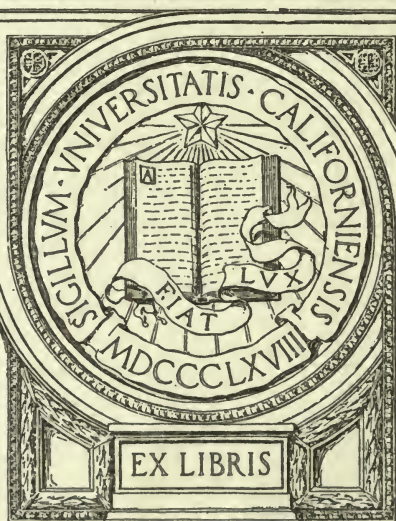


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FASCICULE XX

**Thomas Southern's Loyal Brother**

A PLAY ON THE POPISH PLOT

Edited with introduction and notes by

P. HAMELIUS

1911

**Impr. H. VAILLANT-CARMANNE**

Société Anonyme

8, RUE ST-ADALBERT, 8

**LIÈGE**

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ATTENTION



THE LOYAL BROTHER  
OR  
THE PERSIAN PRINCE,

BY  
THOMAS SOUTHERN.

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A PLAY ON THE POPIISH PLOT

Edited with introduction and notes

BY  
P. HAMELIUS.

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## SOUTHERN'S LOYAL BROTHER

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EXHIBIT

## PREFACE

The present edition has grown out of the same line of study as my article on the source of Southern's *Isabella*, printed in the *Modern Language Review*, 1909.

For kindly assistance and information received in its preparation I have to thank my wife, Prof. V. Chauvin of Liège, M. Marie Polain of Paris, Dr Brieteux of Liège, and Prof. A. Le Breton of Bordeaux.

P. H.

Hermalle sous Argenteau, Feb. 1911.





## I.

The bookseller Thomas Evans, in his « *Account of the life and writings of Southerne* » prefixed to the 1774 edition of the *Plays*, writes as follows of the *Loyal Brother*: « His first dramatic performance was *The Persian Prince, or Loyal Brother*, acted in 1682. The story is taken from *Thamas* (sic), *prince of Persia*, a novel, and the scene is laid at Ispahan. This play was performed when the Tory interest was triumphant, and the character of the Loyal Brother was no doubt intended to compliment the Duke of York, who afterwards rewarded the poet » (1).

The clue here afforded of the political significance of Southern's first tragedy has been repeated and completed by subsequent biographers and critics, and the object of the present edition is to follow it out and, so far as possible, to clear up the personal and political allusions contained in the play. In this undertaking no final certainty can be expected: many hints might be made clear to contemporaries, conversant with the intrigues of Charles II's court, by the appearance, tone and manner of actors, which are hopelessly lost to XX<sup>th</sup> century readers. Moreover, as Prof. André Le Breton has pointed out in his book: *Le Roman au XVII<sup>e</sup> siècle*, every interpretation of a *roman* or *pièce à clef* is open to the objection that truth and fiction are intermingled in them, and that is was necessary for their authors to leave

(1) Southerne : *Plays*, ed 1774, I, pp. 1-2.

many of their personal allusions open to doubt and denial. This reservation applies with less force to a work avowedly written, like ours, to serve party interests.

Our first duty has been to identify Southern's source. It is a French *turquerie* or Oriental tale published in Paris in 1676, and called *Tachmas* <sup>(1)</sup>. It is not immaterial that the binding of the copy in the Bibliothèque Nationale bears the arms of Anne-Marie-Louise d'Orléans, Duchess of Montpensier, called *la Grande Mademoiselle*, and that the novel is dedicated to her. The name of its author has remained unknown to us, although the dedicatory epistle is signed with the initials H. F. M. We imagine him or her (authoresses had made their appearance with M<sup>me</sup> de la Fayette and M<sup>lle</sup> de Scudéry), to have belonged to the Grande Mademoiselle's literary circle at St Fargeau, and to have written the tale by her command. As we did not see our way to reproducing the full text of the French novel, we subjoin a brief sum-

(1) Tachmas | Prince | de Perse | Nouvelle historique | Arrivée sous le Sophy Séliman | aujourd'hui régnant | à Paris | chez Étienne Loyson, au Palais | à l'entrée de la gallerie des Prisonniers | au nom de Jésus. | M.DC.LXXVI. | Avec permission. — I used a manuscript copy made in the Bibliothèque nationale, from Y 2 70997.

