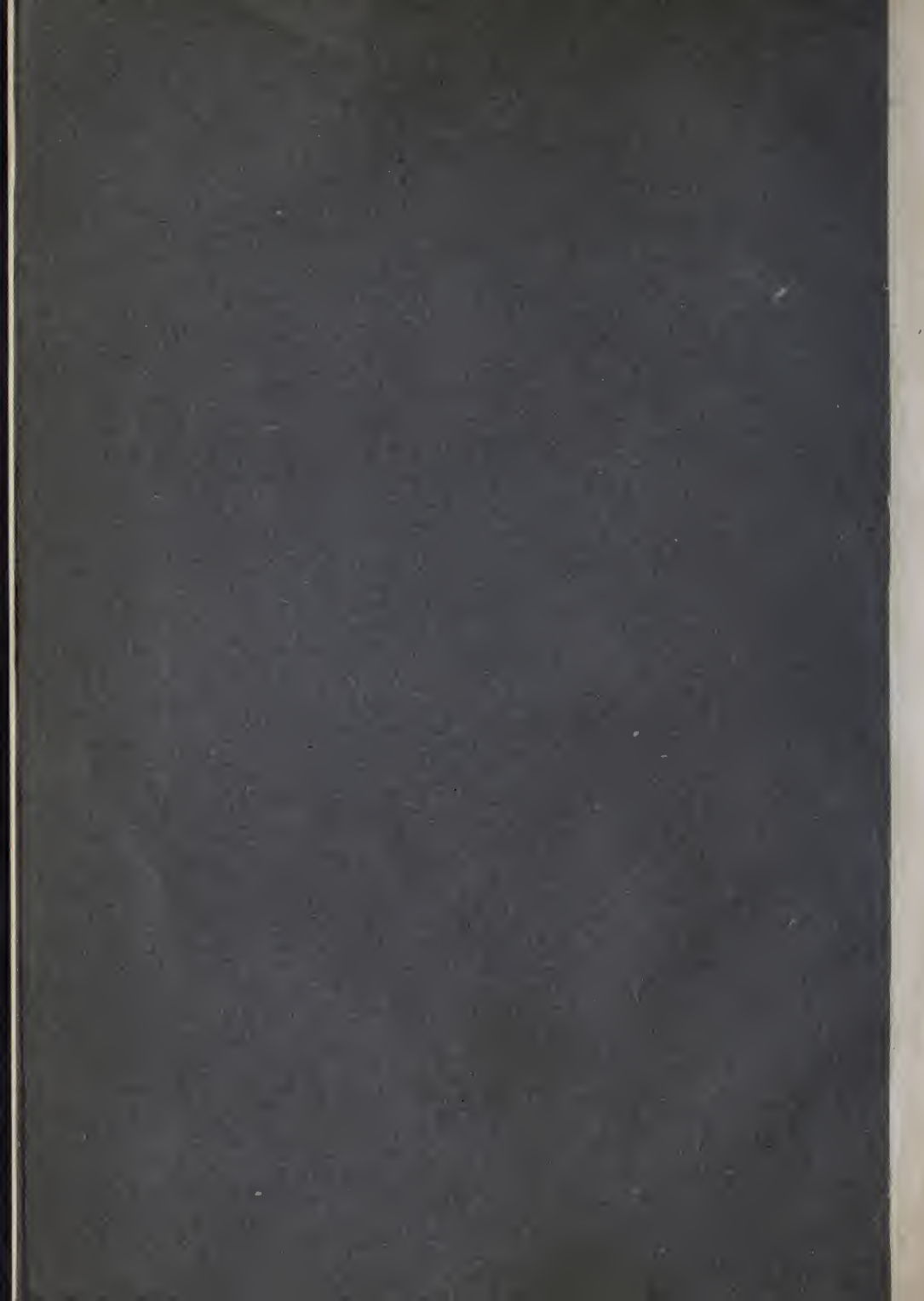
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Love and Revenge
by
E. Kanah Settle. 1675.



LOVE
AND
REVENGE:
A Tragedy.

Acted at the DUKE'S THEATRE.

Written by *Elkanah Settle*, Servant
to his MAJESTY.

LONDON,

Printed for *William Cadenan*, and are to be sold at
the Sign of the *Kops-head* in the *New-Exchange*
in the *Strand*, 1675.

Charlotte Hair Fund
May 14, 1901

Wells Fargo
April 1901



TO THE MOST
ILLUSTRIOUS and most RENOWNED
P R I N C E
W I L L I A M,
D U K E O F
N E W C A S T L E,
O N E O F H I S

MAJESTIES most Honourable Privy Council,
and Knight of the most Noble Order of the
Garter, &c.

May it please your Grace,



That so worthless a Present to so Eminent a Person, is a piece of Arrogance, I am as Conscious as I am that your Grace has Goodness to Pardon it; for if sins of Presumption could not be forgiven, the punishment of Offences would put a restraint on Virtue, and

A 2

make

J

The Epistle Dedicatory.

make Mercy one of the noblest Ornaments of Greatness a Stranger to it; and at that rate a Patron would be as confined as a Judge, who at the same time he is a Kings Representative, and presides over Justice, is a Slave to it; whilst his Sentence is but the voyce of Law, & his Favour or Cruelty, not voluntary, but prescribed. Your Patronage is not so bounded, your Favours are unlimited, and your Grace can execute a more peculiar Kingly power; You can give Pardons, and by your Smiles create Merit where you do not find it. But above that Title of a favourer of Poetry, which single Attribute were enough to make the Muses your Votaries; the World is sensible of your Conspicuous Eminence in more adorable Qualities. In a Duke of Newcastle Wit has found a Pillar, Valour a Pattern, Loyalty a Standart, and England a Patriot: In which rank of Heroes so placed and so adorned, your Grace has the advantage over both the ancient Worthies, and those of the present Age. For when Homer or Virgil Character'd Greatness, with them the Walls of Cityes were built by the Hands of Gods, their
Heroes

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Heroes descended from Deities, and their Divinities personally Interested in National Quarrels; whilst the almost fabulous Gallantry they painted, was set off by False Lights, and so their Presidents of Glory were but things of Noyse, and works of Art. But your Grace lives in an Age where History and Poetry are the Representations of Nature; and he that describes your Worth, draws your true Self; and Story must render you Illustrious by Glories that are your Own: And when Fame (which will preserve your Memory longer then Marble can your Ashes.) shall speak of a Newcastle; its Authority will be undisputable, as its Subject is unimitable. Nor can this Age (should it joyn the Noblest Blood, and the most forward Courage in one Person,) raise your Equal. For Loyalty now under a Flourishing King, is but like Ripe Fruits in Summer: The kindness of the Season, & the Blessing of the warm Sun take off their Rarity, and lessen their Price. But you, my Lord, are the truest and noblest Miracle of Honour, whose Arms, whose Policy, and whose Fortunes were Vigorously engaged, and as Glo-

riously

The Epistle Dedicatory.

gloriously signaliz'd under a great, but drooping Cause; whose Fidelity was ripend by the Influence of a declining Sun. Thus the faithful Newcastle laid a foundation for Immortality; and to compleat so fair a Structure, Fate conspired with his just and sacred Ambition. For when Rebellion durst strike at Majesty, and the Quarrel of a threated King had made Newcastle an Assertour of his Countreys Freedom, Victory waited on his Arms, and added Gems to his Coronet, when it deserted a Crown; wherever he led in Person, Conquest attended him, and his Royal Cause had never sunk, had Newcastle admitted of Rivals; had all its Champions been as great Favourites of Fortune as He. But Providence, as it had more particularly obliged your Grace with extraordinary Parts and Ornaments of Nature, so it adjusted the Laurels which it gave you, to the Merit of the Brow that wore them. Nor did your Honours spring only from the Trophies of the Field, the Harvest of War: Your Glory began its Ascension, before it had those steps Conquest and Triumph to mount upon. His late Majesty of
ever

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ever blessed Memory out of the Deserving Nobility of England, singled out your Grace for the Care of a Nations Hopes, the Tuition of a Prince of Wales: So visible were your Sacred principles of Honour, that they were thought fit to be precepts for an Heir to a Crown, and by that powerful inspirer Education, to be imprinted in the Bosom of a growing Majesty. In which high Trust, your Grace reacht that height which Seneca could not arrive to. He, though in his Learning and Integrity he resembled You, met not your Success in the stubborn Nero. Providence has justly lengthen'd out your happy Life, to see the prosperous Reign of a Great, a Pious, and Gracious Monarch in your Royal Charge: Thus whilst your Matchless Gallantry has rendered your Character so great in the Records of Fame, and your Worth an Object for a Kingdoms Veneration; in the vast numbers of those whom the Admiration of your Virtues has made your Creatures, I, in presenting you an ill Play, have made the meanest Offering to your Grace; yet I
hum-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

humbly beg you would not condemn an Effect that has a Cause so powerful. Every one cannot be deserving in Crowds; & not to have your Admirers numerous, is as impossible, as 'tis for your Grace to bid your Fame spread thus far, and no farther; whilst That knows no bounds, They must be Infinite; which is the only justification of

Your Graces

Most Devoted, most Humble, and
most Obedient Servant,

Elkanah Settle.

The



PROLOGUE.

Plays without Scene, Machin, or Dance, to hit,
Must make up the defect of Shew, with Wit.
As sometimes course Girdle takes in homely Gown }
Whose Beauty, though 'tis little, is her own, }
Before a gaudy Flutterer of the Town.
So 'tis with Plays; and though a Gaudy sight,
Song, Dance, and Shew, more briskly, move delight;
And there th'advantage get o're plain drest sense;
Yet Wit and Object have this difference.
As poor raw Girls express in their Loves Arms,
With untaught Kindness, their unpractis'd Charms,
Whilst a Town-Mistris, with a much more gay
And lively aire, does th'amourous Wanton play;
Yet they in this perfection get the start:
Their Excellence is Nature, hers but Art.
Yet still 'tis Object has a pow'r most strong: }
Nature 'tis true delights you, but not long. }
'Tis fine Plays draw an everlasting throng. }
So with plain Girls one Night or two you'l sleep:
But a gay Mistris for whole years you'l keep.
Yet though your kindness lyes another way;
Our modest Authour humbly begs he may
Crowd in this Entertainment: for one Night
Divert, though not content your Appetite.

(b)

Epilogue.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Nigrello* in a Mans Habit, but
in a white Wig, and her Face discover'd.

Ladies, this Play our Author stole from you,
Here he your Anger, there your Influence drew;
And whilst such Love, and such Revenge he made,
He both your Honour and your Charms survey'd.

From you then let this Play Protection take,
Whilst Beauties judge the Characters they make.
But such a Lover as you've seen to day,
I fear you rarely meet but in a Play.
Marriage 'tis true, goes on in the old Road,
But dying-Lovers are quite out of Mode;
Search but the Kalendar, and I'm mistaken,
If you find Saints or Martyrs of Loves making.
No, Courtiers now take a quite different way,
As, Madam you're so pretty, and so gay,
Gad take me, I could throw a heart away
On such a Charming Rogue. Come, isn't a Match?
Hang studying; there's nothing like dispatch.
I am for Marrying, whilst our Bloods are hot,
You shall have Coach and Foynture, and what not.
So if she likes her Man, the Fort is won:
If not, they kiss, and part, and no harm's done.

EPILOGUE.

As for despairing Lovers r'Hang, Stab, Drown,
Or run Mad when their cruel Ladyes frown;
There's no such thing in Nature. So much Rage,
Is none of the Diseases of this Age.
But though your Charms such worthless Captives take,
And through the Ages lightness rarely make
Mongst all your numerous Slaves, one Sacrifice,
Who at the feet of a harsh Mistris dyes,
The fault's not in your Beauty, but their Eyes.

Actors

Actors Names.

C lotair, Heir of France,	}	Mr. Smith.
& afterwards King.		
Lewis his Brother.		Mr. Crosby.
Brisack, Aphelias Brother.		Mr. Norris.
Clarmount, the Queens Fa-	}	Mr. Medbourn.
vourite, and Marshal of		
France.		
Dumain,	}	Mr. John Lee
Lamot,		
Burbon,	}	Mr. Purseval.
Nigrello, a Moor, and Fa-		
vourite to the Queen &	}	Mrs. Mary Lee.
Cblotair, being Cblotilda		
in disguise,		
Fredigond, the Queen,		Mrs. Osborn.
Aphelia a Court-Lady.		Mrs. Batterton.

Petitioners, Villains, Lords, Guards, Attendants, and Ladies.



Love & Revenge.

ACT the First. Scene the First.

Enter Dumane and Lamot, Attired as two poor Souldiers.

Dum.



W e are not safe, *Lamot*; this Bawdy Peace
Begets a War within me; our Swords
(worn
For Ornament, not Use. The Drum
(and Trumper
Sing Drunken Carolls, and the Can-
(non speaks

Health, not Confusion. Helmets turn'd to Cups,
And our bruis'd Arms administer discourse
For Tables and for Taverns, where the Souldier
Oft finds a Pitty, not Relief. I'll tell thee,
We're walking Images, the signs of Men,
And bear about us nothing but the form
Of Man that's manly.

B

L am.

Lam. We are cold indeed.

Dum. Yes, and th'ungrateful time
As coldly does reward us: All our actions,
Attempts of Valour, lookt into with eyes
Full of contempt; when, ye great Gods, they know
It is our Gifts they see yet. Oh I'm mad,
The very breath that lends 'em life to scorn us,
Our Blood has paid for.

Lam. Patience good *Dumane*.

Dum. *Lamot*, thou knowst I can be patient:
With what an equal temper did I breath
Under the frozen Climates of the North.
Where in my Arms, the sheets of War, I slept.
My Bed being Feather'd with the Down of Heav'n,
I have lay'n down a Man, and rose a Snow-ball.
Yet these have been my pastimes, which I've bor'n
As Willingly, as I receiv'd 'em Nobly.
The Queens black Malice, which does still remain
Unmovable as the decrees of Fate
Arm'd for our Ruine, does not swell my Gall:
No, nor this willing Beggary I wear,
To cloud me from her Malice. By the Gods,
This Bastard-getting Peace unspirits me,
A greater Corrasive to my active soul
Then all past Ills what-ever.

Lam. Coole your Rage,
And be as Wise as Valiant; this is no time
To vent your feeble Passions like a Woman:
A Souldiers tongue moves only in his Sword.

Dum. You are an expert Tutour, and I thank you.
Our Wrongs would adde a spirit to the Dead;
And make them fight our Quarrels. Who comes here?

*Enter Clarmount, attended by Nigrello Brisac, and other Lord's
bare-beaded, who are follow'd by a Rabble of Petitioners.*
The Minion to our Queen. Oh what a Train

His

His gaudy Greatness bears: 'Sdeath, were I *Jove*
But only for this Gyant.

Petit. Good your Honour, our Wives and Children.
Good your Honour hear us.

Clarm. Where are our Slaves: Keep off these dregs of men,
Bring round my Chariot to the Postern-Gate.

Petit. Good your Honour consider us.

Clarm. These Bell-mouth'd Vassals split my Ears with noyse.
Make hast before, lest my great Mrs. wait
My coming.

Petit. Good your Honour

[*Exeunt* Clarmount, Lords, and Petitioners.

Dum. These are the fruits of Peace Upstarts, and Flatterers.
Tell me, *Lamot*, can this same Marchpane man
Think or commit a sin, though ne're so horrid,
But it is Candid o're.

Were I the King; — but he is wilful blind.
Before the Wanton and hot-blooded Queen
Sould have the Licence but to be suspected,
I'de lock her up, and house her like a Silk-worm.

Lam. Pardon me, Sir, the good old King's unable.

Dum. And therefore must admit an up-start Flatterer,
Now ray'd to Honour by her lawless Lust:
Marshal of *France*; the next step is the Throne.
Oh peasant State, when Owls build Nests
In Cedars tops, the Seats of Eagles.
Were I the King, I'de Execute'em both.

Lam. Execute'em! By his best blood he dares not.

The Unchast Queen is great in Faction,
Follow'd and Sainted by the Multitude,
Whose judgment she has linkt unto her Purse,
And rather bought a Love then found it.
She has a working Spirit, and active Brain:
Besides her Sons, the Pillars of the State,
Support her like an *Atlas*, where She sits,
And like the Heav'ns, commands our Fates beneath her:

She is the Greater Light, the King a Star,
That only shines but through her Influence.

Dum. Hark!

[*A flourish within.*

The Thunder of the War: How out of tune
This Peace corrupting all things, makes 'em speak.
What means this most adulterate noyse?

Lam. This is a Night of Jubilee, and the King
Solemnly Feasts for his Wars good success:
We shall have Masques and Revelling to Night.

Dum. Now the Great Gods confound this pickthank noyse.
The Drum and Trumpets too turn'd Flatterers.
And *Mars* himself a Bawd to grace their Ryots.

*Enter Nigrello, who delivers to each of them a Purse of Gold;
leaves a Letter and departs.*

Lam. What Vision's this? 'Tis Gold, or sure I dream.

Dum. I cannot tell whether I dream or not too.

