

(5)
T H E

Fall of Mortimer.

A N

HISTORICAL PLAY.

DEDICATED

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

J O H N Earl of B U T E,
&c. &c. &c.

*Forbad my Tongue to speak of Mortimer ;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his Ear I'll holla Mortimer !
Nay I will have a Starling taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in Motion.*

SHAKESPEARE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLY in Ludgate-Street. 1763.

Fall of Morning

HISTORICAL PLAY

BY

WILLIAM HONOUR

LONDON: B. T. B.

1850

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN Earl of BUTE,

Chancellor of the University of
ABERDEEN in SCOTLAND, first
Commissioner of the TREASURY
in ENGLAND, one of the sixteen
Representatives of the Peers of
SCOTLAND, one of HIS MAJESTY'S
most honourable PRIVY COUNCIL,
and KNIGHT of the most noble
ENGLISH Order of the GARTER.

My LORD,

MANY and various motives have
concur'd to give a peculiar pro-
priety to the fond wish I had form'd of
making this humble offering to the Shrine
of BUTE. I have felt an honest indigna-
tion

tion at all the invidious and odious applications of the story of ROGER MORTIMER. I absolutely disclaim the most distant allusion, and I purposely dedicate *this Play* to your Lordship, because history does not furnish a more striking contrast, than there is between the two Ministers in the Reigns of *Edward the Third*, and of *George the Third*. The former Prince was held in the most absolute slavery by his Mother and her Minister, the first Nobles of England were excluded from the King's Councils, and the Minion disposed of all places of profit and trust. The King's Uncles did not retain the shadow of power and authority, but were treated with insult, and the whole Royal Family was depressed, and forced to depend on the caprice of an insolent *favourite*. The young King had been victorious over the *Scots*, who were in *that* reign our cruel enemies, but are happily in *this* our dearest friends. On every favourable opportunity, either by the distractions in the public councils during a minority, or by the absence of the national troops, they had ravaged

ENGLAND

ENGLAND with fire and sword. *Edward* might have compelled them to accept of any terms, but ROGER MORTIMER, from personal motives of his own power and ambition, hastily concluded an ignominious Peace, by which he sacrificed all the glories of a successful War. With the highest rapture I now look back to that disgraceful æra, and I exult when I compare it with the halcyon days of *George the Third*. This excellent Prince is held in no kind of captivity. All his Nobles have free access to him. The throne is not now besieged. Court favour, not confined to one partial stream, flows in a variety of different channels, enriching *this* whole country. There is now the most perfect union among all the branches of the Royal Family. No Court Minion now finds it necessary, for the preservation of his own omnipotence, by the vilest insinuations to divide either the Royal, or any noble families. The King's Uncle is now treated with that mark'd distinction which his singular merit is entitled to, both from

the nation, and the Throne, established by his valour in extinguishing a foul rebellion, which burst upon us from it's *native North*, and almost overspread the Land. Our Sovereign is conscious that he owes more to our *great deliverer* than any Prince in Europe owes to any subject; and he sets a noble example of gratitude to Princes, *que les Rois, ces illustres ingrats, Sont assez malheureux pour ne connoître pas.* No *favourite* now has trampled upon the the most respectable of the *English* Nobility, and driven them from their Sovereign's Councils. No discord now rages in the kingdom, but every tongue blesses the Minister who has in so many ways endeared himself no less to the Nobility than to the whole body of the People. *Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim.* To compleat the Contrast, we have now an *advantageous*, a *glorious* Peace, fully adequate to all the *successes*, to all the *glories* of the War.

The internal policy of this kingdom is equally to be admired. Our gracious Sovereign maturely examines all matters of national

tional importance, and no unfair or partial representation of any business, or of any of his subjects, is suffered to be made to him, nor can any character be assassinated in the dark, by an unconstitutional *Prime Minister*. He regularly, by your advice, attends every private council of real moment, and nothing is there submitted to the arbitrary decision of *one man*. This happy state of things we owe to your Lordship's unexampled care of His Majesty's youth. The great promise you made us, that we should frequently see our Sovereign, like his great Predecessor William the Third, presiding in person at the British Treasury, has been fulfilled to the advantage and glory of these times, and to the perfecting of that scheme of *economy*, so earnestly recommended from the Throne, so *ably* carried into execution by *yourself*, and *your Chancellor of the Exchequer*, and so *minutely* by the Lord Steward of the Household. Your whole council of state too is composed of men of the first abilities; the Duke of *Bedford*, the Earls of *Halifax*, *Egremont*, and *Gower*; the Lords *Henley*, *Mansfield*, and

Ligonier

Ligonier; Mr. *George Grenville*, and Mr. *Fox*. The business of this great empire is not however entirely trusted to them: the most arduous and complicate parts are not only digested and prepared, but finally revised and settled, by *Gilbert Elliot*, *Alexander Wedderburn*, Esqrs; Sir *Henry Erskine*, Bart. and the *Home*.

Another reason why I chuse your Lordship for the subject of this Dedication, is that you are said, by former *Dedicators*, to cultivate with success the polite arts. They ought to have gone further, and to have shewn how liberally you have rewarded all men of genius. *Malloch* and the *Home* have been nobly provided for. Let *Churchill* or *Armstrong* write like them, your Lordship's *classical* taste will relish their works, and patronize the authors. You my Lord, are said to be not only a *Patron*, but a *Judge*, and *Malloch* adds, that he wishes "for the honor of our country, that this praise were not, almost exclusively, your own." I wish too, for the honor of my
country,

country, and to preserve your Lordship from the contagion of a malignant *envy*, that you would not again give *permission* to a scribler to sacrifice almost the whole body of our Nobility and Gentry to his itch of panegyrick on you, and of pay from you; and I submit, whether a future inconvenience may not result from so remarkable an instance how certain and speedy the way to obtain the *last* is, by means of the *first*.

The progress my Lord, which almost all the Sciences have made in *England*, has become the jealousy of Europe. Under your auspices *Botany* and *Tragedy* have reached the utmost height of perfection. Not only the *System of Power*, but the *Vegetable System* has been compleated by the joint labours of your Lordship, and the great Doctor *Hill*. *Tragedy* under *Malloch* and the *Home* has here rivalled the *Greek* model, and united the different merits of the great Moderns. The fire of *Shakespeare*, and the correctness of *Racine*, have met in your two countrymen. One
other

other exotic too I must not forget: *Arthur Murphy*, Gent. He has the additional merit of *acting* no less than of *writing*, so as to touch in the most exquisite manner all the fine feelings of the human frame. I have scarcely ever felt myself more forcibly affected, than by this poor neglected player, except a few years ago at the Duchefs of *Queensberry's*, where your Lordship so frequently *exhibited*. In one part, which was remarkably *humane* and *amiable*, you were so great, that the general exclamation was, *here you did not act*. In another part you were no less perfect. I mean in the famous scene of *Hamlet*, where you *pour fatal poison into the ear* of a good, unsuspecting King. If the great names of MURPHY and BUTE, as *Players*, *pensantur eâdem trutinâ*, it is no flattery to say that you, my Lord, were not only superior, but even unrivalled by him, as well as by all who have ever appeared on the great *stage* of the world. As a *writer*, I take Mr. *Murphy* rather to excel you, except in points
of

of *Orthography*: as an *actor*, he can form no pretension to an equality. *Nature* indeed in her utmost *simplicity* we admire in Mr. *Murphy*; but *Art, Art*, characterises your Lordship.

This too gives your Lordship a claim to the Dedication of this *Play*. You are perfect in every thing respecting the powers of *acting*. Your whole mind has been formed to it. All your faculties have been directed to this important object. While Mr. *Pitt*, Lord *Temple*, and others, your contemporaries, were preparing themselves for the national business of Parliament, and already taking a distinguished part there, you were treading a private stage in the high buskins of pompous, sonorous Tragedy. With what superior success I record with pleasure. Mr. *Pitt* and his *noble Brother* are now both in a private station. You have, *almost exclusively*, the smiles of your Sovereign; they only the empty applause of their country. This too they share with others; a *Duke of Newcastle* and *Devonshire*; a *Marquis of*
 B *Rockingham*,

Rockingham, an *Earl of Hardwick*, and the two spirited, young Nobles, who stand so high in fame and virtue, whom *England* glories that she can call her own, the *Dukes of Grafton* and *Portland*. These distinguished characters must ever be respected by your Lordship, for their ardent love of our *Sovereign* and of *Liberty*, and honoured by *this* nation as the declared, determined, and combined enemies of despotic, insolent, and contemptible *favouritism*.

As *Tragedy* and *Botany* have thus reared their heads, give me leave to recommend to your Lordship one important point respecting the *Sciences*, and the *Belles Lettres*, which still remains unsettled: I mean *Orthography*. The *French Academy* has fixed it for their nation; yet a bold modern, *Voltaire*, has dared to deviate from their rules, and has endeavoured to establish a new *Orthography*, still nearer approaching to the modern pronounciation. I have seen, and admired, some curious specimens of your Lordship's labours

labours of this kind, most happily adapted even to the *female* mode of pronunciation, which with me as well as with a polite nobleman, must ever bear the palm, if not of correctness, yet of grace and elegance. Indeed, my Lord, the *letters* I allude to are so curious, that I wish for a *fac simile* of them, as we have of one of the *genuine letters* of your country-man *Archibald Bower*. They would I am persuaded excel all the curious manuscripts of this kind in your own University of *Aberdeen*, or among the immense collection of learned books of your late valuable purchase, the *Argyle Library*. May I not therefore hope that as the *Definitive Treaty* is now signed, your Lordship's labours will be directed to this important point, and that we may expect to see a compleat *Orthographical Dictionary*, to determine the knotty point of *Britain* for *Briton*, which has of late puzzled that *great* writer, the *great BRITON* himself, notwithstanding the excellence of his *Scottish* education? Ease and elegance will, I am persuaded, still attend your Lordship as inseparably

as they have ever done, nor will you in this case be in danger of being forsaken by them, when, as *Benedick* (or if you please, in your own botanical phrase, *Carduus Benedictus*) says, *now he is turned ORTHOGRAPHER, his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes.*

I should have added, my Lord, that the *Play* I make an offering of is a *Tragedy*, the most *grave* and *moral* of all Poems, and therefore with a happy propriety comes inscribed to your Lordship, the most *grave*, the most *moral* of all men. A *witty comedy*, I would never have offered to your Lordship, nor indeed to any of your countrymen. Wit is an *ignis fatuus*, which bewilders and leads us astray. It is the *primrose path*, which conducts to folly. Your Lordship has never deviated into it. You have marched on with solemn dignity, keeping ever the true *tragic* step, and have on the greatest occasions (*so known, so honoured---*in the *House of Lords*) exhibited to the world what you learnt on the stage, the most pompous
diction

dition with the boldest theatrical swell, infinitely superior to all the light airs of wit or humour. The easy *sock* of laughing comedy you never condescended to wear.

I have only one thing more to urge to your Lordship. The *Play* is quite imperfect. Your Lordship loves the stage: so does Mr. *Murphy*. Let me intreat your Lordship to assist your *friend* in perfecting the weak scenes of this *Tragedy*, and from these crudelabours of *Ben Johnson* and others, to give us a compleat *Play*. It is the warmest wish of my heart that the Earl of BUTE may speedily compleat the story of ROGER MORTIMER. I hope that your Lordship will *graciously* condescend to undertake this arduous task, to which *parts* like yours, are so peculiarly adapted. A variety of anecdotes in real life will supersede the least necessity of poetical fiction. To you every thing will be easy. The *fifth Act* of *this Play* will find *talents great* as your's, still in full vigour, even after you have run so wonderful a career.

If

If more *important* concerns, either of business, or *amusement*, engage you too much, I beg, my Lord, that you will please *royally* to command Mr. Murphy, as Mr. *Macpherson* says you *commanded* him to publish the *prose-poems* of *Fingal* and *Temora*. Such a work will immortalize your name in the *literary*, as the Peace of *Versailles* will in the *political* world, and wherever the name of ROGER MORTIMER shall be mentioned, that of BUTE will follow to the latest times,

Give me leave, my Lord, to offer my thanks as an Englishman, for your public conduct. At your *accession* to power, you found us a distracted, disunited nation. The late abandoned *minister of the people* had wickedly extended every art of corruption through all ranks of men, the senate (I speak of the *late venal* Parliament) not excepted. You, my Lord, have made us a happy and united nation. Corruption *started like a guilty thing*, upon your summons of Mr.

Fox

Fox, nor have I heard of a single instance of any undue, unconstitutional influence exerted in the senate. (I speak of the *present, virtuous* Parliament). Your Lordship too from every foreign Court has received the most flattering testimonies of an unbounded confidence in your *veracity* and *good faith*, equal to their just sense of your *transcendent abilities*.

I beg pardon, my Lord, for having so long detained the *patriot* Minister of the *patriot* King, from the great scenes of *foreign* business, or the rooting out corruption *at home*, or the *innocent* employments of his leisure hours. I hope Doctor *Hill* and the *Home* will forgive me, and that the great Triumvirate having completed a *glorious*, and *permanent* peace, may in *learned ease*, under the shade of their own *olive*, soon enjoy the full sweets of their own philosophy; for as *Candide* observes, *Cela est bien dit, MAIS IL FAUT CULTIVER NOTRE JARDIN*. In your softer, *more envied* hours of retirement, I wish *you*, my Lord, the most

most exquisite pleasures under the shade of the *Cyprian Mirtle*. Your *patriot* moments will be passed under the shade of your *Scottish Fir*.

I will no longer intrude on your Lordship. The *Cocoa Tree* and *your countrymen* may be impatient to settle with you the *Army* and the *Finances* of *this* kingdom. I have only to add my congratulations on the peculiar *fame* you have acquired, so adequate to the wonderful acts of your administration. You are now in full possession of that *fame* at the head of *Tories* and *Scotsmen*; but alas! my Lord, how fantastick as well as transitory is *fame*! *The meanest have their day*; and though Mr. *Pitt* is now adored, as the head of *Whigs* and *Englishmen*, *the greatest can but blaze, and pass away*.

I am, with a zeal and respect equal to your virtues,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Very humble Servant.

March, 15, 1763.

T H E

Fall of Mortimer.

A N

HISTORICAL PLAY.

REVIVED FROM

Mountfort, with Alterations.

As it is now. Acted at the

New Theatre in the Hay-Market.

England, bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whose rocky Shore beats back the envious Siege
Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with Shame,
With inky Blots, and rotten Parchment Bonds,
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful Conquest of herself.

SHAKESPEAR'S K. Richard II.

The Fourth Edition, corrected; with
ADDITIONS by the REVIVER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE two former Editions of this Play having been published without the Reviver's having had an Opportunity to revise it from the Press, it is not to be wondered at if they are full of many gross Errors and Omissions, especially as it was printed from the Play-house Copy, in which many Speeches were *cut* to gratify the prevailing Custom of the Actors. The Reviver therefore thinks himself obliged to take such particular Care of this Fourth Edition, as to publish it compleat, as well for his own Satisfaction as the Public's;

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. FURNIVAL.

LIKE some rich Treasure, long conceal'd from Sight,
And by a Chance unthought of brought to Light,
This noble Piece neglected long had lain;
But once more rises to adorn the Scene,
And as it once has pleas'd, hopes the same Fate again. }
So small the Damage it from Time receiv'd,
The slightest Touch the Injury retrieved:
We change the ancient for the modern Dress,
But not the Matter with more Force express:
The nervous Sentiment no Aid requires,
That boldly speaks what Liberty inspires.

The British Constitution, so much priz'd,
You'll see, by one bad Man, was almost sacrific'd.
Grinding Oppression large Advances made,
And foul Corruption was become a Trade.
Our darling Liberty, our Rights, our Laws,
Subverted to support the Minion's Cause.
Commerce Abroad, Science at Home, declin'd,
And ev'ry honest, English, Heart repin'd.

Mountacute, aided by a Patriot Band,
Those Guardian Angels of a sinking Land,
Deploring their lov'd Country's wretched State,
Bravely resolv'd to snatch her from her Fate:
At one bold Push her Liberties to save,
Or in her Ruins find a glorious Grave.

The King is told.----The Royal Youth gives Ear,
And, like a prudent Monarch, grants their Pray'r.---
The Laws revive;----the Monster is cast down:
This saves the People's Freedom, and his own.

