

THE
ROMAN
ACTOR.
A
TRAGÆDIE.

As it hath diuers times beene, with
good allowance Acted; at the private
Play-house in the *Black-Friers*,
by the Kings Majesties
Servants.

WRITTEN
By PHILIP MASSINGER.



LONDON.
Printed by B. A. and T. F. for ROBERT ALLOT, and
are to be sold at his Shop at the signe of the *Bears*
in *Pauls Church-yard*. 1629.

The persons presented.

Domitianus Caesar.
Paris the Tragædian.
Parthenius a free-man of
Cæsars.
Ælius, Læmia, and *Stepha-*
nos.
Iunius Rusticus.
Arætinus Clemens, Cæsars
Spie.
Æsopus a Player.
Pbilargus a rich Miser.
Palphurius Sura, a Senator
Latinius a Player.
 3. Tribunes.
 2. Licitors.

Domitia the wife of *Ælius*
Læmia.
Domicilla cousin germane
 to *Cæsar.*
Julia Titus Daughter.
Canis, Vespätians Concu-
 bine.

The principall Actors.

JOHN LOWIN.
 IOSEPH TAYLOR.
 RICHARD SHARPE.

 THOMAS POLLARD.

 ROBERT BENFIELD.
 EYLLARDT SVVANSTONE.

 RICHARD ROBINSON.
 ANTHONY SMITH.
 WILLIAM PATTRICKE.
 CVRTISE GREVILL.

 GEORGE VERNON.
 JAMES HORNE.
 JOHN TOMPSON.

 JOHN HVNNEMAN.

 WILLIAM TRIGGE.
 ALEXANDER GOVGH.



To my much Honoured, and most
true Friends, Sir PHILIP KNYVET,
Knight and Baronet. And to Sir THOMAS
IEAY, Knight. And THOMAS BELLINGHAM
of Newtimber in Sussex
Esquire.

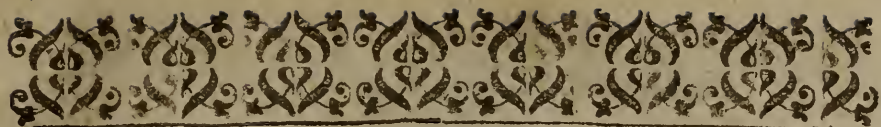
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How much I acknowledge my
selfe bound for your so ma-
ny, & extraordinary favors
confer'd upon me, as farre as
it is in my power posterity shall take notice,
I were most vnworthy of such noble
friends, if I should not with all Thanke-
fulnesse, professe, and owne em. In the
composition of this Tragædie you were my
only Supporters, and it being now by your
principall encouragement to be turn'd into
the world, it cannot walke safer, then un-
der your protection. It hath beene happie

in the suffrage of some learned, and judicious Gentlemen when it was presented, nor shall they find cause I hope in the perusal, to repent them of their good opinion of it. If the gravity and height of the subject distaste such as are onely affected with Figges, and ribaldrie (as I presume it will,) their condemnation of me, and my Poem, can no way offend me: my reason teaching me such malicious, and ignorant detractors deserue rather contempt, then satisfaction. I euer held it the most perfit birth of my Minerua; and therefore, in justice offer it to those that haue best deseru'd of me, who I hope in their courteous acceptance will render it worth their receiuing, and eu'r, in their gentle construction of my imperfections, beleue they may at their pleasure dispose of him, that is wholly, and sincerelie

Devoted
to their seruice.



To his deare Friend the Author.

I Am no great admirer of the Playes,
Poets, or Actors, that are now adayes :
Yet in this Worke of thine me thinkes I see
Sufficient reason for Idolatrie.
Each line thou hast taught **C E A S A R** is, as high
As Hee could speake, when groueling Flatterie,
And His owne pride (forgetting Heavens rod)
By His Edicts stul'd himselfe great Lord and God.
By thee againe the Lawrell crownes His Head ;
And thus reviu'd, who can affirme him dead ?
Such power lyes in this loftie straine as can
Giue Swords, and legions to **D O M I T I A N**.
And when thy **P A R I S** pleades in the defence
Of Actors, every grace, and excellence
Of Argument for that subject, are by Thee
Contracted in a sweete Epitome.
Nor doe thy Women the ty'd Hearers vex,
With language no way proper to their sexe.
Iust like a cunning Painter thou lets fall
Copies more faire then the Originall.
I'll adde but this. From all the moderne Playes
The Stage hath lately borne, this winnes the Bayes.
And if it come to tryall boldly looke
To carrie it cleere, Thy witnesse being thy Booke.

T. I.

In Philippi Massingeri, Poeta elegantiss:

Actorem Romanum, typis excusum.

Πραξινογ.

ECce Philippina, celebrata Tragedia Musa
Quam Roscius Britonum Roscius agit, adest.
Semper, fronde ambo vireant Paruasside, semper
Liber ab invidia dentibus esto, Liber.
Crebra papyri uori spernas incendiis pati
Tuis, Vanum expositi tegmina sutura libri:
Nec metuas rancos, Momorum Sybilla, rhoncos
Tambardus nebulo si tamen ullus, erit.
Nam roties festis, actum, placuisse Theatris
Quod liquet, hoc, Cusum, crede, placebit, opus.

THO: G.

To his deserving Friend Mr. Philip Massinger,
upon his Tragedie, the Roman Actor.

PARIS, the best of Actors in his age
Acts yet, and speaks upon our Roman Stage
Such lines by thee, as doe not derogate
From Romes proud heights, and Her then learned State.
Nor great Domitians fauour; nor th'embraces
Of a faire Empreffe, nor those often graces
Which from th'applauding Theaters were pay'd
To His braue Action, nor His ashes layd
In the Flamman way, where people throw'd
His Graue with flowers, and Martialls wit bestow'd
A lasting Epitaph, not all these same
Doe adde so much renoune to Paris name,
As this that thou present'st his Historie
So well to vs. For which in thanks would Hee
(If that His soule, as thought Pythagoras
Could into any of our Actors passe)
Life to these Lines by action, gladly giue
Whose Pen so well has made, His storie liue.

Tho: May.

Vpon Mr. MASSINGER His Roman
Actor.

TO write, is growne so common in our Time
That euery one, who can but frame a Rime
Howeuer monstrous, giues Himselfe that praise
Which onely Hee should claime, that may weare Bayes
By their Applause whose judgements apprehend
The weight, and truth, of what they dare commend.
In this belotted Age (friend) 'tis thy glory
That Heere thou hast out done the Roman story.
Domitians pride; His wiues lust vnabated
In death; with *Paris*, meerly were related
Without a Soule, Vntill thy abler Pen
Spoke them, and made them speake, nay Act agen
In such a height, that Heere to know their Deeds
Hee may become an Actor that but Reads.

John Forde.

Long'st thou to see proud *Cesar* set in State,
His Morning greatnesse, or his Euening fate?
With admiration heere behold him fall
And yet out-lieue his tragique Funerall:
For 'tis a question whether *Casars* Glorie
Rose to its heighth before, or in this Storie.
Or whether *Paris* in *Domitians* fauour
Were more exalted, then in this thy labour.
Each line speakes him an Emperour, eu'ry phrase
Crownes thy deseruing temples with the Bayes;
So that reciprocally both agree
Thou liu'st in him and Hee surviues in Thee.

Robert Harvey.

To His long knowne and lou'd Friend,
Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER,
upon His Roman Actor.

IF that my Lines being plac'd before thy Booke
Could make it sell, or alter but a looke
Of some sowre Censurer, who's apt to say
No one in these Times can produce a Play
Worthy his reading, since of late, 'tis true
The old accepted are more then the new.
Or could I on some Spot o'the Court worke so
To make him speake no more then He doth know;
Not borrowing from His flattering flatter'd friend
What to dispraise, or wherefore to commend.
Then (gentle Friend) I should not blush to bee
Rank'd'mongst those worthy ones, which heere I see
Vshering this Worke, but why I write to Thee
Is to professe our loues Antiquitie,
Which to this *Tragadie* must giue my test,
Thou hast made many good, but this thy best.

Joseph Taylor.



THE ROMAN ACTOR, A Tragedie.

ACTVS, I. SCÆNA, I.

Enter Paris, Latinus, Æsopus.

Æsop. **W**Hat doe wee acte to day?
Latinus. Agaves phrensie
With Pentheus bloudie end.
Paris. It skills not what

The times are dull, and all that wee receiue
Will hardly satisfie the dayes Expençe.
The Greekes (to whom we owe the first inuention
Both of the buskind scæne and humble stocke)
That raigne in euery noble familie
Declaime against vs: and our *Amphitheater*,
Great *Pompies* worke, that hath giu'n full delight
Both to the eye, and eare of fifty thousand
Spectators in one day, as if it were
Some vnknowne desert, or great Roome vnpeopl'd,
Is quite forsaken.

Latin. Pleasures of worse natures
Are gladly entertayn'd, and they that shun vs,
Practise in private sports the *Stewes* would blush at.
A Litter borne by eight *Liburnian* slaues,
To buy Diseases from a glorious strumpet,
The most censorious of our Roman gentrie,
Nay of the guarded robe the Senators,
Esteeme an easie purchase,

Paris. Yet grudge vs
(That with delight joyne profit and endeaunour
To build their mindes vp saire, and on the Stage

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

Decipher to the life what honours waite
On good, and glorious actions, and the shame
That treads vpon the heeles of vice. The salarie
Of six Sestertij :

Afop. For the profit *Paris*,
And mercinarie gaine they are things beneath vs
Since while you hold your grace, and power with *Cesar*,
We from your bounty finde a large supply,
Nor can one thought of want euer approach vs,

Par. Our aime is glorie, and to leaue our names
To after times.

Latin. And would they giue vs leaue
There ends all our ambition.

Afop. Wee haue enemies
And great ones too, I feare. 'Tis giuen out lately
The Confull *Aretinus* (*Cesars* spie)
Sayd at his Table ere a moneth expir'd
(For being gald in our last Comedie)
He would silence vs for euer.

Par. I expect
No fauour from him, my strong *Auentine* is
That great *Domitian*, whom we oft haue cheer'd
In his most sullen moodes will once returne,
Who can repayre with ease, the Consuls ruines.

Lat. 'Tis frequent in the Citie, he hath subdued
The *Catti*, and the *Daci*, and ere long,
The second time will enter *Rome* in triumph.

Enter two Littors.

Par. Ioue hasten it, with vs ? I now beleue
The Consuls threates *Afopus*.

1. *Litt.* You are summon'd
T'appeare to day in Senate.

2. *Litt.* And there to answer
What shall be vrg'd against you.

Par. We obey you.
Nay droope not fellowes, innocence should be bould

A TRAGEDIE.

We that haue personated in the Scaene
The ancient Heroes, and the falles of Princes
With loude applause, being to act our selues,
Must doe it with vndaunted confidence.
What ere our sentence be thinke 'tis in sport.
And though condemn'd lets heare it without sorrow
As if we were to liue againe to morrow.

1. *Lict.* 'Tis spoken like your selfe.

Enter Aelius, Lamia, Junius, Rusticus, Palphuris, Sura.

Lam. Whether goes *Paris*?

1. *Lict.* He's cited to the Senate.

Lat. I am glad the State is

So free from matters of more waight and trouble
That it has vacant time to looke on vs.

Par. That reuerend place, in which the affaires of Kings,
And prouinces were determin'd, to descend
To the censure of a bitter word, or iest,
Drop'd from a Poets pen I peace to your Lordships
We are glad that you are safe. *Exeunt Lictors, Paris, La-*

Lam. What times are these? *tinus, Aesopus.*

To what is *Rome* false? may we being alone
Speake our thoughts freely of the Prince, and State,
And not feare the informer.

Rust. Noble *Lamia,*

So dangerous the age is, and such bad acts
Are practis'd euery where, we hardly sleepe
Nay cannot dreame with safetic. All our actions
Are cal'd in question, to be nobly borne
Is now a crime; and to deserue too well
Held Capitall treason. Sonnes accuse their Fathers,
Fathers their sonnes; and but to winne a smile
From one in grace in Court, our chasteft Matrons
Make shipwracke of their honours. To be vertuous
Is to bee guilty. They are onely safe
That know to sooth the Princes appetite,
And serue his lusts.

THE ROMAN ACTOR,

Sura. Tis true; and tis my wonder
That two sonnes of so different a nature,
Should spring from good *Vespasian*. We had a *Titus*,
Stil'de iustly the delight of all mankinde,
Who did esteeme that day lost in his life
In which some one or other tasted not
Of his magnificent bounties. One that had
A readie teare when he was forc'd to signe
The death of an offender. And so farre
From pride, that he disdain'd not the conuerse
Euen of the poorest Roman.

Lam. Yet his brother
Domitian, that now swayes the power of things,
Is so inclin'd to bloud, that noe day passes
In which some are not fastend to the hooke,
Or throwne downe from the Gemonies. His freemen
Scorne the Nobilitie, and he himselfe
As if he were not made of flesh and bloud,
Forgets he is a man.

Rust. In his young yeeres
He shew'd what he would be when growne to ripenes
His greatest pleasure was being a childe
With a sharp pointed bodkin to kill flies,
Whose roomes now men supply. For his escape
In the *Vitellian* warre he rais'd a Temple
To *Jupiter*, and proudly plac'd his figure
In the bosome of the God. And in his edicts
He does not blush, or start to stile himselfe
(As if the name of Emperour were base)
Great Lord and God *Domitian*.

Sura. I haue letters
He's on his way to *Rome*, and purposes
To enter with all glorie. The flattering Senate
Decrees him diuine Honours, and to crosse it
Were death with studied torments; for my part
I will obey the time, it is in vaine
To striue against the torrent

Rust. Lets to the Curia

And

A TRAGEDIE.

And though vnwillingly giue our suffrages
Before we are compeld.

Lam. And since we cannot
With safetie vse the actiue, lets make vse of
The passiue fortitude, with this assurance
That the state sicke in him, the gods to friend,
Though at the worst will now begin to mend. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS, I. SCENA, 2.

Enter Domitia, and Parthenius.

Domit. To me this reuerence ?

Parth. I pay it Ladie

As a debt due to her thats *Cesars* mistris.
For vnderstand with ioy he that commands
All that the Sunne giues warmth to, is your seruant.
Be not amaz'd, but sit you to your fortunes.
Thinke vpon state, and greatnesse, and the Honours
That waite vpon *Augusta*, for that name
Ere long comes to you: still you doubt your vassall,
But when you haue read this letter, writ, and sign'd
With his imperiall hand, you will be freed
From feare, and ielousie and I beseech you,
When all the beauties of the earth bowe to you,
And Senators shall take it for an honour,
As I doe now to kisse these happie feete ;
When euery smile you giue is a preferment,
And you dispose of Prouinces to your creatures,
Thinke on *Parthenius*.

Domit. Rise. I am transported,
And hardly dare beleue what is assur'd here.
The meanes, my good *Parthenius*, that wrought *Cesar*
(Our God on earth) to cast an eye of fauour
Vpon his humble handmaide !

Parth. What but your beautie ?
When nature fram'd you for her master peece,
As the pure abstract of all rare in woman,

THE ROMAN AGTOR,

She had no other ends but to designe you
 To the most eminent place. I will not say
 (For it would smell of arrogance to insinuate
 The seruice I haue done you) with what zeale
 I oft haue made relation of your Vertues,
 Or how I haue sung your goodnesse or how *Cesar*
 Was fir'd with the relation of your storie,
 I am rewarded in the acte, and happie
 In that my proiect prosper'd.