But this I'm sure, if I should see that Man
That dares to take this from me, he should find
I was awake. Was't not *Nigrello* brought it.

Lam. Yes.

Dum. What Paper's that, *Lamot*.

Lam. If it be Chorus,

To this dumb show I'll read it.

The Letter.

As you are Souldiers, truly Valiant, I honour you; as poor,
I pitty you; and therefore have sent you what will render
you as compleat Courtiers, as undaunted Souldiers. *Dumane* and
Lamot, let it suffice, we know you, for our Eye is every where.
Whilſt I remember your Worths, I shall forget your Parents In-
juries. Fear nothing: for your hitherto Concealment, I'll get
your Pardons; and whilſt I breath, breath your kind Mrs. If you
dare trust us, appear at Court to Night so adorned as shall become
your Honours and our Friends. *Fredigond.*

Dum.

Dum. We are betray'd, *Lamot*; what shall we do?

Lam. We'll take the gracious offer of the Queen.
She's Princely, Vow'd our Friend; besides, what ill
Can we expect from her, who might have sent
Her murdering Ministers, and slain us here,
Had She intended foul play? No, She's Noble.

Dum. Noble——Grant her so, yet——

Lam. Yet what?

Dum. Her Murder'd Brothers memory.

Lam. When He fell

We were too far off for Traytors.

Dum. But not for Torments had we been apprehended.
For in the high displeasure of that Queen
All our Posterity was doom'd, some felt the Wheel,
Some Wrackt, some Hang'd, others empaled on Stakes;
And had not we been then in *Wittenburgh*:
We had added to the number of the Dead.
And think you still we shall not;

Lam. By my Life

'Tis Murder to suspect her: We'll to Court.

Our Lives are all that we can lose, our Fame

Stands fair; no power can reach a Souldiers Name.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Fredigond and Nigrello.

Queen. What Conference did they maintain with thee?

Nigr. None further then the Language of their Eyes:
They lookt on me, as if they meant me thanks,
Which their Amazement rob'd me of.

Queen. Spake they not?

Nigr. No, not a word.

Queen. Do you know 'em?

Nigr. No, Royal Madam, they appear'd to me
But like the silent postures in the Arras,
Only the form of men with stranger faces.

Queen. Come take 'em in. They are our Enemies,
Which I have Angled with that golden bait.
Their Parents waded in my Brothers blood,

For

For which I'll be reveng'd on all their Race.
 Did they increase as fast as I could Kill,
 I'de ever Kill that they might still increase.
 A bloody, and a terrible mistake!
 To right the Injuries of their Ravisht Sister,
 They Murder'd *Clodymer* for *Clotairs* fact:
 My Brother Dyed for what my Son did act.
 For which thus *Fredigond's* revenged.
 The old *Dumane*, the Father to this Maid,
 VVith all his Kindred, all his Race, except
 Her wicked Brothers, and that Ravisht VVhore
 I have already Sacrificed.

Is not Revenge a Pastime for the Gods?

Nigr. VVere but their Ravisht Silter, and those Brothers
 VVith'em, it were a pastime for the Gods.

Queen. VVe find thee fit, *Nigrello*, for employment.
 I've always found thee trusty, and I love thee.

Nigr. I lay my Life at my great Mrs. feet.
 But, Madam, how came this their Sister Ravisht?
 Now for the greatest Rancour of her Soul. [Aside.
 Was She such Ice, or He so ill a Courtier,
 That He your Eldest Son, the Heir of *France*
 Could not subdue a Ladys heart, nor steal
 A Pleasure but with so much Violence?

'Twas very hard he could not.

Queen. Yes, 'twas hard.
 'Twas my ill Fate he could not. For that Lady
 I knew he Loved; and I, & my dear *Clarmount*,
 Glad of th'occasion, instantly used all
 Our Arts to make Her His. 'Twas we seduced her
 By false pretences to that fatal place,
 VVhere my hot Sons wild passion forced her Honour.
 But for a different end we brought her thither;
 For we design'd her for an easier prize,
 In hopes She would have yeilded to his Arms,
 That when he had once debauched her to a Mistress,

He might have been diverted by her Love,
 And those more sweet stolne Pleasures, from the thoughts
 Of the more soft and duller Joys of Marriage,
 And the more weighty cares of Heirs to Kingdoms.
 And by that means we thought t'have softend him
 Into so loose a Life, as might have render'd
 My *Clarmounts* passage easier to the Crown.

Nigr. Was ever such a Bawd, or such a Mother? [Aside,
 But She it seems more Chast then Wife, refused
 The gracious offer of your Princely Son.

Queen. Refused it? Yes: And (Curse upon the Name)
 Her Chastity that scorn'd his Love, inflam'd it;
 And drew that Rage from his unruly Passion
 That lost her Honour, and my Brothers Life.
 Her Enraged Kindred wanting power for open
 Revenge, in a dark hour, and silent Walk
 Mistook, and Stab'd my Brother for my Son.
 But see how my Revenge I have persued.
 And what's my Misery, I am still forced
 To set new Plots on foot.

Nigr. As how, Royal Madam?

Queen. I've laid the Platform of great *Childricks* death.

Nigr. Her Husbonds death! [Aside.

Queen. And they two Brothers must be thought his Murdrers.
 Our Enemies, and now new Courtiers,
 Whom for this end I have reserv'd for Policy.
 First, that they take away the Guilt from Us:
 Next, being seiz'd, to study Pains and Deaths,
 The Heads of all our Engineers shall fit
 T'invent unheard-of Torments for the Villains.
 I long to see'em greet their Kindreds Dust.

Nigr. The Plot's most admirable.

Queen. Then I'll commend thee to my Elder Son,
 Where thou shalt wind into his secret thoughts,
 As for the Younger Boy, let me alone.

Did

Did ever Woman less delight in blood,
 And shed so much as I must. Oh, *Nigrello*,
 I once was a Kind Wife and Pious Mother.
 But now my Husband, and my Sons must dye,
 And I must be the Traytor. I can Weep
 To give'em Deaths, and yet I cannot save'em.
 Almighty Love this wondrous Change has made,
 A Love that has my hopes of Heav'n betray'd:
 And yet I can't resist it. For my *Clarmount*,
 My best-lov'd *Clarmounts* sake, Husband and Sons
 Are Clouds betwixt my Love and Me: and all
 The eyes of Blood and Nature are too small
 To check what Love resolves. When Love bears sway,
 All lesser powers, all weaker eyes give way.

Enter Clarmount.

Sir you are welcome.

Your Visits have been freer, but I grow old,
 And you command the Beauties of the Time.

Clarm. What means my Noble Mistriss, think you the blood
 Runs so degenerate within these Veins,
 To stoop to any thing below the Charms
 Of this Divinity?

Queen. But oh my dearest *Clarmount*, we are betray'd,
 Our Interview last Night was by the King
 Discover'd.

Clarm. How discover'd!

Queen. Yes; but by
 What Arts I cannot learn.

Nigr. Learn! No, 'tis past your skill. The Plots I lay,
 I defie all the Arts of Man or Devil,
 To countermine; or what's more subtle
 Then Man or Devil; I defie thy pow'r,
 The pow'r of Woman damn'd in Lust, whose Breast
 Harbours more Hell then Zealots Fears, or Poets Fables
 (ever framed.)

Aside
 Furies

Furies are Tame, and burning Lakes are coole
To thy Insatiate Lust and monitrous Villanies.

Clarm. How? has he dropt ambiguous words,
(and what } To *Fredig.*

His Language left imperfect, spoke in Looks?

Queen. Yes Sir, but as he's of a fearful Nature,
And consults safety e're his Rage speaks plain,
So is he of a cruel one, when that rage
Is ripe for action: what he intends

I cannot guess, unless it be our deaths.
Which if he speedily performs not, then
Know he shall never; for this night concludes him.

Nigr. Dye, and to Night!

[*Aside.*

Queen. The Poyson's drank already,
And wants but some few hours for operation.
My Sons I weigh not this. They have Rebell'd
And taken spirit to oppose my Will;
For which it is not safe that they should live.
The Kingdoms Heir shall be a Child of thine,
And Kings and Queens shall follow in thy Line.

Enter Dumane and Lamot nobly Attired.

You're welcome to the Court, take a Queens word,
Fredigond bids you welcome.

Dum. Your Highness is all Mercy,

Queen. Follow us,
We'll be your Guardian and Protectress.

Clarm. What are these?

Queen. Sheep, *Clarmount*, Sheep, which I have fatted up
Only for Slaughter. If they look like things
Worthy a humane name, call'em a pair
Of thinking Animals, (if what I hate
Be worth the thought of Destiny,) by mine
And their own Planets doom'd e're they were born,
First to be made my Slaves, and then my Victims.
Mortals, whose pride does like thin Meteors rise;

It shines this minute, and the next it dyes.
The Fates and I have in one Vote decreed
That some shall smile to night, and others bleed.

Exeunt all but Nigrello.

Nigr. Her Husband Poyson'd, and his Life not in
My pow'r to save; and I unfortunately
By her discover'd Guilt an accessary
To this outrageous Crime! Forgive me Heav'n,
And injur'd Majesty. My Vengeance calls
For black and tainted blood. But since ill fate
Has martyr'd Innocence: Since Destiny
Has wrought thy Fall; yet in the worst mischance
There is some good; thy Fatal Blood will add
More weight to her Damnation, and more edge
To my Revenge; which whilst my Arme pursues
My Rage does from thy Ruine higher rise:
I kill more justly: She more guilty dyes.

[*Exit.*

Enter Lewis and Aphelia.

Aph. If this should be dissembled, not your Heart;
And having won my souls affection, you
Should on a judgment more retired to State
Eling off affection, and leave Me in Love,
What ill-bred tales the World would make of me?

Lewis. That Jealousie I'll strangle. Take this Ring,
Be this our mutual pledge of Love. That Diamond
Is your Adorers Embleme; as the Sun
From precious Dew does solid Diamonds make;
So hard that they can no Impression take,
But from the sacred Light from whence they grew:
So shall my Bosom be inspir'd by You;
Obdurate to all force, assault, surprize,
All but the charms of fair *Aphelias* Eyes.
Your Beauty only shall my soul invite,
Impenetrable to all pow'r but Light.
But see the King.

Enter

Enter passing over the Stage; the Old King leading Fredigond attended by Clotair, Lewis, Brisac, Nigrello, Dumane, Lamot, Lords, Ladys, and Guards.

Clotair viewing Aphelia, deserts the Kings train, and with Nigrello steps upon the Stage.

Clotair. Such Excellence I have not seen, Nigrello.

What envious Parent, or Religious Fool
Has kept such Beauty Prisoner to a Chamber,
Or Cloyster, that it ne're shined out till now.
That neither fame, nor her fair eyes have been
My Friends before this hour. What Lady's that?

Nigr. Aphelia Daughter to a Country Lord,
Whom late preferment from your Fathers bounty,
Due to his Loyalty, has newly brought
To Court, and with him his chief Wealth, his Daughter.

Exeunt Lewis and Aphelia.

Clotair. No, he's a poor Possessor of that Treasure:
Beauty is Wealth to a Lover, not a Father:
As Golds no Riches whilst 'tis in the Mine.
Art sure she's honest?

Nigrell. Snow Sir, is not purer:
She has the fame of a most rigid Virtue.
She has not been long enough in the warm Court
To thaw her frozen Constitution yet.
Morals and Country piety stick close still.

Clor. So much the worse; however use thy skill,
Get but that Lady for me.

Nigr. Sir, She doats
Upon your Brother, and though their acquaintance
Has not been long, they've interchang'd their hearts,
And built in minutes what can't be destroy'd
In Ages.

Clotair. How, more Mountains in my way?
I like not that; how-ever though he Love her,
I must enjoy her. We're by Nature Lords
Of our Desires, why not their Objects too.

Let others Love in their way, I in mine.

Love is the Pulse of souls, and beats most high
In Feavourish tempers, such as burn like mine.

Nigr. Spight of her Chastity, I have a plot
To get her Company for you to Night.

Trust me to serve you Sir.

Clotair. Do't and be happy.

[Exit.

Nigr. I fear it not. For this design, I'm sure to have
His heart and soul: Delight ne're goes unpaid;
This Service Prince, I'm sure you will requite.

Exit.

ACT the Second.

Enter Nigrello and Aphelia.

Aph. **B**Ut why, Sir, would the Prince make this Night-visit?

He knows my Virtue, knows my Honour is

My Guard; but such a Guard, as he may pass

If he but give the word, when light and day

Give his access an honourable title.

Why this dark minute for an interview;

The Visits which we made, the Sun still knew.

My Love and I have met under his Beams;

But ne're by Night before, unless in Dreams.

And those so pure, so innocent

As slumbring Vestals would not blush to own;

When wearied, they for a short rest retire

To gain new strength to tend the sacred fire.

Nigr. Yours, And your Princes honour is so firm,

That privacy and Night can add no stains.

To Virtues so unfullied; and the cause

Why

Why he requests this solitary meeting, is,
 To tell you *France* beholds his growing lustre
 With wondring eyes, and their unmannerd zeal
 Designs to match him with th'*Infanta* of *Spain* ;
 The hopes of which Alliance, and the fear
 Of your too powerful Influence o're his heart,
 Which some Court-spyes have by their arts discover'd,
 Have shrunk your Beauties estimate : Your Eyes
 Are look'd upon as Comets, that design
 A Nations hurt, grown fatal where they shine.
 Their Malice has with their new Hopes conspired :
 They look with hate on what they once admired.

Aph. And is the Prince too joyn'd in this new Change?
 Are his looks alter'd too ?

Nigr. No ; nor his Heart :
 He thinks with scorn on their unwelcome kindness,
 And begs this private conference to tell you
 How much of Fate in your great Beauty lives,
 And what irrevocable dooms it gives.
 His Love is moved by Destiny, not Chance ;
 He'l Marry you, and blast the hopes of *France*.

Aph. A Love so pure, a blifs so high—Lead on.
 Where such Light shines, all fears and Clouds are gon.

Nigr. Oh admirable Villany ! Revenge
 Does feed on Ruine. Ruines are
 Its Food and Life ; it flourishes as they
 Who living on Sea-coasts, for Tempests pray.
 When against Rocks some wealthy Vessel cracks,
 They run to shore, and are made rich by wracks.

} *Aside*
 }
Exeunt.

Scene the Second : Enter *Clotair*, *Lewis*, *Fredigond*, *Dumane*,
Lamot, and Guards.

Clotair. Horrour and death ! My Royal Father Poyson'd !

Lew. Oh dismal fatal hour !

Queen. My Childrick dead !

Lamot.

Lam. Have patience Royal Madam.

Queen. Stand off.

Preach Patience to the Sea, when the rude winds
Swell her Ambitious Billows 'bove the Clouds;
And if thou tutour'st them to peace and silence,
I'll be as calme as they.

Clotair. The Treason visible, and not the Traytor!

Queen. Ignorance darkens Hell. Doubt you the Traytors.
I've brought a pair of Vipers to the Court;
Warm'd and reliev'd them, that their sting might kill us.
Who could be Authours of this deed but they?
'Tis his new bosome-Friends have Murder'd him.

Clot. Our Guards?

Lay hands upon the Traytors.

Lam. Oh *Dumane*,
We are betray'd.

Dum. There's justice in our Cause,
Why not our Swords? I'll dye before I'll yeild.

Lam. Than dye by me.

Yeild up your Sword, or you shall fall by mine.

The Guards seize'em.

Dum. Must we be Prisoners then; and Traytors too?

Lam. No: The first name's enough, a name too harsh
For Souldiers,

Did not our King command it; and the last
Too horrid for Man-kind, or ought but Devil.

The disobeying of a King's so heinous
That you deserved your death for your resistance.

His will is, we are Prisoners; but for Traytors,
Poysoners of Kings: Know mighty Prince, and You
Whom Blood and Duty bids our King call Mother,
We're injur'd, basely wrong'd. Madam from you—

Queen. Yes, 'tis from Me you have receiv'd the name
Of Murderers; if you acquit your selves
I shall be still the gracious Queen I was;
Till then expect—Oh my much injur'd Lord,

What

What Vengeance hangs upon the blood of Kings;
 But what more heavy burden on my heart?
 A load that sinks me. Go, convey'em hence;
 Let'em be strictly guarded till to morrow.

Lam. Fetters or Death are things that we can bear.

Dum. 'Tis not the Wrack that can our courage tame,
 Our only Torture is a sullied Name.
 The Queen well knows——

Queen. Oh, Sir, command 'em hence.
 I know too much to have so tame a sense
 Of my dear Lords lou'd blood.

Lam. But Sir——

Queen. Away.

To Prison strait; they kill me if they stay.
 Who patiently can brook a Traytors fight,
 But they who in a Traytors Crimes delight.

