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Thomas Pennant Barton.

Jonson (Ben) Catiline

4°. Lond. 1611.

First ed. Perfect.

CATILINE his CONSPIRACY.

VVritten by

BEN: IONSON.

——His non Plebecula gaudet.
Verum Equitis quoq;, iam migrauit ab aure voluptas,
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana.

LONDON,
Printed for *Walter Burre.*
1611.

TO THE GREAT EXAMPLE OF HONOR, AND VERTVE,

THE MOST NOBLE WILLIAM

EARLE OF PENBROOKE, &c.

MY LORD.

IN ſo thicke, and darke an ignorance, as now almoſt couers the Age, I craue leaue to ſtand neare your light: and, by that, to be read. Poſterity may pay your benefit the honor, and thanks; when it ſhall know, that you dare, in theſe lig-giuen times, to

countenance a legitimate Poëme. I muſt call it ſo, againſt all noiſe of opinion : from whoſe crude, and ayry reports, I appeale, to that great and ſingular faculty of Iudgment in your Lordſhip, able to vindicate truth from error. It is the firſt (of this race) that euer I dedicated to any Perſon, and had I not thought it the beſt, it ſhould haue beene taught a leſſe ambition. Now, it approcheth your cenſure chearefully, and with the ſame aſſurance, that Innocency would appeare before a Magiſtrate.

Your Lo. moſt faithfull
Honorer.

Ben. Ionſon.

TO THE READER IN ORDINARIE.

THE Muses forbid, that I ſhould reſtrayne your medling, whom I ſee alreadie buſie with the Title, and tricking ouer the leaues: It is your owne. I departed with my right, when I let it firſt abroad. And, now, ſo ſecure an Interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praiſe, nor diſpraiſe from you can affect mee. Though you commend the two firſt Actes, with the people, becauſe they are the worſt; and diſlike the Oration of Cicero, *in regard you read ſome pieces of it, at Schoole, and vnderſtand them not yet; I ſhall finde the way to forgiue you. Be any thing you will be, at your owne charge. Would I had deſeru'd but halfe ſo well of it in tranſlation, as that ought to deſerue of you in iudgment, if you haue any. I know you will pretend (whoſoeuer you are) to haue that, and more. But all pretences are not iuſt claymes. The commendation of good things may fall within a many, their approbation but in a few; for the moſt commend out of affection, ſelfe tickling, an easineſſe, or imitation: but men iudge only out of knowledge. That is the trying faculty. And, to thoſe workes that will beare a Iudge, nothing is more dangerous then a fooliſh prayſe. You will say I ſhall not haue yours, therfore; but rather the contrary, all vexation of Cenſure. If I were not aboue ſuch moleſtations now, I had great cauſe to thinke vnworthily of my ſtudies, or they had ſo of mee. But I leaue you to your exerciſe. Beginne.*

To the Reader extraordinary.

YOu I would vnderſtand to be the better Man, though Places in Court go otherwiſe: to you I ſubmit my ſelfe, and worke. Farewell.

BEN: IONSON.

To my friend Mr. *Ben: Jonson,*
vpon his Catiline.

IF thou had'ſt itch'd after the wild applauſe
Of common people, and had'ſt made thy Lawes
In writing, ſuch, as catch'd at preſent voyce,
I ſhould commend the thing, but not thy choyſe.
But thou haſt ſquar'd thy rules, by what is good;
And art three Ages yet, from vnderſtood:
And (I dare ſay) in it, there lies much Wit
Loſt, till thy Readers can grow vp to it.
VVhich they can nere outgrow, to find it ill,
But muſt fall backe againe, or like it ſtill.

Franc: Beaumont.

To his worthy friend Mr. Ben: Ionſon.

HE, that dares wrong this Play, it ſhould appeare
Dares vtter more, then other men dare heare,
That haue their wits about 'hem: yet ſuch men,
Deare friend, muſt ſee your Booke, and reade; and then,
Out of their learned ignorance, crie ill,
And lay you by, calling for mad *Paſquill*,
Or *Greene's* deare *Groatſworth*, or *Tom Coryate*,
The new *Lexicon*, with the errant Pate;
And picke away, from all theſe ſeuerall ends,
And durtie ones, to make their as-wiſe friends.
Beleeeue they are transſlaters. Of this, pitty,
There is a great plague hanging o're the Citty:
Vnleſſe ſhe purge her iudgement preſently.
But, O thou happy man, that muſt not die.

As

As these things shall: leauing no more behind
But a thin memory (like a passing wind)
That blowes, and is forgotten, ere they are cold.
Thy labours shall out liue thee; and, like gold
Stampt for continuance, shall be currant, where
There is a Sunne, a People, or a Yeare.

Iohn Fletcher.

To his worthy beloued friend Mr.
BEN. IONSON.

HAD the great thoughts of *Catiline* bene good,
The memory of his name, streame of his bloud,
His plots past into acts; (which would haue turn'd
His Infamy to Fame, though *Rome* had burn'd)
Had not begot him equall grace with men,
As this, that he is writ by such a Pen:
VVhose inspirations, if great *Rome* had had,
Her good things had bene better'd, and her bad
Vndone; the first for ioy, the last for feare,
That such a *Muse* should spread them, to our eare.
But woe to vs then: for thy laureat brow
If *Rome* enioy'd had, we had wanted now.
But, in this Age, where Iigs and Dances moue,
How few there are, that this pure worke approue!
Yet, better then I rayle at, thou canst scorne
Censures, that die, ere they be throughly borne.
Each Subiect thou, still thee each Subiect rayses,
And whosoeuer thy Booke, himselfe dispraises.

Nat. Field.

The names of the Actors.

SYLLA'S GHOST.

CATILINE.
LENTVLVS.
CETHEGVS.
CVRIVS.
AVTRONIVS.
VARGVNTEIVS.
LONGINVS.
LECCA.
FVLVIVS.
BESTIA.
GABINIVS.
STATILIVS.
CEPARIVS.
CORNELIVS.
VOLTVRTIVS.
AVRELIA.
FVLVIA.
SEMPRONIA:
GALLA.

CICERO.
ANTONIVS.
CATO.
CATVLVS.
CRASSVS.
CAESAR.
QV. CICERO.
SYLLANVS.
FLACCVS.
POMTINIVS.
SANGA.
SENATORS.
ALLOBROGES.
PETREIVS.
SOLDIERS.
PORTER.
LICTORS.
SERVANTS.
PAGES.

CHORVS.

CATILINE.

Act. j.

SYLLA'S *Ghost.*

DO'ſt thou not feele me, *Rome?* Not yet? Is night
So heauy on thee, and my weight ſo light?
Can *Sylla's* Ghoſt ariſe within thy walles, (falles
Leſſe threatning, then an earth-quake, the quicke
Of thee, and thine? ſhake not the frighted heads
Of thy ſteepe towers? or ſhrinke to their firſt beds?
Or, as their ruine the large *Tyber* fils,
Make that ſwell vp, and drowne thy ſeuen proud hils?
What ſleepe is this doth ſeize thee, ſo like death,
And is not it? Wake, feele her, in my breath:
Behold, I come, ſent from the *Stygian* Sound,
As a dire Vapor, that had cleft the ground,
T'ingender with the night, and blaſt the day;
Or like a Peſtilence, that ſhould diſplay
Infection through the world: which, thus, I doe.
Pluto be at thy councels; and into
Thy darker boſome enter *Sylla's* ſpirit:
All, that was mine, and bad, thy breſt inherit.
Alas, how weake is that, for *Catiline!*
Did I but ſay (vaine voice!) all that was mine?
All, that the *Gracchi, Cinna, Marius* would;
What now, had I a body againe, I could,
Comming from hell; what Fiendes would wiſh ſhould be;
And *Hannibal* could not haue wiſh'd to ſee:
Thinke thou, and practiſe. Let the long-hid ſeedes
Of treaſon, in thee, now ſhoote forth in deedes,
Ranker then horror; and thy former facts
Not fall in mention, but to vrge new acts:

Conſcience of them prouoke thee on to more.
Be ſtill thy Inceſts, Murders, Rapes before
Thy ſenſe; thy forcing firſt a *Veſtall* Nunne;
Thy parricide, late, on thine owne naturall Sonne,
After his Mother, to make empty way
For thy laſt wicked Nuptials; worſe, then they,
That ſame that act of thy inceſtuous life,
Which got thee, at once, a *Daughter*, and a *Wife*.
I leaue the ſlaughters, that thou didſt for me,
Of *Senators*; for which, I hid for thee
Thy murder of thy Brother, (being ſo brib'd)
And writ him in the liſt of my proſcrib'd
After thy fact, to ſaue thy little ſhame:
Thy inceſt, with thy Siſter, I not name.
Theſe are too light. *Fate* will haue thee purſue
Deedes, after which no Miſchiefe can be new;
The ruine of thy *Countrey*: Thou wert built
For ſuch a worke, and borne for no leſſe guilt:
What though defeated once th'haſt beene, and knowne,
Tempt it againe; That is thy act, or none.
What all the ſeuerall Ills, that viſite earth,
(Brought forth by night, with a ſiniſter birth)
Plagues, Famine, Fire could not reach vnto,
The Sword, nor Surſets; let thy fury doe:
Make all paſt, preſent, future ill thine owne;
And conquer all example, in thy one.
Nor let thy thought finde any vacant time
To hate an old, but ſtill a freſher crime
Drowne the remembrance; Let not miſchiefe ceaſe,
But, while it is in puniſhing, encreaſe.
Conſcience, and care die in thee; And be free
Not Heau'n it ſelfe from thy impiety:
Let Night grow blacker with thy plots; and Day,
At ſhewing but thy head forth, ſtart away
From this halfe-*Sphears*: and leaue *Romes* blinded walls
T'embrace luſts, hatreds, ſlaughters, funerals,

And

And not recouer ſight, till their owne flames
Doe light them to their ruines. All the names
Of thy Confederates, too, be no leſſe great
In hell, then here; That, when we would repeate
Our ſtrengths in Muſter, we may name you all,
And *Furies*, vpon you, for *Furies*, call.
Whilſt, what you doe, doth ſtrike them into feares,
Or make them grieue, and wiſh your miſchiefe theirs.

CATILINE.

IT is decree'd. Nor ſhall thy Fate, ô *Rome*,
Reſiſt my vow. Though Hils were ſet on Hils,
And Seas met Seas, to guarde thee; I would through:
I, plough vp rockes, ſteepe as the *Alpes*, in duſt;
And laue the *Tyrrhene* waters, into cloudes;
But I would reach thy head, thy head, proud *Citty*:
The ills, that I haue done, cannot be ſafe
But by attempting greater; and I feele
A ſpirit, within me, chides my ſluggiſh handes,
And ſayes, they haue beene innocent too long.
Was I a Man, bred great, as *Rome* her ſelfe?
One, form'd for all her honors, all her glories?
Equall to all her titles? That could ſtand
Cloſe vp, with *Atlas*; and ſuſtaine her name
As ſtrong, as he doth Heau'n? And, was I,
Of all her brood, mark'd out for the repulſe
By her no voice, when I ſtood *Candidate*,
To be Commander in the *Ponticke* warre?
I will, hereafter, call her Stepdame, euer.
If ſhee can looſe her nature, I can looſe
My piety; and in her ſtony entrailes
Digge me a ſeate: where, I will liue, againe,
The labour of her wombe, and be a burden
Weightier then all the Prodigies, and Monſters,
That ſhee hath teem'd with, ſince ſhee firſt knew *Mars*.

CATILINE.

CATILINE, AVRELIA.

WHo's there? AVR. Tis I. CAT. *Aurelia*? AVR. Yes. AVR.
And breake, like day, my beauty, to this circle: (Appeare,
Vpbraid thy *Phœbus*, that he is so long
In mounting to that point, which should giue thee
Thy proper splendour. Wherefore frownes my sweet?
Haue I too long bene absent from these lips,
This cheeke, these eyes? what is my trepasse? speake.
AVR. It seemes, you know, that can accuse your selfe.
CAT. I will redeeme it. AVR. Still, you say so. When?
CAT. When *Orestilla*, by her bearing well
These my retirements, and stolne times for thought,
Shall giue their effects leaue to call her Queene
Of all the world, in place of humbled *Rome*.
AVR. You court me, now. CAT. As I would alwaies, Loue,
By this *Ambrosiacke* kisse, and this of *Nectar*;
Wouldst thou but heare as gladly, as I speake.
Could my *Aurelia* thinke, I meant her lesse;
When, wooing her, I first remou'd a Wife,
And then a Sonne, to make my bed, and house
Spatious, and fit t'embrace her? These were deeds
Not t'haue begunne with, but to end with more,
And greater: "He that, building, stayes at one
"Floore, or the second, hath erected none.
'Twas how to raise thee, I was meditating;
To make some act of mine answere thy loue:
That loue, that, when my state was now quite sunke,
Came with thy wealth, and weighd it vp againe,
And made my 'emergent Fortune once more looke
Aboue the maine; which, now, shall hit the starres,
And sticke my *Orestilla*, there, amongst 'hem,
If any tempest can but make the billow,
And any billow can but lift her greatnesse.
But, I must pray my loue, she will put on
Like habites with my selfe. I haue to doe

With

With many men, and many natures. Some,
That must be blowne, and sooth'd; as *Lentulus*,
Whom I haue heau'd, with magnifying his bloud,
And a vaine dreame, out of the *Sybill's* bookes,
That a third man, of that great family
Whereof he is descended, the *Cornelij*,
Should be a King in *Rome*: which I haue hir'd
The flatt'ring *Augures* to interpret him,
Cinna, and *Sylla* dead. Then, bold *Cethegus*,
Whose valour I haue turn'd into his poyson,
And prais'd so into daring, as he would
Goe on vpon the Gods, kisse lightning, wrest
The engine from the *Cyclop's*, and giue fire
At face of a full cloud, and stand his ire,
When I would bid him moue. Others there are
Whom enuie to the state drawes, and puts on,
For contumelies receiu'd, (and such are sure ones)
As *Curius*, and the fore-nam'd *Lentulus*,
Both which haue beene degraded, in the *Senate*,
And must haue their disgraces, still, new rub'd,
To make 'hem smart, and labour of reuenge.
Others, whom meere ambition fires, and dole
Of *Prouinces* abroade, which they haue faind
To their crude hopes, and I as amply promis'd:
These, *Lecca*, *Vargunteius*, *Bestia*, *Autronius*,
Some, whom their wants oppresse, as th'idle Captaines
Of *Sylla's* troopes; and diuers *Roman* Knights
(The profuse wasters of their patrimonies)
So threatned with their debts, as they will, now,
Runne any desperate fortune, for a change.
These, for a time, we must relieue, *Aurelia*,
And make our house their saue-gard. Like, for those,
That feare the law, or stand within her gripe,
For any act past, or to come. Such will
From their owne crimes, be factious, as from ours.
Some more there be, slight Ayrelings, will be wonne,

With dogs, and horſes; or, perhaps, a whore;
Which muſt be had: And, if they venter liues,
For vs, *Aurelia*, we muſt hazard honors
A little. Get thee ſtore, and change of women,
As I haue boyes; and giue 'hem time, and place,
And all conniuence: Be thy ſelfe, too, courtly;
And entertaine, and feaſt, ſit vp, and reuell;
Call all the great, the fayre, and ſpirited *Dames*
Of *Rome* about thee, and beginne a faſhion
Of freedome, & community. Some will thanke thee,
Though the ſowre *Senate* frowne, whoſe heads muſt ake
In feare, and feeling too. We muſt not ſpare
Or coſt, or modeſtie. It can but ſhew
Like one of *Iuno's*, or of *Ioue's* diſguiſes
In eyther thee, or mee; and will as ſoone,
When things ſucceed, be throwne by, or let fall;
As is a vaile put of, a viſor chang'd,
Or the *Scene* ſhifted, in our *Theaters*.
Who's that? It is the voyce of *Lentulus*.
AVR. Or of *Cethegus*. CAT. In, my faire *Aurelia*,
And thinke vpon theſe artes: They muſt not ſee,
How farre you are truſted with theſe priuacies;
Though, by their ſhoulders, necks, & heads you riſe.

LENTVLVS. CETHEGVS.
CATILINE.

IT is, mee thinkes, a Morning, full of *Fate*.
It riſeth ſlowly, as her ſollen carre
Had all the weights of ſleepe, and death hung at it.
She is not roſy-fingerd, but ſwolne blacke.
Her face is like a water, turnd to bloud,
And her ſicke head is bound about with clouds,
As if ſhe threatned night, ere noone of day.
It does not looke, as it would haue a *Hayle*
Or *Health*, wiſh'd in it, as on other Mornes.

CET. Why, all the fitter, *Lentulus*: Our comming
Is not for ſalutation, we haue buſineſſe.
CAT. Said nobly, braue *Cethegus*. Where's *Autronius*?
CET. Is he not come? CAT. Not here. CET. Nor *Vargunteius*?
CAT. Neither. CET. A fire in their beds, and boſomes,
That ſo will ſerue their ſloth, rather then vertue.
They are no *Romanes*, and at ſuch high neede
As now. LEN. Both they, *Longinus*, *Lecca*, *Curius*,
Fulvius, *Gabinius*, gaue me word, laſt night,
By *Lucius Beſtia*, they would all be here,
And early. CET. Yes. As you, had I not call'd you.
Come, we all ſleepe, and are meere Dormice; Flies,
A little leſſe then dead: More dulneſſe hangs
On vs, then on the Morne. W'are ſpirit-bound,
In ribs of ice; our whole blouds are one ſtone;
And Honour cannot thaw vs; nor our wants,
Though they burne, hot as feuers, to our ſtates.
CAT. I muſe they would be tardy, at an houre
Of ſo great purpoſe. CET. If the Gods had call'd
Them, to a purpoſe, they would iuſt haue come
With the ſame Tortoyſe ſpeed, that are thus ſlow
To ſuch an action, which the Gods will enuie.
As asking no leſſe meanes, then all their powers
Conioyn'd, t'effect. I would haue ſeene *Rome* burn't,
By this time; and her aſhes in an Vrne:
The *Kingdome* of the *Senate*, rent aſunder;
And the degenerate, talking Gowne, runne frighted,
Out of the ayre of *Italy*. CAT. Spirit of men!
Thou, heart of our great enterpriſe! how much
I loue theſe voyces in thee! CET. O the daies
Of *Sylla's* ſway, when the free ſword tooke leaue
To act all that it would! CAT. And was familiar
With entrailes, as our *Augures*! CET. Sonnes kild Fathers,
Brothers their Brothers. CAT. And had price and praiſe.
All hate had licence giuen it; all rage raynes.
CET. Slaughter beſtrid the ſtreets, and ſtretch'd himſelfe

To ſeeme more huge; whilſt to his ſtayned thighes
The gore he drew flow'd vp: and carried downe
Whole heapes of limmes, and bodies, through his arch.
No Age was ſpar'd, no Sexe. CAT. Nay, no Degree.
CET. Not Infants, in the porch of life were free.
The Sicke, the Old, that could but hope a day
Longer, by natures bounty, not let ſlay.
Virgins, and Widdowes, Matrons, pregnant Wiues,
All dyed. CAT. 'Twas crime enough, that they had liues.
To ſtrike but only thoſe, that could doe hurt,
Was dull, and poore. Some fell to make the number
As ſome the prey. CET. The rugged *Charon* fainted,
And ask'd a nauie, rather then a boate,
To ferry ouer the ſad World that came:
The mawes, and dennes of beaſts could not receiue
The bodies, that thoſe ſoules were frighted from;
And e'en the graues were fild with men yet liuing,
Whoſe flight, and feare had mix'd them, with the dead.
CAT. And this ſhall be againe, and more, and more,
Now *Lentulus*, the third *Cornelius*,
Is to ſtand vp in *Rome*. LEN. Nay, vrge not that
Is ſo vncertaine. CAT. How! LEN. I meane, not clear'd.
And, therefore, not to be reflected on.
CAT. The *Sybill's* leaues vncertaine? or the Comments
Of our graue, deepe, diuining men not cleare?
LEN. All Prophecies, you know, ſuffer the torture.
CAT. But this, already, hath confeſs'd without.
And ſo beene weigh'd, examin'd, and compar'd,
As 't were malicious ignorance in him,
Would faint in the beliefe. LEN. Doe you beleeue it?
CAT. Doe I loue *Lentulus*? or pray to ſee it?
LEN. The *Augures* all are conſtant, I am meant. *(Cinna.*
CAT. They'had loſt their ſcience elſe. LEN. They count from
CAT. And *Sylla* next, and ſo make you the third;
All that can ſay the Sunne is ris'n, muſt thinke it.
LEN. Men marke me more, of late, as I come forth.

CAT.

CAT. Why, what can they doe lesse? *Cinna*, and *Sylla*
Are set, and gone: And we must turne our eyes
On him that is, and shines. Noble *Cethegus*,
But view him with me, here: He lookes, already,
As if he shooke a Scepter, o're the *Senate*,
And the aw'd purple dropt their roddes, and axes.
The Statues melt againe; and houshold Gods
In grones confesse the trauaile of the City;
The very walles sweate blood before the change;
And stones start out to ruine, ere it comes.
CET. But he, and we, and all are idle still.
LEN. I am your creature, *Sergius*: And what ere
The great *Cornelian* Name shall winne to be,
It is not Augury, nor the *Sybils* Bookes,
But *Catiline* that makes it. CAT. I am shadow
To honor'd *Lentulus*, and *Cethegus* here,
Who are the heires of *Mars*. CET. By *Mars* himselfe,
Catiline is more my parent: For whose vertue
Earth cannot make a shadow great inough,
Though Enuie should come too. O, there they'are.
Now we shall talke more, though we yet doe nothing.

AVTRONIVS, VARGVNTEIVS, LONGINVS, CVRIVS, LECCA, BESTIA, FVLVIVS, GABINIVS, &c.

HAile *Lucius Catiline*. VAR. Haile noble *Sergius*.
LON. Haile *Publius Lentulus*. CVR. Haile the third *Cornelius*.
LEC. *Caius Cethegus* haile. CET. Haile sloth, and words,
In steed of Men, and Spirits. CAT. Nay, deare *Caius*;
CET, Are your eyes yet vnseel'd? Dare they looke day
In the dull face? CAT. Hee's zealous, for the'affaire,
And blames your tardy comming, Gentlemen.
CET. Vnlesse, we had sold our selues to sleepe, and ease,
And would be our slaues slaues. CAT. Pray you forbeare.
CET. The North is not so starke, and cold. CAT. *Cethegus*.