I have no particulars of a second edition, published in 1686, and kindly mentioned to me by Prof. Victor Chauvin. A slightly abridged edition, all the variants of which have been communicated to me in manuscript, appeared in 1752, published in Paris by C. P. Gueffier.

An English translation is announced in the Michaelmas Term Catalogue (Nov. 22), 1676, under the title : *Tachmas, Prince of Persia. An Historical Novel ; which happened under the Sophy Soliman, who Reigns at this day. Rendred into English by P. Porter, Esquire. In Octavo. Price bound, 1 s. (Arber's Reprint.)* — The British Museum Library contains a copy.

mary, to be compared with the contents of Southern's tragedy.

The first performance of that play is placed by Prof. Noyes <sup>(1)</sup> in the winter 1681-1682. It seems more likely to have been produced about the time of the Duke of York's return from Scotland, in March 1682. It is known to us in three editions, dated respectively 1682, 1721, 1774 <sup>(2)</sup>.

We have collated the editions of 1682 and 1744 in the British Museum, and found that neither is printed very consistently or carefully. The later edition is substantially identical with the earlier, and probably printed from it. The variants are mostly due to the change in the typographical practice of the type-setters, and chiefly affect the spelling. A few, which have been recorded in the present reprint, are intended by the 1774 corrector as an improvement on the somewhat irregular metre of the original

<sup>(1)</sup> Dryden's Poet. Works, 1908, p. 122.

<sup>(2)</sup> The | Loyal Brother | or the | Persian | Prince | a | Tragedy | as it is acted at the Theatre Royal | By their Majesties Servants. | By Thomas Southern. | I, fuge, sed poteras tutior esse Domi. Mart. London, | Printed for William Cademan at the Popes Head | in the NewExchange in the Strand, 1682. | — It is announced in the Easter Term (May) Catalogue, 1682. (Arber's Reprint, I, 485).

The second edition occurs in « The | Works | of | Mr Thomas Southerne. | Volume the first etc. | London : | Printed for J. Tonson, B. Tooke, M. Wellington, | And W. Chetwood MDCCXXI. » — The title page of *The Loyal Brother* is nearly the same as that of the first edition.

The third edition stands in « | Plays | written by | Thomas Southerne, Esq. | now first collected. | with | An account of the life and writings of the | author. | vol. I | London, | Printed for T. Evans, near York-buildings ; and | T. Becket, corner of the Adelphi, Strand. | MDCCLXXIV. » — The older title-page of the *Loyal Brother* is repeated with unimportant changes.

edition. Some obvious misprints of the earlier issue have been removed in the later, and some fresh ones introduced.

We fully agree with Genest's remark, that the dramatic merits of our play are but slender, and that its political ones are considerable <sup>(1)</sup>. As it is hardly important enough to the linguist and critic to justify a *literatim* reprint, we have modernised the spelling wherever it could be done without impairing the metre and sound of the 1682 edition. Therefore the numerous apostrophes occurring in it are only retained in the present re-issue when they alter the prosody. Mere orthographic variants are not recorded, but we hope that all others have been. Only one emendation of the text has been found necessary.

## II.

### Summary of Tachmas, prince de Perse.

The story begins after Sophy Chabas has died from poisoning, leaving two sons, the elder of whom, named Seliman, has succeeded him, and is still reigning. The younger, Tachmas, is a paragon of all perfections, and therefore the object of his brother's jealousy. Among the beauties of the court, the prince admires Négare, and she responds to his advances. He then asks the Sophy's favourite Allagolikan to make the sovereign acquainted with their wish to marry, forgetting that he has formerly caused that perfidious courtier to be punished, and has thus incurred his secret but lasting hatred. The minister treacherously awakens love for

(1) Some Account of the English Stage, I, p. 324.



the lady in Seliman's own heart, and she is conquered by the tempting offer of the crown. But her very first meeting with Tachmas revives her attachment and silences her ambition.