Our faithful Annals thus transmit to Fame,
A Villain-Statesman, not the King to blame.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

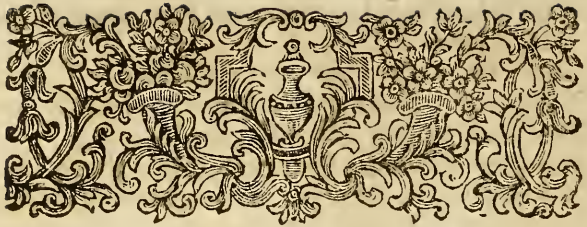
King <i>Edward III.</i>	Mr. <i>Peterson</i>
<i>Mortimer</i> , Earl of March	Mr. <i>Mullart</i>
Lord <i>Mountacute</i>	Mr. <i>Lacy</i>
Sir <i>Thomas Delamore</i>	Mr. <i>Jones</i>
Sir <i>Robert Holland</i>	Mr. <i>Furnival</i>
Serjeant <i>Eitherside</i>	Mr. <i>Reynolds</i>
Earl of <i>Leicester</i>	Mr. <i>Wathen</i>
Earl of <i>Exeter</i>	Mr. <i>Dove</i>
Earl of <i>Berkley</i>	Mr. <i>Hallam</i>
<i>Turrington</i>	
<i>Nevil</i>	Mr. <i>Cross</i>
<i>Sly</i>	Mr. <i>Davenport</i>
<i>Secret</i>	Mr. <i>Hicks</i>

W O M E N.

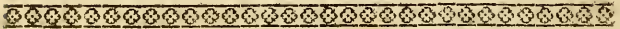
<i>Isabella</i> . Queen Mother	Mrs. <i>Mullart</i>
<i>Maria</i> , in Love with <i>Mountacute</i> , and Niece to <i>Serjeant Eitherside</i> ,	} Miss <i>Price</i> .

Citizens, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE NOTTINGHAM.



T H E
FALL of MORTIMER.



ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court of King *Edward*.

*Enter Lord Mountacute, Sir Thomas Delamore,
and Sir Robert Holland.*

L. *Mountacute*.

I

T much disturbs me, *Delamore*, that
thou,
Of all Mankind, should'st think my
Temper frail :
What hast thou ever seen in *Mountacute*,
Or read i'th' Annals of his Ancestors,
To fear him, or suspect his Resolution ?
Proclaim me Bastard, if my Blood prove base :
I tell thee good old Friend,
I'll banish sleep and Pleasure till I've found
A Means to set my bleeding Country free ;

And

6 THE FALL OF MORTIMER.

And in the Fury of this noble Heat,
Plunge thro' a Sea of Blood for her Deliverance.

Sir Tho. Dela. I question not your Spirit, but—

L. Mount. What?

Sir Tho. Dela. Pray give me Leave:

Nay, I must chide you; for you give the Reins
To such a Passion may undo us all.

Are there not sharp Observers plac'd about us,
Who, if 'twere possible, would search our Souls?
This eager Fire will quite fore-stall our Purpose.

L. Mount. Well, I am hush'd:

But pray propose some Means may please my
Thoughts,

Since you'll confine my Tongue.

Sir Tho. Dela. Nay, I'm for urging of our
Wrongs; but calmly.

There is a Time,

When Heaven will do us Right for all our Woes;
And if the Orphans Cries, and Widows Tears,
The Blood of Innocents which stain the Land,
Can hasten Vengeance, sure it's drawing nigh.

L. Mount. 'Tis full three Years since *Mortimer*
Began to lord it o'er us by the Queen's vile Favour.
He stalks as on a Mountain by himself,
Whilst we creep humbly in the Vale below,
And eye, and curse, what we're afraid to reach at.

Sir Rob. Holl. In this short Space, he and his
Brothet-Devil

Have made, undone, new fram'd, shuffled, and tost
The antient customs of our native Soil
So very often, that the Kingdom staggers
Under the heavy Burthen of her Charge.

L. Mount. What are our Princes? What the
Nobles now?

Are they not Vassals to this Upstart's State?

No more the Fame of our Nobility
Be call'd in Mind; who, when usurping Powers
Did but attempt to innovate our Laws,

With

With their keen Swords like *Guardian Angels* stood,
And kept the *Harpies* from the sacred Fruit.

Sir *Rob. Holl.* Is it not fatal to resist his Will?
Nay, none must smike if *Mortimer* be fullen.
Curse on his Pride--Why should we brook it longer?
Why don't we boldly tell the king our Thoughts,
And make him Great in spite of evil Counsel?

Sir *T. Del.* There will be *Mortimer* in every State,
Some Favourite Villain to oppress the Subject,
And sell to Knaves what honest Men should have,
Who lose their Right only for being poor.
The largest Bribe is still his dearest Friend:
He values not the Credit' of his Prince;
Therefore 'tis just,
The King should know how much he is eclipsed;
Who 'tis that grasps the Scepter in his stead;
And how the Queen most lavishly doth waste
His vast Revenue on this *Mortimer*.

L. *Mount.* Nay, he not only drains the Royal
Treasure,
But robs him of his brighter Part, his Glory:
This Statesman deals his Childish Politicks,
As tho' the Nation were a Pack of Boys;
And thinks this gaudy, Out-side of a Peace,
Dress'd up in Tawdry, Fopish Garb, must please:
It may, indeed, the vitiated Many;
But ne'er the solid Few.

Sir *R. Hol.* How are we manag'd by an upstart
Knave!
He rides the Privilege of Peers and Commons;
For who in Parliament speaks not his Thoughts,
Must ne'er expect a smiling Look from Court.

Lord *Mount.* Shame on those mercenary Souls
that brook it,
And sordidly give up their Country's Honour.
In vain, our *Edgar, William, Henry*, urg'd
Pretensions justly, on the *Scotish* Crown:
In vain did *Kenneth, Malcom, William* pay
Religious

Religious Homage to our ancient Right,
 Since that long Scroll, that Ragman-Roll of Peers,
 Of Prelates, and of all Estates of Men,
 That written Testimonial of Dependence,
 Is render'd up——and render'd at a Time,
 When but a Grain of Courage wou'd have bought
 A Pound of Sterling Fame—Had we but call'd
 King *Robert* to Account for last Year's Work
 With Sword in Hand, and reap'd the great Advantage
 O'er his Weakness, spite of the crafty King,
 We had exacted Golden Terms for *England*——
 But now, forsooth, by Articles we're vanquish'd.

Sir Rob. Hol. My Lord, this mean, submissive,
 Coward-courting,

This vile entreating those that us'd to intreat,
 But suits the Avarice of his narrow Soul.
 He gluts his private Views, while publick ones,
 Alas! are never thought of, but to feed
 His vast immeasurable Lust of Gain.

Lord Mount. A Cause so foul, must foul Effects
 produce.

The Virtues glowing in a Patriot's Breast,
 Semble too much of Heaven to lodge in his ;
 But what amazes most, my Friends, is this ;
 That not the sacred Gown, nor learned Robe,
 Are unpolluted with his servile Arts.

Sir Tho. Dela. If as sometimes he meets a knotty
 Point.

Which will not stretch to what his Need requires,
 He summons the most subtle at the Bar,
 Begging their kind Interpretation of it ;
 Telling how necessary, nay, how loyal 'tis,
 When the Prerogative o'th' Crown is pinch'd
 Within the Clutches of the griping Law,
 To ease the Royal Power, and give it Freedom.
 If they comply not, then his Greatness culls
 From out the Scum o'th' Inns of Chanc'ry,
 A Set of poor necessitated Rogues,

Who've

Who've run thro' all the Judgments of each Court;
 And these he makes his learn'd Expositors:
 These, as they steadily perform their Task,
 He puts into their places who refused him.
 Some have the Fortune to ascend the Bench;
 But when they're such Proficients in their Art,
 They'd baffle Truth, tho' never so well back'd,
 And dare the Devil in his own Possession.

Sir *Rob. Holl.* Justice and Honesty have left the
 Robe;

The Reverend Clergy too forget their Function;
 For when this haughty, clamorous *Mortimer*,
 At any Time wou'd make the Public Good
 The Tool to work his Ends withal, oh, then!
 He calls some smooth-tongu'd Prelate to his Aid,
 Who, with elaborate Text political,
 Spic'd up and down with grave Divinity,
 Preach's his Medley Doctrine to the Crowd.

Lord *Mount.* Come, come, it never was a prof-
 perous World,
 Since Priests have interfer'd with temporal Matters.
 The Custom of their Ancestors they slight,
 And change their shirts of Hair for Robes of
 Gold:

Thus Luxury and Interest rule the Church,
 Whilst Piety and Conscience dwell in Caves.—
 Let's stem the Current of this furious Tide:
 Our Country is the Parent of us all;
 And shall we talk away the precious Hours,
 While these vile Hangmen stretch her on the rack?
 Let's force young *Edward's* safety with our Swords,
 And cut off all the Holds, which bar his Glory.

Sir *Tho. Dela.* Blessings upon thee for this gene-
 rous Heat.

From hence my Fears and Jealousies—be gone!
 Thou art the Soul of Honour new reviv'd,
 Which for some Years, as once the *Romans* did,
 Withdrew thyself into a willing Exile.

Action! there will be Fuel for thy Fire,
 Great as thy Spirit courts, and worthy of thee.
 The Matter's ready, and the Engine fixt,
 Many prepar'd, and eager for the Work;
 But Place and Time forbid the telling more—
 The Darling comes.

*Enter Guards, Gentlemen, Turrington and Nevill,
 follow'd by Mortimer.*

Waiters. Make way there.

Guards. Room for his Lordship.

L. Mount. See, how the Toad swells with his
 own Applause!

Sir Tho. Dela. My Lord, you forget.

L. Mount. I'm silent.

Mort. Turrington.

Turr. Your Pleasure.

[*Petitioners kneeling with Papers.*]

Mort. What are those Men, who bend their
 Knee to us?

They seem as Supplicants.

Turr. So they are indeed, from several Towns,
 Cities and Boroughs they are come,
 Humbly imploring you wou'd intercede
 For their lost Charters to the incens'd Queen.

Mort. That's the Chancellor's Business.

Turr. They know your Interest greater, and
 entreat it,

The Judges have annull'd them; and unless
 Your Goodness can prevail, many a Town,
 By their own Faults incurr'd, will fall to Ruin,
 And be a Wilderness—Thousands of Families,
 Now in the way of Life, must starve and perish.

Mort. Their ancient Charters by the Law are
 forfeited;

But I will study how to get 'em new Ones:
 Our Time is spent in setting Things aright,
 This Kingdom wants it, and I am it's Friend.

Lord

THE FALL OF MORTIMER. 11

Lord Mount. Was ever Pride or Arrogance like this? [Aside.

Mort. Nevill, What would those People have?

Nevill. May it please your Honour,

They are Inhabitants of the adjacent Corporations:
They all of them have Voices at Elections,
And promise for the Parliaments to come——
They will chuse none but what the Court shall like.

Mort. 'Tis well, and we take Notice of their Wisdom.

See that you give 'em Welcome as becomes us:
Such Subjects must not want Encouragement,
And *Mortimer* be living.

Lord Mount. Unheard-of Impudence!

Sir Tho. De la. My Lord, we are observ'd—See how he eyes us!

Nor are we safe while we stand trifling here.

Lord Mount. Why let him eye us till his Eyes grow stiff.

His Looks may fright those who have Dependance on him;

For me, I slight the worst and best of him.

Mort. Ha! What said he?

Turr. Sir.

Mort. Lead on.

As he moves is met by Mountacute, who fronts him——They stare at each other, and jostle.

Ha! jostled.

Lord Mount. I find the Man is greater than the Room,

Sure else he might have strutted clear of me.

Mort. Thou art a froward Peer!

L. Mount. 'Thou art a vain one!—Nay, frown not, *Mortimer!*

Thy Terror's lost on me:

Look big upon those *Bastard English* Men,
Who tamely yield their Rights and Charters up,
And swear to pick a Parliament—who sell

12 THE FALL OF MORTIMER.

Our Freedoms, Persons, and Estates, nay Rights
Of Kings, to gain a short-liv'd Smile——
They probably may dread thee.

Mort. Rash Youth, no more, lest you provoke
my Anger,
Till I forget the Palace that protects thee.
But th' Eagle seldom condescends, I think,
To combat with the Passion of a Wren!

L. Mount. I tell thee, Boaster, that my Veins do
hold
A nobler, richer, purer Blood than thine.

Mort. Thy Words are Air, which no Impression
make——
So Boys hurl Stones in Water, and so lost.

L. Mount. So Men shun Provocations under
Proverbs.

Mort. Shun thee, poor Wretch! I pity thee!

Mount. I scorn thy Pity, and contemn thy Hate.

Sir Tho. Dela. Nay, *Mountacute*——

Mount. Rot his proud Spirit---oh that I had
thee forth

On some wide Plain to hunt thy haughty Soul,
Distant from all Protection but thy Sword's!

There thou shou'd'st find——

Mort. A Pratler.

Thy Mother's Folly dwells upon thy Tongue---

Thou cam'st from School too early——

Fye, Boy, fye!

L. Mount. Statesman! Statesman! thou Engi-
neer of Hell!

Mort. Rail on, and spend thy Gall, malicious
Thing, whose Nurse's Milk still hangs upon thy
Lips:---you shou'd be scourg'd to Manners.

L. Mount. The King shall know thee.

Mort. Then he'll know himself.

L. Mount. Arrogance, I shall meet thee.

Mort. Beware the Thunder, Child, 'tis danger-
ous.

L. Mount.

L. *Mount.* If thou art so, like Lightning, I'll
fore-run thee ;

And if thyself thou dar'st a Thund'rer prove,
Follow me, *Mortimer*, and I'll think thee *Jove*.

[*Exeunt Mount. Dela. and Holland.*

Tur. Had you not Patience, as you have the
Power,

Of an offended Deity, this Language sure had been
his last.

I watch'd, my Lord, your Eyes,
And, ready for the Signal of Dispatch,
Had laid his reeking Heart beneath his Feet:

Neu. You are too merciful, too full of Goodness:
Such Indignities call for Resentments
No less than Death.---Pardon my Plainness, Sir ;
For here I prophecy, unless you break
This Serpent's Egg before the Monster's hatch'd,
'Twill bring Destruction on yourself and Friends.

Mort. I thank ye, and am happy in your Service:
The Babler I despise,----he shall be punish'd----
The Envy that his canker'd Breast is big with,
By preying on itself shall work his Ruin.
So Dogs behold the Lustre of the Moon,
And so run yelping backward into Madness.

Exeunt.

*The Scene changes to a Tavern,
Discovering Oldstie, Felt and Frame, at a Table,
with Bottle and Glasses before them.*

Felt. Who, say you, Neighbour *Oldstie*, has paid
for this Peace ?

Oldstie. Why, the *Scots*----i'Faith, *Mortimer* has
humbled their Pride----they were forc'd to come
down thirty thousand good Marks, to make up the
Losses they did us last Year in the *North*.

Felt. Right and good Reason they should---Why
should we always pay the Piper and never dance ?

Fell.

Frame. Let me tell you, this is a lucky Dance for him : I don't know but he has danc'd his Neck out of the Halter by the Bargain----But how long, say they, is it to last ?

Felt. Ay, how long is it to last? there's the *Query!* I hate your Stop-gaps : They were never good for *England*. This putting off the evil Day for a while, is but like drinking of strong Liquors to keep up the Spirits, which at Long-run are the Destruction both of Body and Substance:

Oldfile. True, Neighbour *Felt* ;--putting off the evil Day, does but make it fall the heavier at last : 'Tis a sort of being Brow-beaten : but, however, I hope that's not the present Case. This Treaty does not seem calculated to serve a Turn indeed ; for you see our Princess *Joan* of the Tower is given in Marriage to the Son of King *Robert* of *Scotland*, as a Pledge of their lasting Friendship, besides the Money they have launch'd out !

Frame. Then, at that Rate, this Peace has brought a Fortune for her, and we have been both courted for Peace and for Marriage.

Felt. Why, that's just as it should be, *Master Frame.* *England*, in political Love, should be like a handsome young Woman, that has abundance of Admirers about her, and is courted for her Merit only.

Oldfile. She's a gallant Lady, and deserves a Brimmer. Come Neighbours ---

[*Fills a Glass, and sings to the Tune of, over the Hills, &c.*]

*If Mortimer this Peace has made
For Sake of England, and of Trade,
May his Enemies be few ;
May his Friends be great and true. [Drinks.
Fel. [Sings.]*

But if mending up the State

He has wrought with Tinker's Tools,

May a Gibbet be his Fate,

Nor we no longer be his Fools.