Domit. You are modest,
 And were it in my power I would to be thankfull.
 If that when I was mistress of my selfe,
 And in my way of youth, pure, and vntainted,
 The Emperour had vouchsaf'd to seeke my fauours,
 I had with ioy giuen vp my virgin fort
 At the first summons to his soft embraces :
 But I am now anothers, not mine owne.
 You know I haue a husband, for my honour
 I would not be his strumpet, and how lawe
 Can bee dispenc'd with to become his wife,
 To mee's a riddle.

Parth. I can soone resoluë it.
 When power puts in his Plea the lawes are silenc'd,
 The world confesses one *Rome*, and one *Cesar*,
 And as his rules is infinite, his pleasures
 Are vnconfin'd ; this fillable his will
 Stands for a thousand reasons,

Domit. But with safetic,
 Suppose I should consent, how can I doe it,
 My husband is a Senator of a temper,
 Not to be iested with. *Enter Lavinia.*

Parth. As if hee durst
 Be *Cesars* riual. Heere he comes, with ease
 I will remouë this scruple.

Lam. How ! so priuate !
 Mine owne house made a brothell ! Sir how durst you,
 Though gaurded with your power in Court, and greatnesse,
 Hould conference with my wife ? as for your Minion

I shall hereafter treat.

Parth. You are rude, and sawcie,
Nor know to whom you speake.

Lam. This is fine ifaith!

Parth. Your wife? but touch her, that respect forgotten
That's due to her, whom mightiest *Cesar* fauours
And thinke what 'tis to die. Not to loose time.
She's *Cesars* choice. It is sufficient honor
You were his taster in this heauenly nectar,
But now must quit the office.

Lam. This is rare.

Cannot a man be master of his wife
Because she's young, and faire, without a patten.
I in mine owne house am an Emperour,
And will defend whats mine, where are my knaues?
If such an intolence escape vnpunish'd.

Parth. In your selfe *Lamia*. *Cesar* hath forgot
To vse his power, and I his instrument,
In whom though absent, his authoritie speakes,
Haue lost my faculties. *Stampes.*

Lam. The Guard! why am I *Enter a Centurion*
Design'd for death? *With Souldiers.*

Demit. As you desire my fauour
Take not so rough a course.

Parth. All your desires
Are absolute commaunds. Yet giue me leaue
To put the will of *Cesar* into acte.
Heer's a bill of Diuorce betweene your Lordship,
And this great Lady. If you refuse to signe it,
And so as if you did it vncompell'd,
Wonneto it by reasons that concerne your ielfe,
Her honour to vntainted. Here are Clearkes.
Shall in your best bloud write it newe, till torture
Compell you to performe it.

Lam. Is this legall?

Par. Monarchs that dare not doe vnlawfull things,
Yet bare them out are Constables, not Kings

Parth. Will you dispute?

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

Lam. I know not what to vrge
Against my selfe, but too much dotage on her
Loue and obseruance.

Parth. Set it vnder your hand
That you are impotent, and cannot pay
The duties of a husband, or that you are mad
(Rather then want iust cause wee'l make you so)
Dispatch, you know the danger els, deliuer it
Nay on your knee. Madam you now are free
And Mistris of your selfe.

Lam. Can you *Domitia*
Consent to this?

Domit. 'Twould argue a base minde
To liue a seruant, when I may commaund.
I now am *Cesars*, and yet in respect
I once was yours, when you come to the Pallace,
(Prouided you deserue it in your seruice)
You shall find me your goed Mistris, waite me *Parthenius*
And now farewell poore *Lamia*. *Exeunt omnes preter*

Lam. To the Gods *Longinum*.
I bend my knees, (for tyrannie hath banish'd
Iustice from men) and as they would deserue
Their Altars, and our vowes, humbly inuoke'em
That this my rauish'd wife may prone as fatall
To proud *Domitian*, and her embraces
Affoord him in the end as little ioy,
As wanton *Helen* brought to him of *Troy*. *Exit*.

ACTVS, I. SCÆNA, 3.

*Enter, Liçtors, Aretinus, Fulcinus, Rusticus, Sura,
Paris, Latinus, Æsopus.*

Aret. Fathers conscript may this our meeting be
Happie to *Cesar* and the common wealth.

Liçt. Silence.

Aret. The purpose of this frequent Senate
Is first to giue thankes to the Gods of *Rome*,
That for the propagation of the Empire,

Vouch-

A TRAGEDIE.

Vouchsafe vs one to governe it like themselves.
 In height of courage, depth of vnderstanding,
 And all these vertues, and remarkeable graces,
 Which make a Prince most eminent, our *Domitian*
 Transcend's the ancient Romans. I can neuer
 Bring his praise to a period. What good man
 That is a friend to truth, dares make it doubtfull,
 That he hath *Fabius* stay'dnesse, and the courage
 Of bould *Marcellus*, to whom *Hambal* gaue
 The stile of Target, and the Sword of *Rome*.
 But he has more, and euery touch more Roman
 As *Pompey's* dignitie, *Augustus* state,
Antonies bountie, and great *Iulius* fortune,
 With *Catoes* resolution. I am lost
 In th' Ocean of his vertues. In a word
 All excellencies of good men in him meet,
 But no part of their vices.

Rust. This is no flatterie!

Sur. Take heed, you'l be obseru'd,

Aret. 'Tis then most fit

That we (as to the Father of our COUNTRY,
 Like thankfull sonnes, stand bound to pay true service
 For all those blessings that he showres vpon vs)
 Should not conniue, and see his government,
 Deprau'd and scandaliz'd by meaner men
 That to his fauour, and indulgence owe
 Themselves and being.

Par. Now he points at vs.

Aret. Cite *Paris* the Tragedian. *Par.* Here.

Aret. Stand forth.

In thee, as being the chiefe of thy profession,
 I doe accuse the qualitie of treason,
 As libellers against the state and *Cesar*.

Par. Meere accusations are not proofes my Lord,
 In what are we delinquents?

Aret. You are they

That search into the secrets of the time,
 And vnder tain'd names on the Stage present

THE ROMAN ACTOR,

Actions not to be toucht at; and traduce
Persons of rancke, and qualitie of both Sexes,
And with Satiricall. and bitter iests
Make euen the Senators ridiculous
To the Plebeans.

Par. If I free not my selfe,
(And in my selfe the rest of my profession)
From these false imputations, and proue
That they make that a libell which the Poet
Writ for a Comedie, so acted too,
It is but Iustice that we vndergoe
The heauiest censure.

Arct. Are you on the Stage
You talke so boldly ?

Par. The whole word being one
This place is not exempted, and I am
So confident in the iustice of our cause,
That I could wish *Cesar*, in whose great name
All Kings are comprehended sate as iudge,
To heare our Plea, and then determine of vs.
If to expresse a man sould to his lusts,
Wasting the treasure of his time and Fortunes,
In wanton dalliance, and to what sad end
A wretch thats so giuen ouer does arriue at,
Deterring carelesse youth, by his example,
From such licentious courses ; laying open
The snares of baudes, and the consuming arts
Of prodigall strumpets, can deserue reproofe,
Why are not all your golden principles
Writ downe by graue Philosophers to instruct vs
To chuse faire Vertue for our guide, not pleasure,
Condemne vnto the fire ?

Sura. There's spirit in this.

Par. Or if desire of honour was the base
On which the building of the Roman Empire
Was rais'd vp to this height ; if to inflame
The noble youth with an ambitious heate
T'indure the frosts of danger, nay of Death

A TRAGEDIE.

To be thought worthy the triumphall wreath
 By glorious vndertakings, may deserue
 Reward, or fauour, from the common wealth.
 Actors may put in for as large a share
 As all the sects of the Philolophers ;
 They which could precepts (perhaps seldome reade)
 Deliver what an honourable thing
 The active vertue is. But does that fire
 The blood, or swell the veines with emulation
 To be both good, and great, equall to that
 Which is presented on our Theaters ?
 Let a good Actor in a loftie Sceane
 Show great *Alicides* honour'd in the sweate
 Of his twelue labours ; or a bould *Cancellus*
 Forbidding *Rome* to be redeem'd with gold
 From the insulting *Gaul's* ; or *Scipio*
 After his victories imposing Tribute
 On conquer'd *Carthage*. It done to the life,
 As if they saw their dangers, and their glories,
 And did partake with them in their rewardes,
 All that haue any sparke of *Roman* in them
 The slothfull artes layd by, contend to bee
 Like those they see presented.

Rust. He ha's put

The Consuls to their whisper,

Par. But 'tis vrg'd

That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiours :
 When doe we bring a vice vpon the Stage,
 That does goe off vnpunish'd ? doe we teach
 By the successe of wicked vndertakings,
 Others to tread, in their forbidden steps ?
 We show no arts of *Lidian* Pandarisme,
Corinthian poysons, *Persian* flatteries,
 But mulcted so in the conclusion that
 Even those spectators that were so inclin'd,
 Go home chang'd men. And for traducing such
 That are about vs, publishing to the world
 Their secret crimes we are as innocent

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

As such as are borne dumbe. When we present
 An heyre, that does conspire against the life
 Of his deare parent, numbring euery houre
 He liues as tedious to him, if there be
 Among the auditors one whose conscience tells him,
 He is of the same mould we cannot helpe it,
 Or bringing on the stage a loose aduultresse,
 That does maintaine the ryatous expence
 Of him that feedes her greedie lust, yet suffers
 The lawfull pledges of a former bed
 To starue the while for hunger, if a Matron
 Howeuer great in fortune, birth, or titles,
 Guilty of such a foule vnnaturall sinne,
 Crie out tis writ by me, we cannot helpe it:
 Or when a couetous man's express'd, whose wealth
 Arithmatique cannot number, and whose Lordships
 A Falcon in one day cannot flie ouer.
 Yet he so sordid in his mind, so griping
 As not to afford himselfe the necessaries
 To maintaine life, if a Patrician,
 (Though honourd with a Consulship) finde himselfe
 Touch'd to the quicke in this, we cannot helpe it.
 Or when we show a Iudge that is corrupt,
 And will giue vp his sentence as he fauours,
 The person, not the cause, sauing the guiltie
 If of his faction, and as oft condemning
 The innocent out of particular spleene,
 If any in this reuerend assemblie,
 Nay e'ne your selfe my Lord, that are the image
 Of absent *Cesar* feele something in your bosome
 That puts you in remembrance of things past,
 Or things intended tis not in vs to helpe it.
 I haue said, my Lord, and now as you finde cause
 Or censure vs, or free vs with applause.

Lat. Well pleaded on my life I neuer saw him
 Act an Orators part before.

Aesop. We might haue giuen
 Tendouble fees to *Regulus*, and yet

A TRAGEDIE.

Our cause deliuered worse. *A shoute within, enter*

Aret. What shoute is that? *Parthenius.*

Parth. *Cesar* our Lord married to conquest, is
Returnd in triumph.

Fulcin. Lets all hast to meete him.

Aret. Breake vp the Court, we will referue to him
The Censure of this cause

All. Long life to *Cesar.* *Exeunt omnes.*

ACTVS, I. SCÆNA, 4.

Enter Iulia, Canis, Domitilla, Domitia.

Can. Stand backe the place is mine:

Iul. Your's? am I not

Great *Titus* daughter, and *Domitians* neece
Dares any claime precedence?

Can. I was more

The mistris of your father, and in his right
Claime durie from you.

Iul. I confesse you were vsfull
To please his appetite.

Domit. To end the controuersie,
For Ile haue no contending, Ile be bold
To leade the way my selfe.

Domitil. You Minion!

Domit. Yes

And all ere long shall kneele to catch my fauours.

Iul. Whence springs this floud of greatnesse?

Domit. You shall know

To soone for your vexation, and perhaps
Repent too late, and pine with enuie when
You see whom *Cesar* fauours

Iul. Obserue the sequel.

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

Enter at one doore Captaines With Lawrels, Domitian, in his
Triumphant Chariot, Parthenius, Paris, Latinus, A-
sopus met by Aretinus, Sura, Lanzia, Rusticus, Ful-
cinius, and prisoners led by him.

Ces. As we now touch the height of humane glorie,
Riding in triumph to the Capitoll,
Let these whom this victorious arme hath made
The scorne of Fortune, and the slaues of Rome,
Tast the extreames of miserie. Beare them off
To the common prisons, and there let them proue
How sharpe our axes are.

Rust. A bloudie entrance!

Ces. To tell you, your are happie in your Prince
Were to distrust your loue, or my desert
And either were distastefull. Or to boast
How much, not by my Deputies, but my selfe,
I haue enlargd the Empire; or what horrors
The Souldier in our conduct hath broke through,
Would better suite the mouth of *Plantus* bragart,
Then the adored Monarch of the world.

Sura. This is no boast.

Ces. When I but name the Daci,
And gray ey'd *Germans* whom I haue subdu'd,
The Ghost of *Iulius* will looke pale with envie,
And great *Vespatians*, and *Titus* triumph,
(Truth must take place of Father and of Brother)
Will be no more remembred. I am abous
All honours you can giue me. And the stile
Of Lord, and God, which thankfull subiects giue me
(Not my ambition) is deseru'd,

Aret. At all parts
Cœlestiall Sacrifice is fit for *Cesar*
In our acknowledgement.

Ces. Thankes *Aretinus*
Still hold our fauour. Now; the God of warre,
And famine, bloud, and death. *Bellonas* Pages

Banish'd

A TRAGEDIE.

Banish'd from *Rome* to *Thrace* in our good fortune.
With iustice he may taste the fruits of peace,
Whose sword hath plowd the ground, and reap'd the harvest
Of your prosperitie. Nor can I thinke
That there is one among you so vngratefull,
Or such an enemy, to thriuing vertue,
That can esteeme the iewell he holds deere
Too good for *Cesars* vie.

Sur. All we possesse.

Lam. Our liberties.

Fulcin. Our children.

Parth. Wealth.

Aret. And throates
Fall willingly beneath his foete.

Rust. Base flattery.

What Roman could indure this ?

Ces. This calls on

My loue to all, which spræds it selfe among you.
The beauties of the time ! receiue the honour
To kisse the hand, which rear'd vp thus, holds thunder
To you 'tis an assurance of a calme.

Julia my neece and *Canis* the delight
Of old *Vespasian*, *Domitilla* to
A princeesse of our bloud.

Rust. Tis strange his pride
Affords no greater courtesie to Ladies
Of such high birth and rancke.

Sur. Your wives forgotten

Lam. No shee will bee remembred feare it not
She will bee grac'd and greaf'd.

Ces. But when I looke on
Diuine *Domitia*, mee thinkes we should meete.
(The lesser gods applauding the encounter)
As *Iupiter* the Giants lying dead
On the *Phlegrean* plaine imbrac'this *Iuno*
Lamia 'tis your honour that she's mine.

Lam. You are too great to be gaine said.

Ces. Let all

THE ROMAN ACTOR,

That feare our frowne, or doe affect our fauour,
Without examining the reason why,
Salute her (by this kisse I make it good)
With the title of *Augusta*.

Domit. Still your seruant,

All. Long liue *Augusta* great *Domitians* Emperresse,

Cas. *Paris* my hand.

Par. The Gods still honour *Cesar*.

Cas. The wars are ended, and our armes layd by
We are for soft delights. Command the Poets
To vse their choifest, and most rare inuention
To entertaine the time, and be you carefull
To giue it action, Wee'l provide the people
Pleasures of all kindes. My *Domitia* thinke not
I flatter, though thus fond, Onto the Capitoll
Tis death to him that weares a sullen browe:
This tis to be a Monarch when alone
He can command all, but is aw'd by none

Exeunt.

The end of the first Acte.

ACTVS, II. SCÆNA, I.

Enter Philargus, Parthenius.