BES. We ſhall redeeme all, if your fire will let vs.
CAT. You are too full of lightning, noble *Caius*.
Boy, ſee all doores be ſhut, that none approch vs,
On this part of the houſe. Go you, and bid
The Prieſt, he kill the ſlaue I mark'd laſt night;
And bring me of his bloud, when I ſhall call him:
Till then, waite all without. VAR. How is't, *Autronius*! (thing?
AVT. *Longinus*? LON. *Curius*? CVR. *Lecca*? VAR. Feele you no-
LON. A ſtrange, vnwonted horror doth inuade me,
I know not what it is! LEC. The day goes backe,
Or elſe my ſenſes! CVR. As at *Atreus* feaſt!
FVL. Darkneſſe growes more & more! LEN. The *Veſtall* flame,
I think, be out. GAB. What groane was that? CET. Our phant'ſies.
Strike fire, out of our ſelues, and force a day.
AVT. Againe it ſounds! BES. As all the Citie gaue it!
CET. We feare what our ſelues faine. VAR. What light is this?
CVR. Look forth. LEN. It ſtill grows greater. LEC. From whēce
LON. A Bloody arme it is, that holds a pine (comes it?
Lighted, aboue the *Capitoll*: And, now,
It waues vnto vs. CAT. Braue, and omenous!
Our enterpriſe is ſeal'd. CET. In ſpight of darkneſſe,
That would diſcountenance it. Looke no more;
We looſe time, and our ſelues: To what we came for,
Speake *Lucius*, we attend you. CAT. Nobleſt *Romanes*,
If you were leſſe, or, that your faith, and vertue
Did not hold good that title, with your bloud,
I ſhould not, now, vnprofitably ſpend
My ſelfe in words, or catch at emptie hopes,
By ayrie waies, for ſolide certainties.
But ſince in many, and the greateſt dangers,
I ſtill haue knowne you no leſſe true, then valiant,
And that I taſt, in you, the ſame affections,
To will, or nill, to thinke things good, or bad,
Alike with me: (which argues your firme friendſhip)
I dare the boldlier, with you, ſet on foote,
Or leade, vnto this great, and goodlieſt action.

What

What I haue thought of it afore, you all
Haue heard apart; I then expreſs'd my zeale
Vnto the glory; Now, the neede enflames mee:
When I fore-thinke the hard conditions,
Our ſtates muſt vndergoe, except, in time,
We do redeeme our ſelues to liberty,
And breake the yron yoake, forg'd for our necks.
For, what leſſe can we call it? when we ſee
The common-wealth engroſs'd ſo by a few,
The Giants of the ſtate, that do, by turnes,
Enioy her, and defile her. All the Earth,
Her Kings, and *Tetrarchs*, are their tributaries;
People, and Nations pay them hourely ſtipends:
The riches of the world flowes to their coffers,
And not, to *Romes*. While (but thoſe few) the reſt,
How euer great we are, honeſt, and valiant,
Are hearded with the vulgar; and ſo kept,
As we were onely bred, to conſume corne,
Or weare out wooll, to drinke the Cities water:
Vngrac'd, without authoritie, or marke,
Trembling beneath their rods, to whom, (if all
Were well in *Rome*) we ſhould come forth bright axes.
All Places, Honors, Offices are theirs;
Or where they will conferre 'hem: They leaue vs
The dangers, the repulſes, iudgements, wants;
Which how long will you beare moſt valiant ſpirits?
Were we not better to fall, once, with vertue,
Then draw a wretched, and diſhonor'd breath
To looſe with ſhame, when theſe mens pride will laugh?
I call the faith of Gods, and Men to queſtion;
The power is in our hands; our bodies able;
Our mindes as ſtrong; O'th' contrary, in them,
All things growne aged, with their wealth, and yeares.
There wants, but onely to beginne the buſineſſe,
The iſſue is certaine. CET. LON. On, Let vs go on. (ſoule,
CVR. BES. Go on, braue *Sergius*. CAT. It doth ſtrike my

 And

(And, who can ſcape the ſtroke, that hath a ſoule,
Or, but the ſmalleſt ayre of Man within him?)
To ſee them ſwell with treaſure; which they poure
Out i'their riots, eating, drinking, building,
I, i'the ſea: planing of Hilles with Valleyes;
And rayſing Vallies aboue Hilles, whilſt wee
Haue not, to giue our Bodies Neceſſaries.
They ha' their change of Houſes, Manors, Lordſhips;
We ſcarce a fire, or poore houſhold *Lar*.
They buy rare *Atticke* ſtatues, *Tyrian* hangings,
Epheſian pictures, and *Corinthian* plate,
Attalicke garments, and, now new-found, Gemmes
Since *Pompey* went for *Aſia*; which they purchaſe
At price of *Prouinces*. The Riuer *Phaſis*
Cannot affourd 'hem Fowle; nor *Lucrine* Lake
Oyſters enow: *Circei*, too, is ſearch'd
To pleaſe the witty Gluttonie of a meale.
Their ancient Habitations they neglect,
And ſet vp new; Then, if the Echo like not
In ſuch a roome, they plucke downe thoſe; build newer,
Alter them too; and, by all franticke waies,
Vexe their wild wealth, as they moleſt the people,
From whom they force it; Yet, they cannot tame,
Or ouercome their riches: Not, by making,
Bathes, Orchards, Fiſh-pooles, letting in of ſeas,
Here; and, then there, forcing 'hem out againe,
With mountaynous heapes; for which the Earth hath loſt
Moſt of her ribbes, as entrayles, being now
Wounded no leſſe for Marble, then for gold.
We, all this while, like calme, benum'd Spectators,
Sit, till our ſeates do cracke; and doe not heare
The thundring ruines, whilſt, at home, our wants,
Abroad, our debts do vrge vs, our ſtates daily
Bending to bad, our hopes to worſe: And, what
Is left, but to be cruſh'd? Wake, wake braue Friends,
And meete the liberty you oft haue wiſh'd for.

Behold,

Behold, renowne, riches, and glory court you.
Fortune holds out these to you, as rewards.
Me thinkes (though I were dumbe) th'affaire it selfe
The opportunity, your needes, and dangers,
With the braue spoile the warre brings, should inuite you.
Vse me your Generall, or Souldier: Neither,
My Minde, nor Body shall be wanting to you.
And, being *Consul*, I not doubt t'effect,
All that you wish: If Trust not flatter me,
And you had, rather, still be slaues, then free. (for.
CET. Free, free. LON. Tis freedome. CVR. Freedome we all stand
CAT. Why, these are noble voices. Nothing wants then,
But that we take a solemne *Sacrament*,
To strengthen our designe. CET. And so to act it.
Differring hurts, where powers are most prepar'd.
AVT. Yet, ere we enter into open act,
(With fauour) 't were no losse, if't might be enquir'd
What the Condition of these Armes would be? (Friendes!
VAR. I, and the meanes, to carry vs through. CAT. How,
Thinke you, that I would bid you, graspe the winde?
Or call you to th'embracing of a cloude?
Put your knowne valures on so deare a businesse,
And haue no other second then the Danger,
Nor other Gyrlond then the losse? Become
Your owne assurances. And, for the meanes,
Consider, first, the starke security
The common wealth is in, now; the whole *Senate*
Sleepy, and dreaming no such violent blow;
Their forces all abroade; of which the greatest,
That might annoy vs most, is fardest off,
In *Asia*, vnder *Pompey*: Those, neare hand,
Commanded, by our friendes; one Army' in *Spaine*,
By *Cneus Piso*; th'other in *Mauritania*,
By *Nucerinus*; both which I haue firme,
And fast vnto our Plot. My selfe, then, standing
Now to be *Consul*; with my hop'd Colleague

Caius Antonius, one, no lesse engag'd
By'his wants then we: And whom I'haue power to melt,
And cast in any mould. Beside, some others
That will not yet be nam'd, (both sure, and Great ones)
Who, when the time comes, shall declare themselues,
Strong, for our party; so, that no resistance
In nature can be thought. For our reward, then;
First, all our Debts are paid; Dangers of Law,
Actions, Decrees, Iudgments against vs quitted;
The rich Men, as in *Sylla's* times, proscrib'd,
And Publication made of all their goods;
That House is yours; That Land is his; Those Waters,
Orchards, and walkes a third's: He'has that Honor,
And he that Office. Such a *Prouince* fals
To *Vargunteius*: This to' *Autronius*: That
To bold *Cethegus*: *Rome* to *Lentulus*:
You share the World, her *Magistracies*, *Priest-hoods*,
Wealth, and Felicity amongst you, Friendes;
And *Catiline* your seruant. Would you, *Curius*,
Reuenge the Contumelie stucke vpon you,
In being remoued from the *Senate*? Now,
Now, is your time. VVould *Publius Lentulus*
Strike, for the like disgrace? Now, is his time.
VVould stout *Longinus* walke the streets of *Rome*,
Facing the *Prætor*? Now, has he a time
To spurne, and treade the *Fasces*, into dirt
Made of the *Vsurers*, and the *Lictors* braines.
Is there a Beauty, here in *Rome*, you loue?
An Enemie you would kill? What Head's not yours?
VVhose Wife, which Boy, whose Daughter, of what race,
That th'Husband, or glad Parents shall not bring you,
And boasting of the office? Only, spare
Your selues, and you haue all the earth beside,
A field, to exercise your longings in.
I see you rais'd, and reade your forward mindes
High, i'your faces. Bring the wine, and blood

You

You haue prepar'd there. LON. How! CAT. I'haue kill'd a ſlaue,
And of his blood caus'd to be mixt with wine.
Fill euery man his bowle. There cannot be
A fitter drinke, to make this *Sanction* in.
Here, I beginne the Sacrament to all.
O, for a clap of thunder now, as loud,
As to be heard through-out the Vniuerſe,
To tell the world the fact, and to applaude it.
Be firme, my hand; not ſhed a drop: but poure
Fierceneſſe into me, with it; and fell thirſt
Of more, and more: Till *Rome* be left as blood-leſſe,
As euer her feares made her, or the ſword.
And, when I leaue to wiſh this to thee, Stepdame
Or ſtop, to effect it, with my powers fainting;
So may my blood be drawne, and ſo drunke vp
As is this ſlaues. LON. And ſo be mine. LEN. And mine.
AVT. And mine. VAR. And mine. CET. Crowne me my bowle yet (fuller.
Here, I doe drinke this, as I would doe *Cato's*,
Or the new fellow *Cicero's*: with that vow
Which *Catiline* hath giuen. CVR. So doe I.
LEC. And I. BES. And I. FVL. And I. GAB. And all of vs.
CAT. Why, now's the buſineſſe ſafe, & each man ſtrengthned.
Sirah, what aile you? PAG. Nothing. BES. Somewhat modeſt.
CAT. Slaue, I will ſtrike your ſoule out, with my foote,
Let me but finde you againe with ſuch a face:
You Whelpe. BES. Nay *Lucius*. CAT. Are you coying it,
When I command you to be free, and generall
To all? BES. You'll be obſeru'd. CAT. Ariſe, and ſhew
But any leaſt auerſion i' your looke
To him that bourdes you next, and your throate opens.
Noble Conſederates, thus farre is perfect.
Only your ſuffrages I will expect,
At the aſſembly for the chooſing *Conſuls*,
And all the voices you can make by friendes
To my election. Then let me worke out
Your fortunes, and mine owne. Meane while, all reſt

Seal'd

Seal'd vp, and ſilent, as when rigid froſts
Haue bound vp Brookes, and Riuers, forc'd wild beaſts
Vnto their caues, and birds into the woods,
Clownes to their houſes, and the Countrey ſleepes;
That, when the ſodaine thaw comes, we may breake
Vpon 'hem like a deluge, bearing downe
Halfe *Rome* before vs, and inuade the reſt
VVith cries, and noiſe able to wake the Vrnes
Of thoſe are dead, and make their aſhes feare.
" The horrors, that doe ſtrike the world, ſhould come
" Loud, and vnlook'd for; Till they ſtrike, be dumbe.
CET. Oraculous *Sergius*. LEN. God-like *Catiline*.

CHORVS.

CAn nothing great, and at the height
Remaine ſo long? but it's owne weight
VVill ruine it? Or, is't blinde Chance,
That ſtill deſires new States t'aduance,
And quit the old? Elſe, why muſt *Rome*
Be by it ſelfe; now, ouercome?
Hath ſhee not foes inow of thoſe,
VVhom ſhee hath made ſuch, and encloſe
Her round about? Or, are they none,
Except ſhee firſt become her owne?
O wretchedneſſe of greateſt States,
To be obnoxious to theſe Fates:
That cannot keepe, what they doe gaine;
And what they raiſe ſo ill ſuſtaine.
Rome, now, is Miſtreſſe of the whole
VVorld, Sea, and Land, to either Pole;
And euen that Fortune will deſtroy
The power that made it. Shee doth ioy
So much in plenty, wealth, and eaſe,
As, now, th'exceſſe is her diſeaſe.
Shee builds in gold; And, to the Starres:

As,

As, if ſhee threatned Heau'n with warres;
And ſeekes for Hell, in quarries deepe,
Giuing the fiends, that there doe keepe,
A hope of day. Her Women weare
The ſpoiles of Nations, in an eare,
Chang'd for the treaſure of a ſhell;
And, in their looſe attires, doe ſwell
More light then ſailes, when all windes play:
Yet, are the men more looſe then they,
More kemb'd, and bath'd, and rub'd, and trim'd,
More ſleek'd, more ſoft, and ſlacker limm'd;
As proſtitute: ſo much, that kinde
May ſeeke it ſelfe there, and not finde.
They eate on beds of ſilke, and gold;
At yuorie tables; or, wood ſold
Dearer then it: and, leauing plate,
Doe drinke in ſtone of higher rate.
They hunt all grounds; and draw all ſeas;
Foule euery brooke, and buſh; to pleaſe
Their wanton taſts: and, in requeſt
Haue new, and rare things; not the beſt.
Hence comes that wild, and vaſt expence,
That hath enforc'd *Romes* vertue. thence,
Which ſimple pouerty firſt made;
And, now, ambition doth inuade
Her ſtate, with eating auarice,
Riot, and euery other vice.
Decrees are bought, and Lawes are ſold,
Honors, and Offices for gold;
The peoples voices: And the free
Tongues, in the *Senate*, bribed bee.
Such ruine of her manners *Rome*
Doth ſuffer now, as ſhee's become
(Without the Gods it ſoone gaine-ſay)
Both her owne ſpoiler, and owne pray.
So, *Aſia*, 'art thou cru'lly euen

With vs, for all the blowes thee giuen;
When we, whose vertue conquer'd thee,
Thus, by thy vices, ruin'd bee.

Act. ij.

FVLVIA, GALLA, SERVANT.

THose Roomes doe smell extremely; Bring my glasse,
And table hether, *Galla*. GAL. Madame. FVL. Looke
VVithin, i'my blew Cabinet, for the pearle
I'had sent me last, and bring it. GAL. That from *Clodius*?
FVL. From *Caius Cæsar*. You'are for *Clodius*, still.
Or *Curius*. Sirha, if *Quintus Curius* come,
I am not in fit moode; I keepe my Chamber:
Giue warning so, without. GAL. Is this it? Madame.
FVL. Yes, helpe to hang it in mine eare. GAL. Beleeue me,
It is a rich one, Madame. FVL. I hope so:
It should not be worne there else. Make an end,
And binde my haire vp. GAL. As 'twas yesterday?
FVL. No, nor the t'other day. When knew you me
Appeare, two dayes together, in one dressing?
GAL. Will you ha't i'the globe, or spire? FVL. How thou wilt;
Any way, so thou wilt doe it, good Impertinence.
Thy company, if I slept not very well
A nights, would make me, an errant foole, with questions.
GAL. Alas Madam. FVL. Nay gentle halfe o' the Dialogue, cease.
GAL. I doe it, indeede, but for your exercise,
As your Phisitian bids me. FVL. How! Do's he bid you
To anger me for exercise? GAL. Not to anger you,
But stirre your blood a little: There's difference
Betweene luke-warme, and boyling, Madame. FVL. *Ioue!*
What meanes to cooke me, I thinke? Pray you, ha' done.

GAL.

GAL. I meane to dresse you, Madame. FVL. O my *Iuno*,
Be friend to me! Offring at wit, too? Why, *Galla!* (done
Where hast thou been? GAL. Why, Madame? FVL. What hast thou
VVith thy poore innocent selfe? GAL. Wherfore, sweet Madam?
FVL. Thus to come forth, so sodainly, a wit-worme?
GAL. It pleases you to flout one. I did dreame
Of Ladie *Sempronia*. FVL. O, the wonder is out.
That did infect thee? VVell, and how? GAL. Me thought,
Shee did discourse the best. FVL. That euer thou heard'st?
GAL. Yes. FVL. I' thy sleepe? Of what was her discourse?
GAL. O' the *Republicke*, Madame, and the State,
And how shee was in debt, and where shee meant
To raise fresh summes: Shee's a great States-woman. (dame,
FVL. Thou dreamp'tst all this? GAL. No, but you know she is Ma-
And both a Mistresse of the *Latine* tongue,
And of the *Greeke*. FVL. I, but I neuer dreampt it, *Galla*,
As thou hast done, and therefore you must pardon me.
GAL. Indeede, you mocke me, Madame. FVL. Indeede, no.
Forth with your learned Ladie: Shee has a wit, too?
GAL. A very masculine one. FVL. A shee-*Criticke*, *Galla*?
And can compose, in verse, and make quicke iests,
Modest, or otherwise? GAL. Yes Madame. FVL. She can sing, too?
And play on Instruments? GAL. Of all kindes, they say.
FVL. And doth dance rarely? GAL. Excellent. So well,
As a bald *Senator* made a iest, and said,
'Twas better, then an honest woman neede.
FVL. Tut, shee may beare that. Few wise womens honesties
VVill doe their courtship hurt. GAL. Shee's liberall too, Madam.
FVL. VVhat of her money, or her honor, pray thee?
GAL. Of both, you know not which shee doth spare least.
FVL. A comely commendation. GAL. Troth, tis pitty
Shee is in yeares. FVL. VVhy *Galla*? GAL. For it is.
FVL. O, is that all? I thought thou'hadst had a reason.
GAL. VVhy so I haue. Shee has beene a fine Ladie,
And, yet, shee dresses herselfe, (except you Madame)
One o' the best in *Rome*: and paints, and hides

Her decayes very well. FVL. They ſay, it is
Rather a viſor, then a face ſhee weares.
GAL. They wrong her verily Madame, ſhee do's ſleeke
With crums of bread, and milke, and lies a nights
In as neate gloues. But ſhee is faine of late
To ſeeke, more then ſhee's ſought to (the fame is)
And ſo ſpends that way. FVL. Thou knowſt all. But *Galla*,
VVhat ſay you to *Catilines* Ladie, *Oreſtilla*?
There is the Gallant. GAL. Shee do's well. Shee has
Very good ſutes, and very rich: but, then,
Shee cannot put 'hem on. Shee knowes not, how
To weare a garment. You ſhall haue her all
Iewels, and gold ſometimes, ſo that her ſelfe
Appeares the leaſt part of her ſelfe. No' in troth,
As I liue, Madame, you put 'hem all downe
With your meere ſtrength of iudgement; and doe draw, too,
The world of *Rome* to follow you: you attire
Your ſelfe ſo diuerſly, and with that ſpirit,
Still to the nobleſt humors. They could make
Loue to your dreſſe, although your face were away, they ſay.
FVL. And body too, and ha' the better match on't?
Say they not ſo too, *Galla*? Now! What newes
Trauailes your count'nance with? SER. If't pleaſe you, Madam,
The Ladie *Sempronia* is lighted at the gate;
GAL. *Caſtor*, my dreame, my dreame. SER. And comes to ſee you.
GAL. For *Venus* ſake, good Madame ſee her. FVL. Peace.
The ſoole is wild, I thinke. GAL. And heare her talke,
Sweet Madame, of State-matters, and the *Senate*.

SEMPRONIA, FVLVIA, GALLA.

F*Vluia*, good wench, how doſt thou? FVL. Well, *Sempronia*.
Whither are you thus early addreſt? SEM. To ſee
Aurelia Oreſtilla. Shee ſent for me.
I came to call thee, with mee; wilt thou goe?
FVL. I cannot now, in troth, I haue ſome letters
To write, and ſend away. SEM. Alas, I pitty thee.

I ha' bene writing all this night, (and am
So very weary) vnto all the Tribes,
And Centuries, for their voyces, to helpe *Catiline*,
In his election. We shall make him Consul
I hope, amongst vs. *Crassus*, I, and *Cæsar*
Will carry it for him. FVL. Do's he stand for't?
SEM. H'is the chiefe *Candidate*. FVL. Who stands beside?
Giue me some wine, and poulder for my teeth.
SEM. Here's a good pearle in troth. FVL. A prettie one.
SEM. A very orient one. There are Competitors,
Caius Antonius, *Publius Galba*, *Lucius*
Cassius Longinus, *Quintus Cornificius*,
Caius Licinius, and that talker, *Cicero*.
But *Catiline*, and *Antonius* will be chosen.
For foure of the other, *Licinius*, *Longinus*,
Galba, and *Cornificius* will giue way,
And *Cicero* they will not choose. FVL. No? Why?
SEM. It will be crossd, by the Nobility.
GAL. How she do's vnderstand the common busines!
SEM. Nor, were it fit. He is but a new fellow,
An In-mate here in *Rome* (as *Catiline* calls him)
And, the *Patricians* should doe very ill,
To let the Consul-ship be so defil'd
As't would be, if he obtain'd it? A meere vpstart,
That has no pedigree, no house, no coate,
No ensignes of a family? FVL. He 'has vertue.
SEM. Hang vertue, where there is no blood: 'tis vice
And, in him, sawcinesse. Why should he presume
To be more learned, or more eloquent,
Then the Nobility? or boast any quality
Worthie a Noble man, himselfe not noble?
FVL. 'Twas vertue onely, at first, made all men noble.
SEM. I yeeld you, it might, at first, in *Romes* poore age;
When both her Kings, and Consuls held the plough,
Or garden'd well: But, now, we ha' no need,
To digge, or loose our sweat for't. We haue wealth,

Fortune and eaſe, and then their ſtocke, to ſpend on,
Of Name, for Vertue, which will beare vs out
'Gainſt all new commers: and can neuer faile vs,
While the ſucceſſion ſlayes. And, we muſt glorifie,
A Muſhrome? one of yeſterday? a fine ſpeaker?
'Cauſe he has ſuck'd at *Athens*? and aduance him,
To our owne loſſe? No *Fuluia*. There are they
Can ſpeake *Greeke* too, if need were. *Cæſar* and I
Haue ſate vpon him; ſo hath *Craſſus*, too;
And others. We haue all decreed his reſt,
For riſing farder. GAL. Excellent rare Lady!
FVL. *Sempronia*, you are beholden to my woman, here.
She do's admire you. SEM. O good *Galla*, how doſt thou?
GAL. The better, for your learned Ladiſhip.
SEM. Is this grey poulder, a good Dentifrice?
FVL. You ſee I vſe it. SEM. I haue one is whiter.
FVL. It may be ſo. SEM. Yet this ſmels well. GAL. And cleanſes
Very well, Madam, and reſiſts the crudities.
SEM. *Fuluia*, I pray thee, who comes to thee, now?
Which of our great *Patricians*? FVL. Faith, I keepe
No Catalogue of 'hem. Sometimes I haue one,
Sometimes another, as the toy takes their blouds.
SEM. Thou haſt them all. Faith, when was *Quintus Curius*,
Thy ſpeciall ſeruant, here? FVL. My ſpeciall ſeruant?
SEM. Yes, thy Idolater, I call him. FVL. He may be yours,
If you do like him. SEM. How! FVL. He comes, not, here,
I haue forbid him, hence. SEM. *Venus* forbid! (rather.
FVL. Why? SEM. Your ſo conſtant Louer. FVL. So much the
I would haue change. So would you too, I am ſure.
And now, you may haue him. SEM. Hee's freſh yet, *Fuluia*:
Beware, how you do tempt mee. FVL. Faith, for mee,
He' is ſomewhat to freſh, indeed. The ſalt is gone,
That gaue him ſeaſon. His good gifts are done.
He dos not yeeld the crop that he was wont.
And, for the act, I can haue ſecret fellowes,
With backs worth ten of him, and ſhall pleaſe mee

(Now

(Now that the Land is fled) a myriade better. (dings,
SEM. And those one may command. FVL. Tis true, These Lor-
Your noble *Faunes*, they are so, imperious, saucy,
Rude, and as boystrous as *Centaures*; leaping
A Ladie, at first sight. SEM. And must be be borne
Both with, and out, they thinke. FVL. Tut, Ile obserue
None of 'hem all: nor humor 'hem a iot
Longer, then they come laden in the hand,
And say, here's tone, for th'tother. SEM. Do's *Cæsar* giue well?
FVV. They shall all giue, and pay well, that come here
If they will haue it: and that iewels, pearle,
Plate, or round summes, to buy these. I'am not taken
With a Cob-Swan, or a high-mounting Bull
As foolish *Leda*, and *Europa* were,
But the bright gold, with *Danae*. For such price,
I would endure, a rough, harsh *Iupiter*,
Or ten such thundring Gamsters; and refraine
To laugh at 'hem, till they are gone, with my much suffring.
SEM. Th'art a most happy wench, that thus canst make
Vse of thy youth, and freshnesse, in the season:
And hast it to make vse of. FVL. (Which is the happinesse.)
SEM. I am, now, faine to giue to them, and keepe
Musique, and a continuall Table, to inuite 'hem;
FVL. Yes, and they studie your kitchin, more then you:
SEM. Eate my selfe out with vsury, and my Lord, too,
And all my officers, and friends beside,
To procure moneyes, for the needfull charge
I must be at, to haue 'hem: And, yet, scarce
Can I atchieue 'hem, so. FVL. Why, that's because
You affect yong faces onely, and smooth chinnes,
Sempronia. If youl'd loue beards, and bristles,
(One with another, as others doe) or wrinkles——
Who's that? Looke *Galla*. GAL. Tis the partie, Madame.
FVL. What party? Has he no name? GAL. Tis *Quintus Curius*.
FVL. Did I not bid 'hem, say, I kept my chamber?
GAL. Why, so they do. SEM. Ile leaue you, *Fulnia*.