[Drinks.

Frame. [Drinks.] I can tell you, Neighbours, if these Lines should come true, I know a good Number of us Stocking-Weavers would spare a Day to lend a helping Hand towards putting one up for him.----But I wear, I'm mightily pleas'd with the latter Part of the Song. Come, let's have it over again in *Chorus.* [They all fill their Glasses and sing,

But if mending up the State,

He has wrought with Tinker's Tools,

May a Gibbet be his Fate;

Nor we no longer be his Fools. [All drink.

Enter Bumper.

Bumper. Rest ye merry, Gentlemen---I'm glad to see you so jolly--I vow, I have not seen a Citizen smile this many a Day.

Oldstile. Bless you Man, who would not smile at an honourable Peace? Why, it would make Gravity itself smile.

Bumper. Honourable say you, Sir? Ah Neighbours! did you but know the Bottom!

Felt. Bottom! Why, I was told it had no Bottom at all.

Oldcastle. Come, come, Mr. *Bumper*, this is carrying your Spleen to *Mortimer* a little too far----We all of us have had Reason to blame his Management of our young King; but what of that? Because he has been black, do you think he must always be so? You see he mends apace:---let me tell you, he has taken the right Sow by the Ear this Bout: This Peace is a Master-piece! No, no,

an were hang'd, or never so great a Rogue before, I can't help speaking well of him now.

Felt. Why, ay; right, as you say; he so seldom does well, that one ought to praise him when it does come into his Noddle. But how comes Master *Bumper* to be so out of Humour at this Peace?----
Mortimer does not come to your House, eh Neighbour?

Bumper. No, no, he's too great to use my House now; but I've known the Time when he was glad to come to it. But 'twill come Home to him I warrant---there are Things to my Knowledge going forward will make him squeak;---'tis not the Peace will save him.

Oldstie. Say you so? Methinks, I want to know what Flaw they can find in a Peace that was both pray'd for, and paid for.

Felt. Ay, pr'ythee, *Bumper*, let's know the Bottom, as thou wert saying, if there be any.

Bumper. To such as us indeed it seems clear enough at Top; but those who see deeper into Matters, say it has a confounded muddy Bottom.----Why, my good Lord *Mountacute* told me this Morning, when I went to carry his Lordship a Taste of some Wines, that it was only a little shifting Expedient of *Mortimer's*; for, says he, King *Robert* never held it good to be at Peace with *England*, but for his own Ends.

Frame. But pray, what is that same Expedient?

Felt. Ay, what's that same Expedient?

Bumper. Why, you know that he's generally hated; and so says my Lord, he has purchas'd this Toy only to please the People.

Felt. Nay, how can that be?--the *Scots* were the Purchasers, you know.

Bumper. But I know we are the prime Purchasers;---My Lord says they had a previous Promise from the Queen and *Mortimer* of----Pho! of ten times as much in the Lieu.

Felt.

Felt. So between them both, I find the King and the Nation are finely bubbled.

Bumper. Why; you must know, Mortimer's so very complaisant, he scorns to strike an Enemy that's down, tho' they only laugh at him for't.

Frame. Nay; for that Matter, the Scots had scarce left *Nottingham*, when it was said among my Journeymen, that they derided our Princess with the Title of *Joan Make-Peace*.

Felt. And is all this owing to *Mortimer*? My Blood begins to boil.

Bumper. Nay, that's not all neither---you see he has given them up the Ragman-Roll too, as tho' I should give you up what belong'd to me and mine; Time out of Mind, meerly thro' Fear---the *French*; I warrant, will have a pull at us next:

Oldstile. This is making but a very scurvy Figure among our Neighbours, that's the Truth on't---*England's* a fine Bird, and every one's for having a Feather of her I find, as you tell the Story.

Bumper. 'Tis plain they want to pluck her bare, and if some good Body does not stand her Friend, she will be pluck'd bare ere it be long.

Oldstile. *I wonder if the King knows of all these Doings:*

Bumper. No, God blefs him, he thinks all Things go right, poor Prince!

Felt. But should not he be told then?

Bumper. *How in the Name of Wonder should he, when Mortimer takes care no Body shall have the King's Ear but himself?*

Frame. But would not a good, long, large speaking Trumpet do the Business think you, Neighbour?

Bumper. No, no, a Fiddle of your Trumpet; he must be told Face to Face; and you may as

well go to the Bottom of the Sea, where you'd be sure to be devour'd by Sea-Monsters by the Way; ---*tho' the brave Lord Mountacute, and some other Well-Wishers to their Country have sworn to make a Push, tho' they die by't.* Heav'n send they succeed.

Felt. They will succeed---they are honest Men---they have the true English Spirit about them---Mortimer's Crew are of the Mongril Breed, and can't face a downright English Litter. 'Sdeath! as little as I am, I'll tell the King myself, if they should not accomplish Matters---Wounds! if he were not young he'd be unpardonable. [Rising.

Oldstie. Sad doings truly---Every Thing's at a stand---there's scarce any Trading going forward, and at this rate we shall have none quickly.

Frame. For my Part, if it last long so, I may as well shut up my Doors---I have sold but one single Pair of Stockings this Fortnight, and that was to a Gentleman without Legs.

All. Ha! ha! ha! [Laughing.

Felt. For all we laugh, I wish I'd such another Chap of *Mortimer*,---I'd give all the Hats in my Shop to fit him with one after his Head was off.

Bumper. Good Faith, and I'd give him as much Wine as would burst him on that Proviso too.

Oldstie. Let but the Halter be well fix'd, and then I'll put him in a Way to save his Bacon afterwards.

Felt. Pr'ythee, Neighbour *Oldstie*, none of your Querks to save his Bacon neither---Why, you'd cut him down now, wou'd you?

Oldstie. Not till he was choak'd at least, and then he should pray me to do't, or he should hang till Doomsday.

Frame. You talk so much of hang'd Bacon, that we forget the Glais---Come, Master *Bumper*, you have not drank yet.

THE FALL OF MORTIMER. 19

Bumper. [*fills a Glass.*] Here, Masters, here's
God bless the King, and send him better Counsellors.---
No *Mortimer* for me. [*Drinks.*

All. No *Mortimer* for us all. [*All Drink.*

Bumper. But hark ye, Neighbours, you will stand
up for the Cause if Occasion require ?

All. All ! All !

Bumper. 'Tis a Shame the Nation should any
longer be impos'd upon.

All. A burning Shame !

Bumper. In the mean time, it will be best for us
to retire ; and as *L. Mountacute* and his Friends be-
have, we must be guided accordingly---Oh, there
will be rare Doings when that's once brought
about !

Felt. Come then, Neighbours let us be gone---
We should inform our Fellow-Citizens of these
Matters, that something may be done in them.

[*They sing in Chorus.*]

*For why should we stoop to King Bob,
Or be led by Mortimer's Crew ?
A Halter would finish the Jobb,
And make all our Enemies true.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

C 2 A C T

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Opens and discovers King Edward on a Couch, who, after some struggling, rises.

King.

WHERE have I been? or what is't I have
seen?
'Tis said the Soul, while the tir'd Body sleeps,
Her Mansion often leaves, and roves abroad:
Sometimes to Groves and solitary Cells;
Sometimes to Courts, to Cities, and to Camps,
Mingling with Crowds, then strangely left alone:
But mine has fall'n down dreadful Precipices;
Walk'd to the Charnel-houses of the Dead:
My Father's Ghost stalk'd thus before my Eyes,
Cry'd out--Revenge,--then shriek'd, and disappear'd
With so much haste, as if it seem'd to dread
The Hand of Murder did pursue it still;
Yet, as it fled, it forc'd the yielding Air
To eccho back; *Beware of Mortimer!*

[*Enter Messenger.*]

Mes. Lord Mountacute, Sir Robert Holland, with
Sir Thomas Delamore,

Wait for Admittance to your Majesty.

King. They're welcome----bring 'em in----

[*Exit Mel.*]

Then headless *Kent*, my beloved Uncle,
Led on a Train of miserable Shades,
Who seem'd bewailing their untimely Deaths:
With uplift Hands they begg'd as for Relief,
And in sad Postures told their several Fates.

Then

Then *Mortimer* led in my wicked Mother,
 Who snatch'd the Crown from me and gave it him;
 At which the numerous Crowds of Ghosts looked
 paler;

Their mangled Limbs broke out afresh with Blood,
 And the surprizing Horror shook off Sleep.-----

What is it, Oh ye Powers, that ye decree?
 Am I design'd to fall a Sacrifice
 To the ambitious Lust of this fell Monster?
 If Dreams presage, or Visions can forbode
 The Fate of *Edward*, *Edward* must succeed,
 If so you've fix'd it; yet I'll face this Storm,
 Stand like a King 'gainst my rebellious Doom,
 And perish worthy of my Dignity.

*Enter Lord Mountacute, Sir Thomas Delamore,
 and Sir Robert Holland.*

All. Health to your Majesty.

King. The like to all of you---ye are good Men.
 My worthy Uncle *Edmund*, when alive,
 Bad me select and value you as Jewels:
 When dying, as a Legacy bequeath'd
 Your Faiths and Services.

I am too young to know the Arts of Men;
 But, by my Hopes, I think ye mighty honest.

L. Mount. Our Happiness lies only in that
 Thought.

King. Tell me, my Friends, and with that honest Plainness,
 As suits the Character I have of you,
 Why is it that with folded Arms of late,
 And heavy Eyes, which speak distemper'd Minds,
 Ye measure out your Steps;
 Seeming like Statues more than Counsellors;
 As Mourners wait upon the dead Remains
 Of some lov'd Friend to his eternal Home?

Sir Tho. Delam. Most Royal Prince, my honour'd
 Liege and Master----

King.

King. Honour'd! my Liege! my Prince, and
Royal Master!

How like this sounds to *Mortimer!*

I find he's grown the President o'th' Court;

The Star by which each Courtier guides his Hopes.

Sir R. Holl. Rather a Meteor, or some *Exhalation,*

Rais'd by the sulphurous Vapours of the Earth,
Which, borrowing its Blaze from real Lights,
Attracts the Eyes of Fools to gaze on't.

King. No more on your Allegiance-----To the
Point.

The Explanation of this Discontent?

L. Mount. You've touch'd us home, Sir, now,
and we obey:

The Secrets of our Hearts shall be unlock'd,
Where you may read your's and the Nation's
Doom.

It is the Man you've nam'd who rides our Spirits.

Oh, my lov'd Lord!

Why is this Viper harbour'd in your Bosom,
Which gnaws insensibly upon your Honour?
Why pamper'd with the Worship of Men's Knees?
You are our King---Rouse sleeping Majesty---
Awake, and view the Souls that wait your rising,
To pay their long kept Homage where 'tis due.

Sir Tho. Delam. Where now is Right? to whom
shall we appeal?

The Queen has plac'd her Power on *Mortimer,*
Whilst the Law's Edge is ground but on one Side;
Nor that employ'd, unless to lop your Friends.
The Man, who dare reflect on his Proceedings,
Or pity but the Circumstance of *Edward,*
Is strait beset, and sworn into some plot;
His Life or Fortune's seiz'd; it may be both;
Juries and Witnessees are kept in Pay,
Who have agreed his Ruin ere he's heard.

Sir R. Holl. Thus your good Subjects daily are
oppress'd, Who

Who perish by consent of Perjury.

Sir Tho. Delam. Nay, whilst these vile Possessors
wreck the Land,
Your Worth decays, and Glory runs to Ruin.
It can't last long, they think, so make the most
on't.

Assume your Right, or we must all submit:
Our Country, like Estates held in Dispute,
Fertile in Woods and Parks, the Pride of Wealth;
If he that's in Possession thinks it short,
He cuts down all the Pomp of's Ancestors,
Which many Years their Diligence improved:
So worthy Men, the Prop of future Hopes,
By this Usurper, *Mortimer*, are lopped;
Their Fortunes torn by th' Roots from long Suc-
cession,

And scatter'd to maintain Voluptuousness.

King. Is't possible! I always thought him ill:
But you decypher him a very Devil,
And fill my Thoughts with Horror of his Crimes.

Sir Tho. Delam. Each Magistrate that should
administer

Justice impartial, made by *Mortimer*,
Must ruin others to preserve himself:
The Clergy and the Law are both his Creatures:
Places of Trust and Profit are all sold:
'Tis practis'd from the miter'd holy Head
To the needy starving Verger of the Church:
You cannot serve Heaven on Cushions but you pay
for't,

Or blister your numb'd Knees upon the Marble;
Then from the scarlet and the purple Gown,
Down to the very Cryer of the Court.

L. Mount. Well may the Nation groan while
such as these

Sit at the Helm; and what expect but Shipwreck?

King. Now by my Honour I'll no longer bear
The ignominious Hand of base Controul.

I find

I find myself enlarg'd : Each Artery
Beats double Time, as if my Spirits strove
To be in Action : My Father's Soul
Shoots in my Blood, and prompts to Resolution.

Sir Tho. Delam. Ay, now, my Lord, you speak
yourself a King.

Do but appear with that Authority,
The Praise of *Edward* ev'ry Tongue will chant,
Whilst ravish'd Heaven does eccho back the Sound:
You can't want Hands for such a noble Work :
A Cause like yours would summon the just Gods
With all their Thunder to the royal Aid.
Oh, let me kiss your sacred Feet, dear Prince !
These Words have added Years to my sick Life.

[*kneels* :

King. He weeps ; indeed the honest Man does
weep.

Rise, *Delamore*, for I will be myself,
And this vile *Mortimer* shall down to Hell.
All spare the Tree, whose Branches serve as Shade,
Till the spread Mischiefs kill the Under-plants ;
Then ev'ry Man assists to fell it down :
So this *Coleffus* of the *English* Isle,
Under whose Legs the tallest Ships must pass,
Ere they gain Harbour, shall to Seas be hurled,
And in their Bottom find a Monument.
My Dream comes on apace, and I foretel
This Meeting ominous to *Mortimer*.

My worthy Friends, be still about our Person ;
Send instantly to *Berkley*, *Exeter*, [*Exit Holland*.
Leicester and *Mordaunt*---You withdraw with me ;
Business I have requires your best Advice ;
For like the Mariner I see from far,
A Storm is gathering in the distant Sky ;
But with these Vessels I can fear no Sea :
The utmost Rigour of the Clouds I'll stand,
Safe as the Souls that pity us from Land.

[*Exeunt* .

SCENE

Scene changes, discovering Mortimer in a Chair of State, with Turrington and Nevill attending.

Mort. Say, trusty *Turrington*, how brooks the
Queen

The late Behaviour of rash *Mountacute*?

Turr. As you or I, or any one could wish,
That has his Country's Good sincere at Heart.
After the Oracle of your Mind declar'd,
That *Mountacute*, with *Delamore* and *Holland*,
Those Bellows which keep in young *Edward*'s fire,
And raise, and calm it as their Need requires,
Should be removed; their Interest was great;
Their Prudence strict; *Mountacute*'s Courage firm;
Their Fortunes able to maintain their Measures,
Which struck for her Son's Greatness and our Ruin,
" Insolence! and Treason to the State, cry'd she!—
" Howe'er, the Boy shall bend to all my wishes:
" 'Tis a half Soul, bred in the Lag of Love,
" And spiritless as the Desire that got him----
" Bid *Mortimer* not fear what's crush'd so soon:

Mort. 'Tis well——while she protects I cannot
fall——But now proceed we to what concerns
us next——*Nevill!*

Nevill. My Lord!

Mort. I think thou hast got the List of those of
our Friends, whose Services entitle them to our
Bounty?

Nevill. Please your Honour, 'tis here; and
speaks the great Regard you pay to Merit. Did
but the World know what Liberality it contains,
they would vote you the Standard of Virtue,
nemine contradicente.

Mort. They are not unacquainted with our Vir-
tues, *Nevill*----but I would hear it read, that we
may proportion the Reward with Justice.

Nevill. [*Reads the List.*] *Imprimis*, the Lord Vis-
count *Landlefs* 400 Marks per Annum.

Mort. Reduce it to two hundred---He is poor indeed ; but two hundred's enough in Conscience for a single Vote- -He's good for nothing else.---
Read on.

Nevill. Lord *Richacre*, One Thousand, and insists upon an Augmentation of 200.

Mort. Let them be added, tho' he is of as little Service as my Lord *Landless*----but he is purse-proud, and may desert us.