Philarg. My sonne to tutor me. Know your obedience
And question not my will.

Parth. Sir were I one
Whom want compeld to wish a full possession
Of what is yours. Or had I euer numbred
Your yeeres, or thought you liu'd to long, with reason
You then might nourish ill opinions of me.
Or did the suite that I prefer to you
Concerne my selfe, and aim'd not at your good
You might denie, and I sit downe with patience,
And after neuer presse you,

Philarg. I' the name of *Plato*
What wouldst thou haue me doe?

Parth.

A TRAGEDIE.

Parth. Right to your selfe,
Or suffer me to doe it. Can you imagine
This naked hat, this tattered cloke, rent shoe,
This sordid linnen can become the master
Of your faire fortunes? whose superfluous meanes
(Though I were burthensome) could cloth you in
The costliest Persian silkes, studded with iewels
The spoyles of Prouinces, and euery day
Fresh change of Tirian purple.

Philarg. Out vpon thee,
My monyes in my coffers melt to heare thee.
Purple, hence Prodigall. Shall I make my Mercer
Or Taylor my heyre, or see my Jeweller purchase?
No, I hate pride.

Parth. Yet decencie would doe well.
Though for your outside you will not be alterd,
Let me preuaile so farre yet; as to winne you
Not to denie your bellie nourishment;
Neither to thinke you haue feasted when 'tis cramm'd
With mouldie barley bread, onions, and leekes,
And the drinke of bondmen water.

Philarg. Wouldst thou haue me
Bee an *Apicius*, or a *Lucullus*,
And ryot out my state in curious sawces?
Wise nature with a little is contented,
And following her, my guide, I cannot erre.

Parth. But you destroy her in your want of care
(I blush to see, and speake it) to maintaine her
In perfect health and vigor, when you suffer
(Frighted with the charge of Phisicke) Rheumes, Cataras,
The Scarfe, Ach in your bones to grow vpon you,
And hasten on your fate with too much sparing.
When a cheape Purge, a Vomit and good dyet
May lengthen it, give me but leaue to send
The Emperors Doctor to you.

Philarg. He be borne first
Halfe rotten to the fire, that must consume me,
His Pills, his Cerdials, his Electuaries,

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

His Sirrups Iulips, Bezerstone nor his
Imagin'd Vnicornes horne comes in my bellie,
My mouth shall be a draught first, 'Tis resolu'd.
No; I'le not lessen my deare golden heape,
Which eueriehoure increasing does renew.
My youth, and vigor, but if lessen'd, then,
Then my poore hart strings cracke. Let me enioy it,
And brood ore't while I liue, it being my life,
My soule, my all. But when I turne to dust,
And part from what is more esteem'd by me
Then all the Gods, *Romes* thousand Altars smoke to,
Inherit thou my adoration of it,
And like me serue my Idoll. *Exit Philargus.*

Parth. What a strange torture
Is Auarice to it selfe! what man that lookes on
Such a penurions spectacle but must
Know what the fable meant of *Tantalus*,
Or the Ass whose backe is crack'd with curious viands
Yet feedes on thistles. Some course I must take,
To make my Father know what crueltie
He vses on himselfe. *Enter Paris.*

Par. Sir with your pardon, I doe
I make bould to enquire the Emperours pleasure,
For, being by him commanded to attend
Your fauour may instruct vs what's his will.
Shall be this night presented?

Parth. My lou'd *Paris*,
Without my intercession you well know
You may make your owne approaches, since his eare
To you is euer open.

Par. I acknowledge
His clemencie to my weaknesse, and if euer
I doe abuse it, lightning strike me dead,
The grace he pleases to conferre vpon me
(Without boast I may say so much) was neuer
Impoly'd to wrong the innocent, or to incense
His furie.

Parth. 'Tis confels'd many men owe you

A TRAGEDIE.

For Prouinces they nere hop'd for; and their lues
Forfeited to his anger, you being absent.
I could say more.

Par. You still are my good Patron.
And lay it in my fortune to deserue it,
You should perceiue the poorest of your clients
To his best abilities thankfull.

Parth. I belieue so.
Met you my Father?

Par. Yes Sir, with much griefe.
To see him as he is. Can nothing worke him
To be himselfe?

Parth. O *Paris* 'tis a waight
Sits heauie here, and could this right hands losse
Remoue it, it should off but he is deafe
To all perswasion.

Par. Sir with your pardon,
I'll offer my aduice! I once obseru'd
In a Tragedie of ours, in which a murder
Was acted to the life, a guiltie hearer
Forc'd by the terror of a wounded conscience,
To make discouerie of that, which torture
Could not wring from him. Nor can it appeare
Like an impossibilitie, but that
Your Father looking on a couetous man
Presented on the Stage as in a mirror
May see his owne deformity, and loath it.
Now could you but perswade the Emperour
To see a Comedie we haue that's stilde
The Cure of Avarice, and to command
Your Father to be a spectator of it,
He shall be so Anotamiz'd in the Scene,
And see himselfe so personated; the basenes
Of a selfe torturing miserable wretch
Truely describ'd that I much hope the obiect
Will worke compunction in him.

Parth. There's your see
Ine'rebought better counsaile. Be you in readines

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

I will effect the rest.

Par. Sir when you please
Wee'l be prepar'd to enter. Sir the Emperour. *Exit Paris.*

Enter Caesar, Aretinus, Guard.

Cas. Repine at vs?

Aret. Tis, more, or my informers
That keepe strict watch vpon him are deceiu'd
In their intelligence there is a list
Of malecontents, as *Iunius Rusticus*
Palphurius, Sura, and this *Aelius, Lamia*,
That murmur at your triumphs as meere Pageants;
And at their midnight meetings tax your iustice
(For so I stile what they call tyrannie)
For *Patus Thrasea's* death, as if in him,
Vertue her selfe were murth'r'd; nor forget they
Agricola (who for his seruice done
In the reducing *Britanie* to obedience)
They dare affirme to be remou'd with poyson,
And he compeld to write you a cohæyre
With his daughter, that his testament might stand,
Which else you had made void. Then your much loue
To *Julia* your neece, censur'd as incest,
And done in scorne of *Titus* your dead brother;
But the divorce *Lamia* was forc'd to signe
To her, you honour with *Augusta's* title,
Being onely nam'd; they doe conclude there was
A *Lucrece* once, a *Cottatine*, and a *Brutus*,
But nothing Roman left now, but in you
The lust of *Tarquin*.

Cas. Yes. His fire, and scorne
Of such as thinke that our vnlimited power
Can be confin'd, dares *Lamia* pretend
An interest to that which I call mine?
Or but remember, she was euer his
That's now in our possession? fetch him hither.
I'll giue him cause to wish he rather had.

*The Gard
goe of.
Forgot*

A TRAGEDIE.

Forgot his owne name then e're mention'd hers.
Shall we be circumscrib'd? let such as cannot
By force make good their actions, though wicked
Conceale, excuse or qualifie their crimes:
What our desires grant leaue, and priuiledge to
Though contradicting all diuine decrees,
Or lawes confirm'd by *Romulus*, and *Numa*,
Shall be held sacred.

Aret. You should else take from
The dignitie of *Cesar*.

Cas. Am I master
Of two and thirtie Legions, that awe
All Nations, of the triumphed world,
Yet tremble at our frowne, yeeld an accompt
Of whats our pleasure to a priuate man?
Rome perish first, and *Ailas* shoulders shrinke,
Heav'ns fabrique fall; the Sunne, the Moone, the Stars
Loosing their light, and comfortable heate,
Ere I confesse, that any fault of mine
May be disputed.

Aret. So you preserue your power
As you should equall, and omnipotent heere,
With *Jupiters* aboue.

Parthenius kneeling whispers

Cas. Thy suite is granted to *Cesar*.

What ere it be *Parthenius* for thy seruice
Done to *Augusta*. Onely so? a trifle.
Command him hither. If the *Comedie* faile
To cure him, I will minister something to him,
That shall instruct him to forget his gold,
And thinke vpon himselfe.

Parth. May it succeed well
Since my intents are pious.

Exit Parthenius.

Cas. We are resolv'd
What course to take, and therefore *Aretinus*
Inquire no farther. Goe you to my Empresse,
And say I doe entreate (for she rules him
Whom all men else obey) she would vouchsafe
The musicke of her voice, at yonder window,

THE ROMAN ACTOR,

When I aduance my hand thus. I will blend *Exit Arc*
 My crueltie with some scorne, or else tis lost. *tinus.*
 Reuenge, when it is vnexpected falling,
 With greater violence; and hate clothed in smiles,
 Strikes, and with horror dead the wretch that comes not
 Prepar'd to meete it. Our good *Lamia* welcome. *Enter La-*
 So much we owe you for a benefit *mia with the Guard.*
 With willingnes on your part conferr'd vpon vs,
 That 'tis our studie we that would not liue
 Ingag'd to any for a courtesie,
 How to returne it.

Lam. 'Tis beneath your fate
 To be obblig'd that in your owne hand graspe
 The means to be magnificent.

Cas. Well put off
 But yet it must not doe, the Empire, *Lamia,*
 Dinided equally can hold no waight,
 If ballanc'd with your guift in faire *Domitia.*
 You that could part with all delights at once,
 The magazine of rich pleasures being contain'd
 In her perfections, vncompell'd deliuer'd.
 As a Present fit for *Cesar.* In your eyes
 With teares of ioy, not sorrow, 'tis confirm'd
 You glory in your act.

Lam. Derided too!
 Sir this is more.

Cas. More then I can requite
 It is acknowledg'd *Lamia.* There's no drop
 Of melting nectar I tast from her lippe,
 But yeeldes a touch of immortalitie.
 To the blest receiuer; euery grace and feature,
 Priz'd to the worth, bought at an easie rate;
 If purchas'd for a Consulship. Her discourse
 So rauishing, and her action so attractiue,
 That I would part with all my other senses
 Prouided I might euer see, and heare her.
 The pleasures of her bed I dare not trust
 The windes or ayre with, for that would draw downe

A TRAGEDIE.

In enuie of my happinesse, a warre
From all the Gods vpon mee.

Lam. Your compassion
To me in your forbearing to insult
On my calamitie which you make your sport,
Would more appease those Gods you haue prouok'd
Then all the blatphemous comparisons,
You sing vnto her praise.

Cas. I sing her praise?
'Tis farre from my ambition to hope it. *Musicke aboue
and a song.*
It being a debt she onely can lay downe,
And no tongue else discharge. Harkc. I thinke prompted
With my consent that you once more should heare her,
She does begia. An vniuersall silence
Dwell on this place. 'Tis death with lingring torments
To all that dare disturbe her. Who can heare this *The song*
And falls not downe and worships? in my fancie, *ended*
Apollo being iudge on *Latinos* hill, *Cesar* goe on.
Faire hayr'd *Calliope* on her iuorie Lute
(But something short of this) sung *Ceres* prayses
And griefflie *Pluto's* rape on *Proserpine*.
The motion of the Spheares are out of time
Her musicall notes but heard. Say *Lamia*, say,
Is not her voice Angelicall?

Lam. To your eare.
But I alas am silent.

Cas. Bee so euer,
That without admiration canst heare her.
Malice to my felicitie strikes thee dumbe,
And in thy hope, or wish to repollesse
What I loue more then Empire, I pronounce thee
Guiltie of tresaon. Off with his head. Doe you stare?
By her, that is my Patronesse, *Minerua*,
(Whose Statue I adore of all the Gods)
If he but liue to make reply thy life *The Guard* lead off *La-*
Shal answer it. My feares of him are freed now *mia* stopping
And he that liu'd to vpbraid me with my wrong *his* mouth.
For an offence he neuer could imagine

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

In wantonnes remou'd. Descend my dearest.
Plurality of husbands shall no more
Breede doubts or ieaiousies in you. 'Tis dispatch'd
And with as little trouble heere, as if

I had kild a flye. Now you appeare and in *Enter Domitia,*
That glorie you deserue, and these that stoope *vs herd in by*
To doe you seruice in the acte much honourd. *Aretinus,*
Julia forget that *Titus* was thy Father, *her traine with all*
Canis and *Domitilla* ne're remmeber *state borne up by Ju-*
Sabinus, or *Vespasian.* To be slaues *lia, Canis, and Do-*
To her, is more true liberty then to liue *mitilla.*

Parthian or *Asian* Queenes. As lesser stars
That waite on *Phebe* in her full of brightnes,
Compar'd to her you are (thus I seate you)
By *Casars* side. Commanding these that once
Were the adored glories of the time
To witness to the world they are your vassals
At your feete to attend you.

Domit. Tis your pleasure
And not my pride. And yet when I consider
That I am yours, all duties they can pay
I doe receiue as circumstances due
To her you please to honour.

Enter Parthenius With Philargus.

Parth. *Casars* will
Commaunds you hither, nor must you gaine-say it.

Phil. Loose time to see an Enterlude? must I pay to
For my vexation?

Parth. Not in the Court,
It is the Emperours charge.

Phil. I shall endure
My torment then the better.

Cas. Can it bec
This sordid thing *Parthenius* is thy Father?
No actor can expresse him. I had held
The fiction for impossible in the Scene,

A TRAGEDIE.

Had I not seene the substance. *Sirra sit still,*
And giue attention, if you but nod
You sleepe for euer. Let them spare the Prologue,
And all the Ceremonies proper to our selfe
And come to the last act, there where the cure
By the Doctor is made perfect. The swift minutes
Seeme yeeres to me *Domitia* that diuorce thee
From my embraces. My desires encreasing
As they are satisfied all pleasures else
Are tedious as dull sorrowes. Kisse me, againe:
If I now wanted heate of youth, these fires
In *Priams* veines would thaw his frozen bloud,
Enabling him to get a second *Hector*
For the defence of *Troy*.

Domit. You are wanton?

Pray you forbear. Let me see the Play.

Cæs. Begin there.

Enter Paris like a Doctor of Physicke, Æsopus. Latinus
brought forth a sleepe in a chayre, a key in his mouth.

Æsop. O master Doctor he is past recouerie
A lethargie hath ceas'd him. And howeuer
His sleepe resemble death his watchfull care
To guard that treasure he dares make no vse of,
Workes strongly in his soule.

Par. What's that he holdes
So fast betweene his teeth?

Æsop. The key that opens
His iron chests cramn'd with accursed gold,
Rustie with long imprisonment. There's no dutie
In me his sonne, nor confidence in friends,
That can perswade him to deliuer vp
That to the trust of any.

Philarg. He is the wiser
We were fashion'd in one mould.

Æsop. He eates with it,
And when deuotion calles him to the Temple

T H E R O M A N A C T O R .

Of Mammon, whom of all the Gods he kneeles to
That held thus still, his orisons are payde ;
Nor will he though, the wealth of Rome were pawn'd
For the restoring of it for one short houre
Be wonne to part with it.

Philarg. Still, still my selfe.
And if like me he loue his gold, no pawne
Is good securitie.

Par. I'll trie if I can force it.
It will not be. His auaritious mind
(Like men in riuers drown'd) makes him gripe fast
To his last gaspe what he in life held dearest.
And if that it were possible in nature
Would carry it with him to the other world.

Philarg. As I would doe to hell rather then leaue it.

Æsep. Is he not dead ?

Par. Long since to all good actions
Or to him selfe, or others, for which wise men
Desire to liue. You may with safetic pinch him,
Or vnder his nayles sticke needle, s yet he stirs not,
Anxious feare to loose what his soule dotes on
Renders his flesh insensible. We must vse
Some meanesto rouse the sleeping faculties
Of his mind, there lies the Lethargie. Take a Trumpet
And blowe it into his eares, tis to noe purpose
The roring noyse of thunder cannot wake him.
And yet despaire not I haue one tricke yet left

Æsep. What is it ?