FVL.

FVL. Nay, good *Sempronia*, ſtay. SEM. In faith, I will not.
FVL. By *Iuno*, I would not ſee him. SEM. Ile not hinder you.
GAL. You know, he will not be kept out, Madam. SEM. No,
Nor ſhall not, carefull *Galla*, by my meanes.
FVL. As I doe liue, *Sempronia*. SEM. What needs this?
FVL. Go, ſay, I am aſleepe, and ill at eaſe.
SEM. By *Caſtor*, no; I'le tell him, you are awake;
And very well. Stay *Galla*. Farewell *Fuluia*:
I know my manners. Why doe you labour, thus,
With action, againſt purpoſe? *Quintus Curius*,
She is, yfaith, here, and in diſpoſition.
FVL. Spight, with your courteſie. How ſhall I be tortur'd!

CVRIVS, FVLVIA, GALLA.

WHere are you, fayre one, that conceale your ſelfe;
And keepe your beauty, within lockes, and barres, here,
Like a fooles treaſure? FVL. True, ſhe was a foole,
When, firſt, ſhe ſhew'd it to a theefe. CVR. How prety Solenneſſe!
So harſh, and ſhort? FVL. The fooles Artillery, ſir.
CVR. Then, take my gowne off, for the'encounter. FVL. Stay ſir.
I am not in the moode. CVR. Ile put you into't.
FVL. Beſt, put your ſelfe, i'your caſe againe, and keepe
Your furious appetite warme, againſt you haue place for't.
CVR. What! do you coy it? FVL. No ſir. I'am not proud.
CVR. I would you were. You thinke, this ſtate becomes you?
By *Hercules*, it do's not. Looke i'your glaſſe, now,
And ſee, how ſciruely that countenance ſhewes;
You would be loth to owne it. FVL. I ſhall not change it.
CVR. Faith, but you muſt; and ſlacke this bended brow;
And ſhoote leſſe ſcorne: There is a *Fortune* comming
Towards you, Daintie, that will take thee, thus,
And ſet thee aloft, to tread vpon the head
Of her owne ſtatue here in *Rome*. FVL. I wonder,
Who let this Promiſer in! Did you, good *Diligence*?
Giue him his bribe, againe. Or if you had none,

Pray

Pray you demand him, why he is ſo ventrous,
To preſſe, thus, to my chamber, being forbidden
Both, by my ſelfe, and ſeruants? CVR. How! This's handſome!
And ſomewhat a new ſtraine! FVL. 'Tis not ſtrain'd, Sir.
'Tis very naturall. CVR. I haue knowne it otherwiſe,
Betweene the parties, though. FVL. For your fore-knowledge,
Thanke that, which made it. It will not be ſo,
Hereafter, I aſſure you. CVR. No, my Miſtreſſe?
FVL. No though you bring the ſame materials. CVR. Heare me,
You ouer act when you ſhould vnderdoe.
A little call your ſelfe againe, and thinke.
If you doe this to practiſe on me' or finde
At what forc'd diſtance you can hold your ſeruant;
That' it be an artificiall tricke, to enflame,
And fire me more, fearing my loue may neede it,
As, heretofore, you ha' done; why, proceede.
FVL. As I ha' done heretofore? CVR. Yes, when you'ld faine
Your husbands iealouſie, your ſeruants watches,
Speake ſoftly, and runne often to the dore,
Or to the windore, forme ſtrange feares that were not;
As if the pleaſure were leſſe acceptable,
That were ſecure. FVL. You are an impudent fellow.
CVR. And, when you might better haue done it, at the gate,
To take me in at the caſement. FVL. I take you in?
CVR. Yes, you my Lady. And, then, being abed with you,
To haue your well taught wayter, here, come running,
And cry, her Lord, and hide me without cauſe,
Cruſh'd in a cheſt, or thruſt vp in a chimney.
When he, tame Crow, was winking at his Farme;
Or, had he beene here, and preſent, would haue kept
Both eyes, and beake ſeal'd vp, for ſixe *ſeſterces*.
FVL. You haue a ſlanderous, beaſtly, vnwaſh'd tongue,
I' your rude mouth, and ſauouring your ſelfe,
Vn-manner'd Lord. CVR. How now! FVL. It is your title, Sir.
Who (ſince you ha' loſt your owne good name, and know not
What to looſe more) care not, whoſe honor you wound,

Or fame' you poyſon with it. You ſhould goe,
And vent your ſelfe, i' the region, where you liue,
Among the Suburbe-Brothels, Baudes, and Brokers,
Whither your broken fortunes haue deſign'd you.
CVR. Nay, then I muſt ſtop your furie, I ſee; and plucke
The tragicke viſor off. Come, Ladie *Cypris*,
Know your owne vertues, quickly. Ile not be
Put to the woing of you thus, afreſh,
At euery turne, for all the *Venus* in you.
Yeeld, and be pliant; or by *Pollux*——How now?
Will *Lais* turne a *Lucrece*? FVL. No, but by *Caſtor*,
Hold off your Rauiſhers hands, I pierce your heart, elſe.
Ile not be put to kill my ſelfe, as ſhee did
For you, ſweet *Tarquine*. What? doe you fall off?
Nay, it becomes you graciouſly. Put not vp.
You'll ſooner draw your weapon on me, I thinke it,
Then on the *Senate*, who haue caſt you forth
Diſgracefully, to be the common tale
Of the whole Citty; baſe, infamous Man:
For, were you other, you would there imploy
Your deſperate dagger. CVR. *Fuluia*, you doe know
The ſtrengths you haue vpon me; Doe not vſe
Your power too like a Tyran: I can beare,
Almoſt vntill you breake me. FVL. I doe know, Sir,
So do's the *Senate*, too, know, you can beare.
CVR. By all the Gods, that *Senate* will ſmart deepe
For your vpbraidings. I ſhould be right ſorry
To haue the meanes ſo to be veng'd on you,
(At leaſt, the will) as I ſhall ſhortly on them.
But, goe you on ſtill: Fare you well, deare Ladie;
You could not ſtill be faire' vnleſſe you were proud.
You will repent theſe moodes, and ere 't be long, too.
I ſhall ha' you come about, againe. FVL. Doe you thinke ſo?
CVR. Yes, and I know ſo. FVL. By what Augury?
CVR. By the faire Entrailes of the Matrons cheſts,
Gold, Pearle, and Iewels, here in *Rome*, which *Fuluia*

Will

Will then (but late) say that shee might haue shar'd.
And, grieuing, misse. FVL. Tut, all your promis'd Mountaines,
And Seas, I am so stalely acquainted with——.
CVR. But, when you see the vniuersall floud
Runne by your coffers; that my *Lords*, the *Senators*,
Are sold for slaues, their Wiues for bond-women,
Their Houses, and fine Gardens giuen away,
And all their goods, vnder the *Speare*, at out-cry,
And you haue none of this; but are still *Fulua*,
Or perhaps lesse, while you are thinking of it:
You will aduise then, Coynesse, with your cushion,
And looke o' your fingers; say, how you were wish'd;
And so, he left you. FVL. Call him againe, *Galla:*
This is not vsuall, something hangs on this
That I must winne out of him. CVR. How now, melt you?
FVL. Come, you will laugh, now, at my easinesse?
But, 'tis no miracle; Doues, they say, will bill,
After their pecking, and their murmuring. CVR. Yes,
And then 'tis kindly. I would haue my Loue
Angry, sometimes, to sweeten off the rest
Of her behauiour. FVL. You doe see, I study
How I may please you, then. But you thinke, *Curius*
Tis couetise hath wrought me; If you loue me
Change that vnkinde conceipt. CVR. By my lou'd soule,
I loue thee, like to it; and 'tis my study,
More then mine owne reuenge, to make thee happy.
FVL. And 'tis that iust reuenge doth make me happy
To heare you prosequute: and which, indeede,
Hath wonne me, to you, more, then all the hope
Of what can else be promis'd. I loue valour
Better, then any Ladie loues her face,
Or dressing: then my selfe do's. Let me grow
Still, where I doe embrace. But what good meanes
Ha' you t'effect it? Shall I know your proiect?
CVR. Thou shalt, if thou'lt be gracious. FVL. As I can be.
CVR. And wilt thou kisse me, then? FVL. As close as shels

Of Cockles meet. CVR. And print 'hem deep? FVL. Quite through
Our ſubtle lips. CVR. And often? FVL. I will ſow 'hem,
Faſter then you can reape. What is your plot?
CVR. Why, now my *Fulvia* lookes, like her bright name,
And is her ſelfe. FVL. Nay, anſwere me, your plot:
I pray thee tell me, *Quintus*. CVR. I, theſe ſounds
Become a Miſtreſſe. Here is harmony.
When you are harſh, I ſee, the way to bend you
Is not with violence, but ſeruice. Cruell,
A Lady is a fire, gentle, a light.
FVL. Will you not tell me, what I aske you? CVR. All,
That I can thinke, ſweet Loue, or my breaſt holds,
Ile poure into thee. FVL. What is your deſigne, then?
CVR. Ile tell thee; *Catiline* ſhall now be *Conſull:*
But, you will heare more, ſhortly. FVL. Nay, deare Loue.
CVR. Ile ſpeake it, in thine armes; Let vs goe in.
Rome will be ſack'd, her wealth will be our prize;
By publique ruine, priuate ſpirits muſt riſe.

CHORVS.

GReat Father *Mars*, and greater *Ioue*,
By whoſe high auſpice, *Rome* hath ſtood
So long; and, firſt, was built in blood
Of your great Nephew, that then ſtroue
Not with his brother, but your Rites:
Be preſent to her now, as then,
And let not proud, and factious Men
Againſt your willes oppoſe their mights.
Our Conſuls, now, are to be made;
O, put it in the publique voice
To make a free, and worthy choice;
Excluding ſuch as would inuade
The Common wealth. Let whom we name
Haue wiſedome, foreſight, fortitude,
Be more with faith, then face endu'd,

And

And ſtudy conſcience, aboue fame.
Such, as not ſeeke to get the ſtart
In State, by power, parts, or bribes,
Ambition's baudes; but moue the Tribes
By vertue, modeſty, deſart.
Such, as to iuſtice will adhære,
What euer great one it offend,
And from the' embraced truth not bend
For enuie, hatred, gifts, or feare.
That, by their deedes, will make it knowne,
Whoſe dignity they doe ſuſtaine;
And life, ſtate, glory, all they gaine,
Count the Republiques, not their owne.
Such the old *Bruti*, *Decij* were,
The *Cipi*, *Curtij*, who did giue
Themſelues for *Rome*: And would not liue,
As men, good, only for a yeare.
Such were the great *Camilli*, too;
The *Fabij*, *Scipio's*; that ſtill thought
No worke, at price inough, was bought,
That for their Countrey they could doe.
And, to her honor, ſo did knit;
As all their acts were vnderſtood
The ſinewes of the Publique good:
And they themſelues, one ſoule, with it.
Theſe men were truely Magiſtrates;
Theſe neither practiſ'd force, nor formes;
Nor did they leaue the helme, in ſtormes:
And ſuch they are make happy States.

Act. iij.

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

GReat Honors are great burdens: But, on whom
They'are caſt with enuy, he doth beare two loades.
His cares muſt ſtill be double to his ioyes,
In any Dignity; where, if he erre
He findes no pardon: and, for doing well
A moſt ſmall praiſe, and that wrung out, by force.
I ſpeake this, *Romanes*, knowing what the weight
Of the high charge, you 'haue truſted to me, is.
Not, that thereby I would with art decline
The good, or greatneſſe of your benefit;
For, I aſcribe it to your ſingular grace
And vow, to owe it to no title elſe,
Except the Gods, that *Cicero*'is your *Conſul*.
I haue no vrnes; no duſtie moniments;
No broken images of anceſtors,
Wanting an eare, or noſe; no forged tables
Of long deſcents, to boaſt falſe honors from;
Or be my vndertakers to your truſt.
But a new Man (as I am ſtil'd in *Rome*)
Whom you haue dignified; and more, in whom
Yo'haue cut a way, and left it ope for vertue
Hereafter, to that place, which our Great men
Held ſhut vp, with all rampires, for themſelues.
Nor haue but few of them, in time bene made
Your Conſuls ſo; New men, before mee, none:
At my firſt ſuite; In my iuſt yeare; Preferd

To all Competitors; and ſome the nobleſt. (haue
CRA. Now the vaine ſwels. CAES. Vp glory. CIC. And to
Your lowde conſents, from your owne vtter'd voyces;
Not ſilent bookes: nor from the meaner tribes,
But firſt, and laſt, the vniuerſall concourſe.
This is my ioy, my gladneſſe. But my care,
My induſtrie, and vigilance now muſt worke,
That ſtill your counſell of me be approu'd;
Both, by your ſelues, and thoſe, to whom you haue,
With grudge, prefer'd mee: Two things I muſt labour,
That neither they vpbraid, nor you repent you.
For euery lapſe of mine will, now, be call'd
Your error; if I make ſuch: But, my hope is,
So to beare through, and out, the Conſulſhip,
As ſpight ſhall ne're wound you, though it may mee.
And, for my ſelfe, I haue prepar'd this ſtrength,
To do ſo well; as, if there happen ill
Vnto me, it ſhall make the Gods to bluſh,
And be their crime, not mine, that I am enui'd;
CAES. O confidence! more new, then is the Man!
CIC. I know well, in what termes I doe receiue
The Common wealth, how vexed, how perplex'd:
In which, there's not that miſchiefe, or ill fate,
That good men feare not, wicked men expect not.
I know, beſide, ſome turbulent practiſes
Alreadie on foote, and rumors of moe dangers,
CRA. Or you will make them, if there be none. CIC. Laſt,
I know, 'twas this, which made the enuy, and pride
Of the Great *Romane* bloud bate, and giue way
To my election. CAT. *Marcus Tullius*, true;
Our neede made thee our Conſull, and thy vertue.
CAES. *Cato*, you will vndoe him, with your praiſe.
CAT. *Cæſar* will hurt himſelfe, with his owne enuie.
CHO. The voyce of *Cato* is the voyce of *Rome*.
CAT. The voyce of *Rome* is the conſent of Heauen;
And that hath plac'd thee, *Cicero*, at the helme,

Where

Where thou must render, now, thy selfe a Man,
And Master of thy art. Each pettie hand
Can steere a ship becalm'd; but he that will
Gouerne, and carry her to her endes, must know
His tides, his currents; how to shift his sayles;
What she will beare in foule, what in faire weathers;
Where her springs are, her leaks; & how to stop'hem;
What sands, what shelues, what rocks do threatē her;
The forces, and the natures of all winds,
Gusts, stormes, & tempests; when her keele ploughs hell
And decke knocks heauen: then, to manage her
Becomes the name, and office of a Pilot.

CIC. Which I'le performe, with all the diligence,
And fortitude I haue; not for my yeare,
But for my life; except my life be lesse,
And that my yeare conclude it: If it must,
Your will, lou'd Gods. This heart shall yet employ
A day, an houre is left me, so, for *Rome*.
As it shall spring a life, out of my death,
To shine, for euer glorious in my facts:
"The vicious count their yeares, vertuous their acts.

CHO. Most noble Consul! Let vs wait him home.

CAES. Most popular Consul he is growne, me thinkes.

CRA. How the rout cling to him! CAES. And *Cato* leads 'hem!

CRA. You, his colleague, *Antonius*, are not look't on.

ANT. Not I, nor do I care. CAES. He enioyes rest,
And ease, the while: Let th'others spirit toyle,
And wake it out, that was inspir'd for turmoyle.

CATV. If all reports be true, yet, *Caius Cæsar*,
The time hath neede of such a watch, and spirit.

CAES. Reports? Do you beleeue 'hem *Catulus*,
Why, he do's make, and breed 'hem for the people;
T'endeare his seruice to 'hem. Do you not tast
An art, that is so common? *Popūlar* men,
They must create strange Monsters, and then quell 'hem;
To make their artes seeeme something. Would you haue

Such

Such an *Herculean* Actor in the Scene,
And not his *Hydra*? They must sweat no lesse
To fit their properties, then t'expresse their parts.
"CRA. Treasons, and guiltie men are made in States
"Too oft, to dignifie the Magistrates.
"CAT V. Those States be wretched, that are forc'd to buy
"Their Rulers fame, with their owne infamy.
CRA. We therefore, should prouide that ours do not.
CAES. That will *Antonius* make his care. ANT. I shall.
CAES. And watch the watcher. CAT V. Here comes *Catiline*.
How do's he brooke his late repulse? CAES. I know not.
But hardly sure. CAT. *Longinus*, too, did stand?
CAES. At first: But he gaue way vnto his friend.
CAT V. Who's that come? *Lentulus*? CAES. Yes. He is againe
Taken into the Senate. ANT. And made Prætor.
CAT. I know't. He had my suffrage, next the Consuls;
CAES. True, you were there, Prince of the Senate, then.

CATILINE, ANTONIVS, CATVLVS, CAESAR. CRASSVS, LONGINVS, LENTVLVS.

HAyle noblest *Romanes*. The most worthy Consul,
I gratulate your Honor. ANT. I could wish
It had beene happier, by your fellowship,
Most noble *Sergius*, had it pleas'd the people.
CAT I. It did not please the Gods; who'instruct the people.
And their vnquestion'd pleasures must be seru'd.
They know what's fitter for vs, then our selues;
And 'twere impiety, to thinke against them.
CAT V. You beare it rightly, *Lucius*; and, it glads mee,
To find your thoughts so euen. CAT I. I shall still
Studie to make them such to *Rome*, and Heauen.
I would withdraw with you, a little, *Iulius*.
CAES. Ile come home to you: *Crassus* would not ha' you
To speake to him, 'fore *Quintus Catulus*.

CATI. I apprehend you. No, when they ſhall iudge
Honors conuenient for me, I ſhall haue 'hem,
With a full hand: I know it. In meane time,
They are no leſſe part of the Common-wealth,
That doe obey, then thoſe, that doe command.
CATV. O, let me kiſſe your forehead, *Lucius*.
How are you wrongd! CATI. By whom? CATV. Publicke re-(port.
That giues you out, to ſtomacke your repulſe;
And brooke it deadly. CATI. Sir: ſhe brookes not me.
Believe me rather, and your ſelfe, now, of mee;
It is a kinde of ſlaunder, to truſt rumour.
CATV. I know it. And I could be angrie with it.
CATI. So may not I. Where it concernes himſelfe,
Who's angry at a ſlander, makes it true.
CATV. Moſt noble *Sergius!* This your temper melts me.
CRA. Will you do office to the Conſul, *Quintus*?
CAES. That *Cato*, and the Rout haue done the other?
CATV. I waite, when he will goe. Be ſtill your ſelfe.
He wants no ſtate, or honors, that hath vertue,
CATI. Did I appeare ſo tame, as this man thinks mee?
Look'd I ſo poore, ſo dead? So like that nothing,
Which he calls vertuous? O my breaſt, breake quickly;
And ſhew my friends my in-parts, leaſt they thinke
I haue betraid 'hem. LON. Where's *Gabinius*? LEN. Gone.
LON. And *Vargunteius*? LEN. Slipt away; all ſhrunke:
Now that he miſt the Conſul-ſhip. CATI. I am
The ſcorne of bond-men; who are next to beaſts.
What can I worſe pronounce my ſelfe, that's fitter?
The Owle of *Rome*, whom Boyes, and Girles will hout;
That were I ſet vp, for that woodden God,
That keepes our gardens, could not fright the crowes,
Or the leaſt Bird from muting on my head.
LON. Tis ſtrange how he ſhould miſſe it. LEN. Is't not ſtranger,
The vpſtart *Cicero* ſhould carry it ſo,
By all conſents, from men ſo much his Maſters?
LON. Tis true. CATI. To what a ſhadow, am I melted!

LON.

LON. *Antonius* wan it but by ſome few voyces.
CATI. Strooke through, like ayre, and feele it not. My wounds
Cloſe faſter, then they're made. LEN. The whole deſigne,
And enterpriſe is loſt by't. All handes quit it,
Vpon his fayle. CATI. I grow mad at my patience.
It is a Viſor that hath poyſon'd mee.
Would it had burnt me vp, and I died inward:
My heart firſt turn'd to aſhes. LON. Here's *Cethegus yet.*

CATILINE, CETHEGVS, LENTVLVS, LONGINVS, CATO.