*Exeunt Dumane and Lamot forced out by the
 Guards. Enter Nigrello.*

Clotair. Madam, dry up your tears.
 Expect to hear that Justice done, that's due
 To a Murder'd Monarchs Blood, and Fathers too.
 But to *Aphelia* first; if kind *Nigrello*
 Be but successful in this Nights design,
 This Night I'll in her Arms my Passion Crown.
 But stay! My Father dyed but now; his Fate calls down.
 For thoughts of Vengeance, and my tender breast
 Should be with dreams of piety possess'd:
 With thoughts of Blood and Death, of Funeral Beds,
 Of Martyr'd Monarchs, and of Traytors heads;
 A Mothers Tears, and walking Fathers Ghost,
 Disturb'd i'th'other world, for what in this was lost.
 These should I think on, but to night sleep sorrow:
 For Love to night, and for Revenge to morrow.
 The world has much mistaken been, to say
 That walking Spirits love the Night, not Day.
 Prisoners as well in Dungeons may delight:

They're

They're doom'd to shades, and therefore pleas'd with Light:
It is not Ghosts, but Lovers walk by Night. *Exit.*

Manent *only Queen and Nigrello.*

Queen. Their Blood thou see'st must for my Crimes be spilt:
Mine is the Innocence, and theirs the Guilt.
But hold *Nigrello*, say the Cloud we rais'd
Should be transparent, and my Arts that gave
'Em Fetters, have not pow'r to work a Grave.
Suppose they clear themselves. What though the King
Has in a heat of fury built his Faith
Upon my Tears, and has decreed their death:
Yet when he comes to a more calm debate,
His senses may be cleared, and we may find
His Justice, when more Tardy, is less blind.

Nigr. Revenge that moves most slowly, is most wise:
When it has fiercest hands, has weakest eyes.

Queen. But to dispel that fear, be it your care
To Poyson'em before their Tryal comes;
Which done, I will give out, and get it sworn
They Poyson'd their own selves; and chose that death
T'avoid those fiercer torments that they knew
Were to their guilt a Monarchs Murder due.
Do this, and we are safe: Perform this act,
And think what Debts you from your Queen contract.

Nigr. It shall be done, and done without a pause;
Doubt not my Service in so great a Cause. *Exit Queen.*
No, Monster-Woman, neither of'em Bleeds,
My Vengeance aims at more Heroick deeds:
My Rage shall at the Heads of Princes flye;
'Tis thou, and thy Adulterate Race shall dye. *Exit.*

Enter Lewis and Brisac.

Lew. Your Sister not return'd yet? This late hour,
And her strange absence makes me all amazement.

Brisac. My Father Sir, is all Distraction for her;
In pious Rage one while he storms at Her,

Ano-

Another at the Court So far ith' Nighr,
 And his *Aphelia* absent, he's undone.
 Courts are, no Sanctuaries, She no Vestal.
 Then prays to Heav'n to mend the one, and guard
 The other.

Lew. For her Virtue, that I fear not.
 I know, (whatever outward force may do,)
 Within She has no Traytor. The Suns eye
 Views not a fairer outside, nor can Heav'n
 Inspire a brighter Soul.

Brisac. But Sir, *Nigrello*
 Has just now sent me word, that there's a business
 Requires your Company, and mine to Night
 In such a private Chamber; for there's something
 That's near my Honour, and your Heart in danger.

Lew. Then 'tis no idle fear: Shew me the place.
 Ghosts keep your Beds, you Centinels of Night;
 Goblins and Specters do not walk your round.
 A general Lethargy seize on this hour,
 Whilst I alone, the Watchman of the Night
 Will wake in spite of Fate. *Argus* thy Eyes
 To find *Aphelia*, and her Injuries.

Exeunt.

Enter Aphelia and Nigrello with a Light.

Aph. Into what Labyrinth do you lead me, Sir?
 Had you not used his Name, which is to Me
 A strength 'gainst Terrour, and himself so good
 Occasion cannot vary, nor the night,
 Youth, nor his wilde desires; otherwise
 A silent sorrow from my Eyes would steal
 And tell sad stories for me.

Nigr. You are too tender of your Honour Madam,
 Leave your vain fears. The Prince has no desires
 But what are just; nor does he own that heat,
 Which were you Snow, would thaw a tear from you.

D

Aph.

Aph. Is this the place appointed ?

Nigr. Yes, I'll call him:

Here is a Book will bear you company
Till my return.

Hither I send the King, not that I mean

To give him time to cool his burning Lust,

For *Lewis* shall present him in the fact.

And thus I shall indear my self to both.

Lewis enraged, I'm certain will conceive

Such mortal hatred 'gainst his Lustful Brother,

For such an outrage offer'd to his Mistriss,

As will prepare his breast for the impressions

I must make there.

My skill must faile me. if I do not set

Thy Crown upon thy Brothers head. *Clotair*,

Thy Canker'd heart wants Lancing; and thy Brother

Shall by my Art, administer that cure

Which *France* will thank him for. Thy Mother too

With her Incarnate Devil *Clarmont* shall be

The next whom my Revenge shall damne, if Hell

Be but as just as I; for 'tis their Right:

Hell then be kind, and let's joyn force to Night.

Exit.

Aph. Poor Ravisht *Philomel*, thy Lot was ill

To meet that Violence from a Brother.

Enter Clotair in a Cloak. Aphelia sits down and Reads.

Clot. She has Sworn Faith to *Lewis*, and to woe her

Into my Arms, (suppose 'twere possible,)

'Tis not a work of so few hours as I have

To accomplish it. The flattery of to morrow

Is a smooth Stile for a calm-blooded Lover.

But Seiges will not down with my Complexion:

She has tyed her Soul to *Lewis*, and a Parly

Will scarce get a Surrender of a heart.

So fortified; how'ere win her I must:

And the most likely way to do't, is as

The

The World was Conquer'd once: He was the Man
That cut that Knot which was too hard t'untye.

I must confesse I've read that Force in Love's
A sin that forfeits Souls: But She's so fair,
The pleasure can't be bought too dear.

Aph. I feel my heart burden'd with something ominous.
What if *Nigrello* should play foul, and this
Expected Lover should not be the Prince?
I dare not stand the hazard; guide me Light.

Clot. I must be Resolute. Fair Lady _____

offers to go.

Aph. What Man art thou
That hidest thy face from Darkness, and the Night?
What art thou? speak: And wherefore comest thou hither?

Clot. I come to find one Beautiful as thou art;
And am a Man willing to please a Woman.

Aph. I understand you not.

Clot. I will instruct you:
And 'tis so smooth a Lesson, and so easie,
That a good will is all the pains in learning it.
And when once learnt, the Pleasure is so sweet,
The Practise so delightful, that not the
Worst memory in all our Sex could e're
Forget it. Come dear Madam, closer yet;
And let our Souls lodge in our sence.

Aph. Help, help.

Clot. None of your Clamours, Lady. [*Draws his Dagger.*
If you rise one note higher, you see your Death.

Aph. What Violence is this? Why do you wrack me thus?
My hands are guilty of Crime; do not torment 'em.
My heart and they have joyn'd in Prayers together
For Mankind that is Holy; if in that act
They have not pray'd for you, mend and be good,
The fault is none of theirs.

Clot. Come, do not seem
More holy than you are: I know your heart.

Aph. Let your Dagger too, Noble Sir, strike home,
And Sacrifice a Soul to Chastity,
As pure and spotless as her Innocence.

Clot. This is not the best way—— [Undisguises.
Know you Me, Madam?

Aph. The Majesty of *Frances*.

Clot. Be not afraid.

Aph. I dare not fear; 'tis Treason to suspect
My King can think an ill, much worse to act it.
I know you're Godlike good, and have but tryed
How far weak Woman could be Virtuouſ.

Clot. Pretty Simplicity, thou art deceiv'd;
Thy Wit as well as Beauty wounds me.
It is thy Virtue moves me, and thy Goodness
Temptſ me to acts of Evil: Wert thou bad,
Or looſe in thy Deſires, I then could ſtand
And only gaze, not ſurfeit on thy Beauty.
But as thou art, there's Witchcraft in thy face:
I muſt enjoy thee, or not thou thy Life.

Enter Lewis and Briſac to the door.

Aph. Your are my King, and may command my Life;
My Will to ſin you cannot. You may force
Unhallowd deeds upon me, ſpot my fame.
And when you've done this Irreligious deed,
What Trophy, or what Triumph will it bring
More then a living ſcorn upon your Name?
The Aſhes in your Urne will ſuffer for't.
Virgins will ſow their Curſes on your Grave,
Time blot your Princely Parentage, and call
Your very Birth in queſtion. Do not think
This deed will lye conceal'd; for Kings appear
When great in ſin,
Like to Prodigious Comets in the Aire,
At which all tongues are mute, all eyes do ſtare.

Clot. I can endure no longer; I'm all fire.
Madam in vain——

Aph.

Aph. Hold, Royal Sir—

Clot. No more.

I am resolv'd, and what I once resolve
Is in the Book of Fate: I must enjoy you,
And though by Force that blessing I extort,
Repine not at the loss of what, though Princes
Cannot restore, they can repay; for this
Stolne pleasure I'll be a Lover, Friend, and King.

Aph. Do not mistake, great Sir,

These are too gentle names for Ravishers.
If you proceed, and this black Crime take wing,
You will be neither Lover, Friend, nor King.

Lew. Hold, hold, my heart. Can I endure— Unhand me,
Lest I forget my self on thee.

Bris. Good Sir

Remember 'tis your Brother, and the King.

Lew. Oh that I could forget it, that I cou'd
Shake off my Duty, and renounce my Blood.
That like a Whirlwind, I might rush upon him
And bear him to Destruction.

Sir how can you

Abuse such Innocence? is't not enough
That you have wrong'd *Clotilda*, Ravisht a Maid,
A Virgin of that Innocence of Life,
Might Saint her here on earth: But you must add
To your first Crime a second Violence,
The Gods must not forgive:

Enter Nigrello.

Clot. If you esteem
A Monarchs friendship worth a Subjects care,
Express your Zeal more mannerly; be a Brother,
And aid me in my desires.

Lew. Be a Man,
And shake a Nature off will damn you.

Clot. Traytor Boy,
Thy Fate moves in those words.

Draws.

Lew.

Lew. And is it so?

Then King defend thy Life, for I am swift
As Lightning, or the thought that Executes.

[*Draws.*

Brisac. Hold, hold my Lord, forbear.

Aph. Help, help.

Enter Fredigond, Clarmount, Burbon, and Attendants.

Nigr. *Lewis* o're acts the part that I design'd him,
For if he falls I'm lost. *They fight, and Lewis falls.*

Aph. Oh my unhappy Lord! Oh my wolven heart!

Queen. Oh bloody King. Thy hand has made those wounds,
For which the Vengeance of a Mothers Curse,
Ablen in operation then Lightning,
Strike through thy body, every Limb a Death.
A Husband, and a Son, lost in one Night.

Nigr. Damne her false tears; she's glad he is dead.

Aph. Now you have kill'd him, wherefore do I live.

Clot. Remove that Syren from our wandring Eyes,
And house her in a Dungeon. [*To Burbon.*

Aph. A Dungeon Sir--- you and my Stars are kind,
If in that Dungeon I a Grave may find.
How great will Fame proclaim you, if your Breath
Be but propitious, and pronounce my Death?
What different Fates can Majesty decree?
Your Cruelty kills him, your Kindness me.

[*Exit. Let out by Burbon.*

Nigr. Great Sir, I have a boon to beg.

Clot. What is't?

Nigr. The body of the Prince.

I beg the ordering those Funeral Rites,
Which his high Birth deserves.

Clot. That care be thine.

Queen. Oh thou Inhumane bloody Tyrant---

Clot. Mother,

Bestow your tears on those whom they can melt,
I am too hard for pitty.

And

And scorn to have my thoughts so ill employd,
To mourn for what my justice has destroy'd.

Exit.

Nigr. Dear *Lewis*,
The Glory I intended thee, the punishment
Of a base Tyrants Crimes chance has prevented.
But what I left
Unpay'd to thee; Ple to thy Ghost make good,
Appease it first with Tears, and then with Blood.

Exit with the Guards who carry off Lewis.

Manent *only* *Fredigond*, and *Clarmount*.

Fredig. Now we begin to flourish, this black Night
Is only lighted by our Stars that smile
Upon these actions, and rejoyce to see
Thee our dear Favourite so near a Crown.
But tell me *Clarmount*, how did I act the Mother?

Clar. You wept for certain.

Queen. Yes, as an Actor in a Play would do.

Clarm. And I me-thinks could write you Subjects too.
I'de teach you Love, whose universal pow'r does rule
Far as the Light; equal in Cell and Court,
Love the Worlds business, and the Stages sport.

Enter Nigrello.

Queen. And Sir, to shew how apt a Scholar Ple be,
At Night, make me a visit and instruct me.
The Courts disorder for these late mischances,
By kind *Nigrelloes* help and your Disguise,
Renders your Visits easie and unsuspected.
Then all our Cares, a quiet rest shall take.
All other Passions sleep when Love's awake.

Exeunt Clarmount and Fredigond.

Nigr. There you shall sleep your last: Ple to the King,
And he shall take you in the very act.
And that I may not seem the unkind discoverer
Of his Dishonour, and his Mothers Guilt,
I'll set on fire the Queens Apartment,
That so I may disturb 'em more securely,

And

And yet the Plot not mine. I'll tell the King,
 Unless there's present help, his Mother burns.
 Waked by the Alarme
 Of such a bold intruder as the Fire,
 I'll scorch the sweating Satyr from his den,
 Till the rowz'd Monster to escape that Fate,
 Shall rush into th' Kings very Armes, a toyle
 That's strong enough to hold him, if there's Gall
 Or Honour in a Tyrants breast to punish
 So infamous and publick a disgrace
 T'extract a Letcher from a Flaming Bed ;
 A rare Alembick, excellent Chymistry.
 All my misfortune is, I must my self
 Be an assistant to this amorous meeting ;
 A kind Procurer to a Royal Strumpet.
 But let that pass ; for an exploit so rare,
 There is no dress, But what Revenge dares wear.

*Exit.**The end of the Second Act.*

ACT the Third.

*After [Fire] cryed, Enter Clotair, Nigrello, Lords,
 and Guards.*

Nigr. **L**ook how it flames, I fear some Trechery :
 Beat at her Chamber door, cry it aloud,
 And let your voyce be Thunder to this Lightning.

Guards. Fire, Firé.

Clot. Mother awake, lest you do sleep for ever ;
 Force open the door.

Guards. Fire, Fire.

Nigr. It's fortified against strength, you must call louder.

Clot.

Clot. Madam, awake, awake;
Your sleep was never so like Death as now.

Enter *Fredigond* above, in her Night-Gown,

Queen. What Impudence is this, dares be so rude?
He had better rowz'd a sleeping Lyoness
Then thus have broke my slumbers. What art thou?

Clot. Look!
The fire will give you light; 'tis I, your Son.
Fly from that Chamber or you're lost: The Court
Is all on Fire.

Queen. Let it burn.
I've lost my Credit everlastingly.

[*Aside.*]

Enter *Clarmount* above in a Night-Gown behind her.

Clarm. What shall we do in this Necessity?
We shall be taken, and you shamed for ever. } *To the Queen*
Let us bethink our selves; what shall we do?

Queen. I know not what: Curse on this blazing light.
No Art, no Magick, no Devil of our side! —
Kind Fates, I have it — *Clarmount*, in my Closet
Lyes th' Habit that my Husband wore last Night
When he was Poyson'd; put on that, and with } *To Clar.*
Part of the same Disguise you enter'd in,
Make up the form of the dead King, which sight
With the surprize that I'll put on, shall so
Amaze him, till you have past by him safely.
Do not appear to me, I did not wrong thee,
Seek out the Beds of those that caus'd thy Death,
And howl to them thy pittiful Complaints.

Clot. Whom do you hold discourse with, with the Ayre?

Queen. Oh Son,
Such horrid Apparitions
Have I beheld, have quite unwitted me:
Your Fathers Ghost most terribly frightful
Has thrice this dismal Night appear'd to me:

In his right hand he bore a shining Cup,
 Which to his mouth he rais'd with looks so gay,
 As if he drank a health to some young Bride.
 The airy Potion drank, Strait in a fume
 He threw the seeming Goblet to the ground,
 And with an alter'd look assumed a paleness
 More death-like then the frost, his Age and Cares
 Made him in Life-time wear: To Heav'n he pointed,
 Thrice did he cry, Revenge; and at that word
 Sprung through the Roof which now stands bare to Heav'n,
 Where he did rain down Fire which here you see.

Clot. Behold it comes.

Queen. Oh fear it not my Son. [Descends.

*Enter Clarmount disguised in the habit of Childrick, his face
 discolour'd white.*

Clot. My Fathers form exactly, who could think
 The Devil were so good at Picture-drawing.
 Pray Heav'n he be not Ceremonious; for
 I find my self but ill provided for
 A Complement. If it be Injuries,
 Break open Monuments, and disturb the Dead
 I'll see thy rights perform'd. If thou desirest
 To be appeas'd with Blood, Blood thou shalt have:
 Or if that's not enough, I'll build thee Temples.
 Thou shalt have Altars, humane Sacrifices.
 Do but depart; thy presence does not please me,
 Thou art not Company for Flesh and Blood. *Exit Clarm.*

Enter Queen below.

Queen. How fares our Son?