Par. I will cause a fearefull Dreame
To steale into his fancie, and disturbe it
With the horror it brings with it, and so free
His bodies Organs.

Domit. 'Tis a cunning fellow,
If he were indeed a Doctör as the play sayes,
He should be sworne my seruant, gouerne my slumbers.
And minister to me waking,

Par. If this faile *A chest brought in.*
I'll giue him ore, So with all violence

A TRAGEDIE.

Rend open this iron chest. For here is life lyes
Bound vp in fetters, and in the defence
Of what he values higher, 'twill returne
And fill each veine and arterie. Lowder yet.
'Tis open, and alreadie he begins
To stirre, marke with what trouble.

*Latinus stretches
himselfe.*

Philarg. As you are *Caesar*
Defend this honest thriftie man; they are theeues,
And come to rob him.

Parth. Peace the Emperour frownes.

Par. So now powre out the bags vpon the Table,
Romoue his iewels, and his bonds, againe.
Ring a second golden peale, his eyes are open.
He stares as he had seene *Medusas* head,
And were turn'd marble. Once more.

Lat. Murther, murther,
They come to murtherme. My sonne in the plot?
Thou worse then *paricide* if it bee death
To strike thy Fathers body, can all tortures,
The furies in hell practise, be sufficient
For thee that doest assassinate my soule?
My gold! my bonds! my iewels! dost thou envie
My glad possession of them for a day?
Extinguishing the Taper of my life
Consum'd vnto the snuffe? *Par.* Seem not to mind him.

Lat. Haue I to leaue thee rich denied my selfe
The ioyes of humaine being? Scrap'd and horded
A masse of treasure, which had *Solon* seene
The *Lidian Crasus* had appear'd to him
Poore as the begger *Irus*. And yet I
Sollicitous to encrease it, when my intrayles
Were clem'd with keeping a perpetuall fast,
Was deafe to their loud windie cries, as fearing
Should I disburse one peny to their vse,
My heyre might curse me. And to saue expence
In outward ornaments, I did expose
My naked body to the Winters cold,
And summers scorching heate. Nay when diseases

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

Grew thicke vpon me, and a little cost
Had purchas'd my recouerie, I chose rather
To haue my ashes clos'd vp in my vrne,
By hasting on my fate, then to diminish
The gold my prodigall sonne, while I am liuing,
Carelessly scatters.

Æsop. Would you would dispatch and die once.
Your Ghost should feele in hell, that is my slaue
Which was your master.

Philarg. Out vpon thee varlet.

Par. And what then followes al your carke, and caring,
And selfe affliction when your staru'd truncke is
Turn'd to forgotten dust? This hopefull youth
Vrines vpon your monument. Ne're remembering
How much for him you suffer'd. And then tells
To the companions of his lusts, and ryots,
The hell you did indure on earth to leaue him
Large meanes to be an Epicure, and to feast
His senses all at once, a happines
You neuer granted to your selfe. Your gold then
(Got with vexation, and preseru'd with trouble)
Maintaines the publicke stewes, pandars, and ruffians
That quaffe damnations to your memorie,
For liuing so long here.

Lat. 'Twill be so, I see it.

O that I could redeme the time that's past
I would liue, and die like my selfe; and make true vse
Of what my industrie purchas'd.

Par. Couetous men

Hauing one foote in the graue lament so euer.
But grant that I by Art could yet recouer
Your desperate sicknes, lengthen out your life
A dozen of yeeres, as I restore your body
To perfect health, will you with care endeouour
To rectifie your mind

Lat. I should so liue then

As neither my heyre should haue iust cause to thinke
I liu'd too long for being close handed to him,

Or cruell to my selfe.

Par. Haue your desires

Phabus assisting, mee I will repayre

The ruin'd building of your health, and thinke not

You haue a sonne that hates you; the truth is

This meanes with his consent I practis'd on you,

To this good end, it being a deuice

In you to shew the *Cure of Auarice.* *Exeunt Paris, La-*

Phil. An old soele to be guld thus I had he died *tinus,*

As I resolue to doe, not to be alter'd, *Aesopus.*

It had gone off twanging.

Cas. How approue you sweetest,

Of the matter, and the Actors?

Domit. For the subiect

I like it not, it was filch'd out of *Horace,*

Nay I haue read the Poets but the fellow

That play'd the Doctor did it well by *Venus;*

He had a tunable tongue and neate deliuery,

And yet in my opinion he would performe

A louers part much better. Prethee *Casar*

For I grow wearie let vs see to morrow

Plus and *Anaxerete.*

Cas. Any thing

For thy delight *Domitia.* To your rest

Till I come to disquiet you. Wayte vpon her.

There is a busines that I must dispatch

And I will straight be with you. *Exeunt Arelinus, Do-*

Parth. Now my dread Sir *mitia, Iulia, Canis, Do-*

Endeavour to preuayle. *mitika.*

Cas. One way or other.

Wee'l cure him neuer doubt it. Now *Philargus*

Thou wretched thing, hast thou seene thy sordid basenesse?

And but obseru'd what a contemptible creature

A couetous miser is? dost thou in thy selfe

Feele true compunction! with a resolution

To be a new man?

Philarg. This craz'd bodies *Casars,*

But for my minde.

THE ROMAN ACTOR,

Cæs. Trifle not with my anger.
Canst thou make good vse of what was now presented?
And imitate in thy suddaine change of life,
The miserable rich man, that expres'd
What thou art to the life.

Philarg. Pray you give me leaue
To dye as I haue liu'd. I must not part with
My gold, it is my life. I am past cure.

Cæs. No; by *Minerva* thou shalt neuer more
Feele the least touch of avarice. Take him hence
And hang him instantly. If there be gold in hell
Inioy it, thine here and thy life together
Is forfeited.

Philarg. Was I sent for to this purpose?

Parth. Mercie for all my seruice, *Cæsar* mercie

Cæs. Should *Joue* pleade for him. 'Tis resolu'd he dyes,
And he that speakes one sillable to dissuade me,
And therefore tempt me not. It is but iustice.
Since such as wilfully, will heuere dye,
Must taxthemselues, and not my crueltie. *Exeunt omnes.*

The end of the second Act.

ACTVS, III. SCÆNA, I.

Enter Iulia, Domitilla, Stephanos.

Iul. No *Domitilla*, if youbut compare
What I haue suffer'd with your iniuries,
(Though great ones I confesse) they will appeare
Like molehills to *Olimpus*.

Domitil. You are tender
Of your owne wounds, which makes you loose the feeling
And sense of mine. The incest he committed
With you, and publikely profes'd, in scorne
Of what the world durst censure may admit
Some weake defence, as being borne headlong to it,
But in a manly way to enioy your beauties.

[Besides

A TRAGEDIE.

Besides wonne by his periuries that he would
Salute you with the title of *Augusta*,
Your faint deniall show'd a full consent,
And grant to his temptations. But poore I
That would not yeeld, but was with violence forc'd
To serue his lusts, and in a kinde *Tiberius*
At *Capra* neuer practis'd, haue not heere
One conscious touch to rise vp my accuser
I in my will being innocent.

Steph. Pardon mee

Great Princesses, though I presume to tell you
Wasting your time in childish lamentations,
You doe degenerate from the blood, you spring from:
For there is something more in *Rome* expected
From *Titus* daughter, and his vncles heyre,
Then womanish complaints after such wrongs
Which mercie cannot pardon. But you'll say
Your hands are weake, and should you but attempt
A iust reuenge on this inhumaine monster,
This prodegie of mankind bloudie *Domitian*,
Hath readie words at his command aswell
As Islands to confine you to remoue.
His doubts, and feares, did he but entertaine
The least suspicion you contriu'd or plotted
Against his person.

Iul. 'Tis true *Stephanos*.

The legions that sack'd *Hierusalem*
Vnder my Father *Titus* are sworne his,
And I no more remembred.

Domit. And to loose
Our selues by building on impossible hopes,
Were desperate madnes.

Steph. You conclude too fast.

One single arme whole master does contemne
His owne life holds a full command ore his,
Spite of his guards. I was your bondman Ladie,
And you my gracious patronesse; my wealth,
And libertie your gift, and though no souldier,

THE ROMAN ACTOR,

To whom or custome, or example makes
Grimme death appeare lesse terrible, I dare dye
To doe you seruice in a faire reuenge,
And it will better suite your births and honours
To fall at oncé, then to liue euer slaues
To his proud Empreffe that insults vpon
Your patient sufferings. Say but you goe on,
And I will retch his heart, or perish in
The noble vndertaking.

Domit. Your free offer

Confirms your thankfulnessse, which I acknowledge
A satisfaction for a greater debt
Then what you stand ing'd for: but I must not
Vpon vncertaine grounds hazard so gratefull,
And good a seruant. The mortall powers
Protect a Prince though sould to impious acts,
And seeme to slumber till his roaring crimes
Awake their iustice: but then looking downe
And with impartiall eyes, on his contempt
Of all religion, and morrall goodnesse,
They in their secrets indgements doe determine
To leaue him to his wickednesse, which sinckes him
When he is most seure.

Iul. His crueltie

Increasing dayly of necessitie
Must render him as odious to his souldiers,
Familiar friends, and freemen, as it hath done
Alreadie to the Senate; then forsaken
Of his supporters, and growne terrible
Eu'n to himselfe, and her, he now so dotes on,
We may put into act, what now wick safetic
We cannot whisper,

Steph. I am still prepar'd

To execute when you please to command mee:
Since I am confident he deserues much more
That vindicates his countrie from a tyrannie,
Then he that saues a citizen.

Iul. O heere's *Canis.*

Enter Canis.

Domit.

A TRAGEDIE.

Domitil. Whence come you?

Can. From the Empresse who seemes mou'd
In that you waite no better. Her prides growne
To such a height that shee disdaines the service
Of her owne women; and esteemes her selfe
Neglected? when the Princesses of the blood
One everie course imployment, are not readie
To stoope to her commands.

Domitil. Where is her greatnes?

Can. Where you would little thinke she could descend
To grace the roome or persons.

Iul. Speake; where is she?

Can. Among the Players, where all state layd by,
She does enquire who acts this part, who that,
And in what habits? blames the tire. women
For want of curious dressings; and so taken
She is with *Paris* the Tragedians shape
That is to act a Louer, I thought once
She would haue courted him.

Domitil. In the meane time
How spends the Emperour his houres?

Can. As euer

He hath done heretofore in being cruell
To innocent men, whose vertues he calles crimes.
And but this morning if't be possible
He hath outgone himselfe, hauing condemn'd
At *Arcinus* his informers suite,
Palphurius Sura, and good *Iunius Rusticus*,
Men of the best repute in *Rome* for their
Integritie of life; no fault objected
But that they did lament his cruell sentence
On *Patrus Thracea* the Philosopher
Their Patron and Instructor.

Steph. Can't one see this
And hold his thunder!

Domitil. *Nero* and *Caligula*
Commanded onely mischiefs, but our *Cesar*
Delights to see 'em.

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

Ful. What we cannot helpe,
We may deplore with silence.

Can. We are call'd for
By our proud mistresse.

Domitil. We a while must suffer.

Steph. It is true fortitude to stand firme against
All shocks of fate, when cowards faint and dye
In feare to suffer more calamitie. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS, III. SCENA, 2.

Enter Caesar, Parthenius.

Ces. They are then in fetters.

Parth. Yes Sir. But

Ces. But? What?

I'l haue thy thoughts. Deliuer them.

Parth. I shall Sir.

But still submitting to your God-like pleasure,
Which cannot be instructed?

Ces. To the point.

Parth. Nor let your sacred Maiestie belieue
Your vassall, that with drie eyes look'd vpon
His Father drag'd to death by your command,
Can pittie these, that durst presume to censure
What you decreed.

Ces. Well forward.

Parth. 'Tis my zeale

Still to preferue your clemencie admir'd
Temper'd with iustice, that emboldens me
To offer my aduice. Alas I know Sir
These Bookemen, *Rusticus*, and *Palphurinus Sura*,
Deserue all tortures. Yet in my opinion,
They being popular Senators, and cried vp
With loud applauses of the multitude,
For foolish honettie, and beggerly vertue,
T'would relish more of pollicie to haue them
Made a way in priuate, with what exquisite torments

You

A TRAGEDIE.

You please it skills nor, then to haue them drawne
To the degrees in publike; for 'tis doubted
That the sad object may beget compassion
In the giddie rout, and cause some sudaine vprore
That may disturbe you.

Cas. Hence pale spirited coward
Can we descend so farre beneath our selfe
As, or to count, the peoples loue, or feare
Their worst of hate? Can they that are as dust
Before the whirlwinde of our will and power,
Adde any moment to vs? Or thou thinke
If there are Gods aboue, or Goddesses,
(But wise *Minerua* that's mine owne and sure)
That they haue vacant houres to take into
Their serious protection, or care,
This many headed monster? mankind liues
In few, as potent Monarchs, and their Peeres;
And all those glorious constellations
That doe adorne the firmament, appointed
Like groomes with their bright influence to attend
The actions of Kings, and Emperours,
They being the greater wheelles that moue the lesse.
Bring forth those condemn'd wretches; let me see
One man so lost, as but to pittie 'em
And though their lay a million of soules
Imprison'd in his flesh, my Hangmens hookes
Should rend it off and giue 'em libertie.

Cesar hath said it.

Exit Parthenius.

Enter Parthenius, Aretius, and the Guard, Hangmen dragging in Iunius, Rusticus, and Palphurinus Surra, bound backe to backe.

Aret. 'Tis great *Casars* pleasure
That with fix'd eyes you carefully obserue
The peoples lookes. Charge vpon any man
That with a sigh, or murmure does expresse
A seeming sorrow for these traytors deaths.

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

You know his will, performe it.

Cas. A good bloud-hound,
And fit for my imployments.

Sur. Giue vs leaue
To dye fell tyrannie.

Rust. For beyond our bodies
Thou hast no power.

Cas. Yes I'll afflict your soules.
And force them groaning to the *Stigian* lake
Prepar'd for such to howle in, that blasphemee
The power of Princes, that are Gods on earth;
Tremble to thinke how terrible the dreame is
After this sleepe of death.

Rust. To guiltie men
It may bring terror, not to vs, that know
What 'tis to dye, well taught by his example
For whom we suffer. In my thought I see
The substance of that pure vntainted soule,
Of *Thraceas* our master made a starre,
That with melodious harmonie invites vs
(Leauing this dunghill *Rome*, made hell by thee,)
To trace his heauenly steps, and fill a Spheare
Aboue yon Chrystall Canopie.

Cas. Doe inuoke him
With all the aydes his sanctitie of life
Haue wonne on the rewarders of his vertue,
They shall not saue you. Dogs doe you grinne? torment 'em.
So take a leafe of *Seneca* now and proue
If it can render you insensible
Of that which but begins here. Now an oyle *The*
Drawne from the Stoicks frozen principles *Hangmen*
Predominant ouer fire were vsfull for you. *torment 'em,*
Againe, againe. You trifle. Not a groane, *they still smi-*
Is my rage lost? What cursed charmes defend 'em! *ling.*
Search deeper villaines. Who looks pale? or thinks
That I am cruell?

Aret. Ouer mercifull.
'Tis all your weakenesse Sir.

A TRAGÉDIE.