REpulſe vpon repulſe? An In-mate, Conſul?
That I could reach the axell, where the pinnes are,
Which bolt this frame; that I might pull 'hem out,
And plucke all into Chaos, with my ſelfe.
CET. What, are we wiſhing now? CATI. Yes, my *Cethegus.*
Who would not fall with all the world about him?
CET. Not I, that would ſtand on it, when it falles;
And force new Nature out, to make another.
Theſe wiſhings taſte of woman, not of *Romane.*
Let vs ſeeke other armes. CATI. What ſhould we do?
CET. Do, & not wiſh; ſomething, that wiſhes take not:
So ſodaine, as the Gods ſhould not preuent,
Nor ſcarce haue time, to feare. CATI. O noble *Caius!*
CET. It likes me better, that you are not Conſul.
I would not goe through open dores, but breake 'hem;
Swim to my ends, through bloud; or build a bridge
Of carcaſſes; make on, vpon the heads
Of men, ſtrooke downe, like piles; to reach the liues
Of thoſe remaine, and ſtand: Then is't a pray,
When Danger ſtoppes, and Ruine makes the way.
CATI. How thou doſt vtter me, braue ſoule, that may not,
At all times, ſhew ſuch as I am; but bend
Vnto occaſion? *Lentulus*, this man,

If all our fire were out, would fetch downe new,
Out of the hand of *Ioue*; and riuet him
To *Caucasus*, should he but frowne: and let
His owne gaunt Eagle flie at him, to tire.
LEN. Peace, here comes *Cato*. CAT. Let him come, and heare.
I will no more dissemble. Quit vs all;
I, and my lou'd *Cethegus* here, alone
Will vndertake this Giants warre, and cary it.
LEN. What needs this, *Lucius*? LON. *Sergius* be more wary.
CATI. Now, *Marcus Cato*, our new Consuls spie,
What is your sowre austerity sent t'explore.
CATO. Nothing in thee, licentious *Catiline*:
Halters, and racks cannot expresse from thee
More, then thy deeds. Tis onely iudgement waits thee.
CATI. Whose? *Cato's*? shall he iudge me? CAT. No, the Gods;
"Who, euer, follow those, they go not with:
And Senate; who, with fire, must purge sicke *Rome*
Of noysome Citizens, whereof thou art one.
Be gone, or else let mee. Tis bane to draw (*Caius*;
The same ayre with thee. CET. Strike him. LEN. Hold good.
CET, Fearst thou not, *Cato*? CATO. Rash *Cethegus*, no.
Twere wrong with *Rome*, when *Catiline* and thou
Do threat, if *Cato* feard. CATI. The fire you speake of
If any flame of it approach my fortunes,
Ile quench it, not with water, but with ruine.
CATO. You heare this, *Romanes*. CATI. Beare it to the Consul.
CET. I would haue sent away his soule, before him.
You are too heauie, *Lentulus*, and remisse;
It is for you we labour, and the Kingdome
Promis'd you by the *Sibyll's*. CATI. Which his Prætorship,
And some small flattery of the Senate more,
Will make him to forget. LEN. You wrong me, *Lucius*.
LON. He wil not need these spurres. CET. The action needs 'hem.
"These things, when they proceed not, they goe backward.
LEN. Let vs consult then. CET, Let vs, first, take armes.
They that denie vs iust things, now, will giue

All

All that we aske; if once they ſee our ſwords.
CAT. Our obiects muſt be ſought with wounds, not words.

CICERO, FVLVIA.

IS there a Heauen? and Gods? and can it be
They ſhould ſo ſlowly heare, ſo ſlowly ſee?
Hath *Ioue* no thunder? or is *Ioue* become
Stupide as thou art? ô neare-wretched *Rome*,
When both thy Senate, and thy Gods doe ſleepe,
And neither thine, nor their owne States doe keepe!
What will awake thee, Heauen? what can excite
Thine anger, if this practiſe be too light?
His former drifts partake of former times,
But this laſt plot was only *Catilines*.
O, that it were his laſt. But he, before
Hath ſafely done ſo much, hee'll ſtill dare more.
Ambition, like a torrent, nere lookes backe;
And is a ſwelling, and the laſt affection
A high minde can put off: being both a Rebell
Vnto the ſoule, and reaſon, and enforceth
All lawes, all conſcience, treades vpon religion,
And offereth violence to Natures ſelfe.
But here, is that tranſcends it. A blacke purpoſe
To confound Nature: and to ruine that,
Which neuer Age, nor Mankinde can repaire.
Sit downe, good Lady; *Cicero* is loſt
In this your fable: for, to thinke it true
Tempteth my reaſon. It ſo farre exceedes
All inſolent fictions of the tragicke *Scene*.
The Commonwealth, yet panting, vnderneath
The ſtripes, and wounds of a late ciuill warre,
Gaſping for life, and ſcarce reſtor'd to hope;
To ſeeke t'oppreſſe her, with new cruelty,
And vtterly extinguiſh her long name,
With ſo prodigious, and vnheard-of fierceneſſe!

What ſinke of Monſters, wretches of loſt minds,
Mad after change, and deſp'rate in their ſtates,
Wearied, and gall'd with their neceſſities,
(For all this I allow them) durſt haue thought it?
Would not the barbarous deeds haue beene beleeu'd,
Of *Marius*, and *Sylla*, by our Children,
Without, this fact had riſe forth greater, for them?
All, that they did, was piety, to this.
They, yet, but murdred Kinsfolke, Brothers, Parents,
Rauiſh'd the Virgins, and, perhaps, ſome Matrons;
They left the Citty ſtanding, and the Temples:
The Gods, and Maieſty of *Rome* were ſafe yet.
Theſe purpoſe to fire it, to diſpoile them,
(Beyond the other euils,) and lay waſt
The farre-triumphed world: For, vnto whom
Rome is too little, what can be inough?
FVL. Tis true, my Lord, I had the ſame diſcourſe.
CIC. And, then, to take a horride Sacrament
In humane blood, for execution
Of this their dire deſigne; which might be call'd
The height of wickedneſſe: but that, that was higher,
For which they did it. FVL. I aſſure your Lordſhip,
The extreme horror of it almoſt turn'd me
To aire, when firſt I heard it; I was all
A vapor, when 't was told me; And I long'd
To vent it any where; 'T was ſuch a ſecret,
I thought, it would haue burnt me vp. CIC. Good *Fulnia*,
Feare not your act; and leſſe repent you of it.
FVL. I doe not, my good Lord. I know to whom
I haue vtter'd it. CIC. You haue diſcharg'd it, ſafely.
Should *Rome*, for whom you haue done the happy ſeruice,
Turne moſt ingrate; yet were your vertue paid
In conſcience of the fact: ſo much good deedes
Reward themſelues. FVL. My Lord, I did it not
To any other ayme, but for it ſelfe.
To no ambition. CIC. You haue learn'd the difference

Of doing office to the publike weale,
And priuate friendship, and haue shewne it, Lady.
Be still your selfe. I haue sent for *Quintus Curius*,
And (for your vertuous sake) if I can winne him,
Yet, to the common wealth; He shall be safe too.
FVL Ile vndertake, my Lord, he will be wonne.
CIC. Pray you, ioyne with me, then: And helpe to worke him.

CICERO, LICTOR, FVLVIA, CVRIVS.

HOw now? Is he come? LIC. He'is here, my Lord. CIC. Goe (presently,
Pray my Colleague *Antonius*, I may speake with him,
About some present businesse of the State;
And (as you goe) call on my brother *Quintus*,
And pray him, with the *Tribunes* to come to me.
Bid *Curius* enter. *Fulvia*, you will aide me?
FVL. It is my duty. CIC. O, my noble Lord!
I haue to chide you, yfaith. Giue me your hand.
Nay, be not troubled; 't shall be gently, *Curius*.
You looke vpon this Lady? What? Doe you ghesse
My businesse, yet? Come, If you frowne, I thunder:
Therefore, put on your better lookes, and thoughts.
There's nought but faire, and good intended to you;
And I would make those your complexion.
Would you, of whom the *Senate* had that hope,
As, on my knowledge, it was in their purpose,
Next sitting, to restore you: as they ha' done
The stupide, and vngratefull *Lentulus*;
(Excuse me, that I name you thus, together,
For, yet, you are not such) would you, I say,
A person both of Blood and Honor, stock't
In a long race of vertuous Ancestors,
Embarke your selfe for such a hellish action,
With Parricides, and Traitors, men turn'd Furies,
Out of the wast, and ruine of their fortunes;

(For

(For 'tis despaire, that is the mother of madnesse)
Such as want (that, which all Conspirators,
But they, haue first) meere colour for their mischiefe?
O, I must blush with you. Come, you shall not labour
To extenuate your guilt, but quit it cleane;
"Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leaue 'hem.
"He acts the third crime, that defends the first.
Here is a Lady, that hath got the start,
In piety, of vs all; and, for whose vertue,
I could almost turne Louer, againe: but that
Terentia would be iealous. What an honor
Hath shee atchieued to her selfe! What voices,
Titles, and loud applauses will pursue her,
Through euery street! What windores will be fill'd,
To shoote eyes at her! What enuy, and griefe in Matrons,
They are not shee! when this her act shall seeme
VVorthier a Chariot, then if *Pompey* came,
VVith *Asia* chain'd! All this is while shee liues.
But dead, her very name will be a Statue,
Not wrought for time, but rooted in the minds
Of all posterity; when Brasse, and Marble,
I, and the *Capitol* it selfe is dust.
FVL. Your Honor thinks too highly of me. CIC. No:
I cannot thinke inough. And I would haue
Him emulate you. 'Tis no shame, to follow
The better precedent. Shee shewes you, *Curius*,
VVhat claime your Countrey laies to you; and what duty
You owe to it: Be not afraid, to breake
VVith Murderers, and Traytors, for the sauing
A life, so neare, and necessary to you,
As is your Countries. Thinke but on her right.
"No Child can be too naturall to his Parent.
Shee is our common Mother, and doth challenge
The prime part of vs; Doe not stop, but giue it:
"He, that is void of feare, may soone be iust,
"And no Religion binds men to be Traitors.

FVL.

FVL. My Lord, he vnderſtands it; and will follow
Your ſauing counſell. But his ſhame, yet, ſtayes him.
I know, that he is comming. CVR. Doe you know it? (I?
FVL. Yes, let me ſpeake with you. CVR. O you are-. FVL. What am
CVR. Speake not ſo loud. FVL. I am, what you ſhould be,
Come, doe you thinke, I'ld walke in any plot,
Where Madame *Sempronia* ſhould take place of me,
And *Fulvia* come i' the *rere*, or on the *by*?
That I would be her ſecond, in a buſineſſe,
Though it might vantage me all the Sunne ſees?
It was a ſeely phant'ſie of yours. Apply
Your ſelfe to me, and the Conſul, and be wiſe;
Follow the fortune I ha' put you into:
You may be ſome thing this way, and with ſafety.
CIC. Nay, I muſt tolerate no whiſperings, Lady.
FVL. Sir, you may heare. I tell him, in the way,
Wherein he was, how hazardous his courſe was.
CIC. How hazardous? how certaine to all ruine.
Did he, or doe, yet, any of them imagine
The Gods would ſleepe, to ſuch a *Stygian* practiſe,
Againſt that Commonwealth, which they haue founded
With ſo much labour, and like care haue kept,
Now neare ſeuen hundred yeares? It is a madneſſe,
Wherewith Heauen blinds 'hem, when it would confound 'hem,
That they ſhould thinke it. Come, my *Curius*,
I ſee your nature's right; you ſhall no more
Be mention'd with them: I will call you mine,
And trouble this good ſhame, no farder. Stand
Firme for your Countrey; and become a man
Honor'd, and lou'd. It were a noble life,
To be found dead, embracing her. Know you,
What thanks, what titles, what rewards the *Senate*
Will heape vpon you, certaine, for your ſeruice?
Let not a deſperate action more engage you,
Then ſafety ſhould; and wicked friendſhip force
VVhat honeſty, and vertue cannot worke.

FVL. He tels you right, sweete friend: 'Tis sauing counsaile.
CVR. Most noble *Consul*, I am yours, and hers;
I meane my Countries: you' haue form'd me new.
Inspiring me, with what I should be, truely.
And I intreate, my faith may not seeme cheaper
For springing out of penitence. CIC. Good *Curius*,
It shall be dearer rather, and because
Il'd make it such, heare how I trust you more.
Keepe still your former face; and mixe againe
With these lost spirits. Runne all their mazes with'hem;
For such are treasons. Finde their windings out,
And subtle turnings, watch their snaky waies,
Through brakes, and hedges, into woods of darkenesse,
VVhere they are faine to creepe vpon their breasts
In pathes nere trod by Men, but Wolues, and Panthers.
Learne, beside *Catiline*, *Lentulus*, and those,
VVhose names I haue, what new ones they draw in;
VVho else are likely; what those Great ones are,
They doe not name; what waies they meane to take;
And whither their hopes point; to warre: or ruine,
By some surprize. Explore all their intents,
And what you finde may profit the Republique,
Acquaint me with it, either, by your selfe,
Or this your vertuous friend, on whom I lay
The care of vrging you; Ile see, that *Rome*
Shall proue a thankefull, and a bounteous Mother:
Be secret as the night. CVR. And constant Sir.
CIC. I doe not doubt it. Though the time cut off
All vowes. "The dignity of truth is lost,
VVith much protesting: Who is there! This way,
Least you be seene, and met. And when you come,
Be this your token; to this fellow. Light 'hem.
O *Rome*, in what a sicknesse art thou fall'n!
How dangerous, and deadly! when thy head
Is drown'd in sleepe, and all thy body feu'ry!
No noise, no pulling, no vexation wakes thee,

Thy

Thy *Lethargie* is ſuch: or if, by chance,
Thou heau'ſt thy eye-lids vp, thou doſt forget
Sooner, then thou wert told, thy proper danger.
I did vnreuerently, to blame the Gods,
VVho wake for thee, though thou ſnore to thy ſelfe.
Is it not ſtrange, thou ſhould'ſt be ſo diſeas'd,
And ſo ſecure? But more, that the firſt ſymptomes
Of ſuch a malady, ſhould not riſe out
From any worthy member, but a baſe
And common ſtrumpet, worthleſſe to be nam'd
A haire, or part of thee? Thinke, thinke, hereafter,
What thy needes were, when thou muſt vſe ſuch meanes:
And lay it to thy breaſt, how much the Gods
Vpbraid thy foule neglect of them; by making
So vile a thing, the Author of thy ſafety.
They could haue wrought by nobler waies: haue ſtrooke
Thy foes with forked lightning; or tam'd thunder;
Throwne hilles vpon 'hem, in the act; haue ſent
Death, like a dampe, to all their families;
Or caus'd their conſciences to burſt 'hem. But,
VVhen they will ſhew thee what thou art, and make
A ſcornefull difference 'twixt their power, and thee,
They helpe thee by ſuch aides, as Geeſe, and Harlots.
How now? What anſwere? Is he come? L I C. Your Brother,
VVill ſtreight be here; and your Colleague *Antonius*
Said, coldly, he would follow me. C I C. I, that
Troubles me ſomewhat, and is worth my feare;
He is a man, 'gainſt whom I muſt prouide,
That (as hee'll doe no good) he doe no harme;
He, though he be not of the plot, will like it,
And wiſh it ſhould proceede; for, vnto men,
Preſt with their wants, all change is euer welcome.
I muſt with offices, and patience winne him;
Make him, by art, that which he is not borne,
A friend vnto the publique; and beſtow
The *Prouince* on him; which is by the *Senate*

Decreed to me: That benefit will bind him.
Tis well, if some men will doe well, for price;
" So few are vertuous, when the reward's away:
Nor must I be vnmindfull of my priuate;
For which I haue call'd my Brother, and the Tribunes,
My Kins-folke, and my Clients to be neare me;
" He that stands vp 'gainst Traitors, and their ends,
" Shall neede a double guard, of law, and friends:
" Especially, in such an enuious State,
" That sooner will accuse the Magistrate,
" Then the Delinquent; and will rather grieue
" The Treason is not acted, then beleeue.

CAESAR, CATILINE.

THe night growes on; and you are for your meeting:
Ile therefore end in few. Be resolute,
And put your enterprise in act: The more
" Actions of depth, and danger are consider'd,
" The lesse assuredly they are perform'd.
And thence it hapneth, that the brauest plots
(Not executed straight) haue beene discouer'd.
Say, you are constant, or another, a third,
Or more; there may be yet one wretched spirit,
With whom the feare of punishment shall worke
'Boue all the thoughts of honor, and reuenge.
You are not, now, to thinke what's best to doe,
As in beginnings; but, what must be done,
Being thus entred: and slip no aduantage
That may secure you. Let 'hem call it mischiefe;
" When it is past, and prosper'd, 't will be vertue.
" Th'are petty crimes are punish'd, great rewarded.
Nor must you thinke of perill; since, " Attempts,
" Begunne with danger, still doe end with glory:
" And, when neede spurres, despaire will be call'd wisdome.
Lesse ought the care of men, or fame to fright you;

For

"For they, that winne, do seldome receiue shame
"Of victory: how ere it be atchiu'd;
And vengeance, least. For who, besieg'd with wants,
Would stop at death, or any thing beyond it?
Come, there was neuer any great thing thing, yet,
Aspired, but by violence, or fraud:
And he that stickes (for folly of a conscience)
To reach it——. CAT. Is a good religious foole.
CAES. A superstitious slaue, and will die beast.
Good night. You know what *Crassus* thinks, and I,
By this: Prepare your wings, as large as sayles,
To cut through ayre, and leaue no print behind you.
A Serpent, ere he comes to be a Dragon,
Do's eate a Bat: and so must you a Consul,
That watches. What you doe, doe quickly *Sergius*:
You shall not stir for mee. CAT. Excuse me, lights there. (*Cæsar.*
CAES. By no meanes. CAT. Stay then. All good thoughts to
And like to *Crassus*. CAES. Mind but your friends counsels.

CATILINE, AVRELIA, LECCA.

OR, I will beare no mind. How now, *Aurelia*?
Are your confederates come? the Ladies? AVR. Yes.
CAT. And is *Sempronia* there? AVR. She is. CAT. That's well.
She ha's a sulphurous spirit, and will take
Light at a sparke. Breake with them, gentle loue,
About the drawing as many of their Husbands,
Into the plot, as can: If not, to rid 'hem.
That 'll be the easier practise, vnto some,
Who haue bene tir'd with 'hem long. Sollicite
Their aydes, for money; and their Seruants helpe,
In firing of the Citie, at the time
Shall be design'd. Promise 'hem States, and Empires,
And men, for Louers, made of better clay,
Then euer the old Potter *Titan* knew.
Who's that? O, *Porcius Lecca*! are they met?

LEC. They are all, here. CAT. Loue, you haue your instructions:
I'le trust you with the stuffe you haue to worke on.
You'll forme it? *Porcius*, fetch the siluer Eagle
I ga' you in charge. And pray 'hem, they will enter.

CATILINE, CETHEGVS, CVRIVS, LENTVLVS, VARGVNTEIVS, LONGINVS, GABINIVS, CEPARIVS, AVTRONIVS. &c.

O Friends, your faces glad mee. This will be
Our last, I hope, of consultation.
CAT. So, it had need. CVR. We loose occasion, daily.
CAT. I, and our meanes: whereof one woundes me most,
That was the fairest. *Piso* is dead, in *Spaine*.
CET. As we are, here. LON. And, as it is thought, by enuy
Of *Pompey's* followers. LEN. He too's comming backe,
Now, out of *Asia*. CAT. Therefore, what we 'intend
We must be swift in. Take your seates, and heare.
I haue, alreadie, sent *Septimius*
Into the *Picene* territorie; and *Iulius*,
To rayse force, for vs, in *Apulia*:
Manlius at *Fesulæ* is (by this time) vp,
With the old needie troopes, that follow'd *Sylla*;
And all do but expect, when we will giue
The blow at home. Behold this siluer Eagle,
Was *Marius* standard, in the *Cimbrian* warre,
Fatall to *Rome*; and, as our Augures tell mee,
Shall still be so: For which one omenous cause,
I' haue kept it safe, and done it sacred rites,
As to a Godhead; in a Chappell built
Of purpose to it. Pledge then all your hands,
To follow it, with vowes of death, and ruine,
Strooke silently, and home. So waters speake
When they runne deepest. Now's the time, this yeare,
The twenti'th, from the firing of the Capitol,

As fatall too, to *Rome*, by all predictions;
And, in wh'ch, honor'd *Lentulus* must rise
A King, if he pursue it. CVR. If he doe not,
He is not worthy the great destiny.
LEN. It is too great for mee, but what the Gods,
And their great loues decree me, I must not
Seeme careless of. CAT. No nor we enuious.
We haue enough beside, all *Gallia*, *Belgia*,
Greece Spayne, and *Africke*. CVR. I, and *Asia* too,
Now *Pompey* is returning. CAT. Noblest *Romanes*,
Me thinkes our lookes, are not so quicke and high,
As they were wont. CVR. No? whose is not? CAT. We haue
No anger in our eyes, no storme, no lightning:
Our hate is spent, and fum'd away in vapor,
Before our hands be'at worke. I can accuse
Not any one, but all of slackness. CET. Yes,
And be your selfe such, while you do it. CAT. Ha?
Tis sharply answerd, *Caius*, CET. Truly, truly.
LEN. Come, let vs each one know his part to doe,
And then be accus'd. Leaue these vntimely quarrels.
CVR. I would there were more *Romes* then one, to ruine.
CET. More *Romes*? More Worlds. CVR. Nay then, more Gods, &
If they tooke part. LEN. When shall the time be, first? (Natures,
CAT. I thinke the *Saturnals*. CET. 'Twill be too long.
CAT. They are not now farre off, 'tis not a month.
CET. A weeke, a day, an houre is too farre off,
Now, were the fittest time. CAT. We ha' not laid
All things so safe, and readie. CET. While we'are laying,
We shall all lie; and grow to earth. Would I
VVere nothing in it, if not now. These things
They should be done, e're thought. CAT. Nay, now your reason
Forsakes you, *Caius*. Thinke, but what commodity
That time will minister; the Cities custome
Of being, then, in mirth, and feast. LEN. Loos'd whole
In pleasure and securitie. AVL. Each house
Resolu'd in freedome. CVR. Euery slaue a master.

LON.