Nevill. Sir *Oily Fluent*, 1500.

Mort. Two thousand is the least he can have---he speaks like an Angel---put him down 2000.

Nevill. *Sophister Topick*, Esq; 1000.

Mort. Make it up 1500 ; for tho' the Man does not speak, he writes admirably;---he dresses up Falshood within a Hair's-breadth of Truth : And if that does not do, he bullies them into Conviction.

Nevill. Sir *Scribble Fainwou'd*, 400.

Mort. Let him stand there awhile----as he mends we shall take Notice of him.

Nevill. Sir *Beetle Drone*, 400.

Mort. Hang him, he must be continued too, or ten to one we lose him, though he does little else but sleep in the House.

Nevill. Lord *Sheep-Hook*, 1500.

Mort. Let me consider----no ; that and his late Preferment will do very well.

Nevill. Lord *Lofty*, 2000.

Mort. Scratch him out again---he values himself too much on his Family, and the Weight he bears in the House ; for when I made him an Offer of the Favour, that he might live, I told him, suitable to his Grandeur, he had the Stupidity to call it Bribing, and say that he had a soul above it.---As for the rest, you'll enhance or diminish, as you see Occasion, and let them be registred accordingly.

Turr. But, my Lord, I believe I could add one who is not in the List, for enabling him to keep one or two Mistresses the more.

Mort. Though I have more than my Number, yet, since he's so easily gained, put him down 400 Marks.

Nevill. His Name?

Turr. Lord *Flasb*.

Nevill. Your Lordship has no further Commands at present?

Mort. No: [*exit Nevill*] but *Turrington*!

Turr. Would your Lordship have me look over these Petitions?

Mort. No, no, let them lie---we have something else to do than examine needy Petitions!---What Money did you receive Yesterday on my Account?

Turr. 'Twas but a very indifferent Day truly---I received only 10,000 Marks for two Patents; 5000 for a General's Commission; 6000 for the Direction of the Customs; 2000 for a Place in the Navy, and 1000 for the Grant of another. Besides abundance of petty Fees, as Remembrancers only.

Mort. When the grand Sum comes down then we shall remember; till then we shall be deaf. But, *Turrington*, be sure see, that the Entertainment be splendid, magnificent---spare no Cost---I must gain my Point, and Eating and Drinking will do't, if any thing can: for those I have to do with are great Belly-Mongers.

Turr. My Lord, I obey your Orders. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sly.

Sly. Sir *Maiden Battery* desires to kiss your Honour's Hand.

Mort. Shew him in [*exit Sly*] What does this Bullet-headed Knight want now; I saved his Life but t'other Day, for which I had 20,000 Marks----I hope 'tis in Danger again.

Enter Sir Maiden Battery and Sly.

Mort. Sir Maiden Battery, I am glad to see you out of your Confinement.

Sir M. Bat. Give me Leave, my Lord, further to testify my Gratitude for your Interest. [*Gives Money.*

Mort. Sir Maiden, you may depend upon me on the like, or any other Occasion----I am a little busy now.

Sir M. Bat. My good Lord and Preserver, I am your most obliged and most obedient. [*Exit.*

Mort. A sensible Man! of my Word he has a right Notion of Favours---but *Sly!*

Sly. My Lord.

Mort. You keep diligent Watch on *Mountacute*, *Delamore*, *Leicester*, and *Exeter*.

Sly. They cannot move a Finger, please your Honour, but I, and my Emiffaries know it.

Mort. See you have a strict Eye, and from time to time let *Turrington* and *Nevill* know what passes---Send in *Secret*.--- [*Exit Sly.*

The Weight of publick and private Affairs hangs so very heavy upon my Shoulders, that were it not for the Queen, I don't know what I should do; nay, all I can do, *Mountacute* and his devilish Faction undo.

Enter Secret.

Secret. I attend your Lordship's Pleasure.

Mort. Here, carry these Heads to my Lord *Sheep-Hook*, with my Service, and bid him draw them up as severe as possible; and this Bill to *Swearwell*, for his secret Service of impeaching twenty of our Enemies.

Secret. They are below, an't please your Lordship, with Serjeant *Either-side*.

Mort. Well, then, dispatch those two, and let the other come up. [*Exit Secret.*

What

What with Solicitations, Envy, and keeping Things easy and quiet among my Creatures, I'm even plagu'd out of my Senses.---Were it not for Fear of being call'd to Account, I'd lay all my Employments down, and think myself happy.

Enter Serjeant Eitherfide and Secret.

Serjeant *Eitherfide*, how do you? I hope your Brother-in-law Serjeant *Huddle-Cause* is well. I am glad to see you ---you are my old Friend and Acquaintance---let me see, above twenty Years standing—ha! is it not so?

Serj. Your Lordship hits the Mark of Time exactly, and I protest the Honour you have done me requires Acknowledgments beyond the Talents I am endowed withal; let me therefore, avoiding Prolixity, profoundly celebrate your Lordship's Praises, and acquaint the World, that the Favours you have placed on me your Creature, exalt me to the Pinnacle of Ambition, and as an incumbent Duty, oblige me to consecrate myself and Posterity to your Lordship's Pleasure——Give me Admittance therefore most humbly to pay this Tribute of Duty, and with it the Orizons of many happy Years.

Mort. The Man speaks well, [*weighs the Purse*] there is Weight in his Words—a great Sign of an able Pleader—How does your Niece?

Serjeant. My Lord!

Mort. How does your Niece, I say? What, art thou deaf?

Serj. She's very well, my gracious Lord, and happy that your Lordship takes Notice of her.

Mort. I never saw her, but am told she is a very pretty Girl, and notable too.

Serj. She is reckoned so, my Lord, but there is nothing like seeing to be convinced.----If your Lordship pleases, I will go and fetch her.

Mort.

Mort. Do so---thou'lt oblige me--[*Exit Either-side*] This *Either-side* is a Fellow of rare Parts; and eminent Practice: I have known him cheat twenty People, and they never the wiser; but he is a better Pimp still; he makes nothing of ruining his own Flesh and Blood.

Secret. Such Men are wanting to fill the Bench withal, and I hope he may stand fair in your Lordship's Interest in the next Remove. He'd perform his Part rarely: He is no charitable, conscientious, timorous Fellow, but a thorough-pac'd Lawyer, and mighty hearty in the Cause.

Mort. Sayest thou so Man! and by my Honour it was well thought on. If these peaking, velvet-hearted, wary Knaves, that pretend to Scruples, seem averse to comply with the Queen's Desires any longer, they shall make room for more deserving Persons---I do admire they have so little Grace as to receive a plentiful Salary, and make no Return for it.

Secret. I will pawn my Soul for him----His Temper may be moulded to what Use Occasion shall require; besides, his Wants will prompt him to comply; his Gains are not sufficient to maintain his Family as his Wife would have it; for she loves to go as fine as most of them do; and for a new Gown would make him give away the justest Cause in the World: His Estate too is mortgaged past Recovery to maintain her Pride.

Mort. But his Niece, *Secret*, his Niece?

Secret. Oh, she is the prettiest Creature my Eyes ever looked on! such a Composition of Flesh and Blood! so witty! so modest! so alluring!--

Mort. And such a Companion I want; for I am grown so melancholy of late, that I am not what I was. If she is of a coming Nature, she is made for ever: I grow aged; this turmoiling in the Government wearies me out strangely---I

want

want, like the Heathen Monarchs, my Seraglio, to refresh me after the Business of the Day.-----
And is she tractable, say you?

Secret. Easy as Innocence itself.

Mort. He shall be a Judge.----I am much refreshed with the Thoughts that I can serve the Nation and myself so luckily----but is she such a pretty, sweet, dapper Piece of *Beauty*? I will make thee a great Man before it be long.

Secret. My Lord, she is whatsoever you can fancy; nor can you stretch your Thoughts into Imagination, but she exceeds it in Substance---but see the Angel, with her Uncle.

Enter Serjeant Eitherside, and his Niece Maria.

Mort. Secret, retire---- [*Exit Secret.*

A glorious Woman! how her Eyes sparkle! and how the Blood juts in and out upon her Cheeks, as if it hoped some good were coming towards her! ---Come, sweet one---[*Kisses*] her Lips are made of Velvet, smooth, soft, and pliable. *Serjeant,* as I told you before, I have a great Kindness for you, and hearing that you had a Niece of worthy Education, whose Merits spoke her Praise, (O you are a little Tempter!) I can do no less, having your Preferment in my Eye, than while I was doing good for you in some measure, to advance your Niece's Fortune---My House wants such a sober, discreet young Woman to manage it; and by the way, I must call you my *Lord*.

Serj. Oh, Sir!

Mort. Indeed I must---the queen upon my Request doth confer the Office of a Judge on you, as you deserve; and for ought I know, you may be in a little time Chief-Justice---This I have done, my Friend, to serve you: But to the Matter; what say you Mr. *Serjeant*, (my Lord, I beg your Pardon)

Pardon) are you willing to put your Niece under my Care and Protection? Ha!

Serj. My Lord, you so highly oblige me, I am struck silent with the manner of it---A *Judge, Chief-Justice!* I am confounded with the Honour--my Lord, the Maid is whatever you please to make her.

Mort. Then I'll make a Woman of her speedily. ---What say you, pretty Lady? I am a weak Man, and have but few Relations, who are all well provided for, thank Heav'n, and my own good Management!---so that, if I do well, I'll make your Fortune; if I die, you shall have no Cause to repent.

Maria. Would thou wert dead! must I then be the Sacrifice to my Uncle's Ambition? Be steady, Virtue, and assist me, Heaven; tho' poor, I will not be base---Oh *Mountacute!*

Mort. What say you, Fair One?

Maria. In any honest way I should be proud to serve your Lordship, and obey my Uncle.

Mort. Pretty Innocence!

Serj. He may in time make her his Heir; at least her Fortune is made, and I am freed of a Burden [*Aside*] My worthy Lord, her Mind and mine are all one, and will take any Impression your Lordship shall stamp on 'em---A *Judge!* Wife be of Comfort; thy Chariot shall be turned into a Coach; thy Pew at Church be stripped of Bayes, and lined with Velvet; and thou shalt take Place of my Lady *Mayorefs*, Niece---You were born under a happy Planet, Huzzy---Fortune throws herself into your Lap---make Use on't while 'tis offered---A Lord! Oh, lack a day! I cannot contain my Extasy.

Mort. Have you consider'd, little One, of the Offer? you shall command in chief, and no Harm shall come to you.

Maria. I hope not.

Mort.

Mort. Fear it not.

Maria. I trust in your Honour.

Serj. Niece, you must not talk so impertinently —incline your Mind and Body as his Lordship shall think fit.

Maria. I must beg to be excused there, good Uncle.

Mort. I am overjoyed I can serve my old Friend. —Well, Child, I will take Care of you—My Lord, within two Days your Patent shall be ready: I would discourse a little with your Niece in private.

Serj. I'll leave her with your Lordship.

Mort. Pray call me Brother Lord—we are both Lords now.

Serj. Then Brother Lord——Oh pretty! I'll leave her with your Brother Lordship.

Mort. Do, do.

Maria. How will you leave me alone with a Man, Uncle?

Serj. Peace, Baggage---Uncle! I am a Judge, I'll make the Knaves that brought the Extent against me smok---A Judge! I will feague the Rogues---Brother-Lord, I am your Brother-Lordship's most humble, and eternally engaged Servant and Judge.

Mort. Oh, my Lord Judge, your Friend---

[Goes to the Door and locks it.]

Maria. Ha! what now!

But, *Mountacute*, I will not wrong my Love to Thee---

I have kept it pure, unfullied, hitherto.

And will, spite of this mighty Man,

And mightier Villain Uncle.

Mort. My dear Child, I shall respect thy Uncle infinitely for thy sake. Nay, be not bashful, I am thy Friend, thy Governor, and thou art be-

come my particular Care--Here, here is Gold for thee---thou shalt have more than thou canst carry.

Maria. I can never deserve this Bounty ; nor can I guess why it is you bribe your Servant thus--indeed you make me blush.

Mort. Fye, fye, you must not blush at a Bribe ---It is my Way, Child---but I have given thee my Heart, and am going to put my Body into thy Possession.

Maria. For Heaven's sake ! as you have Honour.

Mort. Yes, yes, you shall find I have Honour, and Courage both--come, come, this way, Child -

[*Forcing her into the Chamber.*]

Maria. Nay, pray, my Lord, do no Violence---As I live here's a Gentleman to your Lordship !

Mort. Pox of his Impertinence ! Could he find no other Time but now---but go, go---into that Room---I'll be with you presently---nay, go ; all shall be well, and I will be civil.

[*Puts her off, and locks her in.*]

Enter Turrington.

Well, *Turrington.*

Turr. My Lord, the Guests you expected are come, seated, and seem impatient---

Mort. For the Repast, to be sure.

Turr. Nay, they seem indeed sharp set---

Mort. The sharper the better for my Business.

Turr. I heard my Lord *Cramdown* say, he had not broke his Fast this Half Hour.

Mort. Poor Gentleman ! I am afraid he will be starved if he fasts half another---Is every thing ready ?

Turr. Every thing, my Lord---the Sauces are all prepar'd.

Mort. Well then, I'll be with them-----They are above bribing, they say ; let us see if we cannot

cannot eat and drink them into better Understanding.

*And when I have dispatch'd 'em, I'll repair
To finish Matters with th' imprison'd Fair.*

End of the Second A C T.

A C T III.

SCENE Continued.

Enter Turrington and Nevill.

Turrington.

AFFAIRS seem veering, and the Fane of
Edward,
Which hitherto has pointed to our Wishes,
Now turns against us. Out of what Corner
Comes this Blast of Change? It is sudden.
All are as hush as Murderers when escaping;
Privacy, the Waiting-woman's Virtue, is in use,
And the young Prince has left his darling Sports
For closer Studies.

Nevill. 'Tis odd; and we must arm against it
----just now

I would have pass'd the Anti-chamber,
And a starched Fellow grimly stop'd my Passage.
I asked the Knave by whose Authority
He barr'd my Entrance! he reply'd morosely,
'Twas by my Betters, and he would obey them:
Then, I demanded if the Rascal knew me?

Turr. What said he then?

Nevill. He answered, better than I knew my self;
Bid me return; there was no Room for Scouts.
The ill-bred Dog had surely stood corrected,

Had not old *Leicester, Berkeley, Exeter,*
 With busy Faces, come into the Room.
 To these he turn'd the Key---said they were staid for.

Turr. These froward Peers envy our Master's
 Fortune.

Some of 'em have been faulty against the Queen,
 For which they were forbid the Royal Presence,
 And with a Sullenness withdrew from Court.

What brings 'em hither now is worth Enquiry :
 Unsent for I am sure they did not come ;
 For *Mortimer* and they, like jarring Elements,
 Have constant Enmity, and must keep Distance.

Nevill. I wish it bodes not Ill to th' common
 Cause---

But what this Feasting?---what has that produc'd?
 Has it increas'd the Number of our Friends?

Turr. Not all the high-spiced Viands there pre-
 par'd,

Nor yet the oft-fill'd Goblet aught avail'd.
 They stood it out to th' last ; and said, as far
 As Justice went, they'd vote his Will---No farther.

Nevill. Then, this is not a time to tell our Tale?

Turr. He must betold---Our Safety is concern'd.

Scene changes to another Apartment.

*Enter Mortimer and Serjeant Eicherfide, with a
 Paper.*

*He mumbles it over---Eyes Mortimer, and at
 last speaks the supposed End.*

Serj. ---Formal Procefs.

Let *Mountacute* be dispatch'd, say you? ha!
 murder'd!

Mort. Why do you hesitate? I say dispatch'd :
 Are you so squeamish you can't digest the Term?

Serj. No, my Lord, not I; but wou'd not lodg-
 ing him in Gaol for his Life serve as well?

Mort. Away, Trifler---do you make Scruples?
 let me but hear another Syllable that contradicts

what

what I've decreed, and thou art lost for ever---I will divest thee of thy Lordship; expose thee as a Sacrifice to the Rabble; and how they'll use thee, thy Conscience best can tell.

Serj. The Devil's in him; I must submit---I have run myself, like Thieves, so far into ill Company, that now I would reform, my Associates won't let me [*Aside*] My Lord, I beseech you be not angry: I did this only to sound the Depth of your Lordship's Intentions; and since you are resolv'd, he shall be dispatch'd---murder'd---any thing.

Mort. 'Tis well-----about it then.