Parth. I dare not show
A signe of sorrow, yet my synnewes shrinke
The spectacle is so horrid. *Aside.*

Ces. I was neuer
O'recome till now. For my sake rore a little,
And show you are corporeall, and not turn'd
Aeriall spirits. Will it not do. By *Pallas*
It is vnkindly done to mocke his furie
Whom the world stiles omnipotent. I am tortur'd
In their want of feeling torments. *Marins* storie
That does report him to haue sate vnmou'd
When cunning Chirurgions rip'd his arteries,
And vcines, to cure his goute compar'd to this
Deserues not to bee nam'd. Are they not dead?
If so, wee wash an *Ethiope*.

Sur. No, wee liue.

Rust. Liue to deride thee, our calme patience treading
Vpon the necke of tyrannie. That securely,
(As t'were a gentle slumber,) we indure
Thy hangmens studied tortures, is a debt;
Wee owe to graue Philosophie, that instruct's vs
The flesh is but the clothing of the soule
Which growing out of fashion though it bee
Cast of, or rent, or torne, like ours, 'tis then
Being it selfe diuine, in her best luster.
But vnto such as thou, that haue no hopes
Beyond the present, euerie little starre;
The want of rest; excesse of heate or, cold
That does informe them, onely they are mortall,

Ces. Pierce through, and through them.
We will heare no more,

Rust. This onely, and I giue thee warning of it.
Though it is in thy will to grinde this earth,
As small as *Atomes*, they throwne in the Sea to.
They shall seeme recollected to the sense,
And when the sandie building of thy greatnes,
Shall with its owne weight totter; looke to see me
As I was yesterday, in my perfect shape,

THE ROMAN ACTOR,

For I'll appeare in horror.

Cas. By my shaking
I am the guiltie man, and not the Iudge.
Drag from my sight, these cursed ominous wizards,
That as they are now like to double fac'd *Janus*
Which way so'e're I looke, are furies to me.
Away with 'em. First show them death, then leaue *Exeunt*
No memory of their ashes. I'll mocke fate. *Hangmen with*
Shall words fright him, victorious armies circle? *Rusticus*
No, no, the feuer does begin to leaue me. *and Sura.*

Enter Domitia, Julia, Cenis, Stephanos following.

Or were it deadly, from this liuing fountaine
I could renue the vigor of my youth,
And be a second *Verbius*. O my glory!
My life I command! my all! *Embracing and kissing*
mutually.

Domit. As you to me are.
I heard you were sad; I haue prepar'd you sport
Will banish melancholie. *Sirra, Casar,*
(I hugge my selfe for't) I haue beene instructing
The Players how to act, and to cut off
All tedious impertinencie, haue contracted
The Tragedie, into one continued Sceane.
I haue the art of't, and am taken more
With my abilitie that way, then all knowledge
I haue but of thy lone.

Cas. Thou art still thy selfe,
The sweetest, wittiest.

Domit. When wee are a bed
I'll thanke your good opinion. Thou shalt see
Such an *Iphis* of thy *Paris*, and to humble
The pride of *Domitilla* that neglects mee
(How e're she is your cousin) I haue forc'd her
To play the part of *Anaxerete*.
You are not offended with it?

Cas. Any thing
That does content thee yeilds delight to mee,
My faculties, and powers are thine.

Domit. I thanke you

A TRAGEDIE.

Prethee lets take our places. Bid'em enter
 Without more circumstance, how doe you like
 That shape? me thinkes it is most surable
 To the aspect of a despairing louer.
 The seeming late false, counterfeited teares
 That hang vpon his cheekes, was my deuice.

*After a short
 flourish, en-
 ter Paris as
 Iphis.*

Cas. And all was excellent.

Domit. Now heare him speake.

Par. That she is faire (and that an Epethite
 To foule to expresse her) or descended nobly,
 Or rich, or fortunâte, and certaine trutthes
 In which poore *Iphis* glories. But that these
 Perfections, in no other Virgin found,
 Abus'd, should nourish crueltie, and pride,
 In the diuineſt *Anaxarete*,
 Is, to my loue-sicke languishing soule, a riddle,
 And with more difficultie to be dissolu'd,
 Then that, the monster *Sphinx* from the steepie rocke
 Offer'd to *Oedipus*. Imperious loue,
 As at thy euer flaming Altars *Iphis*
 Thy neuer tyred votarie hath presented
 With scalding teares whose Hecatombes of sighes,
 Preferring thy power, and thy *Paphian* mothers,
 Before the thunderers, *Neptunes*, or *Pluto's*
 (That after *Saturne* did diuide the world
 And had the sway of things) yet were compell'd
 By thy vneuitable shafts to yeeld
 And fight vnder thy ensignes, be auspicious
 To this last tryall of my sacrifice
 Of loue, and seruice.

Domit. Do's he not act it rarely?
 Obserue with what a feeling he deliuers
 His orisons to *Cupid*; I am rap'd with't.

Par. And from thy neuer emptied quiver take
 A golden arrow, to transfix her heart
 And force her loue like me, or cure my wound
 With a leaden one, that may beget in me
 Hate and forgetfulnesse, of what's now my Idoll.

But

But I call backe my prayer, I haue blasphem'd
 In my rash wish. 'Tis I that am vnworthy,
 But shee all merit; and may in iustice challenge
 From the assurance of her excellencies
 Not loue, but adoration. Yet beare witness
 All knowing powers, I bring along with me
 As faithfull aduocates to make intercession
 A loyall heart, with pure, and holy flames
 With the foule fires of lust neuer polluted.
 And as I touch her threshold (which with teares
 My limbes benumb'd with cold, I oft haue wash'd)
 With my glad lips I kisse this earth growne proud
 With frequent fauours from her delicate feete.

Domit. By *Cæsars* life he weepes. And I forbear
 Hardly to keepe him companie.

Par. Blest ground thy pardon
 If I prophane it with forbidden steps.
 I must presume to knocke, and yet attempt it
 With such a trembling reuerence as if
 My hands held vp, or expiation
 To the incens'd Gods to spare a kingdome.
 Within there, hoe? something diuine come forth
 To a distressed mortall.

Lat. Ha! Who knockes there? *Enter Latinus as*

Domit. What a churlish looke this knaue has *a Porter.*

Lat. Is't you *Sirrhag*

Are you come to pule and whine? auant, and quickly.
 Dogwhips shall drine you hence else.

Domit. Churlish deuill?

But that I should disturbe the Sceane, as I liue
 I would teare his eyes out.

Cæs. 'Tis in iest *Domitia,*

Domit. I doe not like such iesting, if he were not
 A flintie hearted slaue, he could not vse
 One of his forme so harshly. How the toade swells
 At the others sweete humilitie!

Cæs. 'Tis his part
 Let 'em proceed.

Domit.

A TRAGEDIE.

Domit. A Rogues part, will ne're leaue him.

Par. As you haue gentle Sir, the happinesse
(When you please) to behold the figure of
The master peice of nature, limn'd to the life,
In more then humane *Anaxerete*,
Scorne not your seruant, that with suppliant hands
Takes hold vpon your knees, coniuering you
As you are a man, and did not sucke the milke
Of Wolues, and Tigres, or a mother of
A tougher temper, vse some meanes these eyes
Before they are wept out, may see your Ladie.
Will you be gracious Sir?

Lat. Though I loose my place for't
I can hold out no longer.

Domit. Now hee melts
There is some little hope hee may die honest

Lat. Madam. *Enter Domitilla for Anaxerete.*

Domit. Who calls? what obiekt haue we heere?

Domit. Your cousin keepes her proud state still I thinke
I haue fitted her for a part.

Domit. Did I not charge thee
I ne're might see this thing more?

Par. I am indeed
What thing you please, a Worme that you may tread on,
Lower I cannot fall to shew my duty,
Till your disdain hath dig'd a graue to couer
This bodie with forgotten dust, and when
I know your sentence, cruellest of women)
I'll by a willing death remoue the obiekt
That is an eyesore to you.

Domit. Wretch thou darst not.
That were the last, and greatest seruice to mee
Thy doting loue could boast of. What dull foole
But thou could nourish any flattering hope
One of my height, in youth, in birch and fortune
Could e're defend to looke vpon thy lownesse?
Much lesse consent to make my Lord of one
I would not accept, though offred for my slaue,

My thoughts steepe not so lowe.

Domit. There's her true nature
No personated scorne.

Domit. I wrong my worth
Or to exchange a syllable, or looke,
With one so farre beneath me.

Par. Yet take heed,
Take heed of pride, and curiously consider
How brittle the foundation is, on which
You labour to aduance it. *Niobe*
Proud of her numerous issue durst contemne
Latoas double burthen but what follow'd?
She was left a childlesse mother, and mourn'd to marble.
The beautie you o're-prize so, time, or sicknes
Can change to loth'd deformitie, Your wealth
The prey of theeues; *Queen: Heccuba* Troy fir'd
Plisses bond-woman. But the loue I bring you
Nor time, nor sicknesse, violent theeues, nor fate.
Can rauish from you.

Domit. Could the Oracle
Giue better counsaile.

Par. Say will you relent yet?
Reuoking your decree that I should dye?
Or shall I doe what you command? resolute
I am impatient of delay.

Domit. Dispatch then
I shall looke on your Tragedie vnmou'd,
Peradventure laugh at it, for it will proue
A Comedie to me.

Domit. O diuell! diuell!

Par. Then thus I take my last leaue. All the curses
Of louers fall vpon you; and hereafter
When any man like me contemn'd, shall studie
In the anguish of his soule to giue a name
To a scornfull cruell mistresse, let him onely
Say this most bloudie woman is to me,
As *Amaxerete* was to wretched *Iphis*.
Now feast your tyrannous mind, and glorie in

A TRAGEDIE.

The ruines you haue made : for *Hymens* bands
That should haue made vs one, this fatall halter
For euer shall diuorce vs ; at your gate
As a trophee of your pride, and my affliction,
I'll presently hang my selfe.

Domit. Not for the world.

Restraine him as you loue your liues.

Ces. Why are you
Transported thus *Domitia*? 'tis a play,
Or grant it serious, it at no part merits.
This passion in you.

Par. I nere purpos'd Madam
To do the deed in earnest, though I bowe
To your care, and tenderesse of me.

Domit. Let me Sir,
Intreate your pardon, what I saw presented
Carried me beyond my selfe.

Ces. To your place againe
And see what followes.

Domit. No I am familiar
With the conclusion, besides vpon the sudaine
I feele my selfe much indispos'd,

Ces. To bed then
I'll be thy Doctor.

Arca. There is something more
In this then passion, which I must find out,
Or my intelligence freezes.

Domit. Come to me *Paris*
To morrow for your reward

Steph. Patroneffe heare mee
Will you not call for your share? sit downe with this,
And the next action like a *Gaditane* strumpet
I shall looke to see you tumble.

Domit. Prethee be patient.
I that haue sufferd greater wrongs beare this
And that till my reuenge my comfort is.

Exeunt.

The end of the third Act.

ACTVS, IIII. SCÆNA, I.

Enter *Parthenius, Iulia, Domitilla, Cænis.*

Parth. Why 'tis impossible *Paris* ?

Iul. You obseru'd not

(As it appeares) the violence of her passion,

When personating *Iphis*, he pretended

(For your contempt faire *Anaxerete*)

To hang himselfe.

Parth. Yes, yes, I noted that ;

But neuer could imagine it could worke her

To such a strange intemperance of affection,

As to dote on him.

Domit. By my hopes I thinke not

That she respects though all heere saw, and mark'd it

Presuming she can mould the Emperours will

Into what forme she likes, though we, and all

Th'informers of the world conspir'd to crosse it.

Cæn. Then with what eagernesse this morning viging

The want of health, and rest, she did intreate

Cæsar to leaue her.

Domit. Who no sooner absent

But she calls *Dwarfe* (so in her scorrie she files me)

Put on my pantoffes, fetch pen, and paper

I am to write, and with distracted looks,

In her smocke, impatient of so short delay

As but to haue a mantle throwne vpon her,

She teald I know not what, but 'twas indors'd

To my lou'd *Paris*.

Iul. Adde to this I heard her

Say, when a page receiu'd it ; let him waite me

And carefully in the walke, cal'd our retreat,

Where *Cæsar* in his feare to giue offence,

Vnsent for neuer enters.

Parth. This being certaine

(For these are more then iecalous suppositions)

A TRAGÉDIE.

Why doe not you that are so neere in bloud
Discouer it?

Domit. Alas you know wee dare not.
'Twill be receaued for a malicious practise
To free vs from that flauerie, which her pirde
Imposes on vs. But if you would please
To breake the ice on paine to be sancke euer
We would auerre it.

Parth. I would second you,
But that I am commanded with all speede
To fetch in *Ascleario* the *Chaldean*,
Who in his absence is condemn'd of treason
For calculating the natiuitie
Of *Cesar*, with all confidence fore-telling
In euerie circumstance when he shall die
A violent death. Yet if you could approue
Of my directions I would haue you speake
As much to *Aretinus*, as you haue
To me deliuer'd. He in his owne nature
Being a spie, on weaker grounds no doubt
Will vndertake it, not for goodnesse sake
(With which he neuer yet held correspondence)
But to endea're his vigilant obseruings
Of what concernes the Emperour, and a little
To triumph in the ruines of this *Paris*. *Enter Aretinus.*
That cros'd him in the Senate house. Here he comes
His nose held vp, he hath something in the winde,
Or I much erre already. My designes
Command me hence great Ladies, but I leaue
My wishes with you. *Exit Parthenius.*

Aret. Hate I caught your greatnes
In the trap my proud *Augusta*?

Domit. What is't raps him?

Aret. And my fine Roman Actor? is't euen so?
No courser dish to take your wanton palate
Sauce that which but the Emperour none durst tast off?
T'is very well. I needs must glory in
This rare discoverie, but the rewards

THE ROMAN ACTOR,

Of my intelligence, bid me thinke even now,
By an edict from *Cesar* I haue power,
To tread vpon the necke of slavish *Rome*,
Disposing offices, and Prouinces,
To my kinsmen, friends and clients.

Domit. This is more
Then vsuall with him;

Jul. Aretinus?

Aret. How?

No more respect and reuerence tender'd to mee
But *Aretinus*! 'tis confess'd that title
When you were Princeesses, and commanded all
Had beene a fauour; but being as you are
Vassals to a proud woman, the worst bondage,
You stand oblig'd with as much adoration
To entertaine him, that comes arm'd with strength,
To breake your fetters, as tane gallie. slaues
Pay such as doe redeeme them from the oare
I come not to intrap you, But aloud
Pronounce that you are manumiz'd, and to make
Your libertie sweeter, you shall see her fall,
(This Emperesse, this *Demitia*, what you will)
That triumph'd in your miseries.

Domit. Were you serious
To proue your accusation, I could lend
Some helpe.

Can. And I.

Jul. And I.

Aret. No atome to mee.

My eyes, and eares are euery where, I know all,
To the line and action in the p'ay that tooke her;
Her quicke dissimulation to excuse
Her being transported, with her morning passion;
I brib'd the boy that did conuey the letter,
And having perus'd it, made it vp againe:
Your griefes, and angers, are to me familiar;
That *Paris* is brought to her, and how farre,
He shall be tempted.

Domit.

A TRAGEDIE.

Domit. This is aboue wonder.

Aret. My gold can worke much stranger miracles
Then to corrupt poore waiters. Heere ioyne with me
'Tis a complaint to *Cesar*. This is that
Shall ruine her, and raise you. Haue you set your hands
To the accusation.

Iul. And will iustifie
What we haue subscrib'd to.

Can. And with vehemencie.

Domit. I will deliuer it.

Aret. Leauē the rest to me then

Enter Cesar with his Guard.