LON. And they too no meane aides. CVR. Made from their hope
Of liberty. LEN. Or hate vnto their Lords.
VAR. Tis ſure, there cannot be a time found out
More apt, and naturall. LEN. Nay, good *Cethegus*,
Why do your paſſions, now, diſturbe our hopes?
CET. Why do your hopes delude your certainties?
CAT. You muſt lend him his way. Thinke, for the order,
And proceſſe of it. LON. Yes. LEN. I like not fire:
'Twill too much waſt my Citie. CAT. Were it embers,
There will be wealth enough, rak't out of them,
To ſpring a new: It muſt be fire, or nothing.
LON. What elſe ſhould fright, or terrefie 'hem? VAR. True.
In that confuſion, muſt be the chiefe ſlaughter.
CVR. Then we ſhall kill 'hem braueſt. CEP. And in heapes.
AVT. Strew Sacrifices. CVR. Make the Earth an Altar.
LON, And *Rome* the fire. LEC. 'Twill be a noble night.
VAR. And worth all *Sylla's* daies. CVR. When Husbands, Wiues,
Grandſires, and Nephewes, Seruants, and their Lords,
Virgins, and Prieſts, the Infant, and the Nurſe
Go all to hell, together, in a fleete.
CAT. I would haue you, *Longinus*, and *Statilius*,
To take the charge o' the firing, which muſt be,
At a ſigne giuen with a trumpet, done
In twelue chiefe places of the Citie, at once.
The flaxe, and ſulphure, are alreadie laid
In, at *Cethegus* houſe. So are the weapons.
Gabinius, you, with other force, ſhall ſtop
The pipes, and conduits: And kill thoſe that come
For water. CVR. What ſhall I do? CAT. All will haue
Employment, feare not: Ply the execution.
CVR. For that, truſt me, and *Cethegus*. CAT. I will be
At hand, with the army, to meete thoſe that ſcape.
And *Lentulus*, begirt you *Pompey*'s houſe,
To ſeiſe his ſonnes aliue: for they are they
Muſt make our peace with him. All elſe cut off,
As *Tarquin* did the Poppey heads; or mowers

A field of thiſtles; or elſe, vp, as ploughes
Do barren lands; and ſtrike together flints,
And clods; th'ungrateſull Senate, and the People:
Till no rage, gone before, or comming after
May weigh with yours, though Horror leapt her ſelfe
Into the ſcale: but, in your violent acts,
The fall of torrents, and the noyſe of tempeſts,
The boyling of *Charybdis*, the Seas wildneſſe,
The eating force of flames, and wings of winds,
Be all outwrought, by your tranſcendent furies.
It had bene done, ere this, had I bene Conſul;
We'had had no ſtop, no let. LEN. How find you *Antonius*?
CAT. The'other ha's wonne him, loſt: that *Cicero*
Was borne to be my oppoſition,
And ſtands in all our waies. CVR. Remoue him firſt.
CET. May that, yet, be done ſooner? CAT. Would it were done.
CVR. VAR. I'll doe't. CET. It is my prouince; none vſurpe it.
LEN. What are your meanes? CET. Enquire not. He ſhall die.
Shall, was too ſlowly ſaid. He'is dying. That
Is, yet, too ſlow. He'is dead. CAT. Braue, only *Romane*,
Whoſe ſoule might be the worlds ſoule, were that dying;
Refuſe not, yet, the aydes of theſe your friends:
LEN. Here's *Vargunteius* holds good quarter with him.
CAT. And vnder the pretext of clientele
And viſitation, with the morning *Hayle*,
Will be admitted. CET. What is that to mee?
VAR. Yes, we may kill him in his bed, and ſafely.
CET. Safe is your way, then; take it. Mine's mine owne.
CAT. Follow him, *Vargunteius*, and perſwade,
The morning is the fitteſt time. LON. The night
Will turne all into tumult. LEN. And perhaps
Miſſe of him too. CAT. Intreat, and coniure him.
In all our names. LEN. By all our vowes, and friendſhips.

SEMPRONIA, AVRELIA, FVLVIA, to them.

WHat! is our Councell broke vp first? AVR. You say,
VVomen are greatest talkers. SEM. VVe ha'done;
And are now fit for action. LON. VVhich is passion.
There's your best actiuity, Lady. SEM. How
Knowes your wise fatnesse that? LON. Your Mothers daughter
Did teach me, Madame. CET. Come *Sempronia*, leaue him:
He is a Giber. And our present businesse
Is of more serious consequence. *Aurelia*
Tells me, you'haue done most masculinely within,
And plaid the Orator. SEM. But we must hasten
To our designe as well, and execute:
Not hang still, in the feuer of an accident.
CAT. You say well, Lady. SEM. I do like our plot
Exceeding well, tis sure; and we shall leaue
Little to fortune, in it. CAT. Your banquet stayes.
Aurelia take her in. VVhere's *Fulua*?
SEM. O the two Louers are coupling. CVR. In good faith,
She's very ill, with sitting vp. SEM. Youl'd haue her
Laugh, and lie downe. FVL. No, faith, *Sempronia*,
I am not well; I'le take my leaue, it drawes
Toward the morning. *Curius* shall stay with you.
Madam, I pray you pardon me, my health
I must respect. AVR. Farewell, good *Fulua*.
CVR. Make hast, and bid him get his guards about him.
For *Vargunteius*, and *Cornelius*
Haue vndertane it, should *Cethegus* misse:
Their reason, that they thinke his open rashnesse
VVill suffer easier discouerie,
Then their attempt; so vailed vnder friendship.
Ile bring you to your Coach. Tell him, beside,
Of *Cæsars* comming forth, here. CAT. My sweete Madam,
VVill you be gone? FVL. I am, my Lord, in truth,
In some indisposition. CAT. I do wish

You

You had all your health, ſweet Lady. *Lentulus*,
You'll doe her ſeruice. LEN. To her coach, and duty.

CATILINE.

WHat miniſters men muſt, for practiſe, vſe!
The raſh, th'ambitious, needy, deſperate,
Fooliſh, and wretched, eu'n the dregs of Mankinde,
To whores, and women! Still, it muſt be ſo.
Each haue their proper place; and, in their roomes,
They are the beſt. Groomes fitteſt kindle fires,
Slaues carry burdens, Butchers are for ſlaughters,
Apothecaries, Butlers, Cookes for poyſons;
As theſe for me: Dull, ſtupide *Lentulus*,
My ſtale, with whom I ſtalke; the raſh *Cethegus*,
My executioner; and fat *Longinus*,
Statilius, *Curius*, *Ceparius*, *Cimber*.
My laborers, pioners, and incendiaries;
VVith theſe domeſticke traitors, boſome theeues,
Whom cuſtome hath call'd Wiues; the readieſt helpes,
To ſtrangle head-ſtrong Husbands; rob the eaſie;
And lend the moneyes, on returnes of luſt.
Shall *Catiline* not doe, now, with theſe aides,
So ſought, ſo ſorted, ſomething ſhall be call'd
Their labor, but his profit? and make *Cæſar*
Repent his ventring counſels, to a ſpirit,
So much his Lord in miſchiefe? when all theſe,
Shall, like the Brethren ſprung of Dragons teeth,
Ruine each other; and he fall amongſt 'hem:
VVith *Craſſus*, *Pompey*, or who elſe appeares,
But like, or neare a great one. May my braine
Reſolue to water, and my bloud turne phlegme,
My hands, drop off, vnworthy of my ſword,
And that b'inſpired, of it ſelfe, to rip
My breaſt, for my loſt entrailes; when I leaue
A ſoule, that will not ſerue. And who will, are

The ſame with ſlaues; ſuch clay I dare not feare.
The cruelty, I meane to act, I wiſh
Should be call'd mine, and tary in my name;
Whil'ſt after Ages do toyle out themſelues
In thinking for the like, but do it leſſe:
And, were the power of all the fiends let looſe,
With Fate to boote, it ſhould be, ſtill, example.
When, what the *Gaule*, or *Moore* could not effect,
Nor æmulous *Carthage*, with their length of ſpight,
Shall be the worke of one, and that my night.

CICERO, FVLVIA, QVINTVS.

I Thanke your vigilance. VVhere's my brother, *Quintus*?
Call all my ſeruants vp. Tell noble *Curius*,
And ſay it to your ſelfe, you are my Sauers;
But that's too little for you, you are *Rome's*:
VVhat could I then, hope leſſe? O brother! now,
The engines I told you of, are working;
The machine 'gin's to moue. VVhere are your weapons?
Arme all my houſhold preſently. And charge
The Porter, he let no man in, till day.
QVI. Not Clients, and your friends? CIC. They weare thoſe (names,
That come to murther me. Yet ſend for *Cato*,
And *Quintus Catulus*; thoſe I dare truſt;
And *Flaccus*, and *Pontinius*, the Prætors,
By the backe way. QVI. Take care, good brother *Marcus*,
Your feares be not form'd greater, then they ſhould;
And make your friends grieue, while your enemies laugh.
CIC. Tis brothers counſell, and worth thankes. But doe
As I intreat you. I prouide, not feare.
VVas *Cæſar* there, ſay you? FVL. *Curius* ſayes, he met him,
Comming from thence. CIC. O, ſo. And, had you a counſell
Of Ladies too? VVho was your Speaker, Madam?
FVL. She that would be, had there bene fortie more;
Sempronia, who had both her Greeke, and Figures;

And,

And, euer and anone, would aske vs, if
The witty Consul could haue mended that?
Or *Orator Cicero* could haue said it better?
CIC. Shee's my gentle enemy. Would *Cethegus*
Had no more danger in him. But, my guards
Are you, great powers; and th' vnbated strengths
Of a firme conscience, which shall arme each step
Tane for the State; and teach me slacke no pace
For feare of malice. How now, Brother? QVI. *Cato*,
And *Quintus Catulus* were comming to you,
And *Crassus* with 'hem. I haue let 'hem in,
By th' garden. CIC. What would *Crassus* haue? QVI. I heare
Some whispering 'bout the gate; and making doubt,
Whither it be not yet too early, or no?
But I doe thinke, they are your friendes, and Clients,
Are fearefull to disturbe you. CIC. You will change
To another thought, anone. Ha' you giu'n the Porter
The charge, I will'd you? QVI. Yes. CIC. Withdraw, and hearken.

VARGVNTEIVS, CORNELIVS, PORTER,
CICERO, CATO, CATVLVS,
CRASSVS.

THe dore's not open, yet. COR. You' were best to knocke.
VAR. Let them stand close, then: And, when we are in,
Rush after vs. COR. But where's *Cethegus*? VAR. He
Has left it, since he might not do't his way.
POR. Who's there? VAR. A friend, or more. POR. I may not let
Any man in, till day. VAR. No? why? COR. Thy reason?
POR. I am commanded so. VAR. By whom? COR. I hope
We are not discouer'd. VAR. Yes, by reuelation.
Pray thee good slaue, who has commanded thee?
POR. He that may best, the Consull. VAR. We are his friends.
POR. All's one. COR. Best giue your name. VAR. Dost thou heare,
I haue some instant busines with the Consull. (fellow?
My name is *Vargunteius*. CIC. True, he knowes it;

And for what friendly office you are ſent.
Cornelius, too, is there? VAR. We are betraid.
CIC. And deſperate *Cethegus*, is he not?
VAR. Speake you, he knowes my voice. CIC. What ſay you to't?
COR. You are deceau'd Sir. CIC. No, 'tis you are ſo;
Poore, miſled men. Your ſtates are yet worth pitty,
If you would heare, and change your ſauage minds.
Leaue to be mad; forſake your purpoſes
Of Treaſon, Rapine, Murder, Fire, and Horror:
The common wealth hath eyes, that wake as ſharply
Ouer her life, as yours doe for her ruine.
Be not deceiu'd, to thinke her lenity
Will be perpetuall; or, if Men be wanting,
The Gods will be, to ſuch a calling cauſe.
Conſider your attempts, and while there's time,
Repent you of 'hem. It doth make me tremble
There ſhould thoſe ſpirits yet breath, that when they cannot
Liue honeſtly, would rather periſh baſely.
CATO. You talke to much to 'hem, *Marcus*, They'are loſt.
Goe forth, and apprehend 'hem. CATV. If you proue
This practiſe; what ſhould let the Common-wealth
To take due vengeance? VAR. Let vs ſhift, away.
The darkeneſſe hath conceal'd vs, yet: Wee'll ſay
Some haue abus'd our names. COR. Denie it all.
CATO. *Quintus*, what guards ha' you? Call the Tribunes aide,
And raiſe the City. Conſul, you are too mild,
"The foulneſſe of ſome facts takes thence all mercy:
Report it to the *Senate*. Heare: The Gods
Grow angry with your patience. "Tis their care,
"And muſt be yours, that guilty men eſcape not.
"As crimes doe grow, Iuſtice ſhould rouſe it ſelfe.

CHORVS.

WHat is it, Heauens, you prepare
VVith ſo much ſwiftneſſe, and ſo ſodaine riſing?

There

There are no Sonnes of earth, that dare,
Againe, rebellion : or the Gods ſurpriſing?
The World doth ſhake, and Nature feares,
Yet is the tumult, and the horror greater
VVithin our minds, then in our eares,
So much *Romes* faults (now growne her Fate) doe threat her.
The Prieſts, and People runne about,
Each Order, Age, and Sexe amaz'd at other;
And, at the ports, all thronging out,
As if their ſafety were to quit their Mother:
Yet finde they the ſame dangers there,
From which they make ſuch haſt to be preſerued;
For guilty States doe euer beare
The plagues about them, which they haue deſerued.
And, till thoſe plagues doe get aboue
The mountaine of our faults, and there doe ſit;
VVe ſee 'hem not. Thus, ſtill we loue
The'euill we doe, vntill we ſuffer it.
But, moſt, ambition, that neare vice
To vertue, hath the fate of *Rome* prouoked;
And made, that now *Rome's* ſelfe no price,
To free her from the death, wherewith ſhe's yoked.
That reſtleſſe Ill, that ſtill doth build
Vpon ſucceſſe; and endes not in aſpiring:
But there beginnes. And nere is fill'd,
While ought remaines that ſeemes but worth deſiring.
VVherein the Thought, vnlike the Eye,
To which things farre, ſeeme ſmaller then they are,
Deemes all contentment plac'd on high:
And thinks there's nothing great, but what is farre.
O, that in time, *Rome* did not caſt
Her errors vp, this fortune to preuent;
T'haue ſeene her crimes 'ere they were paſt:
And felt her faults, before her puniſhment.

Act. iiij.

ALLOBROGES.

CAn these men feare? who are not only ours,
But the worlds masters? Then I see, the Gods
Vpbraid our suffrings, or would humble them;
By sending these affrights, while we are here:
That we might laugh at their ridiculous feare,
Whose names, we trembled at, beyond the Alpes.
Of all that passe, I doe not see a face
Worthy a man, that dares looke vp, and stand
One thunder out; but downeward all, like beasts,
Running away from euery flash is made.
The falling world could not deserue such basenesse.
Are we emploid here, by our miseries,
Like superstitious fooles (or rather slaues)
To plaine our griefes, wrongs, and oppressions,
To a meere clothed *Senate*, whom our folly
Hath made, and still intends to keepe our Tyrannes?
It is our base pêtitionary breath
That blowes 'hem to this greatnesse; which this pricke
Would soone let out, if we were bold, and wretched.
When they haue taken all we haue; our goods,
Crop, lands, and houses, they will leaue vs this:
A weapon, and an arme will still be found,
Though naked left, and lower then the ground.

CATO, CATVLVS, CICERO.

DOe; vrge thine anger, still; good Heauen, and iust.
Tell guilty men, what powers are aboue them.

In

In ſuch a confidence of wickedneſſe,
'Twas time, they ſhould know ſomething fit to feare.
CATV. I neuer ſaw a morne more full of horror.
CATO. To *Catilme*, and his: But, to iuſt men,
Though Heauen ſhould ſpeake, with all his wrath at once,
That, with his breath, the hinges of the world
Did cracke; we ſhould ſtand vpright, and vnfear'd.
CIC. Why, ſo we doe, good *Cato*. Who be theſe?
CATV. Ambaſſadours, from the *Allobroges*,
I take 'hem, by their habits. ALL. I, theſe men
Seeme of another race; Let's ſue to theſe
There's hope of iuſtice, with their fortitude.
CIC. Friends of the *Senate*, and of *Rome*, to day
VVe pray you to forbeare vs: on the morrow
VVhat ſute you haue, let vs, by *Fabius Sanga*,
(VVhoſe Patronage your State doth vſe) but know it,
And, on the Conſull's word, you ſhall receiue
Diſpatch, or elſe an anſwere, worth your patience.
ALL. VVe could not hope for more, moſt worthy Conſul.
This Magiſtrate hath ſtrooke an awe into me,
And, by his ſweetneſſe, wonne a more reguard
Vnto his place, then all the boiſtrous moodes
That ignorant Greatneſſe practiſeth, to fill
The large, vnfit authority it weares.
How eaſie is a noble ſpirit diſcern'd
From harſh, and ſulphurous matter, that flies out
In contumelies, makes a noiſe, and ſtinkes.
May we finde good, and great men, that know how
To ſtoupe to wants, and meete neceſſities,
And will not turne from any equall ſuites.
" Such men, they doe not ſuccour more the cauſe,
" They vndertake, with fauor, and ſucceſſe;
" Then, by it, their owne iudgments they doe raiſe,
" In turning iuſt mens needes, into their praiſe.

THE SENATE.

PRAE. Roome for the Consuls. Fathers, take your places.
Here, in the house of *Iupiter*, the STAYER,
By edict from the Consull, *Marcus Tullius*,
You'are met, a frequent Senate. Heare him speake.
CIC. *Which may be happy, and auspicious still*
To Rome, *and hers*. Honor'd and Conscript Fathers,
If I were silent, and that all the dangers
Threatning the State, and you, were yet so hid
In night, or darkenesse, thicker in their breasts,
That are the blacke contriuers; so, that no
Beame of the light could pierce 'hem: Yet the voice
Of Heau'n, this morning, hath spoke loud inough,
T'instruct you with a feeling of the horror;
And wake you from a sleepe, as dead, as death.
I haue, of late, spoke often in this Senate,
Touching this argument, but still haue wanted
Either your eares, or faith: so' incredible
Their plots haue seem'd, or I so vaine, to make
These things for mine owne glory, and false greatnesse,
As hath beene giuen out. But be it so:
When they breake forth, and shall declare themselues,
By their too foule effects, then, then, the enuy
Of my iust cares will finde another name.
For me, I am but one: And this poore life,
So lately aim'd at, not an houre yet since,
They cannot with more eagernesse pursue,
Then I with gladnesse would lay downe, and loose,
To buy *Romes* peace, if that would purchase it:
But when I see, they'ld make it but the step
To more, and greater; vnto yours, *Romes*, all:
I would with those preserue it, or then fall.
CAES. I, I, let you alone, cunning Artificer!
See, how his gorget peeres aboue his gowne;

To

To tell the people, in what danger he was.
It was absurdly done of *Vargunteius*,
To name himselfe, before he was got in.
CRA. It matters not, so they denie it all:
And can but carry the lie constantly.
Will *Catiline* be here? CAES. I' haue sent for him.
CRA. And ha' you bid him to be confident?
CAES. To that his owne necessity will prompt him.
CRA. Seeme to beleeue nothing at all, that *Cicero*
Relates vs. CAES. It will mad him. CRA. O, and helpe
The other party. Who is that? His Brother?
What new intelligence ha's he brought him now?
CAES. Some cautions from his Wife, how to behaue him.
CIC. Place some of them without, and some bring in.
Thanke their kinde loues. It is a comfort yet,
That all depart not from their Countries cause.
CAES. How now, what meanes this Muster? Consul, *Antonius?*
ANT. I doe not know, aske my Colleague, hee'll tell you.
There is some reason in state, that I must yeeld to;
And I haue promis'd him: Indeede he has bought it,
With giuing me the *Prouince*. CIC. I professe,
It grieues me, Fathers, that I am compell'd
To draw these armes, and aides for your defence;
And, more, against a Citizen of *Rome*,
Borne here amongst you, a Patrician,
A man, I must confesse, of no meane house,
Nor no small vertue, if he had employ'd
Those excellent gifts of Fortune, and of Nature,
Vnto the good, not ruine of the State.
But being bred in's fathers needy fortunes,
Brought vp in's sisters prostitution,
Confirm'd in ciuill slaughter, entring first
The Common-wealth, with murder of the gentry;
Since, both by study, and custome, conuersant
With all licentiousnesse: what could be hop'd
In such a field of riot, but a course

Extreme pernicious? Though, I must protest,
I found his mischiefs, sooner, with mine eyes,
Then with my thought; and with these hands of mine
Before they touch'd, at my suspicion.
CAES. VVhat are his mischiefs, Consul? you declame
Against his manners, and corrupt your owne;
"No wise man should, for hate of guilty men,
"Loose his owne innocence. CIC. The noble *Cæsar*
Speakes Godlike truth. But, when he heares, I can
Conuince him, by his manners, of his mischiefs,
He might be silent: And not cast away
His sentences in vaine, where they scarse looke.
Toward his subiect. CAT. Here he comes himselfe.
If he be wo thy any good mans voice,
That good man sit downe, by him: *Cato* will not.
CATV. If *Cato* leaue him. I'le not keepe aside.
CATI. VVhat face is this, the *Senate* here puts on,
Against me, Fathers! Giue my modesty
Leaue, to demand the cause of so much strangenesse.
CAES. It is reported here, you are the head
To a strange faction, *Lucius*. CIC. I, and will
Be prou'd against him. CAT. Let it be. Why, Consul,
If in the Common-wealth, there be two bodies,
One leane, weake, rotten, and that hath a head;
The other strong, and healthfull, but hath none:
If I doe giue it one, doe I offend?
Restore your selues, vnto your temper, Fathers;
And, without perturbation, heare me speake:
Remember who I am, and of what place,
VVhat petty fellow this is, that opposes;
One, that hath exercis'd his eloquence,
Still to the bane of the Nobility:
A boasting, insolent tongue-man. CATO. Peace leud Traitor,
Or wash thy mouth. He is an honest man
And loues his Countrey; would thou didst so, too.
CATI. *Cato*, you are too zealous for him. CATO. No,

Thou

Thou art too impudent. CATV. *Catiline* be silent.
CATI. Nay then, I easily feare, my iust defence
VVill come too late, to so much preiudice. (me,
CAES. Will he sit downe? CATI. Yet, let the world forsake
My innocence must not. CATO. Thou innocent?
So are the *Furies*. CIC. Yes, and *Ate*, too.
Do'st thou not blush, pernicious *Catiline*?
Or, hath the paleness of thy guilt drunke vp
Thy blood, and drawne thy vaines, as drie of that,
As is thy heart of truth, thy breast of vertue?
Whither at length wilt thou abuse our patience?
Still shall thy fury mocke vs? To what licence
Dares thy vnbridled boldnesse runne it selfe?
Doe all the nightly guards, kept on the Palace,
The Cities watches, with the Peoples feares,
The concourse of all Good men, this so strong
And fortified seate here of the *Senate*,
The present lookes vpon thee, strike thee nothing?
Do'st thou not feele thy Councels all laid open?
And see thy wild Conspiracy bound in
VVith each mans knowledge? which of all this Order
Canst thou thinke ignorant (if they'll but vtter
Their conscience to the right) of what thou didst
Last night, what on the former, where thou wert,
Whom thou didst call together, what your plots were?
O Age, and Manners! This the Consul sees,
The *Senate* vnderstands, yet this man liues!
Liues? I, and comes here into Councell with vs;
Partakes the publique cares: and with his eye
Markes, and points out each man of vs to slaughter.
And we, good men, doe satisfie the State,
If we can shunne but this mans sword, and madnesse.
There was that vertue, once, in *Rome*, when good men
Would, with more sharpe coërcion, haue restrain'd
A wicked Citizen, then the deadliest Foe.
We haue that law still, *Catiline*, for thee;

An act as graue, as ſharpe: The State's not wanting,
Nor the authority of this Senate; wee,
Wee, that are Conſuls, onely fayle our ſelues.
This twentie daies, the edge of that decree
We haue let dull, and ruſt; kept it ſhut vp,
As in a ſheath, which drawne ſhould take thy head.
Yet ſtill thou liu'ſt: and liu'ſt not to lay by
Thy wicked confidence, but to confirme it.
I could deſire, Fathers, to be found
Still mercifull, to ſeeme in theſe maine perils,
Graſping the ſtate, a man remiſſe, and ſlacke;
But then, I ſhould condemne my ſelfe of ſloth,
And trechery. Their Campe's in *Italy*,
Pitch'd in the iawes, here, of *Hetruria*;
Their numbers daily increaſing, and their Generall
Within our walles: nay in our Councell, plotting
Howerly ſome fatall miſchiefe to the Publique.
If, *Catiline*, I ſhould commaund thee, now,
Here, to be taken, kill'd; I make iuſt doubt,
Whether all good men would not thinke it done
Rather too late, then any man too cruell.
CATO. Except he were of the ſame meale, and batch.
CIC. But that, which ought to haue bene done long ſince,
I will, and (for good reaſon) yet forbeare.
Then will I take thee, when no man is found
So loſt, ſo wicked, nay ſo like thy ſelfe,
But ſhall profeſſe, 'tis done of neede, and right.
While there is one, that dares defend thee, liue;
Thou ſhalt haue leaue; but ſo, as now thou liu'ſt:
Watch'd at a hand, beſieged, and oppreſt
From working leaſt commotion to the State.
I haue thoſe eyes, and eares, ſhall ſtill keepe guard,
And ſpiall on thee, as they haue euer done,
And thou not feele it. What, then, canſt thou hope?
If neither Night can, with her darkneſſe, hide
Thy wicked meetings; nor a priuate Houſe

Can

Can, in her walles, containe the guiltie whiſpers
Of thy conſpiracy: If all breake out,
All be diſcouered, change thy minde at laſt,
And looſe thy thoughts of ruine, flame, and ſlaughter.
Remember, how I told, here, to the Senate,
That ſuch a day, thy Lictor, *Caius Manlius*,
Would be in armes. Was I deceiued, *Catiline*,
Or in the fact, or in the time? the hower?
I told too, in this Senate, that thy purpoſe
Was, on the fifth, the Kalends of *Nouember*,
T'haue ſlaughterd this whole Order: which my caution
Made many leaue the Citie. Canſt thou here
Denie, but this thy blacke deſigne was hindred,
That very day, by mee, thy ſelfe clos'd in
Within my ſtrengths, ſo that thou could'ſt not moue
Againſt a publique reed? when thou wert heard
To ſay, vpon the parting of the reſt,
Thou would'ſt content thee, with the murder of vs,
That did remaine. Had'ſt thou not hope, beſide,
By a ſurprize, by night, to take *Praneſte*?
Where when thou cam'ſt, did'ſt thou not finde the place
Made good againſt thee, with my aides, my watches?
My Garriſons fortified it. Thou doſt nothing, *Sergius*,
Thou canſt endeuour nothing, nay not thinke,
But I both ſee, and heare it; and am with thee,
By, and before, about, and in thee, too.
Call but to minde thy laſt nights buſineſſe. Come,
Ile vſe no circumſtance: at *Lecca's* houſe,
The ſhop, and mint of your conſpiracie,
Among your Sword-men, where ſo many aſſociates
Both of thy miſchiefe, and thy madneſſe, met.
Dar'ſt thou denie this? wherefore art thou ſilent?
Speake, and this ſhall conuince thee: Here they are,
I ſee 'hem, in this Senate, that were with thee.
O you immortall Gods! in what clime are wee?
What region do we liue in? in what ayre?