This repeated transfer of her inclinations is represented as evidence of her fickleness by the false hearted favourite, who is thus able to awaken distrust of Négare in the prince, as he has already aroused jealousy of the prince in the Sophy. The sovereign now separates the lovers, forbidding his brother to see the lady, and he decides to marry her himself on the next day. The disaster is completed by Allagolikan who, after having secretly let Tachmas into Négare's chamber, brings in Seliman to surprise them. Disregarding his mother's prayers, he orders Tachmas to be closely confined, and takes his favourite's advice to have sentence of death pronounced against him. But when he sees his brother led to the scaffold his heart is moved, and the execution is put off. As soon as Négare hears that her lover's life is in danger, she promises to marry the Sophy if he will spare him. Accordingly, the prince is restored to freedom and ordered to forget the lady, as she has agreed to forget him.

The treacherous minister now enters into an alliance with a beauty of the court whose love has been scorned by Tachmas, and conspires with her to breed fresh trouble by making Négare believe that her worshipper has transferred his affection to Sunamire, as the despised lady is called. The two accomplices manage to make a forged letter fall into Négare's hands, which is signed with Tachmas' name, and contains a proposal to take the Sophy's life and crown. She falls a victim to their wiles, and hands the letter to the sovereign, who is strengthened in his resentment by his favourite. Négare soon discovers her mistake, but is unable

to persuade Seliman of Tachmas' innocence. While the prince is being blinded, the unfortunate lady poisons herself; so does Bégone, the queen mother, and Sunamire stabs herself after confessing her crime. Her accomplice Allagolikan is strangled, and so the story ends.

### III.

The perusal of M<sup>lle</sup> de Montpensier's *Mémoires* <sup>(1)</sup> has convinced us that the tale, which was published five years alter Lauzun's arrest, was meant as a literary monument to Mademoiselle's ill-fated passion for the man who afterwards became her husband. The heroic younger brother who is torn from his lady-love and imprisoned is *le cadet Lauzun*. The angry tyrant who parts two tender hearts is Louis XIV., *aujourd'hui régnant*. The love-lorn maiden is Mademoiselle herself. The princess Bégone (i. e. Begum, the familiar Persian and Indian title turned into a proper name), would be the queen mother, Anne of Austria. There is less certainty about the perfidious minister. He may very well be a posthumous picture of Mazarin, a bugbear of Mademoiselle's earlier years, transferred into a later episode of her life. To the treacherous rival Sunamire the *Mémoires* give no clue.

This key to our Persian tale, though satisfactory and hardly open to doubt, is not the only alternative. For in the widow of a murdered king and mother of a living one we may also discover queen Henrietta Maria, a resident at the French court and a near relative and friend to M<sup>lle</sup> de Montpensier, and in her elder son, king Charles II., whose hand

(1) Collection Petitot, vols. 40-43.

was often fruitlessly pressed on the wealthy *Grande Mademoiselle* <sup>(1)</sup>.

The analogy between Charles's younger brother and the Tachmas of the tale is less obvious, although the Duke of York several times appears in the *Mémoires*, in favourable contrast to his brother, and once even as a possible match <sup>(2)</sup>. If the duke was understood by the initiated among contemporary readers to be intended by the Tachmas of the French novel, this might explain the fact that it appeared in English in the very year of its publication in French, and was translated by the same P. Porter who Englished *Zayde* and the *Life of the Duchess Mazarin*. It might also explain Southern's choice of this story when he resolved to write a drama celebrating the defeat of the Whigs and the Duke of York's triumph in 1682, after the collapse of the Popish plot.