Serj. I was born to serve your Honour. I will retrieve your Favour, though it be by turning Executioner myself: and will truss up your Enemies with as little Regret, as a Farmer does the Moles that molest his Ground ---It shall be done, my Lord. [*Exit.*]

Mort. This Fellow came from *Proteus*, the *Camelion* changes not faster---How now! Your Business.

Enter Turrington and Nevill.

Turr. 'Tis of Importance: Stand upon your Guard;
For *Berkley*, *Exeter*, and many others,
Who not long since were banish'd from the Court,
Are now with *Edward*, close lock'd up with him.

Mort. Ha!

Nevill. By Heavens, 'tis true-----we saw 'em enter.
We wou'd have follow'd 'em, but were deny'd;
Nay, order'd to retire-----and the Out-Courts
Are fill'd with rough-hew'd Slaves, who guard the
Lords.

Mort. Withdraw to my Apartment---I'll come presently. [*Exeunt Turr. and Nev.*]
How's this? so cunning, Boy? Damnation!

Are

Are ye upon the Catch, my Politicians?
 That *Exeter's* the Devil for a Statesman,
 And must be the Guide o' th' Council, too, or
 Nothing.

The subtle Fiend has left and sought more Parties
 Than all the Cabinet-Pack shuffled together.
 He was for us, but falter'd when he found
 My Interest greater in the Queen than his.
 He had rather be the Foreman of a Jury,
 Than second in the Council of Four Hundred.
 Why he and *Berkley* ever have been Foes;
 Constantly jealous of each other's Greatness;
 And tho' they both have lik'd each other's Mea-
 sures,
 Still Contradiction was their practis'd Spight:
 But in this Cause 'tis probable they'll join;
 And to secure it, give their Spleen Cessation.
 What's to be thought on?

Enter Queen.

Queen. What, always musing, ever melancholly?
 Beware of the Infection; none so wretched
 As those possessed of Jealousy and Doubts.

Mort. But, Madam, mine's a Subject calls for
 Thought:

No vain Chimæra, but a just Occasion:
Nevill and *Turrington* have brought Advice,
 And I am sorry I must tell it you;
 Those saucy Peers, who villify'd your Crown,
 Not sparing Censure of your private Actions,
 Are giving vile Instructions to your Son;
 Learning the pliant Youth how he may shake
 The Fetters of Obedience off betimes,
 While eagerly he listens to the Charm,
 And smiles to hear himself saluted King.

Queen. Is it possible?

Mort. You be the Judge; for you it most con-
 cerns.

Since

Since *Mountacute* has whistled to this Sterling,
 All his Apartments have been closely kept;
 New Waiters plac'd, those you assign'd, discharg'd,
 Lest they might do their Duty, and inform.
 Tell me, my Royal Mistress, can you bear
 The Hand of Limitation and Controul?
 Can you with Ease resign the glorious Throne
 Into the Hands of *Exeter* and *Berkley*?

Queen. Distraction's in the Thought!

Mort. Can she obey, who always did command?
 Can she retire, who ever liv'd in Splendor;
 Nay, thought the World too scanty for her Great-
 ness,

Accept a private Pension, small Attendance,
 And live by him whose Soul from her's took being?
 Whilst I must to their long-grown Malice bow,
 Or die, or live on infamous Conditions,
 Nay, blush not, Madam, this must all be done,
 And more, when these be *Edward's* Governors.

Queen. That ne'er shall be, and *Isabella* living:
 Be thou as once, when *Spencer*, *Gaveston*,
 The Minions of my Husband, did attempt
 To curb my Will, and I defy'd them all:
 No, *Mortimer*, if I could give him Death,
 Think'st thou this feeble *Spawn*, this slender Off-
 spring,

Bred when I wish'd a Barrenness upon me,
 That he shall baulk the Measures of my Soul?

Mort. She fires. [Aside.

Queen. Can the froward Chit believe, because
 my Son,
 I'd still him with a Play-thing call'd a Crown,
 And live myself on Curtesy of State,
 The Fragments of the Grandeur I had left?
 Perish ten Sons e'er such a Fit possess me!

Mort. There spoke a *Queen*; this is true Majesty.
 Appear, and like the Planet of the Day,
 Disperse the sullen Fogs that cloud your Lustre.

Since

Since *Mountacute* and *Holland*, *Exeter* and the rest,
Have soar'd, like *Icarus*, beyond their Bounds,
The waxen Wings shall melt in your bright *Beams*,
And find in Floods Rewards for their Ambition.

Queen. They fall, my *Mortimer*, they sink for
ever.

I will visit strait these close Conspirators,
Who think themselves so hush'd in their Designs:
As for this Rebel Son, he is a Disease,
And I will purge the Venom from my Blood,
As if a Leprosy had compassed me:
I will have no Competitors in Power.
If in the Father's Time I rul'd alone,
I'll never yield that Honour to the Son:
Hard shall he tug if he will have the Sway;
And if at last 'tis forc'd and rack'd away,
As I shall scorn the Conquest to outlive,
This shall a Period to his Triumph give.

[*Shews a Dagger*] *Exit*!

Scene changes to another Apartment.

*Enter Serjeant Eitherside, and Maria; he pulling
her in.*

Serj. Come in, you *Baggage*, you run-away
Thief——It is well I met you: I would not have
had you gone home for five thousand Pounds—
Gad's my Life, I had been unjudg'd before my
Taylor had finished my Robes—I should not have
had the Satisfaction of seeing how *Scarlet* becomes
me, and your Aunt wou'd have turn'd you out of
Doors.

Maria. Why wou'd you leave me then alone
with him? he wou'd have forc'd me——

Serj. To have pleas'd yourself; come, come, no
more Words [*pulling out a Handkerchief, drops a
Paper,*

Paper, which she takes up] away with your butts, your ifs, and your yets, and join Issue immediately, or you're nonsuited—Must I be forc'd to use my Authority? don't provoke me, lest you sink under the Weight of a Judge's Displeasure—We are dreadful Fellows in Power! therefore have a Care.

Maria. This new Honour has certainly craz'd my Uncle! o' my Conscience, rather than be degraded, he would stand by this Devil of *Mortimer* himself, till he perform'd the Deed of Darknes--- Pray, Sir, let me go Home.

Serj. If you will go to the Place from whence you came, you shall thence to the Place of Execution, where you shall be Hang'd till you're half Dead, and then be cut into four Quarters, and your Bowels burnt, for high, Swinging high Treason, in rebelling against the Sovereign Authority of my unspotted Ermin.

Maria. This Crime will make it foul; Black as Hell's Practice, or the Trade of Perjury. What to do I know not: If I refuse, I lose his Favour, and that's my Bread: If I comply, then farewell Reputation and Peace of Mind.

Serj. What, again at a stand? Why, you perplex the Cause worse than an Evidence that's deaf and dumb, and is only to be understood by Signs—Go to, and know your Duty, for I expect an Obedience as if I were your Father. You're my adopted Child, and bound to submit to my Commands, if the ancient Measures of divine and human Laws are of any Force; and if they are not, I'll make new Ones on this Occasion.

Maria. Command my Life, and I'll freely give it; but this is such a Task, I cannot think upon't, but Horror seizes me.

Serj. Whence comes these Fits, in the Devil's Name? they're not of the Mother, I'm sure: She

wou'd have swallow'd such an Offer, and have made no Bones on't.

Maria. Dispose of me any ways but this: tho' it be to my Death, I'll thank you for't; but to give myself up to the lewd Embraces of a Person I mortally hate, is far more terrible; and I had rather starve than gain a Fortune on such base Conditions.

Serj. Conditions! Why thou perverse Chit of a wanton Generation, how can'st thou thus bastardiz'd? hufwife, hufwife, if you won't lie with him, you will with somebody you like better, and I'll make you accept of my Choice, or turn you out of doors with your Load of Virtue, instead of a Portion, and see how the starving your Spirit will agree with the Pride of your Flesh.

Maria. What shall I do? what Course shall I steer?

Serj. That which tends to the making you rich and happy.

Maria. I shall be ruin'd.

Serj. You shall be made.

Maria. A Whore.

Serj. Why you peremptory Carrion, who thrives that are otherwise? He's a wise Man, and will be careful of your Honour in regard of his own; and, to my Knowledge, 'tis safer trusting your Virtue in his Hands, than Money in a Banker's — True, he's a little waggish, or so; alas! Child, that's nothing --- learned Men are of Opinion, that warming the Blood, by being now and then facetious, is very conducing to Health--Gad's my Life, he's here, Niece--if you have any Respect for yourself and me, play the part of an understanding Woman, and make Use of the Time--have a care -- I shall watch you----

[*Going.*

Enter

Enter Mortimer.

Mort. Ho! brother Lord——a Word before you go.

Serj. What Commands has my most illustrious Prop of Preferment! Any thing new, my Lord?

Mort. Happy News for you —— I always thought you would be a great Man; why the Queen, by me, puts an Opportunity into your Hands of being greater still.

Serj. How! does her Majesty think upon the lowest of her Subjects? I shall never be able to repay such Goodness---can I serve her, my Lord?

Mort. Why, no body else; she has try'd the Judges already, and they are restiff, like so many tired Horses.

Serj. What is it, my Lord? what is it?---how does your Lordship like my Niece? is she courteous?

Mort. Charmingly, charmingly-----but to our Business; there are a Parcel of froward Persons, that stand upon their Privileges because they are Peers, and, you must know, are very unmannerly both to the Queen and myself. Now they were ordered to be prosecuted with *Mountacute*, and the Knaves in Scarlet refused, pretending they were above their Cognizance.

Serj. How! above their Cognizance! who are they? let me know 'em, and their Crimes, and if I do not case 'em up, uncase me---But what will become of me if a Parliament should be summoned?

Mort. Oh! fear it not: the Queen will never call a Parliament, lest they might question her, as well as you; therefore be stanch.

Serj. Twist a Whip, I'll go thro' stitch, my Lord; I'll wade through thick and thin, till I'm made Chief Justice, or Chancellor.

[*Exit.*

F 2

Mort.

Mort. 'Tis well, my little wandering *Jew*, you came back as you did, else you had lost a Lover: Say then, can'st thou love me? Speak, and make me happy, and thy self illustrious.

Maria. I must feign a Compliance, till I'm out of his Power. [*Aside*] Good Sir, spare the Trouble, and let my Blushes speak my Heart.

Mort. What! must I then be forc'd to bribe my Judge, e'er she will give her Opinion----here, there's Gold for thee---nay, nay, take it-----she has nick'd me 'faith; my own Way exactly; the Method I follow to a Tittle-----but my Sentence----

Maria. I am not as I was, yet cannot tell my Ailing. Since I have seen you, Sir, my Heart doth throb and beat, as if 'twou'd have Liberty.

Mort. Caught, by my Honour! she's in, and at this rate there will be no Occasion for Violence. [*Aside.*]

Maria. And when you speak of Love, your Words pierce me---I find a pleasing Shivering seize on me, and I grow giddy with the unusual Joy.

Mort. In Love, the Experience of thirty could not have demonstrated better----Come, Child, I'll repay it with double Interest----I have a thousand fine Curiosities within my Closet, which thou shalt be Lady of immediately.

Maria. Oh, Heavens! What have I done? I've fool'd myself into a Snare----But blessed Deliverance! my Uncle.

Re-enter Serjeant Either side, *confus'd, and looking round the Room for the Paper he dropp'd.*

Mort. Pox on this Rascally Serjeant! the Fellow has forgot all Manners since I made him a Judge ----- how now, my Lord! what brings you so soon back?

Serj.

Serj. My Lord!---- [*Looking round.*]

Mort. Have you lost any thing?

Serj. Lost any thing! odds so, I must not say I've lost the Paper he gave me for the World----- 'Tis as much as my Judgship is worth. [*Aside.*]

No, my Lord---yes I have lost, I may say, all Patience with this untowardly Girl, here.

Mort. Come, come, Brother, don't chide her; let me tell you she mends apace----she is not half so squeamish as she was.

Serj. Verily I rejoice to find the Wench has Grace at last---Many a Lesson have I read her, and many an aching Heart have I had for fear she should rebel against my paternal Tenderness, and become graceless.

Mort. But now, Child, tell your Uncle there's no fear on't.

Maria. I hope, my Lord, there is not.

Serj. I tell you, my Lord, your shy Cocks, for the most part, fight the best Battle.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord, here's a saucy, impertinent, insolent sort of a Man below, says, he must and will speak to your Lordship---He's not to be said nay.

Mort. Must speak with us? what wants he? what is he? dost know?

Gent. His Business, he said, was with the Master, and not with the Man; and looks one of the meaner Citizens.

Mort. No Citizen of Rank durst use any of my Dependents in that rough Manner; however, send him up, let's see this abrupt Rascal; if his Intelligence be not pleasing, he shall pay dear for this Interruption. [*Exit Gent.*]

Serj. I find, my Lord, you are uneasy at your being so open to Business; nor can you be private here,

here, indeed, as Love requires ----- What thinks your Lordship of my House? there you may be secure.

Mort. You advise well, and as becomes your Robe---Nothing better---As soon as I've dispatch'd this Wretch, I'll attend you.

Enter Felt.

Felt. A hard Case, truly---because I, have not fine Cloaths on, forsooth, I must be abused by a Pack of Scoundrels here.

Mort. What's the Matter, Friend? Why so angry?

Felt. Why, to be plain with your Honour, that Porter of yours is a Hangman-looking Dog; a griping, skinny Rascal, and push'd the Door in my Face, because I would not daub his ugly Fist, forsooth.

Serj. Hark ye, Master, take Care what you say ---you're before a Judge, do you see me--- you know the Penalty of insulting the Servant of a Person in his Lordship's high Station; Let me tell you, Friend, 'tis *Scandalum magnatum*.

Felt. Be what it will, Persons in high Station should teach them better Manners then.

Mort. Upon what Provocation was all this?

Felt. Provocation, an' please you! No more than I give your Honour now---I only said I had paid Scot and Lot, and gone thro' all the Offices of the Parish, as you in the Government; and wish'd my Country perhaps as well as your Lordship. I hope a Body may say so much without Offence.

Serj. *Item, Scandalum magnatum, in extremo.* --- Offence with all my Heart! Why, can there be a greater than to speak irreverently of Public Ministers?

Mort:

Mort. Pr'ythee no more of this Impertinence, but to the Business.

Felt. I come, my Lord, in the Name of all my Fellow-Citizens, to demand Justice, in Behalf of a poor Man that was inveigled to give his Vote for twenty Marks: but the Purchaser not getting his Election, has since thrown him in Jail for't, which we think a very hard Case.

Mort. The Plaintiff's Name?

Felt. Sir *Nettle Bribevote*, an please you.

Mort. Ha! speak again.

Felt. Why, Sir *Nettle Bribevote*, an please you.

Mort. Know'st thou what thou say'st? He's a Friend of ours, and incapable of a base Action.

Felt. Let him be whose Friend he will, the Action's lodg'd, and 'tis a Shame the poor Man should be kept in Hold any longer.

Mort. How now! do'st thou presume to direct us?

Felt. Marry, some People want Direction.

Mort. Insolence! be gone, or——

Felt. I thought as much— [Exit grumbling.]

Serj. Come, my Lord, this beggarly Elf is beneath your Notice.

Mort. He is so——therefore, my Lord, we'll lose no Time——I accept of your Invitation.

Serj. Your Lordship does me inexpressible Honour——Huzzy! You'll be sure to follow.

[Exeunt.]

Maria. They are gone, and, thank Heaven, I am once more delivered from the Brink of Destruction——so, now let me gratify my Curiosity [Takes a Paper out of her Bosom, and reads it.] Good Heaven! what do I see! the very Scroll of Death-----Directions in what Manner to proceed against *Mountacute!*----Be but propitious Stars, and I will make this Instrument of Villainy the Guide
by

by which I'll steer this almost sinking Bark through
all the Rocks which threaten his Destruction-----
it will bring me to his Right---Blessed Accident!

*And tho' my Fortune can't expect his Love,
My generous Care of him he must approve.*



A C T IV.

SCENE MOUNTACUTE'S HOUSE.

Enter Mountacute and Holland.

Mountacute.

ALL Things move forward with a prosperous
Breeze,
And we shall reach the Harbour of Success
Sooner than we believ'd. 'Tis now in View:
Heav'n seems as if it took peculiar Care,
Promising Safety to the Royal Cause,
Inspires the King, who steers the mighty Bark,
Keeping him steady in his Resolution.