What

VVhat Common-wealth, or State is this we haue?
Here, here, amongst vs, our owne number, Fathers,
In this most holy Councell of the world,
They are, that seeke the spoyle of me, of you,
Of ours, of all; what I can name's too narrow:
Follow the Sunne, and find not their ambition.
These I behold, being Consull; Nay, I aske
Their counsels of the State, as from good Patriots:
Whom it were fit the axe should hew in pieces,
I not so much as wound, yet, with my voyce.
Thou wast, last night, with *Lecca*, *Catiline*,
Your shares, of *Italy*, you there diuided;
Appointed who, and whither, each should goe;
What men should stay behind, in *Rome*, were chosen;
Your offices set downe; the parts mark'd out,
And places of the Citie, for the fire;
Thy selfe (thou'affirmd'st) wast readie to depart,
Onely, a little let there was, that stay'd thee,
That I yet liu'd: Vpon the word, stept forth
Three of thy crew, to rid thee of that care;
Two vndertooke this morning, before day,
To kill me in my bed. All this I knew,
Your conuent scarce dismiss'd, arm'd all my seruants,
Call'd both my brother, and friends, shut out your clients,
You sent to visite mee; whose names I told
To some there, of good place, before they came.

CATO. Yes, I, and *Quintus Catulus* can affirme it.

CAES. Hee's lost, and gone. His spirits haue forsooke him.

CIC. If this be so, why, *Catiline*, dost thou stay?
Goe, where thou meanst: The Ports are open; forth.
The Campe abroad wants thee, their Chiefe, too long.
Lead with thee all thy troupes out. Purge the Citie.
Draw drie that noysome, and pernicious sinke,
Which left, behind thee, would infect the world.
Thou wilt free me of all my feares, at once,
To see a wall betweene vs. Dost thou stop

To

To do that now, commanded; which before,
Of thine owne choise, thou'rt prone to? Goe. The Consul
Bids thee, an enemy, to depart the Citie.
Whither, thou'lt aske? to exile? I not bid
Thee that. But aske my counsell, I perswade it.
VVhat is there, here, in *Rome*, that can delight thee?
Where not a soule, without thine owne foule knot,
But feares, and hates thee. What domesticke note
Of priuate filthinesse, but is burnt in
Into thy life? What close, and secret shame,
But is growne one, with thy knowne infamy?
What lust was euer absent from thine eyes?
VVhat lewd fact from thy hands? what wickednesse
From thy whole body? where's that youth drawne in
VVithin thy nets, or catch'd vp with thy baytes,
Before whose rage, thou hast not borne a sword,
And to whose lusts thou hast not 'held a torch?
Thy latter Nuptials I let passe in silence;
VVhere sinnes incredible, on sinnes, were heapt:
Which I not name, lest, in a ciuill State,
So monstrous facts should eyther appeare to bee,
Or not to be reueng'd. Thy Fortunes, too,
I glance not at, which hang but till next Ides.
I come to that, which is more knowne, more publick;
The life, and safety of vs all, by thee
Threatned, and sought. Stood'st thou not in the field,
VVhen *Lepidus*, and *Tullus* were our Consuls,
Vpon the day of choyse, arm'd, and with forces,
To take their liues, and our chiefe Citizens;
When, not thy feare, nor conscięce chang'd thy mind,
But the meere fortune of the Common-wealth
VVithstood thy actiue malice? Speake but right.
How often hast thou made attempt on mee?
How many of thy assaults haue I declin'd
VVith shifting but my bodie, (as wee'ld say)
VVrested thy dagger from thy hand, how oft?

How often hath it falne, or ſlip't by chance?
Yet, can thy ſide not want it: which, how vow'd,
Or with what rites, 'tis ſacred of thee, I know not,
That ſtill thou mak'ſt it a neceſſitie,
To fixe it in the bodie of a Conſul.
But let me looſe this way, and ſpeake to thee,
Not as one mou'd with hatred, which I ought,
But pitty, of which none is owing thee.
CAT. No more then vnto *Tantalus*, or *Tityus*.
CIC. Thou cam'ſt, ere while, into this Senate. Who
Of ſuch a frequency, ſo many friends,
And kindred thou haſt here, ſaluted thee?
VVere not the ſeates made bare, vpon thy entrance?
Riſs' not the Conſular men? and left their places,
So ſoone as thou ſat'ſt downe? and fled thy ſide,
Like to a plague, or ruine; knowing, how oft
They had bene, by thee, mark'd out for the Shambles?
How doſt thou beare this? Surely, if my Slaues
At home fear'd me, with halfe th'affright, and horror,
That, here, thy fellow Citizens do thee,
I ſhould ſoone quit my houſe, and thinke it need too.
Yet thou dar'ſt tary heere? Go forth, at laſt;
Condemne thy ſelfe to flight, and ſolitude.
Diſcharge the Common-wealth, of her deepe feare.
Goe; into baniſhment, if thou wait'ſt the word.
Why do'ſt thou looke? They all conſent vnto it.
Do'ſt thou expect th'authority of their voyces,
VVhoſe ſilent willes condemne thee? While they ſit,
They approue it; while they ſuffer it, they decree it;
And while they'are ſilent to it, they proclaime it.
Prove thou there honeſt, Ile endure the enuie.
But there's no thought, thou ſhould'ſt be euer hee,
VVhom eyther ſhame ſhould call from filthineſſe,
Terror from danger, or diſcourſe from fury.
Goe; I intreat thee: yet, why do I ſo?
VVhen I alreadie know, they'are ſent afore,

That tarry for thee'in armes, and do expect thee
On the *Aurelian* way. I know the day
Set downe, twixt thee, and *Manlius*; vnto whom
The ſiluer Eagle too is ſent, before:
VVhich I do hope ſhall proue, to thee as banefull,
As thou conceiu'ſt it to the Common-wealth.
But, may this wiſe, and ſacred Senate ſay,
VVhat mean'ſt thou *Marcus Tullius*? If thou know'ſt
That *Catilme* be look'd for, to be Chiefe
Of an inteſtine warre; that he'is the Author
Of ſuch a wickedneſſe; the Caller out
Of men of marke in miſchiefe, to an action
Of ſo much horror; Prince of ſuch a treaſon;
VVhy do'ſt thou ſend him forth? why let him ſcape?
This is to giue him liberty, and power:
Rather, thou ſhould'ſt lay hold vpon him, ſend him
To deſeru'd death, and a iuſt puniſhment.
To theſe ſo holy voyces, thus I anſwere.
If I did thinke it timely, Conſcript Fathers,
To puniſh him with death, I would not giue
The Fencer vſe of one ſhort hower, to breath;
But when there are in this graue Order, ſome,
VVho, with ſoft cenſures, ſtill doe nource his hopes;
Some, that with not beleeuing, haue confirm'd
His deſignes more, and whoſe authoritie
The weaker, as the worſt men, too, haue follow'd:
I would now ſend him, where they all ſhould ſee
Cleare, as the light, his heart ſhine; where no man
Could be ſo wickedly, or fondly ſtupide,
But ſhould cry out he ſaw, touch'd, felt, and graſp't it.
Then, when he hath runne out himſelfe; led forth
His deſp'rate partie with him; blowne together
Aids of all kinds, both ſhipwrack'd minds & fortunes:
Not onely the grownе euill, that now is ſprung,
And ſprouted forth, would be pluck'd vp, & weeded;
But the ſtocke, roote, and ſeed of all the miſchiefes,

Choking the Common-wealth. Where, ſhould we take
Of ſuch a ſwarme of traytors, onely him,
Our cares, and feares might ſeeme a while relieu'd,
But the maine perill would bide ſtill enclos'd
Deepe, in the veines, and bowels of the State.
As humane bodies, laboring with feuers,
VVhile they are toſt with heate, if they do take
Cold water, ſeeme for that ſhort ſpace much eas'd,
But afterward, are ten times more afflicted.
VVherefore, I ſay, let all this wicked crew
Depart, diuide themſelues from good men, gather
Their forces to one head; as I ſaid oft,
Let 'hem be ſeuer'd from vs with a wall;
Let 'hem leaue off attempts, vpon the Conſul,
In his owne houſe; to circle in the Prætor;
To girt the Court with weapons; to prepare
Fire, and balles, ſwords, torches, ſulphure, brands:
In ſhort, let it be writ in each mans forehead
What thoughts he beares the Publike. I here promiſe,
Fathers Conſcript, to you, and to my ſelfe,
That diligence in vs Conſulls, for my honour'd
Colleague, abroad, and for my ſelfe, at home;
So great authority in you; ſo much
Vertue, in theſe, the Gentlemen of *Rome*;
VVhom I could ſcarce reſtraine to day, in zeale,
From ſeeking out the Parricide, to ſlaughter;
So much conſent in all good men, and minds,
As, on the going out of this one *Catiline*,
All ſhall be cleare, made plaine, oppreſs'd, reueng'd.
And, with this omen, go, pernicious plague,
Out of the Citie, to the wiſh'd deſtruction
Of thee, and thoſe, that, to the ruine of her,
Haue tane that bloudy, and blacke ſacrament.
Thou *Iupiter*, whom we do call the STAYER
Both of this Citie, and this Empire, wilt
(With the ſame auſpice thou didſt raiſe it firſt)

Driue

Driue from thy Altars, and all other Temples,
And Buildings of this City; from our Walles;
Liues, ſtates, and fortunes of our Citizens;
This fiend, this fury, with his complices.
And all the'offence of good men (theſe knowne traitors
Vnto their countrey, theeues of *Italie*,
Ioyn'd in ſo damn'd a league of miſchiefe) thou
Wilt with perpetuall plagues, aliue, and dead,
Puniſh for *Rome*, and ſaue her innocent head.
CATI. If an Oration, or high language, Fathers,
Could make me guilty, here is one, hath done it:
H' has ſtroue to æmulate this mornings thunder,
With his prodigious rhetoricke. But I hope,
This Senate is more graue, then to giue credit
Raſhly to all he vomits, 'gainſt a man
Of your owne Order, a Patrician;
And one, whoſe anceſtors haue more deſeru'd
O *Rome*, then this mans eloquence could vtter,
Turn'd the beſt way, as ſtill, it is the worſt.
CATO. His eloquence hath more deſeru'd to day,
Speaking thy ill, then all thy anceſtors
Did, in their good: And that the State will finde,
Which he hath ſau'd. CATI. How he? were I that enemy,
That he would make me: I'd not wiſh the State
More wretched, then to neede his preſeruation.
What doe you make him, *Cato*, ſuch a *Hercules?*
An *Atlas?* A poore petty In-mate. CATO. Traitor.
CATI. He ſaue the State? A *Burgeſſe* ſonne of *Arpinum*.
The Gods would rather twenty *Romes* ſhould periſh,
Then haue that contumely ſtucke vpon 'hem,
That he ſhould ſhare with them, in the preſeruing
A ſhed, or ſigne-poſt. CATO. Peace, thou prodigie.
CATI. They would be runne themſelues, againe, and loſt
In the firſt, rude, and indigeſted heape;
Ere ſuch a wretched name, as *Cicero*,
Should ſound with theirs. CATV. Away, thou impudent head.

CATI. Doe you all backe him? are you silent too?
Well, I will leaue you Fathers; I will goe.
But——my fine dainty speaker.— CIC. What now Fury?
Wilt thou assault me here? CHO. Helpe, aide the Consul.
CATI. See Fathers, laugh you not? who threatned him?
In vaine thou do'st conceiue, ambitious Orator,
Hope of so braue a death, as by this hand.
CATO. Out, of the Court, with the pernicious traytor.
CATI. There is no title, that this flattering Senate,
Nor honor, the base multitude can giue thee,
Shall make thee worthy *Catilines* anger. CATO. Stop,
Stop that portentous mouth. CATI. Or, when it shall,
Ile looke thee dead. CATO. Will none restraine the Monster?
CATV. Parricide. QVI. Butcher, Traytor, leaue the Senate.
CATI. I'am gone, to banishment, to please you Fathers.
Thrust head-long forth? CATO. Stil, dost thou murmure, Monster?
CATI. Since, I am thus put out, and made a.— CIC. What?
CATV. Not guiltier then thou art. CATI. I will not burne
Without my funerall pile. CATO. What sayes the Fiend?
CATI. I will haue matter, timber. CATO. Sing out Scrich-owle.
CATI. It shall be in- CATV. Speake thy imperfect thoughts.
CATI. The common fire, rather then mine owne.
For fall I will with all, ere fall alone.
CRA. H'is lost, there is no hope of him. CAES. Vnlesse
He presently take armes; and giue a blow,
Before the Consuls forces can be leuie'd.
CIC. VVhat is your pleasure, Fathers, shall be done?
CATV. See, that the Common-wealth receiue no losse.
CATO. Commit the care thereof vnto the Consuls. (Senate.
CRA. Tis time. CAES. And need. CIC. Thanks to this frequent
But what decree they, vnto *Curius*,
And *Fuluia?* CATV. What the Consul shall thinke meete.
CIC. They must receiue reward, though't be not knowne;
Least when a State needes ministers, they ha' none.
CATO. Yet, *Marcus Tullius*, doe not I beleeue,
But *Crassus*, and this *Cæsar* here ring hollow.

CIC.

CIC. And would appeare ſo, if that we durſt proue 'hem.
CATO. VVhy dare we not? What honeſt act is that,
The *Roman* Senate ſhould not dare, and doe?
CIC. Not an vnprofitable, dangerous act,
To ſtirre too many Serpents vp at once.
Caſar, and *Craſſus*, if they be ill men,
Are mighty ones; and, we muſt ſo prouide,
That, while we take one head, from this foule *Hydra*,
There ſpring not twenty more. CATO. I' proue your Counſell.
CIC. They ſhall be watch'd, and look'd too. Till they doe
Declare themſelues, I will not put 'hem out
By any queſtion. There they ſtand. Ile make
My ſelfe no enemies, nor the State, no traitors.

CATILINE, LENTVLVS, CETHEGVS, CVRIVS, GABINIVS, LONGINVS, STATILIVS.

FAlſe to our ſelues? All our deſignes diſcouer'd
To this State-Cat? CET. I, had I had my way,
He' had mew'd in flames, at home, not i' the Senate:
I' had ſing'd his furres, by this time. CAT. Well, there's, now,
No time of calling backe, or ſtanding ſtill.
Friends, be your ſelues; keepe the ſame *Roman* hearts,
And ready minds, you' had yeſternight: Prepare
To execute, what we reſolu'd. And let not
Labor, or danger, or diſcouery fright you.
Ile to the army: you (the while) mature
Things, here, at home. Draw to you any aides,
That you thinke fit, of men of all conditions,
Or any fortunes, that may helpe a warre.
Ile bleede a life, or winne an Empire for you.
VVithin theſe few dayes, looke to ſee my enſignes,
Here, at the walles: Be you but firme within.
Meane time, to draw an enuy on the Conſull,
And giue a leſſe ſuſpicion of our courſe,

Let

Let it be giuen out, here in the Citty,
That I am gone, an innocent man, to exile,
Into *Massilia*, willing to giue way
To fortune, and the times; being vnable
To stand so great a faction, without troubling
The Common-wealth: whose peace I rather seeke,
Then all the glory of contention,
Or the support of mine owne innocence.
Farewell the noble *Lentulus*, *Longinus*,
Curius, the rest; and thou, my better *Genius*,
The braue *Cethegus*: when we meete againe,
Wee'll sacrifice to Liberty. CET. And Reuenge.
That we may praise our hands once. LEN. O you *Fates*,
Giue *Fortune* now her eyes, to see with whom
Shee goes along, that shee may nere forsake him.
CVR. He needs not her, nor them. Goe but on, *Sergius*.
" A valiant man is his owne Fate, and Fortune.
LON. The Fate, and Fortune of vs all goe with him.
GAB. STA. And euer guard him. CAT. I am all your Creature.
LEN. Now friends, 'tis left with vs. I haue already
Dealt, by *Vmbrenus*, with the *Allobroges*,
Here resiant in *Rome*; whose State, I heare,
Is discontent with the great vsuries,
They are oppress'd with: and haue made complaints
Diuers, vnto the Senate, but all vaine.
These men, I'haue thought, both for their owne oppressions,
As also that, by nature, they'are a people
Warlike, and fierce, still watching after change,
And now, in present hatred with our State,
The fittest, and the easiest to be drawne
To our society, and to aide the warre.
The rather, for their seate: being next bordrers
On *Italie*: and that they'abound with horse,
Of which one want our Campe doth only labor.
And I haue found 'hem comming. They will meete
Soone at *Sempronia's* house, where I would pray you

All to be present, to confirme 'hem more.
The sight of such spirits hurt not, nor the store.
GAB. I will not faile. STA. Nor I. CVR. Nor I. CET. Would I
Had somewhat by my selfe, apart, to doe.
I ha' no *genius* to these many counsels.
Let me kill all the Senate, for my share,
Ile do it at next sitting. LEN. Worthy *Caius*,
Your presence will adde much. CET. I shall marre more.

CICERO. SANGA. ALLOBROGES.

THe State's beholden to you, *Fabius Sanga*,
For this great care: And those *Allobroges*
Are more then wretched, if they lend a listning
To such perswasion. SAN. They, most worthy Consul,
As men employ'd here, from a grieued State,
Groaning beneath a multitude of wrongs,
And being told, there was small hope of ease
To be expected, to their euils, from hence,
Were willing, at the first to giue an eare
To any thing, that sounded liberty:
But since, on better thoughts, and my vrg'd reasons,
They'are come about, and wonne, to the true side.
The fortune of the Common-wealth hath conquer'd.
CIC. What is that same *Vmbrenus*, was the Agent?
SAN. One that hath had negotiation
In *Gallia* oft, and knowne vnto their State.
CIC. Are the'Ambassadours come with you? SAN. Yes.
CIC. VVell, bring 'hem in, if they be firme, and honest,
Neuer had men the meanes so to deserue
Of *Rome*, as they. A happy, wish'd occasion,
And thrust into my hands, for the discouery,
And manifest conuiction of these traytors.
Be thank'd, ô *Iupiter*. My worthy Lords,
Confederates of the Senate, you are welcome.
I vnderstand by *Quintus Fabius Sanga*,

CATILINE.