(1) Notice sur M<sup>lle</sup> de Montpensier, prefixed to her memoirs in the *Collection Petitot*, vol. 40, p. 323 : « Mazarin aurait voulu que la princesse [M<sup>lle</sup> de Montpensier] épousât le prince de Galles, fils de l'infortuné Charles I<sup>er</sup>, qui était alors réfugié en France [1646.] Elle dédaigna ce... parti... Ce fut alors qu'on lui vit partager la haine peu fondée que commençait à inspirer le ministre. » — *Ibid.*, p. 327. [1649.] « Mademoiselle... parut revenir un peu de ses préventions contre le ministre. Charles I<sup>er</sup> étant mort,... son fils aîné... prit le titre de roi d'Angleterre. Les propositions qui avaient été faites furent alors renouvelées ; et Mademoiselle... se montra fort disposée à les accueillir. »

(2) Comme la duchesse d'Yorck [Anne Hyde] était morte, et qu'il avait couru un bruit que je m'allais marier avec le duc d'Yorck, M. de Lauzun vint un soir chez moi ; il me dit : « Je viens vous dire que si vous voulez épouser M. le Duc d'Yorck, je supplierai le Roi de m'envoyer dès demain en Angleterre pour négocier ce mariage : je ne souhaite rien tant au monde, me dit-il, que votre grandeur, etc. (Collection Petitot, vol. 43, p. 313).

IV.

Both the characters and the situation of that drama are to a great extent borrowed from the French *Tachmas*, especially the love story, a necessary groundwork for every Restoration tragedy. Semanthe is a new name for Négare, the innocent beauty persecuted on account of her faithful love of Tachmas. She stands for the faithful Tory party and perhaps for the slandered and suffering women in it: Queen Catherine, accused by Oates and Bedloe of conspiring with her physician, Sir George Wakeman, to poison king Charles II. (1). The love between Tachmas [the Duke of York]

(1) Pollock, p. 159-160: « The fact that the murder [of Godfrey] was sworn [by Prance] to have taken place in Somerset House was not without danger to the queen herself. At Bedloe's first information she acted a prudent part. She sent a message to the House of Lords expressing her grief at the thought that such a crime could have taken place at her residence, and offered to do anything in her power that might contribute to the discovery of the murderers. When an order was given to search the palace, she threw open the rooms and in every way facilitated the process. The course which she adopted was most wise. The Lords were touched by her confidence and voted thanks for her message. Her confessor, who had been accused by Bedloe, was not charged by Prance. In spite of the libels which assailed her she was never again molested on the matter. » — *Ibid.* p. 229. After Oates and Bedloe had launched their accusation against the queen, « The House of Commons, stirred by their deep affection and care for the royal person, voted an immediate address for the removal of the consort and her household from Whitehall, and sent to beg the Lords' concurrence; but the Lords, dissatisfied with the depositions laid before them, refused, under protest of Shaftesbury and two of his followers, to join in the vote. Their consideration had been won by the queen's behaviour on the subject of Godfrey's murder, and they refused to allow her to be molested. In public she bore herself bravely, but her intimates knew how greatly she had been distressed by the attack. »



and Semanthe can hardly be interpreted as pointing to James's second wife Mary of Modena, for no hint appears that she was either alluded to in the play or seriously implicated in the intrigues of the time <sup>(1)</sup>. The widowed queen mother, named Begona after her French prototype, is queen Henrietta Maria, who had been dead about thirteen years when the play was first acted. The device of representing the Martyr King's widow on the stage as a peace-maker between her two sons was a master stroke of melodramatic effect and of Tory policy. Her son the tyrant Seliman is Charles II., who had signed the death warrants of the victims of the Popish Plot and appointed Shaftesbury President of Temple's Privy Council in April 1679. As for the treacherous minister Ismael, the counterpart of Allagolikan in the French tale, we need only quote Genest's interpretation : « Ismael, an unprincipled statesman, who is first in the Sophy's confidence, and then excites the city to rebellion, is meant for the Earl of Shaftesbury » <sup>(2)</sup>. The crafty favourite's accomplices in the tragedy are less easily identified. Being described by Southern as brother and sister, they might stand for members of the Whig family of Gerard. It was a Lady Gerard of Bromley who carried Oates's accusations against queen Catharine to the king <sup>(3)</sup>. This tallies with the

(1) « The Duchess of York [Mary of Modena] started on a visit to the Princess of Orange in Holland. It was said that she was smuggling guilty priests out of the country. » (Pollock, p. 179, under Sept. 30, 1678.) — No flimsier charge could well have been made !

(2) Genest : *Some Account of the English stage*. Vol. I, p. 324.