Sir Rob. Hol. 'Tis wonderful indeed; it shews
the Hand

Of Providence is with us: *Never Prince
Was grac'd with so much Knowledge as young Edward.*
Considering his Years, 'tis wonderful.

He weighs with all the Gravity and Thought
Of an experienc'd Statesman what's propos'd,
*Still as he speaks, the Accent of each Word
Keeps proper Time,* and points to his Revenge.

Mount.

Mount. *His Ears are open to the Nation's Groans;*
 He credits now the Baseness of the Queen,
 In the Support of baser *Mortimer*,
 Who magnifies his Mischiefs by Success,
 And thrives i'th' Eye of Heav'n.

Sir *Robt. Holl.* Tax not the Pow'rs above, lest
 we are forsaken :

They often suffer what they don't approve.
 Their Vengeance makes us know why we are pu-
 nish'd :

Such Visitations whet our Penitence ;
 Create Reflections on the inward Cause ;
 For Conscience is the Mirror of our Souls,
 Which represents the Errors of our Lives
 In their full Shape.

Mount. But tell me Friend what Message is re-
 turn'd

From *Exeter* and *Berkley* ? Will they come ?
 Or chose they rather tamely to be noozed ?

Sir *Rob. Holl.* Be not too rash, for they are Men
 of Worth.

Do not believe, because they left the Court,
 Retreating to their quiet rural Seats,
 Where they might gorge the Vulture of their
 Minds,

They're cold or stupid when their Honour calls.
 No, *Mountacute*, believe me, they have heard,
 That, *in the Roll of Fame, there yet remains*
One Chance, one glorious Lot, that's worthy hazard,
 Whereby the Kingdom's Fate may be retriev'd.
 Rouz'd with the Summons, they have wing'd their
 Haste,

Vying who shall become the second *Curtius*.

Mount. Why, so it was with *Leicester*, when first
 I told the glorious Action now in Hand :
 He, like some Lion, almost stiff with Ease,
 Lolling at length within his antic Cave,

Takes the Alarm of the Huntsman's Sound,
At which he stretches out his well-grown Limbs,
Brustles his horrid Main, and furls his Tail;
Stalks to the Field, and swells to meet the Foe.

Sir Robt. Holl. They meet this Night at Council,
where they'll find

Matter prepar'd sufficient to inspire 'em.

Mount. All join; the Nobles, Gentry, and the
Commons:

The Chain is rivetted; the wresty People,
Whose Rights and Privileges are usurp'd,
No longer free, but all in Vassalage,
Are ripe for Mischief, ready for Rebellion.
They wait from us the Signal when to dole
The Act of Justice---wou'd the Cry were up,
That I might see these Manglers of the Realm
Drove to the Shambles, and expos'd as Beasts.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, a Gentlewoman waits to speak
with you.

Mount. Conduct her in: [*Exeunt Servant.*

Sir Robt. Holl. I'll take my Leave----at Six we
meet again: [*Exit.*

Mount. I shall not fail.

Re-enter Servant with Maria.

Your Business, Fair One?

Maria. When I shall tell the Subject of my Er-
rand,

Perhaps it may deserve Attention;
But I must request your Privacy.

[*Nods at the Servant, who exits.*

Mount. You are obey'd---By Heaven a charm-
ing Creature!

Now speak your Pleasure, Madam.

Maria. I come, my Lord, a Suppliant from a
Maid,

Who

Who for some years has ey'd your noble Worth ;
 And, tho' her Birth, nor Fortune, can pretend
 To merit that Return she long has sigh'd for,
 Yet so her partial Destiny has order'd,
 She still admires your Person and your Virtues.

Mount. Well, my fair Suitrefs, whither does this
 tend ?

Maria. With Silence hitherto she has concealed
 The faucy Flame ; oft strove to stifle it ;
 Yet, rather than her Folly should be known,
 She let it prey upon her vital Parts,
 Hoping at last 'twould end her hapless Days,
 And her ambitious Love die unrevealed.

Mount. That was unkindly done, she could not
 doubt Success,
 When she had one so fair to plead her Cause.

Maria. The Disproportion is so great between ye,
 That she must still despair, and still love on.
 Fortune has plac'd her where you most abhor:
 Diseases, Infamy, or Death itself,
 You would not shun with more precipit Haste,
 If I should name the Person ; yet, even there,
 Amidst the Toil and Anguish of her Life,
 A happy Moment did present itself,
 To make her be the lucky Messenger
 Of Health to you, tho' she must ever linger.

Mount. I'll spare the Trouble of your Blushes,
 Lady ;
 For I've a Soul so tender of the Sex,
 Skill'd in the little Niceties of Love,
 As shall prevent the Torture of Confession,
 And do you Justice.

[*Takes her by the Hand, which she pulls from him.*]

Maria. You wrong your Judgment, and you
 censure ill :
 I came not hither, Sir, on that Account :
 No loose Desires, the Product of ill Blood,
 Can blast the Reputation of my Life :

My Honour guards me from that Infamy ;
 But I am hurry'd hither by my Fate,
 And bring a Secret of great Importance,
 The Service possibly may merit Pity ;
 Which if I meet with, I am well rewarded.

Mount. I do believe it, and accept the Offer---
 Come, wave this Woman's Method to allure us,
 You're safe and secret here---none can disturb us :
 And I'll give you such Returns of Love ;
 Such hearty Proof, thou shalt soon be convinc'd,
 Tho' it be Infant-born, it rivals thine.

Maria. Away!--How have I err'd! Are all
 Men thus?
 Thus full of Guilt?---My Senses do recover,
 And I begin to loath the Tempter's Charms---
 Read that---[*Gives a Paper.*] for I must leave you---
 Oh, my Heart!

If thou would'st be my Friend, beat faster on,
 And force thy Passage thro' these feeble Walls.

Mount. Yet stay---what have I here?
 By all that's sacred, peremptory Orders
 For my Destruction! *Mortimer's* Hand to't!
 How came she by this?---Now, I recollect;
 She told me that her Fate had fix'd her where
 I should detest the naming, if I knew it.
 It must be so---Well, my Deliverer,
 I thank you---by my Honour I'm sincere!
 This Scroll which thou hast given speaks thy Kind-
 nefs,

And says, thou art all Goodness, tho' the Place
 Of thy Abode be with the worst of Men:
 Nor will I lag in making a Return,

[*Offers Money, which she refuses.*
 Tho' at the Present I am lost in Thought.

Maria. I am rewarded, Sir, and have my End.
 If you apply this Caution
 To the right Use, you may escape the Snare ;
 But, if you slight it, then I know the worst

For,

For, tho' I am no suitable Companion
 In Life, yet, in the Grave, we undistinguished
 May mingle Ashes, tho' our Souls are distant.

Mount. You must not leave me ; I have much
 to say :

The Injury I have done you by Suspicion,
 When my rude Thoughts led me into an Error,
 I must atone.

Maria. This Language does not suit my hum-
 ble Character ;
 Nor is it noble to despise my Sufferings.

Mount. By all my Hopes of Credit I am real !
 There's something from thy Eyes hath shot my
 Soul,
 And I could gaze for ever on such Goodness.

Maria. Alas ! my Lord, my Wishes stoop to
 Fear ;
 Your Dignity and Honour intervene.

Mount. What will not Gratitude, with Love
 conjoin'd,
 Remove ? Tell me no more of Honour, Dignity ;
 When Charms like thine appear, all must give
 place.

Maria. My Lord, I had a Father, and a noble
 one,
 Whose Memory yet lives, tho' he is dead.
 Men spoke him brave, if Loyalty can plead
 In his Behalf---'Twas Colonel *Stapleton*.

Mount. Thou charm'it me more--Why Loyalty's
 a Gem
 Fit for a Prince's Crown.

I knew thy Father ; gallant, worthy Man !
 His Sufferings were remarkable and noble ;
 And thou art, Fair One, richer, sprung from that,
 Than had a Traytor, bless'd with Millions, got
 thee---

I'll to the King ; acquaint him with thy Goodness :
 His Safety is procur'd by this Precaution :

And

And sure he'll recompence thy Loyalty.
 With his Consent we will for ever join ;
 Thy Virtues will in future Ages shine ;
 While untir'd Fame her matchless Worth shall sing,
 Who sav'd her Country, Lover, and her King.

Scene changes to Serjeant Either side's.

Enter Mortimer and Either side.

Mort. Thy Patent's ready--the Queen and I have
 thought thee deserving of it.

Serj. Oh, Lord ! how shall I speak my Gratitude
 for such heav'nly Goodness !--A Lord-chief-justice!
 Lud ! I can't contain myself.

Mort. But the other Affair must be done to
 Nigh.

Serj. To Night must it be done ?

Mort. This Night ; the Queen's gone to her
 Son,

Who is in Council with these Men we've men-
 tion'd.

At dead of Night the guards shall seize 'em all ;
 And, when they once are Pris'ners, see you take
 Care

That nothing frees 'em but an Ax or Gibbet.

Serj. But pray what Evidence has your Lordship
 against 'em ?

Mort. Dull Wretch ! Have I against them ?

Law and Religion sure are useles grown,
 When Priests want Vouchers, or a Judge Inform-
 ers.

Think of the Management in *Edmund's* Tryal,
 And give these Lords his Fate.

Serj. Well, well, my Lord, their Business shall
 be done.

Mort. Or they'll do our's----I know their Sub-
 tletie :

They're silent Setters all, and close ;

Not

Not apt to quest, and give their Quarry Notice---
'Tis then the Net draws certain to Destruction.

Serj. Fear not my Diligence in dispatching an Enemy ; but 'twould do well to get the Queen to pass an Order under the Broad-Seal for the speedy removing 'em to *London*, and let her Son be kept here 'till they're dispatch'd.

Mort. It shall be done---Is there ought else ?

Serj. That's all---and I'll send up my Creatures before-hand to purchase a Jury for them. As for Evidence, there are poor Rogues in abundance ; and the larger the Bribe, the stronger the Oath---so adieu, my Lord ! You'll find *Maria* in her own Room I reckon by this---I hope she'll divert your Lordship in the mean time----Oh, Lud ! a Chief-justice ! [Exit.

Mort. What a Bundle of Self-Interest art thou !
-----Tho' I love it in myself, I wonder at it in others---Well, now sure I have nothing to fear either from her Resistance, the Surprize of a saucy Interruption, or my own Impotency ; but may revel safely till the destin'd Hour, that almost raises me to Sov'reignty. [Exit.

Scene changes to the Palace, discovers the King, Leicester, Mountacute, Berkley, Sir Tho. Delamore, Holland and Exeter, at Council.

King. What will ye farther ? This Scroll of *Mountacute's*
Fully expresses the dire Fiend's Design.

Leicest. Time must suit the rest---
Nor may we trifle dangerous Distempers ;
If they not meet a sudden Opposition,
They baffle all Prescription when too late,
And render Physic useles.

Exeter. 'Tis thoroughly advised---pursue it, Sir :
Sir Tho.

Sir *Tho. Dela.* Your murder'd Father, whom we
oft admonish'd,

Nay, told him plainly what hath since ensu'd,
Laugh'd at our Caution: Sir, you must be careful,
Or all is lost beyond Recovery.

Exeter. If you persist in what you seem to like,
Safety and Glory you will find attend it;
But if the Queen should change you, farewell Power!
Let *Mortimer* the Place of *Edward* fill:
We are content to fall, if you are so.

King. I will observe Directions, weigh each
Word;

Not vary from a Tittle---My Safety
Is with your's, as your's with mine, united.
Sure never Prince was fav'd from greater Hazards,
Under the specious shew of Zeal to serve me.

What must I call you? Friends! that Name's too
poor;

But yet a Friend will venture wond'rous Things,
When what we love is compass'd round with Dan-
ger.

Let me embrace ye all, and tell the World,
No Prince can match the Council I am bless'd with.
(*Within.*) I must acquaint the Prince, ere I ad-
mit your Majesty.

Queen. Traytor!

Enter a Waiter, driven in by the Queen.

King. What means this Noise?

*They all rise: she walks round'em, comes to the
Front, and speaks.*

Queen. The Rumour then is true! I find it now;
But I much wonder, ye audacious Men,
That ye assemble here without my Leave;
You who had fell, and justly, for your Crimes,
Had not my Clemency excus'd your Ives.
Has Mercy harden'd your presumptuous Hearts?
Or are you past Reproof?

Sir

Sir Tho. Dela. Madam, what we have done---

Queen. There is a better Man to answer me
Than *Delamore*, thou Usher to these Schoolmen,
Who in their Absence sets my Son such Lessons.

Mount. Then, since your Majesty---

Queen. Boys I could never listen to---
Go, prattle with my Page.

Leicest. If I may speak---

Queen. Age is a Changling,
And languishes for Hospitals---You, Sirs, I speak
To, *Exeter* and *Berkley*, who draw together
In the Team of Politicks: who sent for you?
Be brief, and answer justly, as you love your
Lives.

Berk. That we esteem our Lives is very plain:
Our Care o'th' King confirms it:
It is by his Command we here are met,
To argue his Proposals, solve his Questions,
And, to the utmost of our Thoughts and Duty,
Preserve the King, in Grandeur, Peace, and
Safety.

Queen. The King!

Exeter. The King: to whom your Majesty's no
Stranger
Being so near related.

Queen. Unheard of Insolence! Why, who am I

Exeter. His Mother.

Queen. Traytor! there is another Title due to
me.

Exeter. None that we know of.

Queen. Thou ly'st:

And I will stamp the Falshood down thy Throat---
Unthankful Boy! how can'st thou suffer this,
And hear thy Mother talk'd so to by Slaves?

King. Madam, your Passion makes their Duty
stagger:

You use 'em not like Noblemen, but Peasants.

Tho' Subjects, they have no Dependence on us ;
 And Majesty's adorn'd, and serv'd by them,
 Much more than is at all Times fit to own.

'Tis true they are not safe but under Kings,
 Nor can Kings flourish but by such Assistance.

Queen. Indeed, Sir ! You are grown a Disputant,

And jabber Politicks most learnedly ! ---
 Thou Tool, thou Instrument of Self-destruction !
 Do'st think these State-Worms mean thee further
 Good,

Than what may serve to introduce their own ?
 I tell thee, Counsellors are all alike,
 And Princes know no more than they think fitting ;
 So, whilst his Glory does not injure theirs,
 They are content they may grow great together.

Berk. Madam, this Doctrine may be prov'd elsewhere,

Where Power's unjustly us'd by sad Permission.
 We have no Ends or Aim, but the King's Safety.
 'Tis true so far, our own depends upon't :
 The King's our Shepherd, born to protect his People ;

And, as the Lamb flies from the Wolf to him
 That guards the Flock, so we seek Refuge here.
 Life's all we hope for ; indeed Life's all in all ;
 And 'tis so sweet, that all are fond to save it.

King. Madam, in short, I am of Age to govern,
 And here assume the Right my Father left me.
 These I have chose to be my worthy Guides ;
 This I resolve, and strait will make it good.

Queen. Have I no Place ? Am I a Cypher grown ?
 Will none afford a Place for Dignity ?

King. Accept of mine.

Queen. No ; this may serve your Mother :

[Sits down at the End of the Table by Leicester.
 I will sit here, with this good Man's Allowance.

Come

Come, I'll be govern'd too---Pray, be my Friends,
As well as his, for once.

Exeter. Nay, Madam, this we must not suffer
neither.

[*They all retire from the Table.*]

Queen. What, am I left alone?

Am I infectious? Dare none sit near the Plague?

Ungracious Boy! Is this thy filial Love?

This the Return for all the Pangs and Throws

I suffer'd at thy Birth? This the Reward

For all my Sorrows, Cares, Anxieties,

Which through thy sickly Infancy possess'd me,

When, many a weary Night, bereft of Rest,

I've slumber'd o'er thy Cradle, and bemoan'd

My own hard Fate? Now, it proves so indeed:

I've nurs'd a Viper, given an Adder warmth;

Which, being grown to Strength, forgets its Pa-
rent,

And covets preying on her Entrails-----Oh! mon-
strous Crime!

King. Nay, Mother, Mother----

Exeter. Be not caught, Sir; these Tears, like
those of *Syrens*,

Entice you but to leap to sure Destruction.

Queen. Must he alone have Credit? Am I no-
thing?

Return e'er 'tis too late, I do conjure thee!