Your carefull Patron here, you haue beene lately
Sollicited againſt the Common-wealth,
By one *Vmbrenus* (take a ſeate, I pray you)
From *Publius Lentulus*, to be aſſociates
In their intended warre. I could aduiſe,
That men, whoſe fortunes are yet flouriſhing,
And are *Romes* friends, would not, without a cauſe,
Become her enemies; and mixe themſelues
And their eſtates, with the loſt hopes of *Catiline*,
Or *Lentulus*, whoſe meere deſpaire doth arme 'hem:
That were to hazard certainties, for ayre,
And vndergoe all danger, for a voyce.
Beleeue me, friends: "Loud tumults are not laid
"With halfe the eaſineſſe, that they are rais'd.
"All may beginne a warre, but few can end it.
The Senate haue decreed, that my Colleague
Shall leade their army, againſt *Catiline*,
And haue declar'd both him, and *Manlius* traitors.
Metellus Celer hath already giuen
Part of their troopes defeate. Honors are promis'd
To all, will quit 'hem; and rewards propos'd
Euen to ſlaues, that can detect their courſes.
Here, in the City, I haue by the Prætors,
And Tribunes, plac'd my guards, and watches ſo,
That not a foote can treade, a breath can whiſper,
But I haue knowledge. And be ſure, the Senate,
And People of *Rome*, of their accuſtom'd greatneſſe,
Will ſharply, and ſeuerely vindicate,
Not only any fact, but any practiſe
Or purpoſe, 'gainſt the State. Therefore, my Lords,
Conſult of your owne waies, and thinke which hand
Is beſt to take. You, now, are preſent ſuters
For ſome redreſſe of wrongs; Ile vndertake
Not only that ſhall be aſſur'd you, but
What grace or priuiledge elſe, Senate, or People
Can caſt vpon you, worthy ſuch a ſeruice,

As

As you haue now the way, and meanes, to doe 'hem;
If but your willes consent, with my designes.
ALL. We couet nothing more, most worthy Consul.
And how so ere we haue beene tempted lately,
To a defection, that not makes vs guilty:
We are not yet so wretched in our fortunes,
Nor in our willes so lost, as to abandon
A friendship, prodigally, of that price,
As is the Senate, and the People of *Romes*,
For hopes, that doe præcipitate themselues.
CIC. You then are wise, and honest. Doe but this, then;
When shall you speake with *Lentulus*; and the rest?
ALL. We are to meete anone, at *Brutus* house.
CIC. Who? *Decius Brutus*? He is not in *Rome*.
SAN. O, but his wife *Sempronia*. CIC. You instruct me,
Shee is a Chiefe. Well, faile not you to meete 'hem,
And to expresse the best affection
You can put on, to all that they intend.
Like it, applaud it, giue the Common-wealth
And Senate, lost to 'hem. Promise any aides
By armes, or counsell. What they can desire
I would haue you preuent. Only, say this,
You' haue had dispatch, in priuate, by the Consull
Of your affaires, and for the many feares
The State's now in, you are will'd by him, this euening,
To depart *Rome*: which you, by all sought meanes,
Will doe, of reason to decline suspicion.
Now, for the more authority of the businesse
They' haue trusted to you, and to giue it credit
With your owne State, at home, you would desire
Their letters to your Senate, and your People,
Which shewne, you durst engage both life, and honor,
The rest should euery way answere their hopes.
Those had, pretend sodaine departure you,
And, as you giue me notice, at what Port
You will goe out, Ile ha' you intercepted,

And all the letters taken with you: So
As you ſhall be redeem'd in all opinions,
And they conuicted of their manifeſt treaſon.
" Ill deedes are well turn'd backe, vpon their Authors:
" And 'gainſt an Iniurer, the reuenge is iuſt.
This muſt be done, now. ALL. Chearfully, and firmely.
VVe 'are they, would rather haſt to vndertake it,
Then ſtay, to ſay ſo. CIC. VVith that confidence, goe:
Make your ſelues happy, while you make *Rome* ſo.
By *Sanga*, let me haue notice from you. ALL. Yes.

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

VVHen come theſe Creatures, the Ambaſſadors?
I would faine ſee 'hem. Are they any Schollers? (ſurely.
LEN. I thinke not, Madame. SEM. Ha' they no Greeke? LEN. No
SEM. Fie, what doe I here, wayting on 'hem then?
If they be nothing but meere States-men. LEN. Yes,
Your Ladyſhip ſhall obſerue their grauity,
And their reſeruedneſſe, their many cautions,
Fitting their perſons. SEM. I doe wonder much,
That States, and Common-wealths employ not women,
To be Ambaſſadors, ſometimes: we ſhould
Doe as good publike ſeruice, and could make
As honorable Spies (for ſo *Thucidides*
Calls all Ambaſſadors.) Are they come, *Cethegus?*
CET. Doe you aske me? Am I your ſcout, or baud?
LEN. O *Caius*, it is no ſuch buſineſſe. CET. No?
VVhat do's a woman at it then? SEM. Good Sir,
There are of vs can be as exquiſite Traytors,
As ere a male-Conſpirator of you all.
CET. I, at ſmock-treaſon, Matron, I beleeue you;
And if I were your husband; But when I
Truſt to your cobweb-boſomes any other

Let

Let me there die a Flie; and feast you, Spider.
LEN. You are too sowre, and harsh *Cethegus*. CET. You
Are kinde, and courtly. I'd be torne in pieces,
VVith wilde *Hippolytus*, nay proue the death,
Euery limbe ouer, ere I'ld trust a woman,
With wind, could I retaine it. SEM. Sir. They'll be trusted
With as good secrets, yet, as you haue any,
And carry 'hem too, as close, and as conceald,
As you shall for your heart. CET. Ile not contend with you
Eyther in tongue, or cariage, good *Calipso*:
LON. Th'Ambassadors are come. CET. Thanks to thee *Mercury*,
That so hast rescu'd mee. LEN. How now, *Volturtius*?
VOL. They doe desire some speech with you, in priuate.
LEN, O! tis about the prophecie, belike,
And promise of the *Sibylls*: GAB. It may bee.
SEM. Shunne they, to treat with mee, too? GAB. No, good Lady,
You may partake: I haue told 'hem, who you are.
SEM. I should be loath to be left out, and here too.
CET. Can these, or such, be any aydes, to vs?
Looke they, as they were built to shake the world,
Or be a moment to our enterprise?
A thousand, such as they are, could not make
One Atome of our soules. They should be men
VVorth Heauens feare, that looking vp, but thus,
VVould make *Ioue* stand vpon his guard, and draw
Himselfe within his Thonder; which, amaz'd,
He should discharge in vaine, and they vnhurt.
Or, if they were, like *Capaneus*, at *Thebes*,
They should hang dead, vpon the highest spires,
And aske the second charge, to be throwne downe.
VVhy, *Lentulus*, talke you so long? This time
Had bene enough, t'haue scatter'd all the Starres,
T'haue quench'd the Sunne, and Moone, and made the World
Despaire of day, or any light, but ours.
LEN. How doe you like this spirit? In such men,
Mankind doth liue. They are such soules, as these,

That moue the world. SEN. I, though he beare me hard,
I, yet, must do him right. He is a spirit
Of the right *Martian* breed. ALL. He is a *Mars*.
VVould we had time to liue here, and admire him.
LEN. Well, I doe see you would preuent the Consul,
And I commend your care: It was but reason,
To aske our Letters, and we had prepar'd them.
Goe in, and we will take an oath, and seale 'hem.
You shall haue Letters, too, to *Catiline*,
To visite him i'the way, and to confirme
The association. This our friend, *Volturtius*,
Shall goe along with you. Tell our great Generall,
That we are readie here; that *Lucius Bestia*
The Tribune, is prouided of a speach,
To lay the enuie of the warre on *Cicero*;
That all but long for his approach, and person:
And then, you are made Freemen, as our selues.

CICERO. FLACCVS. POMTINIVS.
SANGA.

I Cannot feare the warre but to succeede well,
Both for the honor of the cause, and worth
Of him that doth commaund. For my Colleague,
Being so ill affected with the goute,
Will not be able to be there in person;
And then *Petreius*, his Lieutenant, must
Of neede take charge o'the army: who is much
The better souldier, hauing bene a Tribune,
Prefect, Lieutenant, Prætor in the warre,
These thirtie yeares, so conuersant i' the army,
As he knowes all the souldiers, by their names.
FLA. They'll fight then, brauely, with him. POM. I, and hee
Will lead 'hem on, as brauely. CIC. They'haue a foe
Will aske their braueries, whose necessities
Will arme him like a fury. But, how euer,

I'le

I'le truſt it to the mannage, and the fortune
Of good *Petreius*, who's a worthy Patriot.
Metellus Celer, with three Legions, too,
Will ſtop their courſe, for *Gallia*. How now, *Fabius*?
SAN. The trayne hath taken. You muſt inſtantly
Diſpoſe your guards vpon the *Miluian* bridge:
For, by that way, they meane to come. CIC. Then, thither
Pomtinius, and *Flaccus*, I muſt pray you
To lead that force you haue; and ſeiſe them all:
Let not a perſon ſcape. Th'Ambaſſadours
Will yeeld themſelues. If there be any tumult
Ile ſend you ayde. I, in meane time will call
Lentulus to me, *Gabinius*, and *Cethegus*,
Statilius, *Ceparius*, and all theſe
By ſeuerall meſſengers: who no doubt will come,
Without ſenſe, or ſuſpicion. " Prodigall men
" Feele not their owne ſtocke waſting. When I haue 'hem,
Ile place thoſe guards, vpon 'hem, that they ſtart not,
SAN. But what'll you doe with *Sempronia*? CIC. " A State
" Should not take knowledge eyther of Fooles, or Women.
I do not know whether my ioy or care
Ought to be greater; that I haue diſcouer'd
So foule a treaſon: or muſt vndergoe
The enuie of ſo many great mens fate.
But, happen what there can, I will be iuſt,
My fortune may forſake me, not my vertue:
That ſhall goe with me, and before me, ſtill,
And glad me, doing well, though I heare ill.

PRAETORS, ALLOBROGES, VOLTVRTIVS.

FLA. Stand, who goes there? ALL. We are th' *Allobroges*,
And friends of *Rome*. POM. If you be ſo, then yeeld
Your ſelues vnto the Prætors, who in name
Of the whole Senate, and the people of *Rome*,

Yet

Yet, till you cleare your ſelues, charge you of practiſe
Againſt the State. VOL. Die friends, and be not taken.
FLA. What voyce is that? Downe with 'hem all. ALI. We yeeld.
POM. VVhat's he ſtands out? Kill him there. VOL. Hold, hold,
I yeeld vpon conditions. FLA. We giue none (hold.
To traytors, ſtrike him downe. VOL. My name's *Volturtius*:
I know *Pomtinius*. POM. But he knowes not you,
While you ſtand out vpon theſe trayterous termes.
VOL. I'le yeeld vpon the ſafety of my life.
POM. If it be forfeyted, we cannot ſaue it.
VOL. Promiſe to doe your beſt. I 'am not ſo guilty,
As many others, I can name; and will:
If you will grant me fauour. POM. All we can
Is to deliuer you to the Conſul. Take him,
And thanke the Gods, that thus haue ſaued *Rome*.

CHORVS.

NOw, do our eares, before our eyes,
Like men in miſtes,
Diſcouer, who'ld the State ſurpriſe,
And who reſiſts?
And, as theſe clouds doe yeeld to light,
Now, do we ſee,
Our thoughts of things, how they did fight,
Which ſeem'd t'agree?
Of what ſtrange pieces are we made,
Who nothing know;
But, as new Ayres our eares inuade,
Still cenſure ſo?
That now do hope, and now doe feare,
And now enuie;
And then doe hate, and then loue deare,
But know not, why:
Or, if we doe, it is ſo late,
As our beſt moode,

Though

Though true, is then thought out of date,
  And empty of good.
How haue we chang'd, and come about
  In euery doome,
Since wicked *Catiline* went out,
  And quitted *Rome* ?
One while, we thought him innocent;
  And, then, w' accus'd
The Consul, for his malice spent;
  And power abus'd.
Since, that we heare, he is in Armes,
  We thinke not so:
Yet charge the Consul, with our harmes,
  That let him goe.
So, in our censure of the State,
  VVe still do wander;
And make the carefull Magistrate
  The marke of slaunder.
VVhat age is this, where honest men,
  Plac'd at the helme,
A Sea of some foule mouth, or pen,
  Shall ouerwhelme?
And call their diligence, deceipt;
  Their vertue, vice;
Their watchfulnesse, but lying in waite;
  And bloud, the price.
O, let vs plucke this euill seede
  Out of our spirits;
And giue, to euery noble deede,
  The name it merits.
Least we seeme falne (if this endures)
  Into those times,
To loue disease: and brooke the cures
  Worse, then the crimes.

Act. V.

Petreius. The Army.

IT is my fortune, and my glory, Souldiers,
This day, to lead you on; the worthy Consul
Kept from the honor of it, by disease:
And I am proud, to haue so braue a cause
To exercise your armes in. We not, now,
Fight for how long, how broad, how great, and large
Th'extent, and bounds o'th'people of *Rome* shall bee;
But to retaine what our great Ancestors,
With all their labours, counsels, arts, and actions,
For vs, were purchasing so many yeares.
The quarrell is not, now, of fame, of tribute,
Or of wrongs, done vnto Confederates,
For which, the Army of the people of *Rome*
VVas wont to moue: but for your owne Republiqué,
For the rais'd Temples of th'immortall Gods,
For all your Fortunes, Altars, and your Fires,
For the deere soules of your lou'd Wiues, and Children,
Your Parents tombes, your Rites, Lawes, Liberty,
And, briefly, for the safety of the World:
Against such men, as onely by their crimes
Are knowne; thrust out by riot, want, or rashnesse.
One sort, *Sylla's* old troopes, left here in *Fesulæ*,
Who sodainly made rich, in those dire times,
Are since, by their vnbounded, vast expence,
Growne needie, aud poore, and haue but left t'expect,
From *Catiline*, new Billes, and new Proscriptions.
These men (they say) are valiant; yet, I thinke 'hem

No

Not worth your pauſe: For either their old vertue
Is, in their ſloth, and pleaſures loſt; or, if
It tarry with 'hem, ſo ill match to yours,
As they are ſhort in number, or in cauſe.
The ſecond ſort are of thoſe (Citty-beaſts,
Rather then Citizens) who whilſt they reach
After our fortunes, haue let flie their owne;
Theſe, whelm'd in wine, ſwell'd vp with meates, and weakned
With hourely whoredomes, neuer left the ſide
Of *Catiline*, in *Rome*; nor, here, are loos'd
From his embraces: Such, as (truſt me) neuer
In riding, or in vſing well their armes,
Watching, or other militarie labor,
Did exerciſe their youth; but learn'd to loue,
Drinke, dance, and ſing, make feaſts, and be fine gamſters.
And theſe will wiſh more hurt to' you, then they bring you.
The reſt are a mixt kinde, all ſorts of furies;
Adulterers, Dicers, Fencers, Outlawes, Theeues,
The Murderers of their Parents, all the ſinke,
And plague of *Italie*, met in one torrent,
To take, to day, from vs the puniſhment,
Due to their miſchiefs, for ſo many yeares.
And who, in ſuch a cauſe, and 'gainſt ſuch fiends,
Would not now wiſh himſelfe all arme, and weapon?
To cut ſuch poyſons from the earth, and let
Their blood out, to be drawne away in cloudes,
And pour'd, on ſome inhabitable place,
Where the hot Sunne, and Slime breedes nought but Monſters?
Chiefly, when this ſure ioy ſhall crowne our ſide,
That the leaſt man, that falles vpon our party
This day (as ſome muſt giue their happy names
To fate, and that eternall memory
Of the beſt death, writ with it, for their Countrey)
Shall walke at pleaſure, in the tents of reſt;
And ſee farre off, beneath him, all their hoſt
Tormented after life: and *Catiline*, there,

VValking a wretched, and lesse Ghost, then he.
Ile vrge no more: Moue forward, with your Eagles,
And trust the Senates, and *Romes* cause to Heauen.
ARM. To thee, great Father *Mars*, and greater *Ioue*.

CAESAR, CRASSVS.

I Euer look'd for this of *Lentulus*,
When *Catiline* was gone. CRA. I gaue 'hem lost,
Many dayes since. CAES. But, wherefore did you beare
Their letter to the Consul, that they sent you,
To warne you from the City? CRA. Did I know
Whether he made it? It might come from him,
For ought I could assure me: if they meant,
I should be safe, among so many, they might
Haue come, as well as writ. CAES. There is no losse
In being secure. I haue, of late, too, ply'd him,
Thicke, with intelligences, but they haue beene
Of things he knew before. CRA. A little serues
To keepe a man vpright, on these State-bridges,
Although the passage were more dangerous.
Let vs now take the standing part. CAES. We must,
And be as zealous for't, as *Cato*. Yet
I would faine helpe these wretched men. CRA. You cannot.
Who would saue them, that haue betraid themselues?

CICERO, QVINTVS, CATO.

I Will not be wrought to it, Brother *Quintus*.
There's no mans priuate enmity shall make
Me violate the dignity of another.
If there were proofe 'gainst *Cæsar*, or who euer,
To speake him guilty, I would so declare him.
But *Quintus Catulus*, and *Piso* both,
Shall know, the Consul will not, for their grudge,
Haue any man accus'd, or named falsly.

QVI. Not falſly, but if any circumſtance,
By the *Allobroges*, or from *Volturtius*,
Would carry it. CIC. That ſhall not be ſought by me.
If it reveale it ſelfe, I would not ſpare
You, Brother, if it pointed at you, truſt me.
CATO. Good *Marcus Tullius* (which is more, then great)
Thou had'ſt thy education, with the Gods.
CIC. Send *Lentulus*, forth, and bring away the reſt.
This office, I am ſorry, Sir, to doe you.

THE SENATE.

WHat may be happy ſtill, and fortunate,
To Rome, and to this Senate: Pleaſe you, Fathers,
To breake theſe letters, and to view them round.
If that be not found in them, which I feare,
I, yet, intreate, at ſuch a time, as this,
My diligence be not contemn'd. Ha' you brought
The weapons hither, from *Cethegus* houſe?
PRAE. They are without. CIC. Be ready, with *Volturtius*,
To bring him, when the Senate calls; And ſee
None of the reſt, conferre together. Fathers,
What doe you reade? Is it yet worth your care,
If not your feare, what you finde practis'd there?
CAES. It hath a face of horror. CRA. I'am amaz'd. (aire?
CATO. Looke there. SYL. Gods! Can ſuch men draw common
CIC. Although the greatneſſe of the miſchiefe, Fathers,
Hath often made my faith ſmall, in this Senate,
Yet, ſince my calling *Catiline* out (for now
I doe not feare the envy of the word,
Vnleſſe the deede be rather to be fear'd,
That he went hence alive; when thoſe I meant
Should follow him, did not) I haue ſpent both daies,
And nights, in watching, what their fury and rage
Was bent on, that ſo ſtaid, againſt my thought:
And that I might but take 'hem in that light,

Where, when you met their treason, with your eyes,
Your minds, at length, would thinke for your owne safety.
And, now, 'tis done. There are their hands, and seales.
Their persons, too, are safe, thankes to the Gods.
Bring in *Volturtius*, and the' *Allobroges*.
These be the men, were trusted with their letters.
VOL. Fathers, beleeue me, I knew nothing: I
Was trauailing for *Gallia*, and am sorry.——
CIC. Quake not *Volturtius*, speake the truth, and hope
Well of this Senate, on the Consuls word.
VOL. Then, I knew all. But truely' I was drawne in
But tother day. CAES. Say, what thou know'st, and feare not.
Thou hast the Senates faith, and Consuls word,
To fortifie thee. VOL. I was sent with letters——
And had a message too——from *Lentulus*——
To *Catiline*——that he should vse all aides——
Seruants, or others——and come with his army,
Assoone, vnto the Citty as he could——
For they were ready, and but staid for him——
To intercept those, that should flee the fire——
These Men, the *Allobroges*, did heare it too.
ALL. Yes Fathers, and they tooke an oath, to vs.
Besides their letters, that we should be free;
And vrg'd vs, for some present aide of horse.
CIC. Nay, here be other testimonies, Fathers,
Cethegus Armoury. CRA. What, not all these?
CIC. Here's not the hundred part. Call in the Fencer,
That we may know the armes to all these weapons.
Come, my braue Sword-player, to what actiue vse,
Was all this steele prouided? CET. Had you ask'd
In *Syllas* dayes, it had beene to cut throtes;
But, now, it was to looke on, only: I lou'd
To see good blades, and feele their edge, and points.
To put a helme vpon a blocke, and cleaue it,
And, now and then, to stabbe an armour through.
CIC. Know you that paper? That will stabbe you through.

Is it your hand? Hold, ſaue the peeces. Traytor,
Hath thy guilt wak'd thy fury? CET. I did write,
I know not what; nor care not: That Foole *Lentulus*
Did dictate. and I tother Foole, did ſigne it.
CIC. Bring in *Statilius*: Do's he know his hand too?
And *Lentulus*. Reach him that letter. STA. I
Confeſſe it all. CIC. Know you that ſeale yet, *Publius?*
LEN. Yes, it is mine. CIC. Whoſe image is that, on it?
LEN. My Grandfathers. CIC. What, that renown'd good man,
That did ſo only' embrace his Countrey', and lou'd
His fellow Citizens! Was not his picture,
Though mute, of power to call thee from a fact,
So foule.—— LEN. As what, impetuous *Cicero?*
CIC. As thou art, for I doe not know what's fouler.
Looke vpon theſe. Doe not theſe faces argue
Thy guilt, and impudence? LEN. VVhat are theſe to me?
I know 'hem not. ALL. No *Publius?* we were with you,
At *Brutus* houſe. VOL. Laſt night. LEN. What did you there?
VVho ſent for you? ALL. Your ſelfe did. We had letters
From you, *Cethegus*, this *Statilius* here,
Gabinius Cimber, all, but from *Longinus*,
VVho would not write, becauſe he was to come
Shortly, in perſon, after vs (he ſaid)
To take the charge o'the horſe, which we ſhould leuy.
CIC. And he is fled, to *Catiline*, I heare.
LEN. Spies? ſpies? ALL. You told vs too, o'the *Sibylls* bookes,
And how you were to be a King, this yeare,
The twentieth, from the burning of the *Capitol*.
That three *Cornelij* were to raigne, in *Rome*,
Of which you were the laſt: and prais'd *Cethegus*,
And the great ſpirits, were with you, in the action.
CET. Theſe are your honorable Ambaſſadors,
My Soueraigne Lord. CAT. Peace, that too bold *Cethegus*.
ALL. Beſides *Gabinius*, your Agent, nam'd
Autronius, *Seruius Sulla*, *Vargunteius*,
And diuers others. VOL. I had letters from you,

To

To *Catiline*, and a meſſage, which I' haue told
Vnto the Senate, truly, word for word:
For which, I hope, they will be gracious to mee.
I was drawne in, by that ſame wicked *Cimber*,
And thought no hurt at all. CIC. *Volturtius*, peace.
VVhere is thy viſor, or thy voyce, now, *Lentulus*?
Art thou confounded? Wherefore ſpeak'ſt thou not?
Is all ſo cleare, ſo plaine, ſo manifeſt,
That both thy eloquence, and impudence,
And thy ill nature, too, haue left thee, at once?
Take him aſide. There's yet one more. *Gabinius*,
The Enginer of all. Shew him that paper,
If he do know it? GAB. I know nothing. CIC. No?
GAB. No. Nor I will not know. CAT. Impudent head?
Sticke it into his throate; were I the Conſul,
I'd make thee eate the miſchiefe, thou haſt vented.
GAB. Is there a Law for't, *Cato*? CAT. Doſt thou aske
After a Law, that would'ſt haue broke all lawes,
Of Nature, Manhood, Conſcience, and Religion.
GAB. Yes, I may aske for't. CAT. No, pernicious *Cimber*.
" Th'inquiring after good, do's not belong
" Vnto a wicked perſon. GAB. I, but *Cato*
Do's nothing, but by law. CRA. Take him aſide.
There's proofe enough, though he confeſſe not. GAB. Stay
I will confeſſe. All's true, your ſpies haue told you.
Make much of 'hem. CET. Yes, and reward 'hem well,
For feare you get no more ſuch. See, they do not
Die in a ditch, and ſtinke, now you ha' done with 'hem;
Or beg, o'the bridges, here in *Rome*, whoſe Arches
Their actiue induſtrie hath ſau'd. CIC. See, Fathers,
VVhat mindes, and ſpirits theſe are, that, being conuicted
Of ſuch a treaſon, and by ſuch a cloud
Of witneſſes, dare yet retaine their boldneſſe?
What would their rage haue done, if they had conquerd?
I thought, when I had thruſt out *Catiline*,
Neither the State, nor I, ſhould neede t'haue fear'd
Lentulus ſleepe here, or *Longinus* fat,