Clot. Fares Mother, as a Man
 Would fare that never saw the Devil before:
 He was a Stranger to me, and surpriz'd me.

Nigr. The Villain has outwitted me. [Aside.

Clot. If Revenge Manent only King, Queen, & Nigrél.
 Will

Will do the work, *Nigrello* bring the Prisoners.

Nigr. *Dumane* Sir, and *Lamot*?

Clot. Yes, them.

Nigr. Oh Sir,

Your Princely care for your great Mothers danger
Diverted me from interrupting your
More pious thoughts, or else I had inform'd you
That but just now their Jaylour brought me word
That they have took a draught of Poyson (but
How got, he knows not) to escape those tortures,
It is imagin'd that their guilty Conscience
Expected would attend so damn'd a Crime:
They have prevented Justice, and are dead.

Clot. Poyson'd, and dead!

Nigr. Poyson'd, and Damn'd; for sure Heav'n that ordains
The Murderers of Kings such easie Deaths,
Designs the greater torments for their Souls.

Queen. Poyson'd! By Poyson my great Lord expired.
Is Providence so barren Decree
Martyr and Murderers one Destiny.
Heaven that fore sees the Falls, & Seals the Tombs
Of Monarchs, had decreed severer Dooms
For Traytors, had it felt my sufferings,
My griefs, my pains, my sense of Murder'd Kings. [Exit.

Clot. His Poysoners Dead, and yet his Ghost disturb'd!
Or are there more of the Conspiracy,
Whose Deaths his troubled shade comes to demand?

Nigr. What shade?

Clot. My Fathers Spirit, in his very habit;
Here from my Mothers Chamber it came foith.

Nigr. His habit had it on; his very habit?

Clot. His habit, so I say; the very dress
He wore last night, when the accursed Poyson
Impoverisht *France* to enrich Heaven.

Nigr. That habit,
As I remember, was last night put off

In the Queens Bed-chamber; the King was in
 Her Lodging seiz'd with the first pains of that
 Outragious Poyson; in the mid'st of whose
 Tormenting heat, in pious Duty,
 T'administer some ease by th'help of Ayre.
 His Garments from his Body we tore off.
 Stript from which burden, to my certain knowledg.
 That habit never stir'd from thence till now.
 And the Disguise his Ghostly Visage wore,
 I'm confident was more Pleasant to the Queen
 When't enter'd thither, though so terrible
 When it departed thence—— Ha, ha, ha,

Clot. Why this ridiculous Mirth:

Nigr. The Devil Sir, came from your Mothers Bed-chamber;
 She can raise a Spirit.

But such an old, dry, heary Apparition——

'Tis well 'twas but a Vision; for I know

So well her Constitution

That 'tis a younger substance must please Her.

But *Clarmount*, thanks t'his Stars under that frozen out side---

Clot. How! What say you?

Nigr. Sir, not t'abuse your Patience,

He has had as free access to her, as e're

Your Father had.

Clot. But art thou sure on't?

Nigr. Ha! What a look was there to ask that question!

[*Aside.*]

Sir, if I've wrong'd your Honour or her Virtue,

May the just Gods——

Clot. No troubling Heaven to witness it.

Tell me, art confident----

Nigr. Of what?

Clot. What have we

Been talking of? Th'intrigue between my Mother

And *Clarmount*.

Nigr. By your unconcern for her

Dishonour.

Dishonour, I suspect you understand me not.

Clot. 'Sdeath, but I do : Where lyes the Mystery?
My Mother holds an amorous League with *Clarmount*,
And the next Night after her Husbonds Death,
Admitted him t'her Bed ; and then for fear
Of a Discovery, disguis'd him
In her Dead Husbonds habit. Wit, I love thee :
By Heav'ns 'twas witty.

Nigr. Does it please you Sir ?

Clot. Please me ? Yes, above expression I would not
Have mist this knowledg for a Kingdoms wealth.
Good kind Informer, tell me, does she practise
These wanton Revels often ? Bless my Eares
With the discovery ; speak : is it often ?

Nigr. Sir, you amaze me to be thus transported :
I thought the news would not have been so welcome.

Clot. Not welcome ! Yes, I pardon her, and thank her.
I find the sin of Lust is not so Capital.

My Father but last Night by Poyson Dyed,
And I at the same time by Lust inflamed,
Left the concern due to a Fathers Murder,
To flye into a Mistresses embrace.

I but a Father lost ; and by that loss

I gain'd a Throne : She lost a King and Husband,
And with that loss a Crown : Yet Love had power
To make her losses, King and Crown forget,
And the next Night flye to a Lovers Arms.

Why then should I be troubled ; when my sin

(If it be one) runs in my Blood : My Mother
Was kind before me ; and if

Such pleasant harmless Crimes must needs be punisht ;

My Parents then

Ought to be sufferers for my Offences.

Nature's in fault ; I act but what I'm born to.

Nigr. Shall *Clarmount* live then ; shall this Insolent Villain

Profane your Blood, and have his own unspilt ?

Clot. I hate th' Offender, though I love the Guilt.
She is my Mother, and her Favourites Blood
Must expiate the injuries of Majesty.

He dyes for't. Think not

Because I practise it, I can forgive it:

What Nature pardons, Honour punishes.

But say, how fares *Aphelia* ?

Nigr. Wrapt in sorrow,

As her ill fate requires.

Clot. As so much Beauty

Does not deserve. I once was of a Nature

Unmoved by any thing in Woman-kind

But the Enjoyment. I esteem'd 'em Vassals

To our desires, not Sovereigns over 'em.

But why her Beauty, Virtue, or her wrongs

Have alter'd me, I know not, but am sensible

Of a strange Change, of which I feel th' effects,

But cannot tell the Cause; a shining light

Shoots through me, and my yeilding heart gives way:

Where the Usurping Guest reigns Lord, and I his Slave obey.

[*Exit.*

Nigr. So far I'm happy. *Clarmounts* Doom is Sealed.

I know he has so much Honour, that I doubt not

His prosecution of so infamous

And black a guilt; and though his own stains cannot,

His Mothers I am sure will fret his Heart strings.

Enter Lewis disguis'd.

Lew. My kind Preserver, my dear dear *Nigrello*.

Nigr. Sir, your recovery to Life, the health
Of *France*, the Hopes of Kingdoms, and the pride
Of *Europe*——

Lew. Hold *Nigrello*, by my life

That life I owe to thee, thou flatter'st me.

Heav'n when it gave me breath, ordain'd me for

My

My Countreys humble Slave ; and now thou hast
Restored that Breath thy Creature.

Nigr. Sir, no more.

The action has so well it self rewarded,
That I'm o'repaid with half this Complement.

But Sir, why do you walk abroad so soon,
Your wounds being so fresh, the Ayre may hurt you.

Lew. Oh fear not that ; the cause that brings me hither
Has perfected my cure. I come to ask
My fair *Aphelias* safety.

Nigr. Sir, be satisfied.

Her Life, her Honour, and her Love are safe.
The King, 'tis true, Doats on her, even to madnes.
After you had slain, and he had in blind rage
Sent her to Prison, toucht with sudden sense
Of his own Guilt, her Innocence and Wrongs,
And the bright stamp her Beauty had imprinted,
He's grown so Passionate and chang'd a Lover,
As't may be feared, that if no other means
Can conquer her, He'l Marry her, t'enjoy her.

Lew. Marry her !

The voyce of Schreichowls o're the Graves of Traytors,
Is Musick to this Language.

Nigr. Cease your fears ;

Your Image in her Bosom, and my power
Step in between. A Crown can neither tempt her,
Nor shall he wrong her. Let my Arts alone
To countermine her Danger, and his Lust.

Lew. Your Friendship kind *Nigrello* —

Nigr. Call it Justice :

A Service due to injur'd Innocence.
But Sir, as I'm a suffering Ladys Champion,
Be you a bleeding Kingdoms. I've a story
Will wrack your Ears, and scorch your Royal blood
Into a Feavour. *Dumane* and *Lamet*,
The Kings suspected Murderers, you know

Were sent to Prison: But your Zealous Brother,
 Out of a pious horrour even to hear
 The story of a Fathers Death repeated,
 Gave me Commission privately in Prison
 To Poyson 'em before their Tryal came.

Lew. Good Gods! what do I hear?

Nigr. Then 'twas resolved

To have it publisht to the World they poyson'd
 Themselves t'avoyd that certain Execution
 It would be thought they expected and deserved.
 And thus this Artifice, he imagin'd would
 Silence all farther dangerous inquiries
 Into so great a secret.

Lew. Hell and Devils!

But kind *Nigrello*, as my preservation
 Convinces me thou'rt honest, yet——

Nigr. Yes Sir,

I guels your trouble, you would have me prove
 This Imputation; yes, 'tis just I shou'd,
 And though you've found me honest, yet believe
 My honetty in such a weighty cause
 No farther then your eyes. Then to convince you
 That I had the disposal of their Lives,
 Instead of Poysoning 'em, I have releast 'em.

Lew. Releast 'em!

Nigr. Yes, and satisfied the King,
 (Whose confidence in my dispatch had made him
 Apt for th'impression) that he thinks 'em dead.
 And to confirm you, in few hours you'l hear
 The train has took, and that the City's loud
 With the discourse both of their Guilt and Deaths.

Lew. Thou hast a Wit, great as thy Loyalty,
 And their deliverance is a proof of both.
 This procefs of a Fathers Death, has rowz'd
 My Soul, and shew'd me Horrors in a shape
 Too terrible to enter Loyal hearts,

And

And not bring thoughts of Vengeance with them. *France,*
'Tis I must disabuse thee.

Nigr. Sir, the Prisoners
Thus Rescued, for my safety walk in Clouds,
And under borrow'd Names; they, I intend
Shall visit you, and make the business plain.

Lew. My Resentments
Of my wrong'd Fathers death a while must pause,
I'll Right a Kings, but first a Mistress's Cause.

Nigr. Sir, I'll contrive to place you where you'll hear
What passes the next interview between 'em:
But keep on your disguise, wear your Mask still,
'Tis not yet known you live, which if it were,
Your access would be difficult, besides
You'll have the greater tryal of her Faith
By th' greater hate she expresses to your Murd'rer,
Which your disclosed Recovery would frustrate.

Lew. Do this, and I am blest. What scene of Love
Could be more pleasant? Be my self Spectatour
Of my Loves Funèral Rites? Behold the Tears
Aphelia pays my Tomb? What voyce more charming,
What nobler Monument? nay, what Bliss more high
Than Love paid to a Lovers Memory?
No Constancy like what Death cannot shake:
What Saint would not this Paradise forsake,
Could he invisibly to Earth return,
To see a faithful Mistress at his Urne? [Exit.

Nigr. How my designs succeed? which that they're just
Heav'n by his preservation has confirm'd,
In saving of his Life to make him Agent
In my Revenge. The King, though I know he hates him,
Will be extreemly glad of his Recovery,
If but t'appease his murmuring peoples Anger,
Who he knows are more then Mourners for his Death.
And for the Prince, whose heart, my Services
To him and his *Aphelia*, have made mine,

His Mistress's Injuries, and Fathers Murder
 VVhich I have artfully made the Kings Guilt,
 VVill raise a fire within him
 Too hot and fierce to smother, or be stopt
 Till it break out in a Rebellion. VVhich
 His Interest in the French hearts will animate.
 VVhat could I wish for more, then to engage
 The fury of a Kingdom in my Rage?

[Exit.]

Scene the Second. *The Scene a Dungeon.*

Aphelia is discover'd on a Couch.

Enter Clotair.

King. Now I am justly punish't for my sins.
 That Violence I offer'd to thy Honour,
 Thou on my Breast hast acted; Ravisht thence
 My Freedom and my Heart. All thoughts of rest,
 And hopes of Peace are banisht from this Seat,
 Thy Tyrant-pow'r has seiz'd. Nay Crown and Life
 Turn Vassals; at thy feet they prostrate lye;
 Yet though their Fall is low, their Object's high.
 Though at thy Feet they humble homage pay,
 Up to thy Eyes they look, the Heavens to which they pray.
 And if she be not all Disdain, all Marble,
 I'll shake her pious constancy to *Lewis*,
 Make her admire my Love; if not reward it.

Aph. The King!

[Rises.]

King. Is this a Lodging for so fair a Guest?
 Is this a Shrine for such a Saint? Is this
 A Temple fit for such a bright Divinity?
 VVho waits without there?

Enter Burbon.

Burb. Royal Sir, your pleasure?

King. How came this Lady hither?

Burb. By command
 From you.

King.

King. Lyar and Slave, from Me!
My Guards there.

[Strikes him.

Enter Guards.

Here kill that Dog, — but stay — A death so gentle
Would be an act of Mercy, not of Justice.

Oh impudence unpardonable!

I send so great a Beauty to a Dungeon!

Convey him hence, and let him dye by tortures,

Wrackt limb from limb, let his torn Carcass bleed;

And feel such pains so black a Guilt, and such

A Blasphemy deserves. A Dungeon!

Burb. Hold great Sir, do but remember —

King. Good Gods! The Traytor has the Impudence

To speak. Be gone. Has not thy tongue been guilty

Enough already; but thou still darest breath

After so damn'd a Lye. A Dungeon! Heav'ns!

Aph. Let me, Sir, be his Advocate. Thus low — *kneels.*

King. *Aphelia* on her knees! That posture Madam,

From such a fair Petitioner's too humble

When paid to Heav'n. Commanding Lady rise,

And be obey'd.

Aph. Great Sir, remember 'twas

Your act of Grace that doom'd me to this Lodging;

A Lodging fit for an Inhabitant,

So wrapt in Sorrows, and disguis'd in Tears,

That any nobler rooffe would mock my Fortune.

The darkness of the place becomes her Grieffs

That dwells in't.

King. Were you then brought here by my

Command?

Aph. By your Command, Sir, and the Breath

That gave that kind command, pronounced a Fate

So glorious, that I am bound to honour

My Sentencer; this melancholy place

Agrees both with my wishes and misfortunes.

You in this favour just and generous prove,
So dark a scene befits a mourning Love.

King. If you affirm it Madam, what you say
Is Oracle: 'Twas I that sent you hither.

You came by my command into this Dungeon.

But durst the Slave obey that breath that sent you?

Away with him to th' VVrack, and let his tortures

Be doubled. How, obey me Villain! Obedience

To a command so barb'rous and so monstrous,

Deserves more than an enraged King can utter,

Or torments act: What if you had been commanded

'To Whore your Sister, Stab your Father, Ravish

Your Mother, Curse your God, or Kill your King?

Dog, would you have obey'd and done all this?

Away with him.

Apb. Stay Sir, remember 'twas

His King commanded him; and had the deed

He acted been a Crime, (as this was none,

This was a blessing, and so great a blessing

As on my Knees I would have beg'd from Heav'n;)

Yet sure your hand can't punish what your tongue

Was Authour of.

King. I Author of! why Madam,

'Tis therefore that I punish him. I Authour!

I do not doubt it in the least.

I was the only cause; I gave the Sentence;

I order'd you this Lodging; and no wonder.

Had I not made attempt to Ravish you?

Had I not Kill'd my Brother? And do ye think

Less then a Mad-man could commit such outrage;

A Man all Rage, all Lunacy, all Devil?

But this dull, sottish, ignorant Slave obey'd me.

Obey me! are the looks

And deeds of Kings no better understood?

Be gone. His ignorance forfeits his Life.

What could he have done more to merit death,

Then

Then to think Mad-men ought to be obey'd
To Tortures. —

Aph. Hold! If I have any pow'r—

King. If you have any Pow'r----Pow'r did you say?
I'de quit my Kingdom, and turn Anchoret
Or Pilgrim, if I thought that Heav'n had more.

Aph. You are too kind. That little pow'r I have
Is in my Tears, let those Sir, beg his Life.

King. Is it your pleasure Madam, he should live?

Aph. Yes, & for what you're pleas'd to call a Crime,
I think he merits a reward, not punishment.

King. You bid him live; live then, and live unpunisht:
Thank Her. But Slave, next let me hear you've ransackt
A Temple, raz'd a Pallace, burnt a City;
And if this Lady pardons you, — you Live.
Your Pleasure is so absolute, your Pow'r
So uncontroulable, what you forgive
So free from punishment, that your Mercy, Madam,
Would shut up Hell, and make Damnation cease,
Had you but half that Influence over Heav'n
You have o're Me.

Aph. These shining Titles, Sir,
Believe me, are too gay: But since you're pleas'd
Thus to adorn me with these borrow'd glories,
I will persue the Character you lend me,
And beg a favour greater than his Life.

King. Fair Excellence, what is't?

Aph. My Death.

King. Your Death!

Aph. Is the Request so wonderful? My *Lewis*
Is gone before. And do you think that Patience
In Heaven's a greater Virtue than on Earth.
When he was living, hee'd have been distracted
With half so long an absence from *Aphelia*;
And do you think Heav'n where the Sun and Stars
Have kept one course so many thousand years,
There where the Saints sing one Eternal song,

VWhere

Where Bliss without decrease has held so long,
 Can you think Heav'n harbours Inconstancy?
 My *Lewis*, when he took his last farewell,
 Left all the world but me behind; he bore
 My Image with him to the skyes, and there
 Expects the sad Original should follow.