Ces. Let our Lieutenants bring vs victory,
While we enjoy the fruites of peace at home,
And being secur'd from our intestine foes,
Far worse then forreine enemies, doubts, and feares,
Though all the skie were hung with blazing meteors,
Which fond Astrologers giue out to be
Assur'd presages of the change of Empires,
And deaths of Monarchs, wee vndaunted yet
Guarded with our owne thunder, bid defiance,
To them, and fate, we being too strongly arm'd
For them to wound vs.

Aret. *Cesar.*

Iul. As thou art
More then a man.

Can. Let not thy passions bee
Rebellious to thy reason.

The Petition deliuer'd.

Domit. But receiue
This tryall of your constancie, as vnmou'd

THE ROMAN ACTOR,

As you goe to, or from the Capitoll,
Thankes giuen to *Ioue* for triumphs?

Cæs. Ha!

Domit. Vouchsafe

A while to stay the lightning of your eyes.
Poore mortalls dare not looke on.

Arct. There's no veine
Of yours, that rises high with rage, but is
An earthquake to vs.

Domit. And if not kept clos'd
With more then humane patience in a moment
Will swallow vs to the center.

Can. Not that we
Repine to serue her, are we her accusers.

Iul. But that she's false so low.

Arct. Which on sure proofes
VVe can make good.

Domitil. And Show she is vnworthie
Of the least sparke of that diuiner fire
You haue confer'd vpon her.

Cæs. I stand doubtfull,

And vnresolu'd what to determine of you.
In this malicious violence you haue offer'd
To the Altar of her truth, and purenesse to me,
You haue but fruitlesly labour'd to sullye
A white robe of perfection, blackmouth'd enuie
Could belch no spot on. But I will put off
The deitie, you labour to take from me,
And argue out of probabilities with you
As if I weare a man. Can I beleeeue
That she, that borrowes all her light from me,
And knowes to vse it, would betray her darknesse
To your intelligence, and make that apparent,
Which by her perturbations in a play
VVas yesterday but doubted and find none,
but you that are her slaues, and therefore hate her
VVhose aydes she might imploy to make way for her?
Or *Arctinus* whom long since she knew

To be the Cabinet counsaillor, nay the key
 Of *Casars* secrets? could her beauty raise her
 To this vnequall height to make her fall
 The more remarkable? or must my desires
 To her, and wrongs to *Lamia* be reuengd
 By her, and on her selfe that drew on both?
 Or she leaue our imperiall bed to court
 A publicke actor?

Arct. who dares contradict
 These more then humain reasons, that haue power
 To cloth base guilt, in the most glorious shape
 Of innocence?

Domit. To wel she knew the strength,
 And eloquence of her patron to defend her,
 And thereupon presuming fell securely,
 Not fearing an accuser, nor the truth,
 Produc' da'gainst her, which your loue and fauour
 Will ne're discern from falshood.

Cæs. I'll not heere
 A syllable more that may inuite a change
 In my opinion of her. You haue rais'd,
 A fiercer war within me by this fable,
 (Though with your lines you vowe to make it storie)
 Then if, and at one instant all my legions
 Reuolted from me, and came am'd against me.
 Heere in this paper are the swords predestin'd
 For my destruction; heere the fatali stars
 That threaten more then ruine; this the deaths head
 That does assure me, if she can proue false
 That I am mortall, which a sudaine feauer
 Would prompt me to beleue, and fayntly yeeld to.
 But now in my full confidence what she suffers,
 In that, from any witness but my selfe,
 I nourish a suspicion she's vnttrue,
 My toughnes returns to me. Lead on Monsters,
 And by the forfeit of your liues confirme
 She is all excellence, as you all basenesse,
 Or let mankinde for her fall, boldly swear

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

There are no chaste wiues now, nor euer were.

Exeunt omnes.

ACTVS, IIII. SCÆNA, 2.

Enter Domitia, Paris, Seruants.

Domit. Say we command, that none presume to dare
On forfeit of our fauour, that is life,
Out of a sawcie curiousnesse to stand
Within the distance of their eyes, or eares,
Till we please to be waited on. And firrha
Howe're you are excepted, let it not
Beget in you an arrogant opinion
'Tis done to grace you.

*Exeunt ser-
uants.*

Par. With my humblest seruice
I but obey your summons, and should blush else
To be so neare you.

Domit. 'T would become you rather
To feare, the greatnesse of the grace vouchsaf'd you
May ouerwhelme you, and 'twill doe no lesse;
If when you are rewarded, in your cups
You boast this priuacie.

Par. That were mightiest Empreffe
To play with lightning.

Domit. You conceiue it right.
The meanes to kill, or saue, is not alone
In *Cesar* circumscrib'd, for if incens'd
We haue our thunder to, that strikes as deadly.

Par. 'T would ill become the lownesse of my fortune
To question what you can doe, but withall
Humilitie to attend what is your will,
And then to serue it.

Domit. And would not a secret
(Suppose we should commit it to your trust)
Scald you to keepe it?

Par. I though it rag'd within me
Till I turn'd cyndars, it should ne're haue vent.
To be an age a dying, and with torture

Onely

A TRAGEDIE.

Onely to be thought worthy of your counsaile,
Or a ctuate what you command to me
A wretched obscure thing, not worth your knowledge,
Were a perpetuall happinesse.

Domit. We could wish

That we could credit thee, and cannot find
In reason but that thou whom oft I haue seene
To personate a Gentleman, noble, wise,
Faithfull, and gainsome, and what vertues else
The Poet pleases to adorne you with
(But that as vessels still pertake the odour
Of the sweete pretious liquors they contain'd)
Thou must be reallie in some degree
The thing thou dost present. Nay doe not tremble,
We seriousslie belecue it, and presume
Our *Paris* is the volume in which all
Those excellent gifts the Stage hath seene him grac'd with
Are curiousslie bound vp.

Par. The argument

Is the same great *Augusta*, that I acting,
A foole, a coward, a traytor or cold cinique
Or any other weake, and vitious person
Of force I must be such. O gracious Madam,
How glorious soeuer, or deform'd,
I doe appeare in the Sceane, my part being ended,
And all my borrowed ornaments put off,
I am no more, nor lesse then what I was
Before I enter'd.

Domit. Come you would put on

A wilfull ignorante, and not vnderstand,
What 'tis we point at. Must we in plaine language,
Against the decent modestie of our sex,
Say that we loue thee, loue thee to enioy thee,
Or that in our desires thou art preferr'd,
And *Cesar* but thy second? thou in iustice
If from the height of Maiestie we can
(Looke downe vpon thy lownesse and embrace it,)
Art bound with feruor to looke vp to me.

T H E R O M A N A C T O R .

Par. O Madam heare me with a patient care
And be but pleas'd to vnderstand the reasons
That doe deterre me from a happinesse
Kings would be-riuals for. Can I that owe,
My life, and all that's mine to *Casars* bounties
Beyond my hopes, or merits show'd vpon me,
Make payment for them with ingratitude,
Falshood, and treason? Though you haue a shape
Might tempt *Hypollitus*, and larger power
To helpe, or hurt, then wanton *Phædra* had,
Let loyaltie, and datie plead my pardon
Though I refuse to satisfie.

Domit. You are coy
Expecting I should court you, let meane Ladies
Vse prayers, and intreaties to their creatures
To rise vp instruments to serue their pleasures;
But for *Augusta* so to loose her selfe,
That holds command o're *Casar*, and the world,
Were pouertie of spirit. Thou must, thou shalt,
The violence of my passions knowes no meane,
And in my punishments, and my rewards
I'll vse no moderation. Take this onely
As a caution from me. Thread-bare Chastitie,
Is pöore in the aduancement of her seruants,
But wantonnesse magnificent; and 'tis frequent
To haue the Salarie of vice waigh downe
The pay of vertue. So without more trifling
Thy sudaine answer.

Par. In what a straight am I brought in!
Alas I know that the denial's death
Nor can my grant discover'd threaten more.
Yet to dye innocent, and haue the glorie
For all posteritie to report that I
Refus'd an Empresse to preferue my faith
To my great master, in true iudgement must
Show fairer then to buy a guilty life,
With wealth, and honours. 'Tis the base I build on,
I dare not, must not, will not.

Domit.

A TRAGÉDIE.

Domit. How contemn'd ?

Since hopes, nor feares in the extreames preuaile not
I must vse a meane. Thinke who 'cis fues to thee

Denie not that yet which a brother may

Grant to his ſiſter : as a teſtimonie *Cesar, Aretinus, Iulia,*

I am not ſcorn'd. Kiſſe me. Kiſſe me againe. *Domitilla, Ca-*

Kiſſe cloſer. Thou art now my *Troyan Paris* *nis aboue.*

And I thy *Helen.*

Par. Since it is your will,

Cas. And I am *Menelaus.* But I ſhall be
Something I know not yet.

Cesar
descends.

Domit. Why loſe we time

And opportunitie. Theſe are but ſallads

To ſharpen appetite. Let vs to the feaſt.

Courting Paris
wantonly.

Where I ſhall wiſh that thou wert *Jupiter*

And I *Alcmena,* and that I had power

To lengthen out one ſhort night into three,

And ſo beget a *Hercules.*

Cas. While *Amphitrio*

Stands by, and drawes the curtaines.

Par. Oh ? — *falls on his face.*

Domit. Betrai'd ?

Cas. No, taken in a net of *Vulcans* ſling,

Wherein may ſelſe the *Theater* of the Gods

Are ſad ſpectators, not one of 'em daring

To witneſſe with a ſmile he does deſire

To be ſo ſham'd for all the pleaſure that

You haue ſold your being for. What ſhall I name thee ?

Ingratefull, trecherous, inſatiate, all

Inuectiues, which in bitterneſſe of ſpirit

Wrong'd men haue breath'd out againſt wicked women,

Cannot expreſſe thee. Haue I rays'd thee from

Thy lowe condition to the height of greatneſſe,

Command, and Maieſtie in one baſe act

To render me (that was before I hugg'd thee)

An adder in my boſome, more then man

A thing beneath a beaſt ? did I force theſe

Of mine owne bloud as handmaids to kneele to

THE ROMAN ACTOR,

Thy pompe, and pride, hauing my selfe no thought
But how with benefits to binde thee mine;
And am I thus rewarded? not a knee?
Nor teare? nor signe of sorrow for thy fault?
Breake stubborne silence. What canst thou alleage
To stay my vengeance?

Domit. This. Thy lust compell'd me
To be a strumpet, and mine hath return'd it
In my intent, and will, though not in act
To cuokcold thee.

Cas. O impudence! take her hence,
And let her make her entrance into hell.
By leauing life with all the tortures that
Flesh can be sensible of. Yet stay. What power
Her beautie still holds o're my soule that wrongs
Of this vn pardonable nature cannot teach me
To right my selfe and hate her? - Kill her. - Hold.
O that my dotage should increase from that
Which should breed detestation. By *Minerua*
If I looke on her longer, I shall melt
And sue to her. My iniuries forgot
Again to be receiu'd into her fauour
Could honour yeild to it! Carrie her to her Chamber,
Be that her prison till in cooler blood
I shall determine of her. *Exit With Domitia.*

Aret. Now step I in
While he's in this calme mood for my reward-
Sir, if my seruice hath deseru'd.

Cas. Yes. Yes,
And I'll reward thee, thou hast rob'd me of
All rest, and peace, and bin the principall meanes
To make me know that, of which if againe *Enter Guard.*
I could be ignorant of. I would purchase it
With the losse of Empire; strangle him, take these hence to
And lodge them in the dungeon, could your reason
Dull wretches flutter you with hope to thinke
That this discouerie that hath showr'd vpon me
Perpetuall vexation should not fall

Heaue on you? away with 'em, stop their mouthes
 I will heare no reply, O *Paris*. *Paris* Exeunt *Guard* *Areti-*
 How shall I argue with thee? how begin, *nus*, *Iulia*, *Canis*,
 To make thee vnderstand before I kill thee, *Domitilla*.
 With what grieffe and vnwillingnes 'tis forc'd from me?
 Yet in respect I haue fauourd thee, I will heere
 What thou canst speake to qualesie, or excuse
 Thy readinesse to serue this womans lust,
 And wish thou couldst giue me such satisfaction
 As I might burie the remembrance of it;
 Looke vp. We stand attentiuē;

Par. O dread *Cesar*,
 To hope for life, or pleade in the defence
 Of my ingratitude were againe to wrong you.
 I know I haue deseru'd death. And my suit is
 That you would hasten it: yet that your highnes
 When I am dead (as sure I will not liue)
 May pardon me I'll onely vrge my frailtie,
 Her will, and the temptation of that beautie
 Which you could not resist. How would poore I then
 Fly that which followd me, and *Cesar* su'd for?
 This is all. And now your sentence.

Cas. Which I know not
 How to pronounce, O that thy fault had bin
 But such as I might pardon; if thou hadst
 In wantonneffe (like *Nero*) fir'd proud *Rome*
 Betraide an armie, butcherd the whole Senate,
 Committed Sacriledge, or any crime
 The iustice of our *Roman* lawes calls death,
 I had preuented any intercession
 And freely sign'd thy pardon.

Par. But for this
 Alas you cannot, nay you must not Sir
 Nor let it to posteritie be recorded
 That *Cesar* voreueng'd, sufferd a wrong,
 Which if a priuate man should sit downe with it
 Cowards would baffell him.

Cas. With such true feeling
 Thou arguest against thy selfe, that it
 Workes more vpon me, then if my *Minerna*
 (The grand protectresse of my life, and Empire,)
 On forfeite of her fauour, cry'd aloud
Cesar show mercie. And I know not how
 I am inclinde to it. Rise. I'll promise nothing,
 Yet cleare thy cloudie feares and cherish hopes,
 What we must doe, we shall doe; we remember
 A Tragedie, we oft haue seen with pleasure,
 Call'd, the *False Seruant*.

Par. Such a one we haue Sir.

Cas. In which a great Lord takes to his protection
 A man forlorne, giuing him ample power
 To order, and dispose of his estate
 In his absence, he pretending then a iourney.
 But yet with this restraint that on no tearmes
 This Lord suspecting his wiues constancie
 (She hauing playd false to a former husband)
 The seruant though sollicitd should consent
 Though she commanded him to quench her flames.

Par. That was indeed the argument.

Cas. And what
 Didst thou play in it?

Par. The false seruant Sir.

Cas. Thou didst indeed. Do the Players waite without?

Par. They doe Sir and prepar'd to act the storie
 Your Maiestie mention'd.

Cal. Call 'em in. Who presents
 The iniur'd Lord?

Enter Aesopus, Latinus, a Boy dress'd for a Ladie.

Aesop. T'is my part Sir,

Cas. Thou didst not
 Doe it to the life. We can performe it better.
 Off with my Robe, and wreath, since *Nero* scorn'd not
 The publike *Theater*, we in private may

A TRAGEDIE.

Disport our selues. This cloake, and hat without
Wearing a beard, or other propertie
Will fit the person.

Esop. Onely Sir a foyle
The point, and edge rebutted, when you aſt
To doe the murder. If you pleaſe to vſe this
And lay aſide your owne ſword.

Cas. By no meanes.
In ieſt nor earneſt this parts neuer from me.
We'l haue but one ſhort Sceane. That where the Ladie
In an imperious way commands the ſervant
To be vnſhankefull to his patron when
My cue's to enter prompt me nay begin
And doe it ſpritely though but a new Actor,
When I come to execution you ſhall find
No cauſe to laugh at me.

Lat. In the name of wonder
What's *Casars* purpoſe?

Esop. There is no contending.

Cas. Why when?

Par. I am arm'd.

And ſtood grim death now within my view and his
Vneuitable dart aim'd at my breaſt
His cold embraces ſhould not bring an ague
To any of my faculties, till his pleaſures
Were ſeru'd, and ſatisfied, which done *Nestors* yeeres,
To me would be vnwelcome.