Or

Or this *Cethegus* rashnesse ; It was he,
I only watch'd, while he was in our walles,
As one, that had the braine, the hand, the heart.
But now, we finde the contrary. Where was there
A People grieu'd, or a State discontent,
Able to make, or helpe a warre 'gainst *Rome*,
But these, th' *Allobroges*, and those they found?
Whom had not the iust Gods beene pleas'd to make
More friends vnto our safety, then their owne,
As it then seem'd, neglecting these mens offers,
Where had we beene? or where the Common-wealth?
When their great Chiefe had beene call'd home; This man,
Their absolute King, (whose noble Grandfather,
Arm'd in pursute of the seditious *Gracchus*,
Tooke a braue wound, for deare defence of that,
Which he would spoile) had gather'd all his aides
Of Ruffins, Slaues, and other Slaughter-men;
Giuen vs vp for murder, to *Cethegus*;
The' other ranke of Citizens, to *Gabinius*;
The Citty, to be fir'd by *Cassius*;
And *Italie*, nay the world, to be laid wast
By cursed *Catiline*, and his complices.
Lay but the thought of it, before you, Fathers,
Thinke but with me you saw this glorious Citty,
The Light of all the earth, Tower of all Nations,
So dainly falling in one flame. Imagine,
You view'd your Countrey buried with the heapes
Of slaughter'd Citizens, that had no graue;
This *Lentulus* here, raigning, (as he dreamp't)
And those his purple Senate; *Catiline* come
With his fierce army; and the cries of Matrons,
The flight of Children, and the rape of Virgins,
Shriekes of the liuing, with the dying grones
On euery side t' inuade your sense; vntill
The blood of *Rome*, were mixed with her ashes.
This was the Spectacle these fiends intended

To pleaſe their malice. CET. I, and it would
Haue bene a braue one, Conſul. But your part
Had not then bene ſo long, as now it is:
I ſhould haue quite defeated your Oration;
And ſlit that fine rhetoricall pipe of yours,
I'the firſt Scene. CAT. Inſolent Monſter! CIC. Fathers,
Is it your pleaſures, they ſhall be committed
Vnto ſome ſafe, but a free cuſtodie,
Vntill the Senate can determine farder?
SEN. It pleaſeth well. CIC. Then, *Marcus Craſſus*,
Take you charge of *Gabinius*: ſend him home
Vnto your houſe. You *Cæſar*, of *Statilius*.
Cethegus ſhall be ſent to *Corniſicius*;
And *Lentulus*, to *Publius Lentulus Spinther*,
Who now is *Ædile*. CAT. It were beſt, the Prætors
Caried 'hem to their houſes, and deliuered 'hem.
CIC. Let it be ſo. Take 'hem from hence. CAES. But, firſt,
Let *Lentulus* put off his Prætorſhip.
LEN. I doe reſigne it here vnto the Senate.
CAES. So, now, there's no offence done to religion.
CAT. *Cæſar*, 'twas pioufly, and timely vrg'd.
CIC. What do you decree to th' *Allabroges*?
That were the lights to this diſcouery?
CRA. A free grant from the State, of all their ſuites.
CAES. And a reward, out of the publicke treaſure.
CAT. I, and the title of honeſt men, to crowne 'hem.
CIC. What to *Volturtius*? CAES. Life, and fauor's well.
VOL. I aske no more. CAT. Yes, yes, ſome money, thou need'ſt it.
'Twill keepe thee honeſt: Want made thee a knaue.
SYL. Let *Flaccus*, and *Pomtinius*, the Prætors,
Haue publicke thankes, and *Quintus Fabius Sanga*,
For their good ſeruice. CRA. They deſerue it all.
CAT. But what do we decree vnto the Conſul,
Whoſe vertue, counſell, watchfulneſſe, and wiſedome,
Hath free'd the Common-wealth, and without tumult,
Slaughter, or bloud, or ſcarce rayſing a force,

Reſcu'd

Rescu'd vs all out of the iawes of Fate?
CRA. We owe our Liues vnto him, and our Fortunes.
CAES. Our Wiues, our Children, Parents, and our Gods.
SYL. VVe all are saued, by his fortitude.
CAT. The Common-wealth owes him a *ciuicke* gyrland.
Hee is the onely Father of his Countrey.
CAES. Let there be publike prayer, to all the Gods,
Made in that name, for him. CRA. And in these words.
For that he hath, by his vigilance, preseru'd
Rome *from the flame, the Senate from the sword,*
And all her Citizens from massacre.
CIC. How are my labours more then paid, graue Fathers,
In these great titles, and decreed honors!
Such, as to mee, first, of the ciuill robe,
Of any man, since *Rome* was *Rome*, haue hap'ned;
And from this frequent Senate: which more glads mee,
That I now see, you' haue sense of your owne safety.
If those good daies come no lesse gratefull to vs,
Wherein we are preseru'd from some great danger,
Then those, wherein w'are borne, and brought, to light,
Because the gladnesse of our safety is certaine,
But the condition of our birth not so;
And that we are sau'd with pleasure, but are borne
Without the sense of ioy: why should not, then,
This day, to vs, and all posteritie
Of ours, be had in equall fame, and honor,
VVith that, when *Romulus* first reard these walles,
VVhen so much more is saued, then he built?
CAES. It ought. CRA. Let it be added to our *Fasti*.
CIC. VVhat tumult's that? FLA. Here's one *Tarquinius* taken,
Going to *Catiline*; and sayes he was sent
By *Marcus Crassus*: whom he names, to be
Guilty of the conspiracy. CIC. Some lying varlet.
Take him away, to prison. CRA. Bring him in,
And let me see him. CIC. He is not worth it, *Crassus*.
Keepe him vp close, and hungry, till he tell,

By whose pernicious counsell, he durst slander
So great, and good a Citizen. CRA. By yours
I feare, 'twill proue. SYL. Some o'the Traytors, sure,
To giue their action the more credit, bid him
Name you, or any man. CIC. I know my selfe,
By all the tracts, and courses of this businesse,
Crassus is noble, iust, and loues his Countrey.
FLA. Here is a Libell too, accusing *Cæsar*,
From *Lucius Vettius*, and confirm'd by *Curius*.
CIC. Away with all, throw it out o'the Court.
CAES. A tricke on me, too? CIC. It is some mens malice.
I said to *Curius*, I did not beleeue him.
CAES. Was not that *Curius* your spie, that had
Reward decreed vnto him, the last Senate,
With *Fuluia*, vpon your priuate motion?
CIC. Yes. CAES. But he has not that reward, yet? CIC. No.
Let not this trouble you, *Cæsar*, none beleeues it.
CAES. It shall not, if that he haue no reward.
But if he haue, sure I shall thinke my selfe
Very vntimely, and vnsafely honest,
Where such, as he is, may haue pay t'accuse me.
CIC. You shall haue no wrong done you, noble *Cæsar*,
But all contentment. CAES. Consul, I am silent.

CATILINE. THE ARMIE.

INeuer yet knew, Souldiers, that, in fight,
VVords added vertue vnto valiant men;
Or, that a Generals oration made
An Army fall, or stand: But how much prowesse
Habituall, or naturall each mans breast
VVas owner of, so much in act it shew'd.
"VVhom neither glory' or danger can excite
"Tis vaine t'attempt with speech: For the minds feare
"Keepes all braue sounds from entring at that eare.
I, yet, would warne you some few things, my Friends,

And

And giue you reason of my present counsailes.
You know, no lesse then I, what state, what point
Our affaires stand in; And you all haue heard,
VVhat a calamitous misery the sloth,
And sleepinesse of *Lentulus*, hath pluck'd
Both on himselfe, and vs: How, whilst our aides
There, in the Citty look'd for, are defeated,
Our entrance into *Gallia*, too, is stopt.
Two Armies waite vs: One from *Rome*, the other
From the *Gaule-Prouinces*. And, where we are,
(Although I most desire it) the great want
Of corne, and victuall, forbids longer stay.
So that, of neede, we must remoue, but whither
The sword must both direct, and cut the passage.
I only, therefore, wish you, when you strike,
To haue your valours, and your soules, about you;
And thinke, you carry in your laboring hands
The things you seeke, glory, and liberty,
Your Countrey, which you want now, with the *Fates*,
That are to be instructed, by our swords.
If we can giue the blow, all will be safe to vs.
We shall not want prouision, nor supplies.
The Colonies, and free Townes will lie open.
Where, if we yeeld to feare, expect no place,
Nor friend, to shelter those, whom their owne Fortune,
And ill vs'd Armes haue left without protection.
You might haue liu'd in seruitude, or exile,
Or safe at *Rome*, depending on the great ones;
But that you thought those thinges vnfit for men.
And, in that thought, you then were valiant.
For no man euer yet chang'd peace for warre,
But he, that meant to conquer. Hold that purpose.
There's more necessity, you should be such,
In fighting for your selues, then they for others.
"Hee's base, that trusts his feete, whose hands are arm'd.
Me thinks, I see *Death*, and the *Furies*, waiting

What we will doe; and all the Heauen'at leysure
For the great Spectacle. Draw, then, your swords:
And, if our destiny enuy our vertue
The honor of the day, yet let vs care
To sell our selues, at such a price, as may
Vndoe the world to buy vs; and make *Fate*,
While shee tempts ours, feare her owne estate.

THE SENATE.

SEN. What meanes this hasty calling of the Senate?
SEN. We shall know straight. Waite, till the Consul speakes.
POM. Fathers Conscript, bethinke you of your safeties,
And what to doe, with these Conspirators;
Some of their Clients, their Free'd men, and Slaues
'Ginne to make head: There is one of *Lentulus* Bauds
Runnes vp and downe the shops, through euery street,
With money to corrupt, the poore artificers,
And needy tradesmen, to their aide. *Cethegus*
Hath sent, too, to his seruants; who are many,
Chosen, and exercis'd in bold attemptings,
That forthwith they should arme themselues, and proue
His rescue: All will be in instant vproare,
If you preuent it not, with present counsailes.
We haue done what we can, to meete the fury,
And will doe more. Be you good to your selues.
CIC. What is your pleasure, Fathers, shall be done?
Syllanus, you are Consul next design'd.
Your sentence, of these men. SYL. 'Tis short, and this.
Since they haue sought to blot the name of *Rome*,
Out of the world; and raze this glorious Empire
With her owne hands, and armes, turn'd on her selfe:
I thinke it fit they die. And, could my breath
Now execute 'hem, they should not enioy
An article of time, or eye of light,
Longer, to poyson this our common aire.

SEN.

SEN. I thinke ſo too. SEN. And I. SEN. And I. SEN. And I.
CIC. Your ſentence, *Caius Cæſar*. CAES. Conſcript Fathers,
In great affaires, and doubtfull, it behooues
Men, that are ask'd their ſentence, to be free
From either hate, or loue, anger, or pitty:
For, where the leaſt of theſe doe hinder, there
The minde not eaſily diſcernes the truth.
I ſpeake this to you, in the name of *Rome*,
For whom you ſtand; and to the preſent cauſe:
That this foule fact of *Lentulus*, and the reſt,
Weigh not more with you, then your dignity;
And you be more indulgent to your paſſion,
Then to your honor. If there could be found
A paine, or puniſhment, equall to their crimes,
I would deuiſe, and helpe: But if the greatneſſe
Of what they ha' done, exceede all mans inuention,
I thinke it fit, to ſtay, where our lawes doe.
Poore petty States may alter, vpon humor,
Where, if they' offend with anger, few doe know it,
Becauſe they are obſcure; their Fame, and Fortune
Is equall, and the ſame: But they, that are
Head of the world, and liue in that ſeene height,
All Mankinde knowes their actions. So we ſee
The greater fortune hath the leſſer licence.
They muſt nor fauor, hate, and leaſt be angry:
For what with others is call'd anger, there,
Is cruelty, and pride. I know *Syllanus*,
VVho ſpoke before me, a iuſt, valiant Man,
A louer of the State, and one that would not,
In ſuch a buſineſſe, vſe or grace, or hatred;
I know, too, well his manners, and his modeſty:
Nor doe I thinke his ſentence cruell (for
'Gainſt ſuch delinquents, what can be too bloody?)
But that it is abhorring from our ſtate;
Since to a Citizen of *Rome*, offending,
Our Lawes giue exile, and not death. Why then

Decrees

Decrees he that? 'Twere vaine to thinke, for feare;
When, by the diligence of so worthy a Consul,
All is made safe, and certaine. Is't for punishment?
Why Death's the end of euils, and a rest,
Rather then torment: It dissolues all griefes.
And beyond that, is neither care, nor ioy.
You heare, my sentence would not haue 'hem die.
How then? set free, and increase *Catilines* Armie?
So will they, being but banish'd. No, graue Fathers,
I iudge 'hem, first, to haue their states confiscate,
Then, that their persons remaine prisoners
I'the free townes, farre off from *Rome*, and seuerd':
Where they might neither haue relation,
Hereafter, to the Senate, or the People.
Or, if they had, those townes, then to be mulcted,
As enemies to the State, that had their guard.
SEN. Tis good, and honourable, *Cæsar*, hath vtterd.
CIC. Fathers, I see your faces, and your eyes
All bent on mee, to note of these two censures
Which I encline to. Eyther of them are graue,
And answering the dignitie of the speakers,
The greatnesse of th'affaire, and both seuere.
One vrgeth death: And he may well remember
This State hath punish'd wicked Citizens so.
The other bonds: and those perpetuall, which
He thinkes found out for the more singular plaque.
Decree which you shall please. You haue a Consul
Not readier to obey, then to defend
What euer you shall act, for the Republique;
And meete with willing shoulders any burden,
Or any fortune, with an euen face,
Though it were death: which to a valiant man
Can neuer happen foule, nor to a Consul
Be immature, or to a wise man wretched.
SYL. Fathers, I spake, but as I thought: the needes
O'th' Common-wealth requird. CAT. Excuse it not.

CIC. *Cato*, speake you your sentence. CAT. This it is.
You here dispute, on kinds of punishment,
And stand consulting, what you should decree
'Gainst those, of whom, you rather should beware.
This mischiefe is not like those common facts,
Which, when they are done, the lawes may prosequute.
But this, if you prouide not, ere it happen,
VVhen it is happen'd, will not waite your iudgment.
Good *Caius Cæsar*, here, hath very well,
And subtilly discours'd of life, and death,
As if he thought those things, a prety fable,
That are deliuer'd vs of Hell, and Furies,
Or of the diuers way, that ill men goe
From good, to filthy, darke, and ougly places.
And therefore he would haue these liue; and long too;
But farre from *Rome*, and in the small free Townes,
Left, here, they might haue rescue: As if Men,
Fit for such acts, were only in the City,
And not throughout all *Italie*? or that boldnesse
Could not doe more, where it found least resistance?
Tis a vaine Counsaile, if he thinke them dangerous.
VVhich, if he doe not, but that he alone
In so great feare of all men, stand vnfrighted,
He giues me cause, and you, more to feare him.
I am plaine, Fathers Here you looke about,
One at another, doubting what to doe;
VVith faces, as you trusted to the Gods,
That still haue sau'd you; and they can do't: But
They are not wishings, or base womanish prayers
Can draw their aides; but vigilance, counsell, action:
VVhich they will be ashamed to forsake.
Tis sloth they hate, and cowardise. Here you haue
The Traytors in your houses, yet you stand
Fearing what to doe with 'hem; Let 'hem loose,
And send 'hem hence with armes too; that your Mercy

May turne your misery, as soone as't can.
O, but, they, are great men, and haue offended
But through ambition. We would spare their honor:
I, if themselues had spar'd it, or their fame,
Or modestie, or eyther God, or Man:
Then I would spare 'hem. But, as things now stand,
Fathers, to spare these men, were to commit
A greater wickednesse, then you would reuenge.
If there had bene but time, and place for you,
To haue repair'd this fault, you should haue made it;
It should haue bene your punishment, to'haue felt
Your tardie error: But necessity,
Now, bids me say, let 'hem not liue an hower,
If you meane *Rome* should liue a day. I haue done.
SEN. *Cato* hath spoken like an Oracle,
CRA. Let it be so decreed. SEN. We all were fearefull.
SYL. And had bene base, had not his vertue rais'd vs.
SEN. Go forth, most worthy Consul, wee'll assist you.
CAES. I'am not yet changd in my sentence, Fathers.
CAT. No matter. What be those? SER. Letters, for *Cæsar*.
CAT. From whom? let 'hem be read, in open Senate;
Fathers, they come from the Conspirators.
I craue to haue 'hem read, for the Republique.
CAES. *Cato*, reade you it. Tis a Loue-letter,
From your deare sister, to me: though you hate me.
Do not discouer it. CAT. Hold thee dronkard. Consul.
Goe forth, and confidently. CAES. You'll repent
This rashnesse, *Cicero*. PRAE. *Cæsar* shall repent it.
CIC. Hold friends. PRAE. Hee's scarce a friend vnto the Publicke.
CIC. No violence. *Cæsar* be safe. Leade on:
Where are the publicke Executioners?
Bid 'hem waite on vs. On to *Spinthers* house.
Bring *Lentulus* forth. Here, you, the sad reuengers
Of capitall crimes, against the Publicke, take
This man vnto your iustice: strangle him.

LEN.

LEN. Thou doſt well, Conſul. Twas a caſt at dice
In *Fortunes* hand, not long ſince, that thy ſelfe
Should'ſt haue heard theſe, or other words as fatall.
CIC. Leade on to *Quintus Corniſicius* houſe;
Bring forth *Cethegus*. Take him to the due
Death, that he hath deſeru'd: and let it bee
Said, He was once. CET. A beaſt, or, what is worſe,
A ſlaue, *Cethegus*. Let that be the name
For all that's baſe hereafter: That would let
This worme pronounce on him; and not haue trampled
His bodie into —— Ha! Art thou not mou'd?
CIC. "Iuſtice is neuer angrie: Take him hence.
CET. O the whore *Fortune*! and her bauds the *Fates*!
That put theſe trickes on men, which knew the way
To death by'a ſword. Strangle me, I may ſleepe:
I ſhall grow angrie with the Gods, elſe. CIC. Leade
To *Caius Cæſars*, for *Statilius*.
Bring him, and rude *Gabinius* out. Here, take 'hem
To your cold hands, and let 'hem feele death from you:
GAB. I thanke you, you do me a pleaſure. STA. And me too.
CAT. So, *Marcus Tullius*, thou maiſt now ſtand vp,
And call it happie *Rome*, thou being Conſul.
Great Parent of thy Countrie, goe, and let
The Old men of the Citie, ere they die,
Kiſſe thee; the Matrons dwell about thy necke;
The Youths, and Maids lay vp, 'gainſt they are old
What kind of man thou wert, to tell their Nephewes,
When, ſuch a yeare, they reade, within our *Faſti*,
Thy Conſulſhip. Who's this? *Petreius*? CIC. Welcome,
VVelcome renowned Souldier. What's the newes?
This face can bring no ill with't, vnto *Rome*.
How do's the worthy Conſull, my Colleague?
PET. As well as victory can make him, Sir.
He greetes the Fathers, and to me hath truſted
The ſad relation of the Ciuill ſtrife,

For, in ſuch warre, the conqueſt ſtill is blacke.
CIC. Shall we withdraw into the Houſe of *Concord*?
CAT. No, happy Conſul, here; let all eares take
The benefit of this tale. If he had voice,
To ſpreade vnto the Poles, and ſtrike it through
The Center, to the *Antipodes*; It would aske it.
PET. The ſtreights, and needes of *Catiline* being ſuch,
As he muſt fight, with one of the two Armies,
That then had neare enclos'd him; It pleas'd *Fate*,
To make vs th'obiect of his deſperate choiſe,
VVherein the danger almoſt paiz'd the honor:
And as he riſs', the day grew blacke with him;
And *Fate* deſcended nearer to the earth,
As if ſhee meant to hide the name of things
Vnder her wings, and make the world her quarry.
At this we rous'd, leaſt one ſmall minutes ſtay
Had left it to be' enquir'd, what *Rome* was.
And (as we ought) arm'd in the confidence
Of our great cauſe, in forme of battaile, ſtood.
Whilſt *Catiline* came on, not with the face
Of any man, but of a publique ruine:
His Count'nance was a ciuill warre it ſelfe.
And all his hoſt had ſtanding in their lookes
The paleneſſe of the death, that was to come.
Yet cryed they out like Vultures, and vrg'd on,
As if they would præcipitate our fates.
Nor ſtaid we longer for 'hem; But himſelfe
Strooke the firſt ſtroke: And, with it, fled a life.
VVhich cut, it ſeem'd a narrow necke of land
Had broke betweene two mighty Seas; and either
Flow'd into other; for ſo did the ſlaughter:
And whirl'd about, as when two violent Tides
Meete, and not yeeld. The *Furies* ſtood, on hilles
Circling the place, and trembled to ſee men
Doe more, then they: whilſt Piety left the field,

Grieu'd

Grieu'd for that ſide, that, in ſo bad a cauſe,
They knew not, what a crime their valour was.
The Sunne ſtood ſtill, and was, behinde the cloud
The battaile made, ſeene ſweating, to driue vp
His frighted Horſe, whom ſtill the noiſe droue backward.
And now had fierce *Enyd*, like a flame,
Conſum'd all it could reach, and then it ſelfe;
Had not the Fortune of the Common-wealth
Come *Pallas*-like, to euery *Roman* thought.
Which *Catiline* ſeeing, and that now his Troopes
Couer'd that earth, they' had fought on, with their trunkes,
Ambitious of great fame, to crowne his ill,
Collected all his fury, and ranne in
(Arm'd with a glory, high as his deſpaire)
Into our battaile, like a *Lybian* Lion,
Vpon his hunters, ſcornefull of our weapons,
Careleſſe of wounds, plucking downe liues about him,
Till he had circled in him'ſelfe with death:
Then fell he too, t'embrace it where it lay.
And as, in that rebellion 'gainſt the Gods,
Minerua holding forth *Meduſa's* head,
One of the Gyant Brethren felt himſelfe
Grow marble at the killing ſight, and now,
Almoſt made ſtone, beganne t'inquire, what flint,
What rocke it was, that crept through all his limmes,
And, ere he could thinke more, was that he fear'd;
So *Catiline*, at the ſight of *Rome* in vs,
Became his Tombe: yet did his looke retaine
Some of his fiercenesse, and his hands ſtill mou'd,
As if he labor'd, yet, to graſpe the State,
VVith thoſe rebellious parts. CAT. A braue bad death.
Had this beene honeſt now, and for his Countrey,
As 'twas againſt it, who had ere fallen greater?
CIC. Honor'd *Petreius*, *Rome*, not I muſt thanke you.
How modeſtly has he ſpoken of himſelfe!

CAT. He did the more. CIC. Thanks to the'immortall Gods,
Romans, I now am paid for all my labors,
My watchings, and my dangers. Here conclude
Your praiſes, triumphes, honors, and rewards
Decreed to me: only the memory
Of this glad day, if I may know it liue
VVithin your thoughts, ſhall much affect my conſcience,
VVhich I muſt alwaies ſtudy before fame.
" Though both be good, the latter yet is worſt,
" And euer is ill got, without the firſt.

The end.

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