By all the Comforts thou hast e'er receiv'd;

By all thy Duty due, which Heav'n commands,

Attend my Pray'rs, and throw th' envenom'd
Robe

Off from thy Person e'er the Poison fix,

Or else thou art lost for ever.

Sir Tho. Dela. Oh, Sir, be steady, or you ruin
all!

King. I must retire, or I shall melt to Folly---

Madam, I'm indispos'd, and must withdraw.

Queen. Come hither, Child, and rest upon my
Bosom :

I'll hush thy Cares, and quiet thy Disturbers,
As when I lull'd thee first.

Exeter. Away, Sir.

Queen. My Son.

Berk. Be deaf, Sir.

Queen. *Edward*, my only *Edward*, hear thy Mo-
ther.

King. Force me away, if you regard my Glory.

Mount. That shan't be wanting.

[*They force him away.*

[*Exeunt all but Queen,*

Queen. My Child ! my Comfort ! Darling ! Prop
of Life !-----

I shall grow mad-----I find the Furies seize me-----

My Gall boils up, and I am all on Fire.-----

Come then, Revenge, thou Banquet of the Gods,
And let me gorge my rav'nous Appetite.

Inspire me, *Nemesis*, thou subtlest Fury ;

Drive from my Soul the Weakness of my Sex,

And make me Masculine in my Attempts.

Some Women have done Wonders in their Rage !

Why should not I, for I have Cause prodigious ?

Nature for ever here I banish thee :

Remorse, and Conscience, Pity, all farewell ;

Instruct me Malice, and assist me Hell.

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T

A C T V.

SCENE THE CASTLE.

Enter Mortimer and Maria, dress'd fine.

Mort. **A**Y, my Charmer;-----
Now thou look'st like what thou art,
But what thou shalt be the Event must tell.
Thou shalt prefer, take down, do as thou wilt;
have a greater Court than the Queen, and be
greater than her in Effect, as I am, in Effect, than
the King; for I, who command this Nation, am
commanded by thee.

Maria. But, my Lord-----

Mort. Not a Word more----I expect the Queen
every Moment; and, when this Night is over,
all the rest of my Nights and Days shall be at thy
Devotion-----Give thy Uncle this, (*giving a Pa-
per*) 'tis a Commission to take the Lives of six
rank, stubborn, loyal Rogues, &c, who, when
dispatch'd---

Maria. Are they your Lordship's Enemies?

Mort. I know not what Prejudice they have to
my Person, but they're Enemies to my Interest;
and that's a Statesman's Cause at all Times-----
There's Mountacute, Delamore, Holland. (Whispers)
-----What a Feast will there be for the Hangman!
But go, Love, go.--I feel Temptation creeping
upon me, and it is not proper at this Time to fall
under it.

Maria. No, Villain, no!

Their Fates shall be revers'd--If this can plead,
It falls, curst *Mortimer*, on thy own Head. (*Aside.*)

[*Excunt.*]

Mort:

Mort. In what a comfortable Manner shall I
 spend the latter Part of my Life!
 Now, Fears be gone—the noble Treason's sign'd
 And seal'd——now, *Edward*, I will mount thy
 Throne.

By Heav'n, she was so eager in her Vengeance,
 She never read the Mischief she has granted:
 Oh, how she rav'd! cursing her Son and Peers,
 Resolving not to rest without Revenge.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Have you dispatch'd the Paper which I
 sign'd?

Mort. I have;
 And these couch'd Lyons, who shrink up their
 Claws,

Thinking to grasp our Lives with firm Security,
 Fall in our Toil this Night.

I have Intelligence your Son has summon'd
 His trusty, loyal Lords, to sup with him;
 So when they're careless in their Luxury,
 We'll bolt upon 'em with such sure Destruction,
 Nor *Edward*, nor the World, shall rescue 'em.

Queen. He rescue them! why he, with them,
 must fall;
 For what avails the Carnage without him?

Mort. 'Tis true, indeed; by halves 'twere doing
 Business——

The Rebel-Lords have written, and dispers'd
 A Proclamation in young *Edward's* Name,
 In which he does convene a Parliament
 To meet the following Month at *Salisbury*;
 There to debate on proper Means and Ways,
 How to secure the Nation's future Peace;
 But if this noble Resolution's held,
 It puts us past the Fear of all their Malice.

Queen. By me it shall—A Parliament! Pre-
 sumption!

He

He shall repent his Disobedience ; foolish Boy !
His learned Council too shall be rewarded,
If Axes, Gibbets, Racks, severest Tortures
Can be produc'd sufficient for their Number.

Mort. Think they, dull Souls, they shall eclipse
your Glory ?

Think they we'll fall a publick Spectacle
To every mean-soul'd Villain ?

No, like the Sun, in it's full Noon of Light,
Still shall you shine—too strong for vulgar gaze.

Queen. We thank thy Zeal ; but hasten Execution——

We must not dally precious Hours away.

Mort. Madam, I cringe me to your great Command——

With the Chief-Justice, strait, I'll hold Discourse---
The Result shall be told your Majesty. [*Exeunt:*

Scene changes to the Market-Place:

Enter Citizens and Mob.

1st Mob. No Wonder we are as we are, if all
this be true.

2d Mob. Why, ay, truly ; what's the Nation
the better for him ?

Bumper. That's a great deal the *Worse* for him,
Neighbour ; but he's a great deal the *Better* for
That.

Oldstie. So he well may, when he has stripp'd
the Tree of all it's Fruit.

Felt. Which I'm afraid will never blossom again.

Bump. Not while he has the Care of it, at least.

1st Mob. But hark ye me—the *Scots* did not use
to be so ready for Peace.

2d Mob. No indeed---no more they did.

Bumper. Why, here it is----put the Case now,
any one had abused you, and call'd you *Son of a*
Whore, and to *salve up the Sore*, he had given
you

64 THE FALL OF MORTIMER.

you a good round Sum, you'd stand his Friend upon a Pinch, wou'd you not, tho' you were never so sturdy before?

1st Mob. Ay, marry wou'd I, as long as I found the good Marks coming in.

Bumper. But if at any time he should stop Payment---what then?

1st Mob. What then! oh, faith! I'd soon bully him into better Haviours.

Bumper. Then, I find, to have your Friendship one must pay you well for't.

1st Mob. To be sure---especially when I know my Chap won't fight?

Bumper. But if by Chance he were brave, and wou'd fight?

1st Mob. Then, perhaps, I'd have a Knock with him, and perhaps not; and there wou'd be an end on't.

Bumper. So then 'tis only your Cowards come off by the Lee?

All. Only your Cowards.

1st Mob. But they say the French won't like this Peace.

Bumper. Oh, hang 'em! they're cunning Foxes---If Truth were known, I warrant they're at the Bottom of all this---their Chops water at some beautiful Spot of Ground or other---Odso! here's my good Lord Mountacute---Stand on one Side---Perhaps we shall hear how Things go.

Enter Mountacute.

*Mount. What can I less for this my fair Preserver,
Than make her Mistress of the Life she saves?
Nor has she, virtuous Maid, sav'd only mine:
The worthiest Nobles, nay, the King himself,
Are in her Debt---Oh, how I love thee for't!
By Heaven!*

It gains thee more Possession in my Heart.

Than

Than had an Age of formal Vows been paid.
But who are these?---Oh, some Citizens assembled
---it's opportune---I'll disclose the foul, the mon-
strous Design of *Mortimer*---'Twill compleat their
Hatred---Friends and Countrymen, how do ye?

All. As well as can be expected these hard
Times.

Mount. What is there no Trade stirring then?
have you nothing to do?

All. Nothing----- Nothing-----

Mount. I'm sorry for't---it did not use to be so;
Oldfile. A sad Change truly my Lord.

Maunt. The more's the Pity.

Felt. But sure it will be otherwise anon?

Mount. It shan't be wanting on my Part to make
it so.

All. God bless you; my Lord, and send a few
like your Lordship.

Bumper. Why, my Lord, I was telling my Fel-
low-Citizens of a Way just now, that wou'd soon
mend the Times, bad as they are.

Mount. As how, prithee, *Bumper*?

Bumper. Oh, very easy, my Lord---Why, as I
take it, the Nation's at present much upon a Foot
with Wine that's upon the sour, which, when it
comes to that, shou'd be clapt into a fresh Hog's-
head, with other Ingredients, to bring it to itself
again.

1st Mob. Ay, the Hog'shead should be chang'd,
as you say, else 'twill go near to sour the Nation.

Bumper. Yet some People will tell you it is not
so much as foul, and too clean for such as us.

1st Mob. Do they so? But 'tis not for me then:
And I reckon myself to have as good a Taste as
Mr. Any-Body-----

Frame. Well, but I don't hear you say, who's
to make this same new Hog'shead?

Bumper. Why, the King's Cooper should; but he's for having it serve some Time longer.

1st Mob. Then, if he won't, we must—don't tell me, we are no Slaves yet.

Mount. Bravely said, my Friend—You ought not to be so; nor shall you be reduced to it, tho' Mortimer, by his vile Artifices, is contriving your Bonds as fast as he can. He sticks at nothing to accomplish his wicked Purposes: even now I saw a Commission under the Great Seal to dispatch six of us.

All. Abominable!

Mount. Nay, the King too is not spar'd: He's to be among the Number.

All. Vengeance!

Mount. I'm now going to impart this Discovery to the King, when a Remedy will be proposed to give new Life to our declining State. If you love your Country, therefore, this is the Time you must struggle to set it free, or never. I expect this from your Zeal and Loyalty, that you'll all be ready to back this Design, by surrounding the Castle.

All. All, All.

Mount. And that immediately——we must lose no Time.

All. We'll lose our lives for King and Country.

Mount. I thank you, Countrymen, in the Name of Both, and am glad to find the old *English* Spirit is not lost among you---Come, let me conduct ye---

All. We follow———No *Mortimer* [Exeunt.]

Scene changes to Serjeant Either-side's.

Mort. You have receiv'd the Commission I sent by your Neice, you say?

Serj. I have, and these wise Counsellors shall rue their Politicks———I'll smoak them———

Mort.

Mort. But hark ye, my Lord!

Suppose when we have lopp'd these Branches off,
The Trunk remains from whence will grow fresh
Mischiefs?

I find the Boy is fond of sovereign Sway;
Fond of the lofty Sound of Majesty:
His Soul is tun'd to absolute Prerogative,
And all his Concert strike that pleasing Air.

Serj. Look you, my Lord, let us deliver him
out of this Evil, and perhaps he'll take Care how
he falls into the same Temptation again.

Mort. Thou know'st him not:
He has a wayward Soul and stubborn Temper;
The Pride and Spirit of the Mother swell him,
With all his Father's positive Revenge.
He affects a Mildness for the want of Power;
But when he once has conquer'd his Restraint,
We must expect to pay for these Men's Lives.

Serj. Nay, 'tis good to be sure, my Lord, that's
certain; and if I thought his Reign would put an
End to ours, Charity begins at Home, and I beg
the young Prince's Pardon, I would not tamely
resign, I tell him that.

Mort. This Parliament that's summon'd will be
dangerous:

The Commons hate the Nobles, envy us,
And if we find not Means to curb these Measures,
We shall too late repent our Follies, *Either side*—
Our Heads, our Heads, must answer for our Actions.

Serj. Our Heads! I'll send him to his Father first.

Mort. Ay, there thou'rt right--what say'st thou to
another *Edvardum occidere Nolite timere, bonum est*.

Serj. Say to't! why he must have it. These
Knives dispatch'd, we shall not boggle at a greater
Matter.

Mort. A decay'd Statesman is a wretched Thing!
'Tis Flattery and ill Actions, which prefer us,
And we have Flatterers too that thrive by us,

Power makes us Knaves---We're honest out of
Service;

But when our Prince's Favours fall away,

Nothing so despicable, or unregarded;

Therefore 'tis Policy, when once we're in

To finish by those Rules we did begin-----

Then, let the Factious 'gainst my Title roar,

I'll quickly quell Disputes, when once I've Sov^r-
reign Power. [Exeunt.

Scene changes to the Palace.

*Enter King Edward, Mountacute, Delamore,
Holland, Exeter, and Leicester.*

King. Was ever Treason so unnatural!

A Mother's Hand to sign her Son's Destruction!

Now I'm convinc'd who set my Father going.

Good Heav'n! how much I owe you for this Safety,

And the kind Instrument you chuse to work it!

Oh *Mountacute*! I stand so much indebted,

I fear I want Rewards to recompence;

Yet I'll consider till I've tir'd Thought

To gratify thy Love and Loyalty.

Mount. You owe it to the Virgin that preserv'd
you, Sir;

Make her Amends, my Duty is my Payment---

But, Sir, resolve apace; each Moment is impor-
tant----

Your loyal Citizens impatient wait:

They cry with one Accord, away with Mortimer.

King. They shall be satisfy'd---We'll force the
Castle----

Dela. Hold, Sir.

When I was Governor, I found a Place,

Which now may be of admirable Use.

There is a private, deep, but narrow Vault,

Whose dismal, rough, unshapen Way

Was surely torn with Hands by a dark Gueſs;

For

For 'tis so strange, no Light cou'd guide the
Making:

'Twas wrought by Pris'ners, sure, for Liberty;
For in the lowest Dungeon it begins,
And has a Passage out just by the River;
There we must enter, and when we have reach'd
the Gaol

The Part o'th' Palace over it is *Mortimer's*.

King. What follows, *Delamore*?

Dela. I'th' Cieling is a Place with rusty Bolts,
Which formerly, no Doubt, was a Trap-door;
But for what Use they best must know who made it.
This we may force, and so surprize the Villain.

Mount. 'Tis a good Stratagem.

King. Let's instantly about it, then.

Holl. I think 'twere better that your Majesty,
With these good Lords and me, secure the City,
While *Mountacute* and *Delamore*, with a good Guard
Pass this same Vault; and my Lord of *Leicester*
With a Party force the Guard on the Queen's Side.

All but King----Prudently advis'd!

King. Each to his Task, then--*Mortimer* we come;
The Night begins my Reign, that seals thy Doom.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to the Castle:

Enter Mob, arm'd.

1st Mob. Hark ye, Neighbours, this is a woundy
strong Castle.

2d Mob. Ay, marry, we shall find a tough Piece
of Work on't.

3d Mob. Tough! Why, an it were as tough as
Neck Beef, our Weapons wou'd soon make it tender-----Tender as an *Englishman's* Head now
a-Days, as a Body may say.

4th Mob. Right! an the Castle were an enchanted
Castle, we'd make it smoak.

5th Mob. This Spit, let me tell you, shall do no small Execution to Night: It shall run a Score or two of *Mortimer's* People through the Guts, and roast a good Rump of Beef afterwards.

6th Mob. You talk of your Spit! Why this Pitchfork, do you mind me, shall do a hundred times as much; I'll make a Hay-rick of dead Bodies with it as high as the Castle itself---I will.

7th Mob. But do you see this Sword!----this Sword shall do a thousand times more than either your Spit or your Pitchfork---'Tis true, I believe it has not been drawn ever since the last Battle of the Barons; but when 'tis once drawn, the Enemy must stand clear-----it kills all before it.

1st Mob. Good lack! does it so? then I'm sure I'll take Care to keep behind it.

2d Mob. Methinks 'tis Pity to demolish so fine a Piece of Workmanship, that has cost such a Mort of Money, and where there's such a many fine Things.

1st Mob. You say right, Neighbour; we shou'd look before we leap. An I were to advise, we'd better stay, and see if this same *Mortimer* wou'd ease our Conditions a little.

5th Mob. Hang his Conditions! this Spit, I tell you, shall get us roasted Conditions.

6th Mob. S'Death on all Flinchers! I'll make Hay while the Sun shines, as the Saying is
[Shaking his Pitchfork.]

7th Mob. What! Draw, and put up again without doing any thing! No thank you for that: No sham Fight: my Sword won't be bamboozled so neither-----Those that don't like being for us, may be against us.----No wheedling, d'ye see.

All but 1st and 2d Mob. No wheedling! no wheedling;

1st Mob. Nay, nay, an that be the Case, I've done advising

2d *Mob.* And I too---but pray, who's to command us :

3d *Mob.* Command us ! Who the Duce should command a Mob ?

4th *Mob.* No, no, we won't be commanded---Master *Bumper* is to give us some *Instructions* from our Betters by and by, and we'll one and all be directed by him.

All. Ay, ay, one and all.

Enter Bumper.

Bumper. Now, Neighbours, for the Honour of *England*---Now's the time to shew your Mettle, if you have any---Every thing's ready for the Push, and, if you prove good Blood, you'll soon see this Castle and it's proud Master both in our Power.