He is impatient, languishes, desires,
 And thinks compar'd to Love the Stars dimme Fires,
 Think's he's but half in Heaven; in his blest seat
 Wants Me to make his Paradise complet.

I come, I come. Oh my most gracious King,
 By your command let my freed Soul take wing.

He can't be blest without me. And as you
 Gave him his Death, give him his Glory too.

This Blessing you in Justice ought to grant:
 You made the Martyr, and now make the Saint.

King. Madam, is Love so barb'rous, that it must
 Depend on Cruelty to make it constant?

Does it delight in blood, that it requires
 A Mrs. Murder for a Lovers Monument?

No, no; He'l be a Saint a milder way,
 Your pity makes him blest without your Death.

My happy Brother, happy in his Fall,
 Who dyes deplored by fair *Aphelia*, was

Your Slave, & Conquerors may their Slaves out-live.
 And though one of your Trophies is destroy'd,

Those eyes that made that shine as bright as ever,
 And can make more; of which see here the greatest.

France at thy feet, tread on his Royalty. [Kneels.

Or if thy Nature knows not to forgive,
 (Which to believe were impious,) take this Sword.

T'appease the troubled Spirit of thy Love.
 I find a speaking pity in thy eyes,

Which thence will drop upon thy gentle tongue,
 And cry, Live *Clotair*, my unhappy Loves
 Repenting Murderer live.

Aph. The Penitence
Of Kings, would expiate a Nations sins :
Sure then their own may be forgiven. His blood
Heav'n pardon you, for I do.

King. Then I'm pardon'd,
There cannot be an act you pass, but Heav'n
Will sign to. But dear Madam in this state
Of Innocence, to which your Mercy has
Restored me, let me offer up a heart
To fair *Aphelia* for a Sacrifice :
I am a full and perfect Convert now.
Both Murderer and Ravisher repents :
My heart grown Virtuous and unspotted, now
Approaches you with Adoration, looks
With piety on what it once profaned.
Accept a Love, a Love so pure, so true,
Nothing but You could raise, nothing but You
Reward.

Aph. Hold Sir, You are my King ; but though
Things are exempt from Laws, their Crimes above
Th'examining of Justice from a Judg :
Yet Kings may guilty stand at Loves Tribunal.
I can condemne you, yet, great Sir, I do not.
But though I do not, and his death I pardon,
Honour, obey, and reverence a King
I can, but Love I can't. My heart his Right,
His Province I can never make a seat
For any second Lord, much less his Murd'rer.
They who forgive a Crime may not reward it.

King. Oh my hard fate ! Oh more then cruel Woman,
Is this to honour, reverence and obey
A King, to scorn him ? or can the requiting
My Love, be the rewarding of my Crime ?
Oh Cruelty ! Concern'd so much for Blood
I shed in my wild rage, and moved so little.

At Ruines you design, at deaths you give
With a firm look, fixt and resolved to kill.

Enter Lewis and Nigrello to the door.

Nigr. Stand here unseen, and you are safe.

Lew. The Plot
That thou hast layd to try her constancy
Is excellent.

Nigr. He's here; expect th'event on't.

Enter Burbon in hast.

Burbon. Forgive my hasty rudeness; for my Cause
Requires it; Sir, the City's up in Arms,
Your Subjects in Rebellion, and their fury
Seems by Revenge inspired: Revenge they cry.
Their Rage is grounded on your Brothers Death.
And they're resolv'd as the Incendiary
Of his destruction, t'have *Aphelia's* blood.

Lew. As I could wish.

Burbon. Great Sir, bethink your self.

King. *Aphelias* blood!

The common Multitude advance their Arms
Against her sacred Head. Oh Hellish outrage!
The Gyants when they besieg'd Heaven, attempted
To Dethrone *Jupiter* with less impiety.
Her Blood!

Enter in hast a second Gentleman.

Second Gent. Great Sir, your frighted Guards o're-pow'rd,
Your Pallace they have enter'd, and resolve
To lay it level with the ground, if what
Their loud and barbarous rage calls Justice, this
Fair Lady's Life do not appease their fury.

King. Her Life t'appease 'em! By that Life they ask,
Her precious Life, the Sacred'st Oath
That I can swear, their Insolence has damn'd 'em.

Go instantly and tell the Rebels I
Am her Protector, and she shall not dye.

Aph. Hold gracious Sir, revoke that harsh decree.
Tell 'em I am their Martyr, and my Death—

King. Be gon, and say as I command you, hast.

Aph. Oh no Sir, say that I'll submit and dye.

Consider but what dangers you will shun;
Think how much blood you'l by my Sentence spare,
And can you be so cruel, when the opening
Of one poor Virgins veins, that hates her Life,
And begs her Death, repairs a Kingdoms health.

Lew. Oh my best Angel! Oh my full-blown joys! [*Aside.*]

King. You cruel Woman, how can you request
That which your eyes forbid. Whilst I gaze there,
And feel that Love their Light inspires, I'd see
My Empire set on float, and *France* lye deeper
In humane gore, then e're the Deluge laid
The sunk Foundations of the drowning World,
E're I'd behold one drop of yours let out.

Aph. Oh you forget your self. What Marriner
Would not throw over-board a worthless Freight
T'avoyd a Shipwrack?

King. But what Fool or Mad-man
Would throw away his Wealth, his Life, his Soul,
His Heav'n t'avoid that storm his courage scornes?
Tell the bold Rebels I'm in person here,
And as I know Rebellion shrinks at nothing,
I'll satisfie their rage a nobler way:
That blow their Impious hands dare aim at hers,
I through my Breast will intercept: their King,
Their Victim, sure th'Impetuous tide will stop.
Go then, and do as I command.

Aph. No, stay.—

Kings are not safe in raging Crowds; their fury
May Murder you.

King. What then, what if they do?
What can the Man you hate be worth the saving?

Aph. Sir, though I cannot Love, yet my Allegiance
Will never let me see my Sovereign bleed.
The sacred Blood of Kings——

King. The Blood of Kings:
A toy, a trifle; do you understand
Your pow'r so little to esteem his Life,
You scorn, worthy your care. You wrong your self
To cast a thought on such an abject thing
As a poor hated Lover, though a King.
Dull Sir, be gon——

Aph. No kind Sir, stay.—— Dread Lord,
Rebellion is a thing too terrible
For a soft Virgins ears, especially
When she is the occasion. Great Sir, say
What is't I would not do to save your Life,
And to divert my threatn'd Countreys danger:
I am all Duty when those are at stake,
And all Obedience.

King. And do I command?

Lew. Oh my wrackt Patience! Oh my blasted hopes!
Curse on my Plot: Is this her Constancy? [*Aside.*

King. Oh my large hopes! How high me-thinks I rise;
How big me-thinks I grow. What Empires, nay
What Worlds has this Commission made me Lord of.
Fair Creature, must I then assume that part
The Gods should only act, inspire your will,
And teach you how t'obey?

Aph. Your humblest Slave
Submits, her Fate should wait upon your pleasure.

Lew. I am all torture.

King. In my Name, command
Our Marshal, and our other Officers
Of State, to give this Answer to the Rebels.

Aphelia. I have made my Queen; and an

Affront.

Affront don to her Sacred Person, drew
 That rage from me that took my Brothers Life.
 Yet 'twas no more than what our Laws for his
 Offence would have required; howe're I'm sorry
 They've lost a Favourite, and I a Brother.
 Bid 'em lay down their Arms, and with their pardon
 Pronounce 'em free from all the Impositions,
 Duties and Taxes due to th' Crown of France
 For three whole years.

Lew. Curst instrument of Hell.

[*Aside.*

King. Which Act of Grace, say, was their Queens request.

[*Exeunt Burbon, and the other Gentleman.*

Now to the Temple to confirm my Blifs.

Madam——

Aph. Sir, I attend you.

King. Then lead on.

Aph. Now in one act

I'll serve my King, my Countrey, and my Love.

Mistaken Prince, I to the Temple go

Not to be made thy Queen, but Sacrifice.

Forgive me Heav'n, for 'tis a just disguise

Which does from Love, and from Allegiance spring.

It is my Loyalty that Cheats my King.

} *Aside.*

Lewis undiscovers, and comes in to them.

Lew. I can hold no longer.

King. *Lewis* alive!

Nigr. The Queen, She faints.

Aph. faints.

Lew. Still let her sleep, sleep on:

For if she wakes, she will appear too monstrous

An object for frayle eyes to see & keep their senses.

Oh that in Nature there were left an art

Could teach me to forget I ever loved

This her great Master-piece. Oh well built Frame,

Why dost thou harbour such unhallow'd Guests?

If that our Vows are Register'd in Heaven,

Why are they broke on Earth, unkind *Aphelia*.
Oh I run mad.

King. Rule your disorder'd Tongue
Lewis, what's past I am content to think
It was our Brother spoke, and not our Subject.

Lew. I had forgot my self, yet well remember
That *Gorgon* has transformed me into Stone.
And since that time my Language has been harsh,
My words too heavy for my tongue, too Earthly.
I was not Born so Sir: When She was just,
My thoughts and language bore a fairer stamp;
But now she's a Disease, that turns my Blood,
And makes my veins run poyson, that each sense
Groans at the alteration:

King. You've done ill,
And must be taught so: You capitulate
Not with your Equal: She's your Queen.

Lew. My Queen!

Aph. My *Lewis* living!

Lew. Yes, he lives to see
You Perjur'd.

King. Perjur'd. By the Gods, for such
A Blasphemy, thy forfeit life and soul
But 'tis our Wedding-day, and you've our Pardon.
Recover'd by your care.

[To *Nigr*.
Nigr. The wound you gave him proved not mortal; but
I'm sorry that I brought him hither so
Unluckily to interrupt you.

King. No.
You have done well. I'm glad of his Recovery
For my murmuring Kingdoms sake, and for my own
I'm glad to see him here, to envy at
My Blifs, and see his Mrs. share my Crown.
Come my fair Innocence.

Aph. Stay Royal Sir, [Kneels.
And grant your pardon here, 'tis I that want it.

King.

King. How Madam ?

Aph. I have wrong'd you.

King. Wrong'd me ?

Aph. Yes,

I promis'd to attend you to the Temple ;
But my design of going thither, was
Not to be *Clotairs* Queen, but *Lewis's* Martyr.

King. Go on.

Lew. Go on.

Aph. But I'm a Loyal Cous'ner :

I feared the Tumults that demanded mine,
Might in blind Rage assault your sacred Life ;
And since no otherwise you'd calm their fury,
My kind submission was but a design
T'appease a Kingdom, and preserve a King.
Which when I had perform'd, their Arms laid down,
And all your danger gone, I was resolv'd
Before the Priest, the Altar, and that bright
High Prefence they attend on, to refuse
A Crown, and beg a death ; and with that death
Your Princely pardon that I durst not cancel
Recor'ds in Heav'n, my Love, and Vows to *Lewis*.

Lew. Oh my Blest Saint.

King. Saint ; Devil ! Woman-Devil !

Oh I'm distracted ; I'm thy own *Aphelia* ;
Thou hast inspired me, and I by thy example
Can be as great a fury as thou art.
And to begin that Cruelty thou hast taught me
Here.

Seize her, and convey her, where the light } *calls in his Guards.*
May be as great a stranger to her Eyes, } [To the Capt. of
As is my Passion to her Soul ; that Sun- } the Guards, who
Which She once sees again, thou see'st no more. } seizes her.
Away.

Lew. Hold barbarous King, can your wild rage
Be so inhumane ?

King.

King. Hold: What man art thou
That darest with impious hands seize on that Beauty. } *To the*
Forbear; was ever Violence so profane } *Capt. of*
To touch a thing so much Divine? } *the Guards*

Capt. of the Guards. Great Sir.——

King. Cut off his hold [He lets her go.

Ha! 'tis the fair *Aphelia*——

The fair *Aphelia*?——No, the false *Aphelia*;
The falsest of her Sex, the Cruellest
That e're had Eyes to Charm, and Scorn to kill.
Seize her again; I did forget my self:
Her Treachery and Cruelty have banish'd
All that was Sacred in her: She's no Saint now;
All her Divinity's expired; she's turn'd
A Monster, as deform'd, as chang'd, and black
As Angels when they fell. Away with her.

Lew. Hold your rude hands, & take my Life before she goes.

Offers to draw upon the Guards, who disarm him.

Aph. *Lewis* farewell. To Love and Life farewell.

The worst that I can suffer, is but death;
Which if I do——

Know at that hour, when I my Life resign,
My Blood's his Sacrifice, but my Heart thine.

[Exit Guarded.

Lew. Stay bloody Dogs.

King. Thou'rt a rash Fool to strugge, for a Beauty
Must be a Queen or nothing. Twixt extremes
In common things there is a Mean, as Light
And Darknes; there's a Dawn 'twixt Day and Night.
But such bright forms no middle course can have,
She rises to a Throne, or sinks t'a Grave.

Exit.

Lew. I'll follow him, and brave the Tyrants rage.

Nigr. Stay, for her Safety, I'll my Life engage.
Be calm, and you're secure.

Lew. You saved my Life:
And I'll entrust you with defending hers.

Thus

Thus far I'm blest. I've heard with how much Zeal,
 In constancy to Me, She scorn'd a King;
 And when my Hirelings made that false Alarme,
 How freely her demanded head she offer'd,
 And chose the Temple for the place to publish
 Her scorn of Life and Crowns in Love to Me.
 And for my Brothers rage, I'll not be troubled:
 Let Love Despair, and all things else conspire;
 What though he be a King, no power's so great,
 But what force cannot shake, Art may defeat:
 As subtle Enemies, high Tow'rs assaile,
 They undermine what is too high to scale.

Exeunt.

ACT the Fourth. Scene the First.

Enter Nigrello.

Nigr. CURSE on this whining Passion! Th'amourous King
 Minds Love so much, that he forgets his Honour.
Aphelias Charms have so possess'd his thoughts,
 That all things else lye by. I have as good
 As call'd him Bastard, and his Mother Whore:
 Yet *Clarmount* wears his head. All other interests
 Neglected lye, where Sovereign Woman reigns.
 I scorn so tardy a Revenge, I'll keep
 My rage awake, though thine, dull King, can sleep.

Enter Fredigond.

Queen. Mischiefe grows lean, *Nigrello*, all my plots
 Turn head upon themselves.

Nigr. 'Tis very strange,

Your

Your Bed-chamber take fire, ith' very minute
Of pleasure and security. For certain
Some subtle Devil crosses your designs.

Queen. Subtle! No, I'll swear for him, none oth' subtlest;
For by this light, I out-witted him and all
His politicks. With what majestick grace
Did the old reverend Goblin stalk away,
Whilst th'amaz'd King, and his stout-hearted train
Turn'd pale, and lookt as ghastly at the sight
As I've seen *Brutus* picture look in Tapestry,
Staring on *Cesars* Ghost. Was not the escape
Of *Clarmount*, in my Husbands shape most excellent.

Nigr. Yes Madam, it was lucky. But what Guard
Do you design against all future dangers?
What next do you resolve on?

Queen. My dull *Ethiops*,
I will instruct thy blackness: Learn to know
My Reputation's sickned, and my Fame
Is lookt into with narrow eyes at Court.
Therefore it's thus decreed, I will remove
And sequester my self from Company.

Nigr. Good.

Queen. Thou know'st where *Childrick* oftentimes retired,
When fits of piety rest his soul
Took him ith' head.

Nigr. Madam, I know the place.

Queen. There I and *Clarmount* will securely meet:
The Cave that leads to th' Postern-gate
Will give him entrance at all hours unseen.

Nigr. Madam, your Wit's as glorious as your Love.

Queen. I will away to Night. I cannot brook
My Frantick Sons wild passion for *Aphelia*:
If (as I fear he will) he Marry's her,
He has undone my hopes on Earth for ever.
Therefore *Nigrello*, let my *Clarmount* be
Acquainted with our new designs.

Nigr.

Nigr. What else?

Queen. If by the conduct of thy subtle brain
Thou could'st remove——

Nigr. *Aphelia*, or the King,
The Prince, or all : is it not so?

Queen. Thou hast a Wit which does engender thoughts
As Regal as our own : when Fate blows fair,
Set out, and prosper. In a brave design,
I wish no better head nor hand then thine.
Farewell. Remember Me.

Exit.

Nigr. You shall be thought on, fear it not; but how
Should I prevent her Lust this second time,
Before the third she may repent, and so
May save her Soul which my Revenge would damn :
Yet I'll prevent her, and contrive it so
She shant repent, nor shall Hell lose a Subject.
Thou, and thy Tyrant Son shall meet one Fate,
But I'll begin with you—— In Reverence
To Age, thou Beldam as the elder Sinner,
I will take care shalt be the elder Devil.

Enter Lewis and Lamot disguis'd.

Lam. Where shall we meet you.

Lew. Here. I'll wait your coming :
Expect me here.

Exit Lamot.

Nigrello, are we safe?

Nigr. Safe Sir, and private.

Lew. I am glad I've found thee :
I've business to impart.

Nigr. And so have I.