Boy. Muſt we intreate,
That were borne to command, or court a ſervant
(That owes his ſoode and cloathing to our bountie)
For that, which thou ambitiouslie ſhouldſt kneele for?
Vrge not in thy excuſe the fauours of
Thy abſent Lord, or that thou ſtandſt ingag'd
For thy life to his Charitie; nor thy feares
Of what may follow, it being in my power
To mould him any way.

Par. As you may ſee
In what his reputation is not wounded

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

Nor I his creature in my thankfulness suffer.
I know you are young, and faire, be vertuous too
And loyall to his bed, that hath aduanc'd you
To th' height of happinesse.

Boy. Can my loueficke heart
Be cur'd with counsell? or durst reason euer
Offer to put in an exploded plea
In the Court of *Venus*. My desires admit not
The least delay. And therefore instantly
Giue me to vnderstand what I shall trust to.
For if I am refus'd, and not enioy
Those rauishing pleasures from thee, I run mad for;
I'll sweare vnto my Lord at his returne
(Making what I deliuer good with teares)
That brutishly thou wouldst haue forc'd from me
What I make suit for. And then but imagine
What 'tis to dye with these words slaue, and traytor,
With burning corrafiues writ vpon thy forehead,
And liue prepar'd fort.

Par. This he will beleue
Vpon her information. 'Tis apparent
And then I am nothing. And of two extreames
Wisdomes sayes chose the lesse. Rather then fall
Vnder your indignation, I will yeeld.
This kisse, and this confirms it.

Asop. Now. Sir now.

Cas. I must take them at it.

Asop. Yes Sir, be but perfect.

Cas. O villaine! thankelesse villaine! I should talke now;
But I haue forgot my part. But I can doe,
Thus, thus, and thus.

Kills Paris.

Par. Oh, I am slaine in earnest.

Cas. 'Tis true, and 'twas my purpose my good *Paris*
And yet before life leaue thee, let the honour
I haue done thee in thy death bring comfort to thee.
If it had beene within the power of *Cesar*
His dignitie preferu'd he had pardon'd thee.
But crueltie of honour did deny it.

Yet

A TRAGEDIE.

Yet to confirme I lou'd thee? 'twas my study
To make thy end more glorious to distinguish
My *Paris* from all others, and in that
Haue showne my pittie. Nor would I let thee fall
By a Centurions sword, or haue thy limbes
Rent peece meale by the hangmans hooke howeuer;
Thy crime deseru'd it: but as thou didst liue
Romes bravest Actor, 'twas my plot that thou
Shouldst dye in action, and to crowne it dye
With an applause induring to all times,
By our imperiall hand. His soule is freed
From the prison of his flesh, let it mount vppward.
And for this truncke when that the funerall pile
Hath made it ashes, we'l see it inclos'd
In a golden vrne. Poets adorne his hearse
With their most rauishing sorrowes, and the stage
For euer mourne him, and all such as were
His glad spectators weepe his suddaine death,
The cause forgotten in his Epitaph. *Exeunt. A sad mu-*
sicke the Players bearing off Paris
body, Caesar and the rest following.

The end of the fourth Act.

ACTVS, V. SCÆNA, I.

Enter Parthenius, Stephanos, Guard.

Parth. Keepe a strong guard vpon him, and admit not
Accesse to any, to exchange a word,
Or syllable with him, till the Emperour pleases
To call him to his presence. The relation
That you haue made me *Stephanos* of these late
Strange passions in *Caesar*, much amaze me.
The informer *Aretinus* put to death
For yeelding him a true discouerie
Of th'Empresse wantonneffe; poore *Paris* kild first
And now lamented; and the Princesses

THE ROMAN ACTOR,

Confin'd to severall Islands, yet *Augusta*
The machine on which all this mischiefe mou'd
Receiv'd againe to grace?

Steph. Nay courted to it.

(Such is the impotence of his affection)
Yet, to conceale his weaknesse he gives out
The people made suit for her, whom they hate more
Then civill warre, or famine. But take heed
My Lord, that nor in your consent nor wishes
You lent or furtherance, or fauour to
The plot contriu'd against her, should she proue it,
Nay doubt it onely you are a lost man
Her power o're doting *Cesar* being now
Greater then euer.

Parth. 'Tis a truth I shake at.

And when there's opportunitie.

Steph. Say but doe

I am yours, and sure.

Parth. I will stand one try all more

And then you shall heare from me.

Steph. Now obserue

The fondnesse of this tyranne, and her pride.

Enter Cesar and Domitia.

Cas. Nay all's forgotten.

Domit. It may be on your part.

Cas. Forgiuen to *Domitia* 'tis a fauour

That you should welcome with more cheerefull lookes.

Can *Cesar* pardon what you durst not hope for

That did the iniurie, and yet must sue

To her whose guilt is wash'd off by his mercy.

Onely to entertaine it?

Domit. I ask'd none,

And I should be more wretched to receiue

Remission (for what I hold no crime)

But by a bare acknowledgement then if

By sleighting, and contemning it, as now

A TRAGEDIE.

I dar'd thy vtmost furie. Though thy flatterers
 Perswade thee, that thy murders, lusts, and rapes
 Are vertues in thee, and what pleases *Cesar*
 Though neuer s^ovnjust is right, and lawfull;
 Or worke in thee a false beliefe that thou
 Art more then mortall, yet I to thy teeth
 (When circl'd with thy Guards, thy rods, thy axes,
 And all the ensignes of thy boasted power)
 Will say *Domitian*, nay adde to it *Cesar*
 Is a weake feeble man, a bondman to
 His violent passions, and in that my slaue,
 Nay more my slaue, then my affections made me
 To my lou'd *Paris*.

Cas. Can I liue, and heare this?
 Or heare and not reuenge it? come, you know
 The strength that you hold on me, doe not vse it
 VVith too much crueltie, for though 'tis granted
 That *Lidian Omphale* had lesse command
 O're *Hercules*, then you vsurpe ore me,
 Reason may teach me to shake off the yoke
 Of my fond dotage.

Domit. Neuer, doe not hope it
 It cannot be. Thou being my beauties captiue
 And not to be redeem'd, my Empire's larger
 Then thine *Domitian*, which I'll exercise
 VVith rigor on thee, for my *Paris* death.
 And when I haue forc'd those eyes now red with fury
 To drop downe teares, in vaine spent to appease me
 I know thy seruor such to my embráces
 (Which shall be, though still kneel'd for, stil deni'd thee)
 That thou with languishment shalt with my Actor
 Did liue againe, so thou might'st be his second
 To feede vpon those delicates, when he's fated.

Cas. O my *Minerua*!

Domit. There she is inuoke her
 Shee cannot arme thee with abilitie
 To draw thy sword on me, my power being greater,
 Or onely say to thy Centurions

THE ROMAN ACTOR,

Dare none of you doe what I shake to thinke on?
And in this womans death remoue the furies
That euery houre afflict mee? *Lamias* wrongs
When thy lust forc'd mee from him, are in mee
At the height reveng'd, nor would I out-lie *Paris*
But that thy loue increasing with my hate
May adde vnto thy torments, so withall
Contempt I can I leaue thee. *Exit Domitia.*

Cas. I am lost.

Nor am I *Cesar*, when I first betray'd
The freedome of my faculties, and will
To this imperious Siren, I layd downe
The Empire of the world, and of my selfe
At her proud feete. Sleepe all my irefull powers?
Or is the magique of my dotage such
That I must still make suite to heare those charmes
That doe increase my thraldome? wake my anger,
For shame breake through this Lethargie, and appeare
With vsuall terror, and enable mee
(Since I weare not a sword to pierce her heart,
Nor haue a tongue to say this let her dye)
Though 'tis done with a feauer-shaken hand *Pulls out a Table booke.*
To signe her death, assist mee great *Minerua*
And vindicate thy votarie. So shee's now
Among the list of those I haue prescrib'd,
And are to free mee of my doubts, and feares,
To dye to morrow. *(Writes.)*

Steph. That same fatall booke
Was neuer drawne yet, but some men of francke
Were mark'd out for destruction.

Parth. I begin
To doubt my selfe.

Cas. Who waites there?

Parth. *Cesar.*

Cas. So.

These that command arm'd troupes quake, at my frownes
And yet a woman fleights 'em. Where's the Wizard
Wee charg'd you to fetch in?

Parth.

A TRAGEDIE.

Partb. Readie to suffer

What death you please t'appoint him.

Ces. Bring him in. *Enter Ascletario, Tribunes,*
We'll question him our selfe. Now you that hold *Guard.*
Intelligence with the starres, and dare prefixe
The day and houre in which we are to part
With life and Empire, punctually fore-telling
The meanes, and manner of our violent end,
As you would purchase credit to your art
Resolue me since you are assur'd of vs
What fate attends your selfe?

Asclet. I haue had long since
A certaine knowledge, and assure as thou
Shalt dye to morrow being the fourteenth of
The Kalends of *October*, the houre five
Spite of preuention, this carkasse shall be
Torne and deuour'd by dogs, and let that stand for a firme

Ces. May our body wretch *(prediction.*
Find neuer nobler Sepulcher if this
Fall euer on thee. Are we the great disposer
Of life, and death yet cannot mocke the starres.
In such a trifle? Hence with the impostor,
And hauing cut his throat, erect a pile
Guarded with souldiers, till his cursed troncke
Be turn'd to ashes, vpon forfeite of
Your life, and theirs, performe it.

Asclet. 'Tis in vaine,
When what I haue foretold is made apparent:
Tremble to thinke what folllowes.

Ces. Drag him hence *The Guard beare off Ascletario.*
And doe as I command you. I was neuer
Fuller of confidence, for hauing got
The victorie of my passions, in my freedome
From proud *Domitia* (who shall cease to liue
Since she disdaines to loue) I rest vn mou'd
And in defiance of prodigious meteors,
Chaldeans vaine predictions; iealous feares
Of my neere friends, and freemen, certaine hate.

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

Of kindred, and alliance, or all terrors
 The souldiers doubted faith, or peoples rage
 Can bring to shake my constancie I am arm'd.
 That scrupulous thing still'd Conscience is fear'd vp
 And I insensible of all my actions
 For which by morrall and religious fooles
 I stand condemn'd, as they had neuer beene
 And since I haue subdu'd triumphant loue
 I will not deisic pale captiue feare
 Nor in a thought receiue it. For till thou
 Wisest *Minerua* that from my first youth,
 Hast beene my sole protectresse, dost forsake me
 Not *Iunius Rusticus*, threatned apparition,
 Nor what this Southsayer but eu'n now foretold
 (Being things impossible to humane reason)
 Shall in a dreame disturbe me. Bring my couch there *Enter*
 A sudaine but a secure drousinesse *With couch.*
 Inuites me to repose my selfe. Let Musicke
 With some choise dittie second it. I the meane time
 Rest there deare booke, which open'd when I wake *Layes*
 Shall make some sleepe for euer. *the booke under his Pillow,*
The Musicke and song.
Enter Parthenius and Domitia. Caesar sleepes.

Domit. Write my name
 In his bloudie scrole *Parthenius* ? the feare's idle
 He durst not, could not.

Parth. I can assure nothing
 But I obseru'd when you departed from him
 After some little passion, but much furie,
 He drew it out, whose death he sign'd I know not
 But in his lookes appear'd a resolution
 Of what before he staggerd at. What he hath
 Determin'd of is vncertaine, but too soone
 Will fall on you, or me, or both, or any
 His pleasure knowne to the Tribunes, and Centurions.
 Who neuer vse to enquire his will but serue it.
 Now if out of the confidence of your power,
 The bloudie Catalogue being still about him

As

A T R A G E D I E.

As he sleeps you dare peruse it, or remoue it
You may instruct your selfe or what to suffer,
Or how to crosse it.

Domit. I would not be caught
With too much confidence. By your leaue Sir. Ha!
No motion! you lye vncasie Sir,
Let me mend your Pillow.

Parth. Haue you it?

Domit. 'Tis heere.

Cas Oh.

Parth. You haue wak'd him, softly gracious Madam
While we are vnknowne, and then consult at leisure.

Exeunt Parthenius, and Domitia.

A dreadful Musicke sounding, Enter Junius Rusticus, and Palphurus Sura, with bloudie swords, they waue them over his head. Caesar in his sleepe troubled, seemes to pray to the Image, they scornefully take it away.

Defend me goddesse, or this horrid dreame
Will force me to distraction. Whether haue
These furies borne thee? Let me rise! and follow
I am bath'd o're with the cold sweat of death,
And am depriv'd of organs to pursue
These sacriligious spirits. Am I at once
Rebd of my hopes, and being? No, I liue
Yes liue, and haue discourse to know my selfe
Of Gods, and men forsaken. What accuser
Within me cries aloud, I haue deseru'd it,
It being iust to neither. Who dares speake this?
Am I not *Caesar*? how! againe repeate it?
Presumptuous traytor thou shalt dye, what traytor?
He that hath beene a traytor to himselfe
And stands convicted heere. Yet who can sit
A competent iudge ore *Caesar*? *Caesar*. Yes
Caesar by *Caesar's*, sentenc'd, and must suffer
Minerva cannot saue him. Ha! where is she?
Where is my goddesse? vanis'd! I am lost then
No! 'twas no dreame, but a most reall truth

*Rises de-
stratedly.*

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

That *Innius Rusticus*, and *Palphurius Sura*,
Although their ashes were cast in the sea
Wereby their innocence made vp againe
And in corporeall formes but now appear'd,
Wauiing their bloudie swordes aboue my head,
As at their deathes they threatned. And me thought
Minerua rauish'd hence whisper'd that she
Was for my blasphemies disarm'd by *Joue*
And could no more protect me. Yes 'twas so,
His thunder does confirme it, against which *thunder and*
Howe're it spare the lawrell, this proud wreath *lightning.*
Is no assurance. Ha! come you resolu'd
To be my executioners? *Enter 3.*
Tribunos.

1. *Trib.* Allegiance
And faith forbid that we should lift an arme
Against your sacred head.

2. *Trib.* We rather sue
For mercie.

3. *Trib.* And acknowledge that in iustice
Our liues are forfeited for not performing
What *Cesar* charg'd vs.

1. *Trib.* Nor did we transgresse it
In our want of will, or care, for being but men
It could not be in vs to make resistance,
The Gods fighting against vs.

Cas. Speake in what
Did they expresse their anger? wee will heere it
But dare not say vndaunted.

1. *Trib.* In brieft thus Sir.
The Sentence giuen by your imperiall tongue
For the *Astrologer Ascletrario's* death
With speede was put in execution.

Cas. Well.
1. *Trib.* For his throate cut, his legs bound, and his
Pinn'd behinde his backe, the breathlesse truncke (armes
Was with all scorne dragg'd to the field of *Mars*
And there a pile being rais'd of old dry wood,
Smear'd o're with oyle, and brimstone, or what else

Could

A TRAGEDIE.