5th *Mob.* Oh, rare ! there will be Plunder for ye, my Boys !

6th *Mob.* Ay, then we shall *plunder* the *Plunderer* ; and I'm sure there's no harm in that.

Bumper. As to that, I can't tell---that must be left to the King's good Pleasure---*A great many noble Families you know have been ruin'd by this same Mortimer's Knavery, and 'tis just they should be served first---As for us, I think, to have our Liberties again is our best Reward.*

All. Ay, ay, Liberty, Liberty.

Bumper. Come then, Neighbours, follow me. We are ordered to join Master *Felt*, and some other Well-wishers, met together at the other Side of the Castle.

Let's to the last stand up for Freedom's Cause ;
For Freedom gone, farewell to all our Laws.

[*Exeunt, saying, Stand up, Fight, Die, Freedom,
Liberty, Liberty.*]

Scene

Scene changes to Mortimer's Apartment.

Enter Queen and Mortimer.

Queen. Are the Guards posted? All your Creatures stanch?

Is the Chief-Justice in a murdering Vein?

Mort. If by the Tools we judge a Master's Skill,
No Statesman sure can boast a Set like mine:
They are the true-born Sons of Villainy;
They stick at nought to serve their Master's Int'rest;
Or Preason, Murder, Regicide, or Incest.

Queen. Ay, such as these besit our Purpose well;
They'll soon remove our busy Politicians.

Mort. This Night ends all our Fears; and, ere
the Morn

Has gone her Race, they'll have our Enemies
In full Possession. Oh, then! my Queen,
Young snarling *Mountacute*, that hot-bred Boy,
And his old Counsellor, close *Delamore*,

Shall smart-----

[A clashing of Swords]

Ha! what means this Noise, my Guards? What!

Ho!----

Death! it grows louder---Are they all engag'd?

Treason! Treason!

Enter Turrington bloody.

Why that dismal Object?

Turr. Shift for yourself, Sir; all's betray'd and
lost:

The King and *Leicester* have cut off your Guards;
The City's at the Gates, and shout him King;
They cry out Vengeance for their ancient Rights,
By *Mortimer* infring'd---I can no more---
But that I have been faithful, let this witness.

[Dies.]

Queen. Oh, Heavens! What, what shall I do?

Here, *Mortimer*,

There is a Vault that will convey thee-----

Mount-

Mountacute, Delamore, and their Party, come from
under the Stage.

Mount. We will convey him, Madam, to a Place
As safe as he design'd us!

Mort. Horror, and Hell!

Queen. Oh, spare my *Mortimer*, my gentle Son!

Mount. Madam, you're deceiv'd, he's not yet
come.

Dela. Well, haughty *Mortimer*, what think'st thou
now?

Mort. That I shall die----

Delam. By all *unpity'd*, and by all *contemn'd*.

Queen. Oh, ye malicious Pow'rs:

Mount. *Blame not the Pow'rs, Madam, they are just.*
By a sad Series of triumphant Guilt,
Long had Oppression gall'd a Free-born People;
At last they're heard, and the Oppressor falls,
In justice to a plunder'd, sinking, Nation.

Mort. I am no Stranger to such Words as these:
Th' insulting Words of *Plunder* and *Oppression*,
Corruption, and the like, become familiar;
But these are Arms too impotent to wound,
When conscious Innocence opposes them.
My Actions, justly scann'd, defy ye all!
I have Avouchers-----

Dela. Wou'd vouch *unsight, unseen!*

A while ago, indeed thou might'st have found
A thousand *Vouchers*; but, I dare engage,
Thou wilt not find, even *one*, of all thy Creatures,
Will dare, i'th' *Evil Day*, to shew his Head.
Now the warm *Zenith* of thy Power's declin'd,
The sun-bred Insects dwindle into *nothing*—
But the King—

*Enter King, Leicester, Holland, Exeter, and Ser-
jeant Either side Prisoner, and Guards.*

King. Seize the vile Traytor—hurry him down
the Dungeon----

There let him groan till Day, and then he dies.

Mount. Now, Royal Sir, you are a King indeed!

King. Such be the Fate of all, who dare abuse
The Ministerial Function, and sacrifice
Their Master's Int'rest to their own *vile Ends!*
What can'st thou say,

Thou most unworthy of that Character?

How have I been misguided by thy Counsels!

Seeing Affairs but as thou list to paint them.

Forgive me, Uncle *Edmund!*

This Monster's wicked Arts, made thee appear

Guilty---nay, by the Dress he put thee on,

A *Traytor*, as himself now stands confest.

Good Gods! How many others might have fall'n

As *Innocent*, by this same subtle Dealing,

Had not th' *Almighty* aided this Discovery. (me

Mort. 'Tis my Advice, Sir, still, that you not urge

To make *Another*, that will not contribute

Much to the Honour of your Majesty.

We all are frail;

And what I've done, I still can justify.

King. Insolence unequal'd!

Mountacute, see my Orders executed:

[*Mob appear at the Entrance, insulting
Mortimer as he's guarded off.*

Queen. Oh, spare him! banish him! but spare
Thy Mother pleads--- (his Life!

King. Thou Scandal of my Blood---
Remove the *Queen*.

Queen. The *Queen!* then, not thy Mother?
Oh, hear me!

King. I'm deaf---away--- (shalt plead,

Queen. May Heav'n forget thy Prayers when thou
And may a Mother's Curse hang on thy Head.

[*Exit guarded.*

King. Now, *Eitkerside*, for thee---
Thou Shame of Justice, what hast thou to say?

Serj. Nothing but beg for Mercy---If your Ma-
jesty

jestly considers I have been but a Tool, and am not the first that has been compell'd to be a Knave by Court-Minions---

King. No----

The Nation must be satisfy'd. and thou must die.

Serj. Ay! I was damnably afraid *Mortimer* would not die alone----I thought his Lordship would have a Chief-Justice to make up his Equipage, that he might swing in *Figure*.

Mountacute brings in Maria.

Mount. Now, Sir, I claim your Promise: This Virgin is what we owe our Lives to: Her Birth you've been acquainted with, And by what Means she was compell'd to live With *Mortimer*: and sure 'twas Providence That plac'd her there for all our Benefits. I beg her for my Wife.

King. She's yours; and, to make her welcome, I invest her with all *Mortimer's* Estate; and you, Viscount *Mountacute*, be Earl of *Salisbury*.

Mount.

and } Thus, let us thank your Majesty.

Maria.

[*Both kneel.*]

King. Rise both.

Maria. No, Royal Sir, I have a Boon to beg: That old Man's Life, my Uncle, tho' an ill one; Nor has he acted aught whate'er was purpos'd; And, since my being his, made me the Instrument Of what's discover'd, I humbly would intreat---

King. Thou shalt not plead in vain----he's safe, and, if he can be honest, we may in Time take Care of him.

Serj. I humbly thank your Majesty, and will study to deserve this Mercy-----I am not the first Knave that has turn'd honest, when he found his Roguery would do him no good.

King. My Lords of *Leicester, Exeter, Dilamore,*
 And *Holland,* and all, shall share our Favours.
 May you continue as you have begun.
 The Parliament's at hand: If they encourage me,
 As I expect, they shall be satisfy'd
 How much I love them.

All. Doubt not their Duty, Sir:

King. To *Scotland* first will I an army lead,
 And check the growing Mischiefs that are spread:
 That done, to *France* in Person will I go:
 The *Flow'r-de-Luce* shall to the *Lion* bow:
 If my good Commoners are kind and free,
 I'll lose my own, or fix their Liberty.

Long have they borne Infringements on their Laws;

A wicked, worthless, Minister the Cause;

His Views no farther than himself extend,

And, center'd in himself, with his base Being end.

A King on nobler Principles should move;

His People's Good he should with Care improve, }

And leave his latest Heirs rich in his Subjects Love. }

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. MULLART.

GALLANTS! you've seen, how, in King Edward's Days,
What wond'rous Courage Liberty could raise!
Tho' weak, oppress'd; yet, when provok'd too long,
She gives convincing Proofs her Arm is strong.
If e'er she fears, 'tis when she's like to sink
By formidable Dash of Pen and Ink.
The Bully-Politician all defy'd;
But a few honest Men took down his Pride.
Was MORTIMER so vain! Did he suppose
By little Shifts on Freedom to impose?
Could nothing serve his rav'nous Appetite,
But that delicious Bit—a Nation's Right?
Thought he by Arbitrary Sway to rule,
And make an English Parliament his Tool?
Thought he his glitt'ring Ornaments would plead,
And save the Danger of his Neck and Head?
A Hempen Collar's always to be had:
That makes no Diff'rence 'twixt good Cloaths and bad.

But, Thanks to Heav'n, those wicked Times are gone
No MORTIMER wants now to rule alone.
Our blessed Ministers the Charm despise,
Because they are profoundly Good and Wise.
The blund'ring He, a mad-brain'd Mob to please,
Struck up a shameful, and more mad-brain'd Peace.
How long it lasted, I leave you to guess——
I think a Twelvemonth, neither more nor less;
Tho' to secure it, he gave up that Scroll,
We find in Story, call'd the Ragman-Roll.
We, by superior Skill hold Peace so fast!
So very firm! it must for ever last.

No Restitutions in the present Case;
Our Steps so cautious, yet so swift our Pace,
We're never hindmost in the Treaty-Race.
Then, as for Trade—the Losses we've sustain'd,
By glorious Stipulation are regain'd.
Nor did we first receive to pay the more,
But 'twas concerted on a noble Score:
Without one Florin, or one Guinea paid
On either Side, the Mutual League 'twas made.

From WHALLEY's Edition of BEN JOHNSON's
Works, Vol. V. P. 153.

MORTIMER'S FALL,

A

TRAGEDY.

Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.

HOR. in Art. Poetic,

The PERSON'S Names.

MORTIMER,	Earl of March.
ISABEL,	Queen Mother.
ADAM D'ORLTON,	Bishop of Worcester.
CHORUS,	Of Ladies, Knts. and Esqrs.
EDWARD III.	King of England.
JOHN, the King's Brother,	Earl of Cornwall.
HENRY, the King's Cousin,	Earl of Lancaster.
W. MOUNTACUTE,	King's Servant.
RO. D'ELAND,	Constable of Nottingham.
NUNCIUS,	Or a Herald. [Castle,

ARGU-

A R G U M E N T S.

“ **T**HE First Act comprehends Mortimer’s
 “ pride and security, raised to the degree of
 “ an earl, by the queen’s favour and love ; with
 “ the counsels of Adam d’Orlton, the politic bi-
 “ shop of Worcheſter, againſt Lancaſter.”

The Chorus of ladies, celebrating the worthineſs
 of the queen, in rewarding Mortimer’s ſervices
 and the biſhop’s.

“ *The Second Act ſhews the king’s love and reſpect to*
 “ *his mother, that will bear of nothing againſt Mor-*
 “ *timer’s greatneſs, or believe any report of her extra-*
 “ *ordinary favours to him ; but imputes all to his cou-*
 “ *ſin Lancaſter’s envy, and commands thereafter an*
 “ *utter ſilence of thoſe matters.*”

*The Chorus of courtiers celebrating the king’s worthi-
 neſs of nature, and affection to his mother, who will
 bear nothing that may trench upon her honour,
 though delivered by his kinsman, of ſuch nearneſs ;
 and thereby take occaſion to extol the king’s piety,
 and their own happineſs under ſuch a king.*

“ The Third Act relates (by the occaſion of a
 “ viſion the blind earl of Lancaſter had) to the
 “ king’s brother, earl of Cornwall, the horror of
 “ their father’s death, and the cunning making
 “ away of their uncle, the earl of Kent, by Mor-
 “ timer’s hired practice.”

The

The Chorus of country justices, and their wives telling how they were deluded, and made believe the old king lived, by the shew of him in Corfe-castle ; and how they saw him eat, and use his knife like the old king, &c. with the description of the feigned lights and masques there, that deceive 'em, all which came from the court.

“ The Fourth Act expresseth, by conference between the king and his brother, a change, and intention to explore the truth of those reports, and a charge of employing W. Mountacute to get the keys of the castle of Nottingham into the king's power, and draw the constable, Sir Robert d'Eland, to their party.”

Mortimer's security, scorn of the nobility, too much familiarity with the queen, related by the Chorus. The report of the king's surprising him in his mother's bed-chamber : a general gladness. His being sent to execution.

“ The Fifth Act, the earl of Lancaster's following the cry, and meeting the report. The celebration of the king's justice.”

MORTIMER'S FALL.

A C T I.

Mortimer.

THIS rise is made yet! and we now stand
[rank'd,
 To view about us, all that were above us!
 Nought hinders now our prospect, all are even,
 We walk upon a level. *Mortimer*
Is a great lord of late, and a new thing!——
 A prince, an earl, and cousin to the king*.

*———*Mortimer*

Is a great lord of late, and a new thing!] At this line we have a marginal annotation, which being verse, and rhiming to the other, as well as explanatory of the sentiment, was probably designed by the poet as a part of his work. If we admit it in the text, the whole will run thus;

———*Mortimer*

Is a great lord of late, and a new thing!

A prince, an earl, and cousin to the king.

This last verse has stood, in all preceding editions, as a note only.

L

At

*At what a divers price, do divers men
 At the same thing! another might have had
 Perhaps the burdle, or at least the axe
 For what I have this crownet, robes, and wax.*
 There is a fate, that flies with tow'ring spirits
 Home to the mark, and never checks at conscience.
 Poor plodding priests, and preaching friars may
 [make

Their hollow pulpits, and the empty iles
 Of churches, ring with that round word: but we
 That draw the subtle and more piercing air,
 In that sublimed region of a court,
 Know all is good, we make so, and go on
Secur'd by the prosperity of our crimes.
 To day is Mortimer made earl of March.
 For what? For that, the very thinking it
 Would make a citizen start! some politic trades-
 [man

Curl with the caution of a constable!
 But I, who am no common-council-man,
 Knew injuries of that dark nature done
 Were to be thoroughly done, and not be left
 To fear of a revenge. They are light offences
 Which admit that. The great ones get above it.
 Man doth not nurse a deadlier piece of folly
 To his high temper, and brave soul, than that
 Of fancying goodness, and a seal to live by
 So differing from man's life. As if with lions,
 Bears, tygers, wolves, and all those beasts of
 [prey,

He would affect to be a sheep! Can man
 Neglect what is so, to attain what should be,
 As rather he will call on his own ruin,
 Than work to assure his safety? I should think,
 When 'mongst a world of bad, none can be good,
 (I mean so absolutely good and perfect,
 As our religious confessors would have us)

It is enough we do decline the rumour
 Of doing monstrous things : and yet, if those
 Were of emolument, unto our ends,
 Even of those, the wise man will make friends
 For all the brand, and safely do the ill,
 As usurers rob, or our physicians kill.

Isabel, Mortimer.

Ifab. My lord ! sweet Mortimer !

Mor. My queen ! my mistress !
 My sovereign ! nay, my goddess ! and my Juno !
 What name or title, as a mark of power
 Upon me, should I give you ?

Ifa. Isabel.

Your Isabel, and you my Mortimer ;
 Which are the marks of parity, not power,
 And these are titles best become our love.

Mor. Can you fall under those ?

Ifa. Yes, and be happy,
 Walk forth, my lov'd and gentle Mortimer,
 And let my longing eyes enjoy their feast,
 And fill of thee, my fair-shaped, god-like man :
 Thou art a banquet unto all my senses :
 Thy form doth feast mine eye, thy voice mine ear,
 Thy breath my smell, thy every kiss my taste,
 And softness of thy skin my very touch,
 *As if I felt it ductile through my blood,
 I ne'er was reconciled to these robes,
 This garb of England, till I saw thee in them.
 Thou mak'st, they seem not boisterous nor rude,
 Like my rough haughty lords *de Engleterre*,
 With whom I have so many years been troubled.

* *As if I felt it DACTILE through my blood.*] *Dactile* is a word of no meaning ; and, though all the editions concur in the reading, the present text will probably be thought the least erroneous.

Mortimer's *Fall*.

Mort. But now redeem'd, and set at liberty,
Queen of yourself and them*.

He died, and left it unfinish'd.

* Had the poet lived to have completed this poem with the same spirit in which he begun it, we should have been able to boast of one perfect tragedy at least, formed upon the Grecian model, and giving us the happiest imitation of the ancient drama.