Lew. Mine is of honourable consequence,
And does require thy aid.

Nigr. So does mine yours.

Lew. My fair *Aphelia* is——

Nigr. Your Brothers Prisoner.
What then: His Wife she ne're shall be.

H

Lew

Lew. But say
His Lust should seize her Honour, or his Rage
Her Life; Tyrant and Ravisher are names
He has been too well acquainted with already.
Suppose *Aphelia* meets *Clotildas* fate.

Nigr. Suppose you dead, and me asleep; whilst you
Are living, and I waking, 'tis impossible.

Lew. Thy Courage I adore. Lead on Commander,
I'll follow and obey.

Nigr. Then take this path,
And Conquer. First you know he loves her Virtue;
Doats on her to Distraction; not because
She's only Fair, but Chast. Her beautiful mind,
And her fair form within makes her his Saint,
His Heav'n, and what're names th' Idolatry
Of Love can give her. Then to take away
That adoration, you must first displace
The Saint, leave the Shrine empty, and remove
That Virtue, and that Chastity he doates on.

Lew. Bless me; where will this end?

Nigr. She must be Strumpeted.

Lew. Death and destruction, what a word was that?

Nigr. Hold Sir, do not mistake: 'tis a hard word,
But I've no time for Eloquence; She must
Appear, not be that Creature. His wild Frenzy
Must have a desperate Cure. He must be told,
And be by Circumstance convinced, She's Loose,
Dishonest, and Unchast.

Lew. A strange foundation.

Nigr. But 'tis a sure one.

Lew. But *Nigrello*, say,
Where shall we lay the Scene: Unchast with whom?

Nigr. Sir, if you'll trust my choyce, let it be *Clarmount*.
He is a Villain, and the imputation
(Suppose your Jealous Brother takes his head for't)
Will do but Justice.

Lew. Well: Grant him the Man.

Nigr. You have some of *Aphelias* Letters by you?

Lew. Yes.

Nigr. What if you forged her hand, and in her name
Wrote Love from her to *Clarmount*? And to prove it,
Put in some hints of a lost Maiden-head,
Larded with some big words, such as stolne pleasures,
Embraces, or Enjoyment, or what else
You shall think fit.

Lew. Her Lover, and betray her!

Nigrello, for thy friendship, take my thanks:
The Treason I'd embrace, but be the Traytor——

Nigr. But can you yeild to see her Ravisht, Murder'd,
Or what's worse, Married; Married to your Brother?
That Traytor you must be, or one of these
Is certainly her fate.

Lew. Is there no way?

Nigr. None Sir, but this: and if her Safety, or
Your Love be worth your Care, resolve.

Lew. I'll do't.

'Tiwxt Love and Honour, Interest ends the strife,
I'll prostitute her Fame to save her Life.

Nigr. Now you resolve, you shall not; your consent
Shall be enough; the labour shall be mine.
And that the story may not seem a cheat,
Or a design of yours by me to serve her,
I will appear her Friend so little, that
If he designs to punish her Unchastity,
I'll aggravate her Guilt, and spur him on
To Justice; but take care he ne're shall act it.
I'll raise the Thunder, but divert the blow.

Lew. What debts must I for so much kindness owe?

Nigr. You too must put on the disguise of hate;
Seem satisfied she's false, and slight and scorn her.
All Rivalship between you being once ceast,
At news of the Rebellion set on foot,

He will raise Arms to check it, and no doubt
You being the fittest object in his Kingdom,
As you may manage it, make you their Leader.

Lew. Let me embrace thee; this is a design
Has shot life through me.

Nigr. By this means you may
Convert the Tyrants Sword to his own Ruine;
Instead of your suppressing the Confederates,
Joyn his own Army to assist their Cause.

Lew. I am satisfied, and am resolv'd to study
All arts and means for my Revenge. Revenge
Can't be too fierce moved by so just a cause:
An Injur'd Mistress, and a Murder'd Father.

Nigr. Since your mind's bent on honourable ends,
I have one more will try you.

Lew. Name it then.

Nigr. Your Mother stoops to actions that abhor
The Light, and this Night meets, if not prevented —

Lew. My soul finds out the Man, is it not *Clarmount*?

Nigr. The same.

Lew. Are Pallaces such Scenes of Villany?
Had not the Court enough of Hell before in't.
Conduct me where I may but seize this Monster,
That his stain'd blood —

Enter Bourbon, Lamot, Dumane, and Brisac.

Nigr. Change your discourse and looks:
Your Friends attend you.

Lew. Gentlemen, you're welcome.
My almost Brother once, I thank you,
And kindly greet this brave Assembly, whose
Great spirits look for stirring Opposites:
But there your expectation will be lost,
For I'll take care your danger shall be small;
And your resistance slender. Sirs, your pardon;
I've business of Importance with *Brisac*

[To *Brisac*.]

That

That robs me of your company some minutes;
 But I'll repair that loss at our next meeting:
 But take this in my stead. I'll share your Cause.

Lam. Our Lives and Fortunes Sir, I'll at your feet.

Exit Lewis and Brisac.

Burbon. Are your men bold and daring, resolute
 To run your fate, indifferent Rich, not Poor
 That only fight for Bread; such oft betray
 The sinews of a well-knit plot for gain,
 When these fight as well to defend as win

Dum. Mine know nor fear, nor death, souls of that fire
 They'll catch a Bullet flying, scale a Wall
 Batt'led with Enemies, stand breaches, laugh at
 The thunder of the Canon; call it Musick,
 Fitter a Ladys Chamber than the Field.
 When o're their heads the Element is Seeld;
 Darkend with Darts, they'll fight under the shades,
 And ask no other Roof to hide their heads in;
 They fear not Jove, and had the Gyants been
 But half so spirited, they had Dethroned him.
 Such are the Men I lead.

Burb. Well kind *Dumane*,

I see they want no Herauld that have got
 Your Friendship:

Dum. Sir, I speak 'em as I love 'em.

Lam. In good old *Childricks* reign, before his Queen
 Had taught him Revels, and untaught him War,
 Before her wanton Lust had sheathed his Sword,
 To give her treacherous Poyson, pow'r of death;
 I knew that they had valour, and a cause
 To shew it in. Nor has the rust of Peace
 Blunted their edge; they are as fierce as ever.

Burb. They're Souldiers fit to Sack a Kingdom then

Dum. And share the spoyle.

Burb. Were't come to that sport once.

Lam.

Lam. Byron it must, or some of us must fall.
The Ulcerous State is ripe, and we must launce it.

Exeunt.

Scene the Second. *The Scene a Room of State.*

Enter Aphelia.

Aph. I am a Prisoner still. But why so fair,
A Prison, and so kind an entertainment,
After he had pronounced so harsh a doom,
I cannot guess the cause, unless it spring
From the Conversion of my cruel King:
If that's the cause, as ye kind pow'rs, I hope 'tis—

Enter Nigrello.

Nigr. Now for my disguise:

This Lodging, and this Entertainment's my design:
The King I have perswaded to this mildness,
As the more easie way to win her heart:
Then Cruelty. But on the same foundation
I seem to raise his hopes; I've built his ruine.

Afide.

Aph. What read'st thou in the Book of Fate *Nigrello?*

What is Heav'n's pleasure?

Quick, make hast and crown

My hopes, speak, thou canst read

The Language of my Stars, the will of Destiny;

For thou canst tell how looks my angry King.

Nigr. Madam, he's now a King indeed, no more

Your Tyrant, witness his strange Reformation.

Now Madam he intends to make you happy

In giving, not accepting of your heart.

This milder usage he designs a Prologue

To his vanquisht passion; and your alter'd fate.

The Generous, the Good, the Courteous *Clarmount*

Has been so much your Friend.—

Aph. *Clarmount*, my Friend?

Nigr.

Nigr. Your Influence is so great, that this kind man
Has used such force, Spoke such convincing reason,
That the Converted King adores your Faith,
Charm'd with your constancy, resolves to cherish it.

Aph. Can I believe my Ears?

Nigr. If your belief

So tardy be, stay till your Eyes confirm it:
And when your generous King gives your fair hand
To *Lewis*, call your Slave your Oracle.

Aph. What extasy doest thou inspire? But *Clarmoun*,
Was he the Kings Converter? his strange pow'r
Both in the Kings and Peoples hearts I've heard of:
But his strange kindness in my Cause is wondrous.

Nigr. No doubt the Prince may have engag'd him in't.
But what'ere motive led him on,
It was a bold and brave attempt
T'oppose the passion of a raging King.

Aph. What Recompence does so much kindness merit?

Nigr. No more then you can pay: Send him your thanks,
And the Debt's cancell'd.

Aph. Yes, by thee Ple send 'em.
Tell him from me, how high a sense, what value —

Nigr. Madam, my Will exceeds my Pow'r to serve you:
I doubt my little Eloquence so much,
That you'd oblige your humble Slave, to trust
Your nobler thoughts to Paper.

Aph. Who waits there?

Enter Attendant.

Bring Pen and Paper.

*Exit Attendant, and brings in Pen, Ink, and Paper,
and Aphelia sits down and writes.*

Nigr. I have my wish, A Letter does the business. [*Aside.*

Enter Brisac.

Noble *Brisac.*

Bris. How fares our mourning Sister?

Nigr.

Nigr. Hist: I have workt her up to a belief
Of *Clarmounts* Friendship, and the Kings conversion:
And you are come ith' happy mainute to
Confirm her in't.

Bris. The King has sent me hither
To Count my Sister for him. But the Laws
Of Friendship and of Nature ought to be
Obey'd before th'unjust commands of Kings.
His Love is Tyranny, an Invasion of
What Vows & Oaths the Seals of Heav'n have made
His Brothers right. The serving of my Friend
And Sister then, is a design so just,
That all the Cheats I use, and shapes I take,
Are pardon'd for their glorious cause sake:
Moved by the tyes of Friendship and of Blood,
The means are lawful where the end's so good.

Aph. Oh my dear Brother, welcome. Kind *Nigrello*
Tells me my miseries draw near an end;
The King's no more my Lover, but my Friend.

Bris. If his wild Loves Conversion, is so great,
What's his Devotion then, that makes the Profelite?
How great is the obliging *Clarmounts* Friendship?

Aph. How great I think it is, read there, and see.

Bris. Reads the Letter.

My Lord,

*My Transports of joy have been such, as your favours merited:
when I consider the furious Love of a Tempestuous King, I cannot
but reflect on the danger of your kindness in wrestling with that
Love, and the glory of it in subduing it. Pursue the generous
Friendship that has been so well begun, and take into the number
of your Admirers the humblest of your Servants.* Aphelia.

'Tis well; his worth too high you cannot raise:
The first reward of all good deeds is praise.

She sits down and Seals the Letter.

Nigr.

Nigr. Those lines with some addition of my own
Shall make all my design secure. I'll drive
The cheat on with such Impudence and courage,
That all his furious rage shall not deter me,
Nor all his arts disprove me.

Aph. Here *Nigrello*.

[*Gives him the Letter.*]

Nigr. I'll flye to serve you; but before I go,
I ought to tell you that the King intends
To visit you; and though he comes to take
His last farewell to Love, yet you must think
Lovers quit Ladies just as Garrisons
Surrender; in their fall their Pride's so great,
They willingly would have their yeilding look,
As little as it can like a defeat.
The King, no doubt, though in his vanquisht passion,
Will make some Love, say some kind amorous things;
And if you'll take my Councel, let your Answers
Be mild and gentle.

Exit Nigrello.

Bris. The advice is good,
And you'll oblige your self if you pursue it.
'Tis a vain glory that attends a Lover,
Never to say he quits; and when Hope dyes,
The Gallantry of Love still lives, is charm'd
With kindness but in shadow; takes delight
Even in its being deceiv'd. Love's th'only passion
Takes pleasure to be flatter'd in despair.

Aph. Can a feign'd look, or a dissembled smile
Oblige so good, so generous a King.
Such Treachery I scorn; no, he deserves
A nobler usage. His resigning me
To *Lewis*, has so charm'd me, that I cannot
Pay him too much. My Friendship, Kindness, all
The faculties of my Soul (but what my Vows
To Heav'n and *Lewis* do except) are his.
Come glorious Lover, storm an easie Breast,
Take all my heart has liberty to part with.

I

This

This brave resigning me, has gain'd such pow'r,
Lewis had ne're a Rival till this hour.

Bris. Madam, I see him coming, take no notice
 Either of our discourse or his conversion.

'Tis more than I dare answer: it anticipates
 The Gallantry, and the surprize of great
 Designs, to have 'em told ere they are acted.

Enter King.

King. What Vulture gripes me here? Ha, what art thou?
 If thou be'st so Jealousy, mount and be gone:
 Fly to the vulgar bosom, whose cheap thoughts
 Despair their own performance, in a King
 Thou show'st a Nature retrograde to Honour.
 Suppose She Loves, and has vow'd constancy
 To *Lewis*, must it follow that her heart
 Cannot be moved? 'Tis but my fears that say so.
 I'll boldly on, and tire her till she yeild.
 Is She not fair? Beauty's a spark of Heav'n,
 And all that's Heavenly may be moved, 'tis only
 Th'Infernal pow'rs that are inexorable.

What brow wears our fair Tyrant? Is a Brother
 More pow'ful then a King? Does she unmoved
 Admit thy Mediation in my Cause,
 Or am I still that unshaped thing, whose name
 Has terror in't. Does still, each sound, that breaths
 My hated name, strike horror through her veins;
 And shake that Seat where my proud Brother reigns.

Bris. I found her not so cruel as I wilst her;
 The Conquest was so easie, that my pains
 In serving you, were less then I desired.

King. The Conquest? How; what say you?

Bris. Sir, the Cloud
 That hinder'd her the prospect of her bliss
 Is gone; the pow'r of Majesty and Love
 Has the long mist dispel'd: She is restored
 To sense and reason.

King.

King. Is *Aphelia* kind?

Bris. Yes, to her self: She understands the Love
Of Kings; and why she understood no sooner,
She does confess her senses have been more
Dazled then darken'd.

King. My kind Advocate.

Oh that I had a Sister for thy sake,
As Cruel, and if possible, as fair,
That I might pay thee back this kindness.
They Madam, who Divinitys approach, [To her.
Seek out for prosperous hours to breath their Vows in:
Which attribute of Heav'n Divine *Aphelia*
Mercy or Justice is the mighty work
Of this days fate? Have you markt out this hour
For lending ear to your Adorers Prayers,
Or forming Thunder for Offenders crimes.

Aph. If there is any thing Divine or Sacred
Lodged in this Breast, 'tis Royal Sir, your Creature.
For this poor humble roöf, cannot be built
For such a Guest, unless you're pleased to raise it;
And if you'd have me Sainted, you of all men
Should have left cause to ask how I'm inclin'd:
Who makes the Saint, may well expect it kind.

King. I am transported. If this sudder kindness
Be truth, 'tis Miracle,

Bris. If it be false,
Punish her Treason on her Brothers heart.
By my Allegiance, and my hopes of Blifs,
She entertains no wish nor thought t'abuse you.

King. This Language speaks thee fair *Aphelias* Brother:
'Thy Breath else could not be so near allied
To hers, to carry so much charm, such Heav'n in't.
'They Madam, who would mighty Structures rayse, [To her.
Search the Foundation first, on which they build.
The highest flight of my Ambition is
To know my pow'r in fair *Aphelias* heart.

Enter Nigrello.

Aph. Your pow'r in that you shall distrust no more.
 'Tis all that Loyalty and Gratitude
 Can make it; my Prophetick thoughts have told me.
 You will be kind; and as my Sovereign ought
 To have disposal of your Vassals Fates.
 And that high Fate you have markt out for me.
 I doubt not will be welcome, great, and glorious.
 And as I'm satisfied 'twill be all these,
 Great Sir, t'obey you, shall not only be
 My duty; but my hopes.

Bris. How prettily
 They drive on the mistake.

Nigr. The Plot works rarely.

Bris. But stop 'em e're it goes too far.

Nigr. Great Sir,
 I've something for your Ear.

King. Another time.

Nigr. None but this minute will suffice. Your safety
 And honour are concern'd.

King. And what of them?
 Be quick, I'm too full of thought to talk.

Nigr. My story is so fiery, that it must
 Move slow; for if it should break out too fiercely,
 It will do Violence to your Ear, disturb,
 If not displease you.

King. But it shall not. I've but
 Just now receiv'd the promise of her heart;
 And do you think it lyes in Fortunes pow'r
 To shake my quiet at so blest an hour:
 Out with it, speak the worst thou hast to say,
 My Joy's too great t'admit of an allay.

Bris. Let us withdraw; perhaps they would be private.

Exeunt Brisac and Aphelia.

Nigr. But shall I have your pardon?

King. Yes, dispatch then.

Nigr.

Nigr. Your Mistress is not.—

King. What?

Nigr. Not Chast.

King. Not Chast?

Had'st thou ten thousand lives, not one of them
Should scape my Justice for so damn'd a lye.

Nigr. You promis'd me my pardon.

King. How! thy pardon?