Could helpe to feede, or to increase the fire
 The Carkasse was throwne on it ; but no sooner
 The stuffe, that was most apt, began to flame;
 But sudainely to the amazement of
 The searelesse souldier, a sudaine flash
 Of lightning breaking through the scatter'd cloudes
 With such a horrid violence forc'd its passage
 And as disdaining all heate but it selfe
 In a moment quench'd the artificiall fire.
 And before we could kindle it againe
 A clap of thunder follow'd with such noyse,
 As if then *Joue* incens'd against mankind,
 Had in his secret purposes determin'd
 An vniuersall ruine to the world.
 This horror past, not at *Deucalions* flood
 Such a stormie shower of raine. (and yet that word is
 To narrow to expresse it) was e're scene
 Imagine rather Sir, that with lesse furie
 The Waues rush downe the Cataracts of *Nile*;
 Or that the Sea spouted into the ayre
 By the angry *Orke*, endaugering tall ships
 But sayling neete it, so falls downe againe,
 Yet heere the wonder ends not, but begins
 For as in vaine we labour'd to consume
 The witches bodye, all the Dogs of *Rome*
 Howling, and yelling like to famish'd wolues
 Brake in vpon vs, and though thousands were
 Kild in th'attempt some did ascend the pile
 And with their eager fangs ceas'd on the carkasse.

Cas. But haue they torne it?

1. Trib. Torne it, and deuour'd it.

Cas. I then am a dead man since all predictions
 Assure me I am lost, O my lou'd souldiers
 Your Emperour must leaue you: yet howeuer
 I cannot grant my selfe a short reprieue
 I freely pardon you. The fatall hour
 Steales fast vpon me. I must dye this morning
 By siue my souldiers, that's the latestt hour

THE ROMAN ACTOR,

You e're must see me living.

1. Trib. Ioue auert it

In our swords lies your fate, and we will guard it.

Ces. O no, it cannot be, it is decreed,
Aboue, and by no strengths heere to be alterd.
Let proud mortalitie but looke on *Cesar*
Compass'd of late with armies, in his eyes
Carrying both life, and death, and in his armes
Fadoming the earth; that would be stilde a God,
And is for that presumption cast beneath
The low condition of a common man,
Sincking with mine owne waight,

1. Trib. Doe not forsake,

Your selfe wee'll neuer leaue you.

2. Trib. VVe'll draw vp

More cohorts of your Guard, if you doubt treason.

Ces. They cannot saue me. The offended Gods
That now sit iudges on me, from their enuie
Of my power and greatnesse heere, conspire against me.

1. Trib. Endeauour to appease them.

Ces. 'Twill be fruitlesse

I am past hope of remission. Yet could I
Decline this dreadfull houre of fies, these terrors
That driue me to despaire would soone flye from me
And could you but till then assure me,

1. Trib. Yes Sir,

Or wee'll fall with you, and make *Rome* the vrne
In which wee'll mix' our ashes.

Ces. Tis said noble,

I am something comforted. Howere to dye
Is the full period of calamitie.

Exeunt.

ACTVS, V. SCENA, 2.

Enter *Parthenius*, *Domitia*, *Iulia*, *Cenis Domitilla*,
Stephanos, *Syrens*, *Emellus*.

Parth. You see we are all condemnd, there's no euasion,

VVe

A TRAGEDIE.

We must doe or suffer.

Steph. But it must be sudaine
The least delay is mortall.

Domit. Would I were
A man to giue it action.

Domit. Could I make my approaches though my sta-
Does promise little, I haue a spirit as daring (ture
As hers, that can reach higher.

Steph. I will take
That burthen from you Madam. All the art is
To draw him from the Tribunes that attend him
For could you bring him but within my swords reach
The world should owe her freedome from a tyranne,
To *Stephanos*.

Sige. You shall not share alone
The glorie of a deed that will endure
To all posteritie.

Entel. I will put in
For a part my selic.

Parth. Be resolute, and stand close.
I haue conceiu'd a way, and with the hazard
Of my life I'll practise it to fetch him hither.
But then no trifling.

Steph. We'l despatch him feare not
A dead dog neuer bites.

Parth. Thus then at all

*Parthenius goes off the rest
stand aside*

Enter Cesar and the Tribunes.

Ces. How slowe pac'd are these minutes! in extreames
How miserable is the leatt delay!

Could I iumpe feathers to the wings of time
Or with a little ease command the Sunne
To scourge his courfers vp heauens easterne hill
Making the hours I tremble at past recalling
As I can moue this dyals tongue to fix,
My veines, and arteries empied with feare
Would fill and swell againe. How doe I looke?
Doc you yet see death about me:

THE ROMAN ACTOR,

i. Trib. Thinke not of him

There is no danger all these prodigies
That doe affright you rise from naturall causes,
And though you doe ascribe them to your selfe,
Had you ne're beene, had happen'd,

Cas. 'Tis well said,

Exceeding well braue souldier. Can it be
That I that feele my selfe in health and strength
Should still bekeue I am so neare my end,
And haue my guards about me? perish all
Predictions, I grow constant they are false
And built vpon vncertainties.

i. Trib. This is right.

Now *Casar's* hard like *Casar*.

Cas. We will to

The Campe, and hauing there confirmd the souldier
With a large *Donatiue*, and increase of pay
Some shall. I say no more.

Enter Parthenius.

Parth. All happinesse
Securitie, long life attend vpon
The Monarch of the World.

Cas. Thy lookes are cheerefull,

Parth. And my relation full of ioy and wonder.
Why is the care of your imperiall body
My Lord neglected the fear'd houre being past
In which your your life was threatned.

Cas. Is't past siue?

Parth. Past six vpon my knowledge, and in iustice
Your Clocke master should dye that hath deser'd
Your peace so long. There is a post new lighted
That brings assur'd intelligence, that your legions
In *Siria* haue wonne a glorious day,
And much enlarg'd your Empire. I haue kept him
Conceal'd that you might first pertake the pleasure
In priuate, and the Senate from your selfe
Betaught to vnderstand how much they owe
To you and to your fortune.

Cas. Hence pale feare then

A TRAGEDIE.

Lead me *Parthenius*.

1. *Trib.* Shall we waite you ?

Cas. No

After losses Guards are vsfull, know your distance. *Exeunt*

2. *Trib.* How strangely hopes delude men, as I liue *Cesar*
The houre is not yet come. *and Parthenius.*

1. *Trib.* Howere we are
To pay our duties, and obserue the sequele. *Exeunt Trib.*

Enter Cesar, and Parthenius.

Domit. I heare him comming, be constant.

Cas. Where *Parthenius* is this glad messenger.

Steph. Make the doore fast. Heere, a messenger of hor-

Cas. How I betraid ? (ror.)

Domit. No taken tyranne.

Cas. My *Domitia* in the conspiracie.

Parth. Behold this booke.

Cas. Nay then I am lost. Yet though I am vn arm'd
I'll not fall poorely. *Orethrus* *wes Stephanos* ?

Steph. Helpe me.

Entel. Thus, and thus.

Sije. Are you so long a falling ?

Cas. 'Tis done, 'tis done basely. *falls, and dyes.*

Parth. This for my Fathers death.

Domit. This for my *Paris*,

Jul. This for thy Incest *These severally stab him.*

Domit. This for thy abuse of *Domitilla*.

Enter Tribunes.

1. *Trib.* Force the doores. O *Mars*!
What haue you done.

Parth. What *Rome* shall giue vs thanks for.

Steph. Despatch'd a Monster.

1. *Trib.* Yet he was our Prince
How euer wicked, aud in you this murder
Which whosoe're succéds him will reuenge,
Nor will we that seru'd vnder his command

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

Consent that such a monster as thy selfe
(For in thy wickednesse, *Augusta's* title
Hath quite forsooke thee) thou that wert the ground
Of all these mischiefes, shall goe hence vnpunish'd.
Lay hands on her. And drag her to sentence,
We will referre the hearing to the Senate
Who may at their best leisure censure you
Take vp his body. He in death hath payd
For all his cruelties. Heere's the difference
Good Kings are mourn'd for after life, but ill
And such as govern'd onely by their will
And not their reason. Vnlamented fall
No Goodmans teare shed at their Funerall. *Exeunt omnes.*

Florish.

Admo

My ony . 1 and 2 99

Alate diam **FINIS.**

*Honour and
might*

THE
ROMAN
ACTOR.

A
TRAGÆDIE.

As it hath diuers times beene, with
good allowance Acted, at the private
Play-houſe in the *Black-Friers*,
by the Kings Majesties
Servants.

WRITTEN
By PHILIP MASSINGER.



LONDON.

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are to be ſold at his Shop at the ſigne of the *Beare*
in *Pauls Church-yard*, 1629.

The persons presented.

Domitianus Caesar.
Paris the Tragædian.
Parthenius a free-man of
Cæsars.

Ælius, Lamia, and Stephanos.

Iunius Rusticus.
Arcinius Clemens, Cæsars
Spie.

Æsopus a Player.
Pbilargus a rich Miser.
Palphurius Sura, a Senator
Latinus a Player.

3. Tribunes.

2. Liçtors.

Domitia the wife of *Ælius*
Lamia.

Domitilla cousin germane
to *Cæsar.*

Julia Titus Daughter.

Canis, Vespations Concu-
bine.

The principall Actors.

JOHN LOWVIN.
JOSEPH TAYLOR.
RICHARD SHARPE.

THOMAS POLLARD.

ROBERT BENFIELD.
EYLLARDT SVVANSTONE.

RICHARD ROBINSON.
ANTHONY SMITH.
WILLIAM PATTRICKE.
CVRTISE GREVILL.

GEORGE VERNON.
JAMES HORNE.
JOHN TOMPSON.

JOHN HVNNIEMAN.

WILLIAM TRIGGE.
ALEXANDER GOUGH.

A TRAGEDIE.

Thy pompe, and pride, hauing my selfe no thought
But how with benefits to binde thee mine;
And am I thus rewarded? not a knee?
Nor teare? nor signe of sorrow for thy fault?
Breake stubborne silence. What canst thou alleage
To stay my vengeance?

Domit. This. Thy lust compell'd me
To be a strumpet, and mine hath return'd it
In my intent, and will, though not in act
To cuuccold thee.

Cas. O impudence I take her hence,
And let her make her entrance into hell.
By leauing life with all the tortures that
Flesh can be sensible of. Yet stay. What power
Her beautie still holds o're my soule that wrongs
Of this vn pardonable nature cannot teach me
To right my selfe and hate her? - Kill her. - Hold.
O that my dotage should increase from that
Which should breed decestation. By *Minerva*
If I looke on her longer. I shall melt
And sue to her. My iniuries forgor
Againe to be receiu'd into her fauour
Could honour yeild to it! Carrie her to her Chamber,
Be that her prison till in cooler blood
I shall determine of her. *Exit With Domitia.*

Aret. Now step I in
While he's in this calme mood for my reward.
Sir, if my seruice hath deseru'd.

Cas. Yes. Yes,
And I'll reward thee, thou hast rob'd me of
All rest, and peace, and bin the pricipall meanes
To make me know that, of which if againe *Enter Guard.*
I could be ignorant of. I would purchase it
With the losse of Empire; strangle him, take these hence to
And lodge them in the dungeon, could your reason
Dull wretches flatter you with hope to thinke
That this discouerie that hath showr'd vpon me
Perpetuall vexation should not fall

THE ROMAN AGTOR,

Cas. With such true feeling
Thou arguest against thy selfe, that it
Workes more vpon me, then if my *Minerva*
(The grand protectresse of my life, and Empire,)
On forfeite of her fauour, cry'd aloud
Cesar show mercie. And I know not how
I am inclinde to it. Rise. I'll promise nothing,
Yet cleare thy cloudie feares and cherish hopes
What we must doe, we shall doe; we remember
A Tragedie, we oft haue seen with pleasure
Call'd, the *False Seruant*.

Par. Such a one we haue Sir.
In which a great Lord takes to his protection
A man forlorne, giuing him ample power
To order, and dispose of his estate
In his absenc; he pretending then a iourney.
But yet with this restraint that on no tearmes
This Lord suspecting his wiues constancie
(She hauing playd false to a former husband)
The seruant though sollicitd should consent
Though she commanded him to quench her flames.
That was indeed the argument.

Cas. And what
Didst thou play in it?

Par. The false seruant Sir.

Cas. Thou didst indeed. Do the Players waite without?

Par. They doe Sir and prepar'd to act the storie
Your Maiestie mention'd.

Cas. Call'em in. Who presents
The iniur'd Lord.

Enter Aesopus, Latinus, a Boy dress'd for a Ladie.

Aesop. T'is my part Sir,

Cas. Thou didst not
Doe it to the life. We can performe it better.
Off with my Robe, and wreath, since *Nero* scorn'd not
The publike *Theater*, we in private may

A TRAGEDIE.

Domit. How contemn'd ?

Since hopes, nor feares in the extreames preuaile not
Must vse a meane. Thinke who 'tis sues to thee

Denie not that yet which a brother may

Grant to his sister : as a testimonie *Cesar, Aretinus, Iulia,*
am not scorn'd. Kisse me. Kisse me againe. *Domitilla, Ca-*

Kisse closer. Thou art now my *Trojan Paris* *nis above.*
And I thy *Helen.*

Par. Since it is your will.

Cas. And I am *Menelaus.* But I shall be
Something I know not yet.

Cesar
descends.

Domit. Why lose we time

And opportunitie. These are but sallads
To sharpen appetite. Let vs to the feast.

Courting Paris
wantonly.

Where I shall wish that thou wert *Jupiter*

And I *Alcmena,* and that I had power

To lengthen out one short night into three

And so beget an *Hercules.*

Cas. While *Amphitrio*

Stands by, and drawes the curtaines.

Par. Oh? — *falls on his face.*

Domit. Betraid ?

Cas. No, taken in a net of *Vulcans* filing,

Wherein my selfe the *Theater* of the Gods

Are sad spectators not one of 'em daring

To witnesse with a smile he does desire

To be so sham'd for all the pleasure that

You haue sold your being for; what shall I name thee ?

Ingratefull, trecherous, insatiate, all

Inuēdiues, which in bitternes of spirit

Wrong'd men haue breath'd out against wicked women.

Cannot expresse thee, haue I rays'd thee from

Thy lowe condition to the height of greatnesse,

Command, and Maiestie in one base act

To render me (that was before I hugg'd thee)

An adder in my bosome, more then man

A thing beneath a beast ? did I force these

Of mine owne bloud as handmaids to kneele to

THE ROMAN ACTOR,

Heaue on you ? away with 'em, stop their mouthes
 I will heare no reply, O *Paris, Paris* *Exeunt Guard Areti-*
 How shall I argue with thee ? how begin, *nus, Iulia, Canis,*
 To make thee vnderstand before I kill thee, *Domitilla.*
 With what grieffe and vnwillingnes 'tis forc'd from mee ?
 Yet in respect I haue fauour'd thee, I will heere
 What thou canst speake to qualesie, or excuse
 Thy readinesse to serue this womans lust,
 And wish thou couldst glue me such satisfaction
 As I might burie the remembrance of it ;
 Looke vp. We stand attentiu ;

Par. O dread *Cesar,*

To hope for life, or pleade in the defence
 Of my ingratitude were againe to wrong you.
 I know I haue deseru'd death. And my suit is
 That you would hasten it, yet that your highnes
 When I am dead (as sure I will not liue)
 May pardon me I'll onely vrge my frailtie,
 Her will, and the temptation of that beautie
 Which you could not resist. How would poore I then
 Fly that which snllowd me, and *Cesar* sude for ?
 This is all. And now your sentence.

Ces. Which I know not

How to pronounce, O that thy fault had bin
 But such as I might pardon ; if thou hadst
 In wantonneffe (like *Nero*) fir'd proud *Rome*
 Betraide an armie, butcher'd the whole Senate,
 Committed Lacrilege, or any crime
 The iniyce of our *Roman* lawes cals death,
 I had preuented any intercession
 And freely sign'd^d thy pardon.

Par. But for this

Alas you cannot, nay you must not Sir
 Nor let it to posteritie be recorded
 That *Cesar* vnreung'd, sufferd a wrong,
 Which if a priuate man should sit downe with it
 Cowards would bassull him.