I would not give't my Father; no, not his Ghost:
Should but his shadow from his Grave rise up
To speak but one such word, for the Impiety
I'de burn the Temple where his Ashes sleep,
And raze his Tomb to be reveng'd on's dust for't.
But now I think on't thou shalt live for tortures;
I know there must be greater heads then thine
In this Conspiracy; which I'le wrack from thee:
Then my Revenge I'le take when 'twill be glorious:
Less then a Massacre, would be too mean
A Sacrifice t' *Aphelias* injur'd Honour.

Nigr. That trouble shall be saved; I doubt not, Sir,
But you'll believe me e're I've done.

King. Believe thee Slave! I'de not believe an Angel;
Should'a Messenger from Heav'n bring me this News,
I would turn Atheist to affront him for't.

Nigrello gives him Aphelias Letter.
Whats this, a Letter to *Clarmount*. [Reads.]

My Lord,

My transports of joy have been such as your Favours merited. When I consider the furious Love of a Tempestuous King, I cannot but reflect on the danger of your kindness in wrestling with that Love, and the glory of it in subduing it. Pursue that generous friendship that has been so well begun, and take into the number of your Admirers the humblest of your Servants.

Aphelia.

The

The danger of his kindness in wrestling with my Love, and his glory in subduing it---
 That Friendship which has been so well begun--- then it seems
 He's a more pow'rful Rival then his King.
 Somthing a loving stile ; stay, here's a *Postscript*.

*When I am Married, and a Queen, our stolne pleasures
 will be more difficult, but shall not be less desired, nor less
 grateful to yours still* } Reads.

Aphelia.

What pretty forgery is this ?
 Betray her Virgin-honour ! make stolne meetings !
Aphelia Clarmounts Whore ?

Nigr. Oh no Sir :

The World has found a gentler name, his Mrs.
 I see Sir you are startled ; cease your wonder.
 Is she not fair ; and in this loving Age
 A little Gallantry's a Venial sin.

King. Slave, do you sport with me ? confess who forged
 This Blasphemy. For 'tis no more her writing
 Then thou'rt a Saint.

Nigr. 'Tis hers ; I saw her write it,
 And when she had done, she gave't me to deliver.
 But Curiosity made me so rude
 To break it open ; which when I had read,
 My Loyalty made me present it here
 To save your honour from a Syrens charms,
 And guard my Prince from a loose Wantons arms.

King. Thou ly'st ; there's not one word on't hers. Has *Lewis*
 Corrupted thy fidelity ? I suspect
 It is his plot, but I will force the secret
 From thy black soul, or tear thy heart-strings out.

Nigr. I'm not Subord : That Letter is *Aphelias* ;
 She wrote it, and I'll prove it. I confess
 She's Beautiful ; but what though she be fair,
 Must that conclude she's honest ?

King.

King. Hold thy Atheſtick tongue : Or ſpeak, and dye.

Nigr. Great Sir —

King. Peace Slave, thou that infect'ſt all Peace.

Nigr. Why are you thus diſtemper'd, let not truth
Make you ſo wild a Tempeſt. Were it falſe,
Or that I ſought the ruine of your Peace,
Your Youth, or Honour, then it were a time
To ſwell to this extravagance of paſſion :
But being truth---

King. Truth, Dog, avoyd my ſight :
Fly where the ruder world, ill verſt in Kindred,
Promiſcuouſly combines without diſtinction :
Where every Man is every Womans Husband.
Theſe are a People that might bear with thee,
And fit for thee to dwell with.

Nigr. Yes Royal Sir, I'm gone, but th'only way
For me t'avoyd your ſight, muſt be to dye.
Nothing but death can ſeparate your Slave,
Your loyal faithful Slave, from his loved Lord,
His honour'd and adored Lord : But if death's
My doom, pray let your humble Vaſſal beg
An honourable death. Sir, from your hand
Let it in glory come; that death which I
Deſerve, when my great Maſter thinks me falſe.
But e're you give me honour, right your own
Sir, if I do not prove
All I have ſaid, ſend my black ſoul to Hell :
Damnation for abuſing Maſteſty
Iſa juſt due, Hers, and your wrongs demand.

[*Kneels.*

[*Riſes.*

King. Leave off your Proteſtations; can her Fame
Be queſtion'd, or diſputed?

Nigr. Not by one,
Who is all paſſion, but by Reaſon——

King. Then
Let Reaſon be the judge : I'll ſhow it her.

Nigr.

'*Nigr.* Do Sir. — But hold. She's not so impudent in sin to own
So foul a Paper. If she should disown it

(As if you show it her, no doubt she will)

You've but my word for't. Then for better proof,

Let her be sent for, and at her approach,

Do you retire unseen, to over-hear us:

The first thing that I'm certain she will ask me,

Will be about that Letter; the discourse

Between us, will convince you that she sent it,

And make perhaps more large discoveries

Of her false heart than this has pow'r to do.

King. It is impossible; her Character
Gives this black scrowl the lye. She cannot be
That Monster which this Letter represents her.

Were she Unchast, why then did she refuse

A proffer'd Crown? I offer'd Marriage to her;

And Marriage, that's the veile to Unchastity

You see she shun'd. Did she not choose her death

Before my Love? Were she in league with *Clarmount*,

Why would she for my Brothers Love have dyed?

Were all this truth, where's all her Vows to *Lewis*,

Her scorn of Life, and her desire of Heav'n

To meet him there?

Nigr. Where are they? where they should be.

In the smooth tongue and oyley words of subtle

Woman. Where are they! why Sir, can't you guess?

Is the pretence of Constancy and Honour

Such news in Woman-kind? Did not you love her?

And courted by a King, could she do less,

Were she a Devil, then appear an Angel?

She had promis'd Marriage to your Brother. But

Must you conclude her Chast for courting Death

To follow him? what a strange, bold request

Was it to beg her Death from him she knew

Loved her too well to grant it her? The favour

She askt, she ne're expected to obtain.

King.

King. How's this?

Nigr. And for the conduct of her Love to *Lewis*,
Examine it, and where's her mighty Faith;
She'd hate you as his Murderer, and Love
Her Murder'd Lovers memory; She'd choose
To be his Sacrifice, before your Queen.

'Twas a brave Character, and she pursued it:
But search its depth, 'twas Interest, an Artifice
To heighten your esteem of her. How common
Is it to make a Conquest difficult

To raise the value on't. For after all,
She's not invincible, nor he so pow'ful,
But she could yeild at last. Did she not tell you
That that high fate you had markt out for her,
Would be both welcome, great, and glorious;
And so in loving duty, and kind Loyalty,
Her heart was at her Kings disposal.

King. Hold!

I'll hear no more.

Nigr. But Royal Sir, you must,
Though the bold speaker dyes for'r. When you've Marry'd her,
She has her ends. For then, what with your Pride
For your hard Conquest, and your high assurance
Both of her Love and Honour, which her great
And pious Character confirms, she's certain
To raise your Passion to so vast a height,
That all she wishes, is her own. What greater
Security for a loose Womans pleasure
Then the fond kindness of an amorous Husband?
Such liberty and safety waits on Marriage,
That *Clarmount* then securely——

King. Cease this rudeness;
They who raise Thunder, may not be so bold
To sport with it. Yonder it comes.

Nigr. What Sir?

King. That wondrous thing thou talk'st of.

K

Nigr.

Nigr. Retire but for a minute; if I do not
Prove all I've told you, let my Blood appease
Your Anger, and her Injuries—— *The King absconds.*

Enter Aphelia.

Aph. Nigrello.

Nigr. The generous, and the worthy *Clarmount* thanks you.

Aph. My Letter you presented?

King. Can't be true

She owns that impious Libell!

Nigr. Yes, and he

Accepted it with so much joy; such extasie
No common influence could raise.

Aph. Kind Sir,

I am your Debrtor.

King. Yes in justice

She ought to pay her Bawd; his Office merits it

Aph. He is a generous, and a faithful Friend,
And whilst th'obliged *Aphelia* has breath
T'express, and pow'r to gratifie his favours,
Fle pay my thanks in heaping honours on him.

King. How fond she is. She can't forbear to praise him.
If her loose tongue can be so Prodigal
To one whom she supposes thinks her honest,
What are her private thoughts. I am distracted.

Aph. This kind, good man——

King. Damnation seize him for't.

'Tis but too plain. Since she can be Unchast;
If such a sacred form can bear such stains,
I cannot wonder at the ancient Romans
That made their Gods Adulterers.

Nigrello

What read'st thou in our brow?

Nigr. A fond desire

To be deceived. A flattering kind of hope
That fair *Aphelia* may be honest still.

King.

King. A settled resolution my black Genius,
Not to be alter'd by the brackish Tears
That flow in pregnant eyes of easie Woman.

Aph. Why looks my King so alter'd? What strange error
Has Fate committed; for if any ill
Attend so good a King, 'tis Heav'n's mistake:
It can't be so unjust as to design it.
What chance has made this change; you look as if
A load hung on your thoughts?

King. Yes, did man-kind
Think half so bad of Hell, as I of thee,
There would not be a Sinner in the World.

Aph. Am I so terrible? There was a time
Your language flow'd more gently, and *Aphelia*
Appear'd less frightful. Where's the alteration?
Trust me my Lord, I feel it not. I fear
Some Villany has your pure thoughts infected.

King. Why did the over-sight of Heav'n lay out
Such vast expence to Beautifie a Face,
And form the Soul of such a different mould?
Cruel *Aphelia*, cruel to thy self,
T'obscure such Excellence, Eclipse such Light:
Is that a Brow fit for eternal Night?
How could a wanton heat, or loose desire,
Lodge in that Breast, till the fair seat took fire:
Whose spreading flames have all your glories crush'd,
Ruin'd your Fame, and laid your Pride in dust?
Why this strange fall——why this Lethardick passion?
I am too milde for an affronted King;
Thy Treasons are too loud to be discour'd
So tamely. Oh thou infamous base Woman,
What sawcy Devil tempted thy hot blood
To prostitute thy Virtue, shame thy Birth,
Betray thy Credulous King, and damn thy Soul?

Aph. I am all horrour. Oh my startled senses!
What means my King?

King. To use thee just as courfly
As thou hast done thy honour: Take her hence.

Aph. Sir, do but hear me—

King. Convey her hence, and let her talk to morrow;
My ears have been too busie for one day.

Aph. Then I am satisfied, if I have leave
To speak my Innocence before my Death;
I thank kind Heav'n, my courage is so high,
Whate're's my doom, I can obey, and dye.

Exit Nigrello leading Aphelia.

King. If so much Innocence, and so much Beauty
Can be corrupted; if *Aphelia* can
Turn Whore, why may not all man-kind
Mistrust their Fathers, and suspect their Births?
Their Mothers are less fair, and why more honest.
Who knows, but whilst the Husbands arms embrace
The seeming honest Wife, her wanton fancy
May in a stragling fit, fix on a Satyr,
Or some more lustful favourite; and her issue,
Though 'tis got lawfully, be conceiv'd a Bastard.

Exits.

Scene the last. *The Scene a Grotto.*

*Enter Lewis, Brisac, Souldiers with a Page carrying
a dark Lanthorn.*

Lew. Upon your Lives, let no man pass that way;
Make that your Post.

Bris. Your Grace shall be obey'd.

Lew. So if the darkness of the place protects him,
If he escapes my hands, he'll fall in yours.

Exeunt.

*The Scene open'd; Clarmount and Fredigond are dis-
cover'd together.*

Enter Lewis.

Clarm. Here all our joys are safe; no envious eyes,

No.

No rudeness will this humble Seat surprize.
 Nor can ill Fate our secure Loves betray:
 No fire can guide a Jealous King this way.

Ferd. Oh my dear *Clarmount*, 'twas unkindly done
 To have my pleasures hinder'd by my Son,
 Considering 'twas I that made him King;
 'Twas I that set his Fathers soul on wing.

Lew. Ye Gods, what a discovery have I made:
 Had she a hand too in my Fathers Murder! *Afide.*

Fred. And yet Heav'n knows how I abhor'd the sin;
 Yet for thy sake could act it o're agen:
 To kill a Husband, was a crime so horrid,
 As startled me to enter in my thoughts,
 Till Love presented me objects so gay,
 As instantly drew the dark Scene away.

Clarm. We are betray'd.

Lew. Stir Traytor, and thou dyest:

[*Holds a Dagger at his Breast.*]

Brisac.

Enter Brisac, Nigrello, and Souldiers.

Bris. My Lord.

Lew. That Monster is thy charge.

Clarm. *Nigrello* in the Plot. Oh credulous Fool!

Lew. Thou glorious Light, that in thy natural Orbe
 Did'st comfortably shine upon this Kingdom,

How is thy worth Ecclips'd: what a dull darkness

Hangs round about thy Fame: in all this piece

To every limb whereof, I once owed duty

I know not now where to find out my Mother,

Queen. The Devil and disobedience blinds your eyes.

Lew. Oh that I had no eyes, so you no shame

Murder your Husband to arrive at Lust,

And then to lay the blame on Innocence:

Blush, blush, thou worse then Woman.

Queen. Ha, ha

Lew. Hold my heart.

You're

You're impudent in sin ; has your lustful Villain
Made you thus Valiant ?

Queen. How darest thou cloath thy speech in such a phrase
To me thy Mother ?

Lew. Adultrate Woman, shame of Royalty ;
I blush to call thee Mother, yes to think it.
Whilst I reflect upon thy tainted blood,
I doubt the pureness of my own. The spring head
Defiled, who knows but the under stream may be
Corrupted : I am all distraction,
And dare not talk too long on such a subject,
Least wildness conquering my softer sense,
Thrust forth my hand into an act of horreur.

Queen. Insolent Boy, wilt thou turn Parricide ?

Lew. The justice of my cause would well excuse
Me, if I should. *Nigrello.*

Nigr. Sir, your pleasure ?

Lew. Nature forbids me spill my Mothers blood,
And *Clarmount* is unfit for my Revenge ;
For I must study torments for the Villain.
This is the Night that the Confederates
Begin the work : Therefore I give 'em up
To thy Tuition, till I shall return
Victorious, then we'll determine 'of 'em.

Exeunt Lewis and Brisac.

Queen. Did I for this, ungrateful Traytor, trust
My honour in thy hands,

Clar. Did she for this, I bestow her Princely smiles on thee, prefer thee,
Rayse thee to honour, and rewards above

Nigr. No more ; I have no time for words or thoughts
Of any thing but Justice, take 'em hence,
And lodge 'em in that Dungeon which I told you.

*Exeunt Fredigond and Clarmount
forced out by Guards.*

All goes as I could wish: The King's posselt
Aphelia has been Debaucht by *Clarmount*.
 And this Nights work
 Strengthens that Faith, for *Clarmount* being removed,
 By his strange and sudden absence, 'twill be thought
 He lyes conceal'd, and that concealment seem
 Th' effect of guilt, by which I'll work the King
 To a belief he thinks his crime discover'd,
 And is retired t'avoyd the punishment.
 What prospect of Revenge am I arriv'd to.
 Their confidence in my Honesty destroys 'em.
 What safer policy then seeming just?
 The greatest prop of Treachery is Trust.

[Exeunt.

ACT the Fifth. Scene the First.

The Scene a Prison. *Clarmount* and *Fredigond*
 appear bound.

Enter Nigrello.

Clarm. Art thou here?
 A Perfidious Slave, is this the gratitude

Thou pay'st thy Royal Mistress?

Queen. Barbrous Villain,

Thou hast out-done even thy own Native soyle,
 And made thy self a Monster, more deform'd.

Then e're thy *Africk* bred.

Nigr. Go on.

Clarm. Oh Impudence!

Hear me ye sacred Pow'rs, in punishment

To

To such Ingratitude, may you invent
 A Plague, for yet your Vengeance never sent
 On all the sinners since the Worlds Creation,
 One bad enough for him: But if the Gods
 Are barren at Invention, let 'em joyn
 All their old Plagues in one; and if that prove
 Too light, add my Gall to't to make it weight.

Nigr. You're not so good at Curses, as I am
 At pardoning 'em: Thus I reward your Rage. [*Unbinds 'em.*

Clarm. What means this Pageantry? some fair disguise
 To palliate thy guilt. Mock us with freedom,
 To cut our throats more pleasantly. Is't not
 Enough to kill, but you must have the vanity
 Of a Surprize in acting it?

Nigr. You wrong me.

Clarm. 'Tis likely, you're so innocent the least
 Spot stains you. First, betray our privacy
 And thy Queens Honour, then to have her seiz'd
 And drag'd by servile hands into a Dungeon,
 Loaded with Chains, and all to have th'occasion
 T'oblige her with the taking of 'em off agen.
 How thin, and how transparent are thy cheats?

Nigr. Sir, t'undeceive you, know that I am guiltless:
 And though I was the man that seiz'd you, sent you
 To Prison, used all cruelty and rudeness
 I could invent, 'twas all design'd to serve you.

Queen. He speaks like Oracles in Mysteries.

Nigr. And like them too speak truth. Your Son betrayd you:
 But by what information he surpriz'd you
 In so retired a place, I know not; but
 Finding you were betrayd, and by the Prince
 Beset; I, at the Alarm strait joyn'd
 With the Confederates, appeared their Friend.
 Pursued the chace more eagerly then they,
 And was the first, and fiercest that attacqued you.
 I first propos'd this Dungeon for your Lodging,

And

And as kind Fate would have it, by that intrest,
My Service to the Prince in his recovery,
Had gain'd me in his breast, It was thought honest,
And my design embraced. Thus was I made
Your Jaylor, and thus your Deliverer.

Clarm. Can this be truth?

Queen. He cant sure be so great
A Villain as this makes him, if 't be false:
We have found him honest, this was not the first time
That he has been the Guardian of our Honour,
In places too, where had he then proved false,
Our Infancy had been more loud, and our
Disgrace more publick then by seizing us
In so retired a place as this. Why not
A Villain then? If he intended Treason,
Why mist he such much fairer opportunities
To act it? no, he is; he must be honest.

Clarm. Since your mistrust is gone, mine too must vanish.

Nigr. But Madam, Courtesies that cost us nothing,
Cannot be acts of Gratitude: Fate (I thank it)
To pay my Debts to you, a glorious path has shown,
By saving your Lives I expose my own:
But danger's welcome in so great a cause.

Queen. *Nigrello*, kind *Nigrello*, how I love thee.

Nigr. Your pious Son has such strict sense of Honour,
That though perhaps Nature may intercede for You;
For *Clarmount*, he designs a death in Tortures:
But when he shall have heard I saved his Life,
What danger will my humble weakness run,
By the just anger of so great a Prince;
How easily am I crusht by such a hand:
Yet all this Madam, I dare undertake,
When acted for my Royal Mrs. sake.

Queen. My kind preserver, I want words to thank thee.

Nigr. I ask no thanks; all the requital I
Desire, is, that you two would Love for ever.

Under the shelter of so blest an Union
 I'm certain to be safe; whilst that Tye holds,
 That sacred tye of Love, you'l cast some thoughts
 On your poor humble Slave, and guard him from
 An angry Princes rage: But if that Chain
 Be ever broke, my shaken fortune sinks,
 And all I am expires and dyes, if e're
 You cease to Love——

Queen. If what we owe to thee,
 Can by our Loves be paid, doubt not your Debtors,
 We are too Rich in Love e're to be Bankrupts.

Clarm. When we cease Loving, we must cease to be:
 Our Loves are Register'd in Heaven; or if
 They be not yet, they shall be. Ye dull Destinies,
 Ile dictate while you write. Our Love desires
 To last as long as Fate, for I am serves
 'Tis as unchangeable. To those fair Eyes
 Ile dedicate my Life, my Soul, my——

*Nigrello stamps, and immediately a Company of Villains
 rush in with drawn Swords, and massacre the Queen
 and Clarmount.*

Nigr. Down, down with them you Dogs; one minutes Life
 May save their souls. So, you've done well,
 Lay their bodyes where I order'd,
 And when I give the sign agen, be ready.

Exeunt Villains, carrying out Clarmount and Fredigond.
 Revenge, oh dear Revenge. Name me the man
 In Story that e're prosecuted Vengeance
 So far as I have done. Had I took their lives
 When they expected death, they then might have
 Prepared for dying, and death would have been all.
 But now to raise 'em to the hopes of Life,
 Nay, and to work 'em up to vow the leading
 A profane Life in an unlawful Lust;
 And whilst the impious Vow was sealing, then
 To stop th'Adultrous breath just in that minute,

As damn'd their Souls, is a revenge so charming.
 But business now grows thick. Here I have lodged
Aphelia, and expect the King. Burn on,
 Burn on my best loved Rage. Ye infernal Furies
 Be kind, and heighten my weak gall, be but
 My Slaves to day, and be my Saints to morrow.

Enter King and a Lord attending him.

Lord. The Castle is surrounded, and their number
 Is twenty thousand, and the greatest part
 Are *Childricks* Souldiers, Souls of blood and fire.
 A fiercer Troop, and spirits more resolved,
 Life never put in action.

King. Let 'em come on,
 This Castle will endure
 A Fortnights Siege. Before which time's expired,
 My Brother with the noblest blood of *France*,
 Whom I have Commision'd to suppress their out-rage,
 Shall lash these Rebels for their insolence.
 Leave us. *Nigrello.*

Exit Lord.

Nigr. Sir.

King. Bring *Aphelia* in. *Exit Nigrello.*
 Love, thou hast had thy flight, now Hate take thine,
 Whilst my blind Faith believed her Chast, my Faith
 Made my Devotion; I believ'd that Heav'n
 Was lodged in her, and so I kneelt and worshipt.
 But now I see I have misplaced my prayers,
 And find that Idol-Beauty I adored,
 No true Divinity: To expiate
 My misled Zeal, I'll put the false light out,
 And down in dust, low as the grave, degrade
 That painted God my Superstition made.

Enter Nigrello and Aphelia.

Aph. Is this my King? why wears your angry brow
 So dark a Cloud? I have deserved no frowns:

Yet by the calculation of your looks,
I find I have not long to Live.

Nigr. Yes; Live.

Confess, and turn thy Fate: Tell me what damnd
Infernal Fury tempted thee to quit
Thy Innocence, and leave a stain behind it:
So deep, as spreads Contagion o're thy Soul.

Aph. How Royal Sir, what means—

King. Hold,

Confess thy Crimes, but make 'em not too horrid;
Say that thy sin was not so black; say that
The lustful Villain offer'd Marriage to thee,
And by a Trecherous and Perfidious craft,
Gilded the sin, till it look'd fair and lovely.
Abused thy tender years and weaker knowledge,
To take a possession of thy Virgin-Honour
Before the deeds were sealed that should convey it.
Say he betray'd thee.

Aph. Hold Sir—

King. That too much still.

Say that he gave thee philters, and so poyson'd
Thy purer Nature, till the infectious herbs
Had stupified that sense which was the guard
Of thy untainted Honour, till thy Sovereign
Reason was from its Royal seat deposed,
And so thy Frenzy, not thy Lust undid thee.

Aph. I am all horrour.

King. Hold; That shape's too black still;

Say that the Villain did it by surprize.
Found thee alone, or sleeping, and his Dagger
Pointed against thy heart, by force extorted
The fatal prize, whilst fear, not guilt betray'd thee.
Say any thing to make thee seem less monstrous.
Whilst I behold that face I love so well still,
I would not have thee falsn from all that's good;
If Iain would think thee Virtuous, if I could.

Aph. Stay Royal Sir, and hear an injur'd Maid:
I've felt the Tyranny of Prisons, Chains,
My Sovereigns frowns; and those I've born with courage.
But t'hear my King accuse me of a Crime,
Of which my thoughts, nor dreams were never guilty.
If I betray'd my Virtue, I must lay
The Scene of Treason in some strange dark place:
As Sun ne're saw: For after such a stain
I could not look Light in the face and live.

King. How impudent is Lust; she never thought,
Not she, nor dreamt an ill. Because some Charity
For her Soul, and some little kindness for her Beauty
Made me so fond, to wish her Crime might be
As little as it could; she at next word
Has Innocence enough to stock a Saint,
And takes the borrow'd Name without a blush.

Aph. Mistaken Sir, you are abused. What Monster
Has some malicious Traytor rendred me?

King. Ask your Gallant, your *Clarmount*.

Aph. You distract me:

Clarmount, Sir, what of him?

King. You'd have me tell you:
The sport's so Ravishing, that by this Light,
She's for the pleasure of the repetition on't.

Aph. Why do you shake my tender sense, & offer
Such Violence to my chaste ears? Indeed
If you could read my Soul, you would not talk
So like a Stranger to't. What-ever malice
Conspires against your quiet and my Life,
By my best hopes of Heav'n, Heav'n that should guard
The fame of Virtue, and the peace of Kings,
I'm injur'd, basely wrong'd, and am so far
From what my King suspects me, that I never spoke
To *Clarmount*.

King. You're wondrous good at signs then. Sure you rated
Your Honour at low-price, to make no words.

At parting with it. 'Sdeath, not speak to him!
 What numerous Crimes
 Attend on Lust? All other sins came singly.
 The Murderer kills a Man; the Sacrilegious
 Plunders a Temple; the Blasphemer Curses
 His God; and who makes more on't? But a Woman
 That's Damnd in Lust, commits all sorts of sins.
 The Hypocrite she must be; she appears
 The thing she is not. Perjury's her study;
 For she protests for Chastity. If she Marries
 Her antedated Monster in the Bridal Night,
 Wrapt in false light, snatches at unknown joys,
 And cheated with a Conquest that required
 Not half the pains he takes for't, thinks he has gain'd
 An infinite spoyle; when Heav'n knows, long since
 The Mine was ransackt, and the Treasure gone.
 And next perhaps, the Issue of her Groom,
 Or Page, is made her cousen'd Husbands Heir:
 And thus not only her own blood's defiled,
 But the base Canker spreads through Families;
 And so one minutes sin leaves stains to Ages.
 But to unriple this dumb show of Virtue,
 Though you were modest, and you durst not speak,
 Ple try if you dare read. Is not that yours?

Shews her the Letter.

Aph. Yes Sir; and where's the offence of this?

King. She's witty with me. Where's the offence on't says she!

Aph. What's this I see, what a black line is here. *Reads.*

*Be careful of my Honour, when I am Married and a Queen, our
 solne pleasures will be more difficult, but shall not be less desired,
 nor less grateful to yours still*

Aphelia.

The greatest favour that you e're can grant me,
 Tell me who gave you this.

Nigr. I gave it him.

Aph. I am betrayd. This false *Nigrello* told me
 That *Clarmount* had prevail'd with you to quit

All Love to me, and give me to your Brother,
 And then perswaded me to write my thanks
 To *Clarmount*, in acknowledgment of such
 An eminent favour. I, surprized at such
 A sudden bliss, what by my Brother, who
 Confirm'd his words —

King. *Brisac* too in the Treason!

Aph. --- And my own passionate desires too apt
 To take impression from so fair a stamp,
 Which ease believ'd so wisht a story; and
 In height of extasy, exprest my sense
 Of *Clarmounts* Friendship in that Letter to him :
 Which this unkind ill man, to spot my fame,
 And shake your peace, has Treacherously corrupted,
 And by that last forg'd line, subverted all
 My innocent meaning.

King. Did you write that Postscript?

Nigr. Yes.

King. And abused her Innocence ?

Nigr. Aye Sir.

King. Can I believe my Ears.

Nigr. I know no reason

To th'contrary.

King. How Slave,
 Art thou in earnest ?

Nigr. Why Sir, do I look
 As if I jested ?

King. Death, Hell, and the Devil!

Nigr. Death, Hell, and Devil; you do well to call 'em :
 But trouble not your self; they're near enough
 To come without a call.

King. I'm all amazement :
 But what I want in words, I'll speak in deeds.

*Offers to draw, at which Nigrello stamps, and the former
 Villains rush in, seize, and disarm him.*

You

You are too rash: Kings may be Kings in Pallaces,
 But not in Dungeons. 'Tis I am Monarch here.
Clotair, it would be Charity to kill you,
 For you've outliv'd your pow'r. This day your Brother
 By my Conspiracy, converts that force
 You lent him to assist the Rebels cause.
 And you shall live to see him crown'd. Release him.

The Villains let him go.

King. Thou black Infernal Dog. Thank Heav'n that gave thee
 A Face of such a dye as cannot blush:
 Or rather thank the Devil that lent thee Impudence
 To be beyond the use or fear of blushing.

Nigr. But now I think on't better, Life's a burthen,
 And I will ease you on't. Have at your hearr.

Aph. Hold, hold *Nigrello*, stay, stay, save the King.

Interposing.

And I'll forgive thee all thy wrongs to Me.

Nigr. Peace foolish Woman, I that kill one King,
 Haverais'd another; one too, that shall make
Aphelia Queen. But King, before thou dyest
 Ile shew thee my Experience in Murder.

*A Curtain drawn, Clarmount and
 Fredigond appear dead.*

King. My Mother dead! Inhumane Villain, though
 I scorne to fear my Death, or ask my Life
 Of thee, I'll condescend t'as mean an act
 As King was ever guilty of; I'll stoope
 To talk to thee, and ask thee what strange cause
 Made thee this Traytor.

Nigr. Think upon the wrongs
 Of the abused *Chlotilda*.

King. What's her wrongs to thee?

Nigr. I'll not capitulate my Injuries.

Within: Long Live Lewis King of France.

Nigr. I hear my time is short.

King. My Brother Crown'd!

How! can the Slave speak truth!

Nigr.

Nigr. Now for thy blood. —

I cannot strike him: Oh relenting heart!
 What Awe hangs on the brow of Majesty.
 Faint heart! A Man so long, and now turn Woman
 In the last action of my Life. Here, take
 This Sword: But I conjure you by the wrongs
 That I have heap'd upon you, by the loss
 Of fair *Aphelia*,

} Gives him his
 } Sword.

To guide the point directly at my heart.

King. What means this turn? But I've no time for questions.
 A Villain and a Traitor dye with thee. *Kills him.*

*Enter Lewis, Brisac, Burbon, Lamot, Dumane,
 and Attendants.*

Lewis. *Aphelia*, welcome to my Armes. *Clotair*,
 Thou art thy Brothers Prisoner.

King. No Usurper,
 This gives me freedom.

falls on his Sword.

Lew. Hold your hand.

King. No Rebel,

Your Mercy comes too late after your Treason.

I cannot loose *Aphelia*, and out-live

That loss. *Nigrello*, tell me who thou art;

For by thy glorious Villany, thy Wit,

Thy Courage, and thy Conduct, I am sure

That blackness hides some noble blood. What art?

Nigr. *Chlotilda*.

Lam. How! my Sister!

All. *Chlotilda*.

Nigr. Ravisht by thee *Clotair*, betrayd by *Clarmount*

And *Fredigond*, for which they are no more.

'Twas they seduced me to that fatal place,

Where you my Honour stolè; 'twas they that spilt

My Guiltless Parents blood; and in requital

'Twas I betray'd them hither, where at once

I took Revenge both on their Lives and Souls.

M

Bu:

But when I came to my last stroke of Vengeance,
 After I had rob'd thee of a Crown and Mrs.
 To kill thee King, there, there, my fury stopt.
 Thou hadst injur'd me, yet I would dye by Thee.
 And though I had worne so long a masculine shape
 For all my other Scenes of Cruelty,
 I put on my own Sex agen to dye.

Dum. Our Sister and our Patroness! This Revenge
 Is an Estate to th' Family; 'twill make
 The *Dumane* race immortall.

Nigr. Now I dye.

To Lewis.

Grant me this favour for the Crown I gave you,
 'Though I have justly wrought your Brothers fall,
 I must not blast his Fame after his Death:
 He was no Murd'rer till I made him one
 Your Fathers Destiny was your Mothers Cause.
 But oh I dye. When elder time shall rip
 This story up, be courteous to my Fame;
 Call not these Ruines Treason, but Revenge,
 A satisfaction due to an Injur'd Lady.
 Call me an honourable Murderer,
 And finish there as I do.

King. Art thou gone?

Farewell thy Sexes Champion, thou hast acted
 A cruel part so high, so well, that it
 Commands applause from those it has destroy'd.
 And Rival Brother, if you dare be just,
 Build her a Pyramid for a Monument.
 But whilst

I give her Cruelties pardon, I forget
 To ask it for my own. Injur'd *Aphelia*,
 Forgive a sin greater then what thy Chains
 And this black Dungeon brands me with. Forgive
 My Impious Faith that durst believe a wanton
 And unchast thought could harbour in thy Breast;
 A Seat, Divinities would choose to dwell in.

Here

Here I would gaze for ever, but an envious darkness
 Hangs on my Eyes, farewell, must we part then ?
 Is King and Lover such a mortal name ?
 Where's all my mighty Vows ? Where's all
 My passionate Devotion to the fair *Aphelia* ?
 Shrunk to a poor faint Sigh, a dying look,
 A cold farewell to Love ; and then no more.

dyes.

Aph. Farewell great Soul, when in thy glorious flight
 Thou hast reacht thy high Immortal Seat above,
 Forget thy harsh and rigid Fate below,
 And borrow so much Mercy from that Heav'n,
 Of which thou makest a part, to pardon faults
 Unkind *Aphelia* had not pow'r to shun :
 Who to such kindness could so cruel prove,
 Wanting a heart to pay so great a Love.

Leu. What strange inttignes has Fate wrought up to day ?
 Disguis'd *Nigrello*, the abus'd *Chlotilda* !
 And I by false suggestions blindly led,
 Have aim'd a Sword against a guiltless head :
 Deposed a Brother to Revenge a Father.
 Thy Rage was just, but mine was too severe.
 The sad resentments of my fatal error,
 And thy wrongs, spread a darkness o're my Soul
 That mis-becomes this day.
 But Tears are all, we to the dead can pay ;
 And whilst I view such happiness so near
 My griefs at this bright Object disappear.
 But injur'd Prince t'appease thy angry doom,
 Ple be a pious Mourner at thy Tomb ;
 When my great joys, and my *Aphelias* charms
 Will give me time t'attend thy Sacred Dust,
 and Love afford me leisure to be just.

Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S .