(3) Pollock, p. 229-230 : « Mrs. Elliot, wife of Elliot of the bedchamber, had been the agent who took Oates' message [that he had somewhat to swear against the queen], to the king. She had

part played by Sunamire in the French novel and in the English tragedy. In the tragedy she figures as a sister to the disaffected general Arbanes; in history Lady Gerard of Bromley was sister to Charles Gerard, second Baron of Brandon (1659?-1701), who was closely associated with Shaftesbury and Monmouth in their attacks upon the Duke of York, and daughter to Charles Gerard, first Baron Gerard of Brandon and Earl of Macclesfield (*d.* 1694), a general of Charles I. during the Civil War, and a supporter of the Whig policy under Charles II (<sup>1</sup>).

This key would fit well enough, if the part played by the Gerard family had been sufficiently conspicuous, and if our tragedy did not contain a number of hints at the Duke of Monmouth, Dryden's Absalom. Two keys fitting one lock are not unknown to literary history. Southern might have the same reasons as Dryden, who stood sponsor to the *Loyal Brother* and wrote its prologue and epilogue, to be cautious and moderate in his allusions to Monmouth, Charles's favourite son. The most acceptable interpretation seems to be that the dramatist amalgamated in his Arbanes features borrowed from three contemporary personages :

1) from the elder Charles Gerard, his having fought for Charles I. in the Civil War; 2) from the younger Charles Gerard, his being a brother to Semanthe's (*i. e.* queen Catharine's) accuser, and 3) from Monmouth, his having been dismissed from his command of the army. In this

also spoken to Tonge, and in a significant statement to the House of Lords confessed she had been sent to him by Lady Gerard of Bromley. The mention of this lady's name throws a ray of light on the doubtful intrigue, for she was in close connection with the Whig leaders. »

(<sup>2</sup>) *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

way no unpardonable insult was offered to Monmouth, and the blame of the Popish Plot was laid wholly at Shaftesbury's door.

Herein the tendency of the *Loyal Brother* agrees with that of *Absalom and Achitophel*, (but it differs widely from it in its bold attacks on Charles II. (Seliman) as a jealous brother and a weak-minded tyrant.) One possible explanation of this surprising audacity is that the abuse alternately hurled at the cynical monarch by both factions was welcomed by him as showing that he held the balance even between them. Another explanation is that, after a number of Whig plays had passed the censorship, it was difficult to deny the same privilege to the Tories.

But the two brothers were actually divided by deep-rooted differences, both political and personal, which have been laid bare by modern historians. According to Osmund Airy, their relations « varied on Charles's part from boon companionship to contemptuous dislike... » « He hates him perfectly, said Shaftesbury, and he knows it ! » <sup>(1)</sup> — In Oct. 1680, when the excitement of the Popish Plot was at its height, the French ambassador reported to his government about the bitterness between the two brothers : « Il [le Duc d'York] me fit entendre... qu'il ne comprenait pas que le Roi son frère voulût mettre tous les catholiques en désespoir et les persécuter sans aucune mesure. Il ajouta à cela en termes pleines [sic] de colère et ressentiment que si on le poursuit à bout et qu'il se voit en état d'être entièrement ruiné par ses ennemis, il trouvera le moyen de les en faire repentir et se vengera [sic] d'eux.... M. le Duc de Bouquingham m'a dit plusieurs fois qu'il avait bu fort souvent avec

(1) O. Airy : Charles II, 1904, p. 352.

le Roi de la Grande-Bretagne, mais qu'il n'avait jamais vu ce Prince dans une débauche un peu libre qu'il ne témoignât beaucoup d'aigreur et de haine même contre son frère » <sup>(1)</sup>.

— That a large section of the Court countenanced James is proved by the statement of another foreign observer that, after keeping away from the Protestant service in 1676 « he continued to be visited by the nobility in greater numbers than the king himself » <sup>(2)</sup>. — These quotations might suffice to account for the bitterness against Charles II. appearing in a tragedy written in honour of James, even if Mary of Modena, the latter's second wife, had not been previously thought of as a possible match for the former. That Italian princess thus occupies in history a position between the rival brothers similar to that of Semanthe in the play <sup>(3)</sup>.

While Southern is bolder than Dryden in his allusions to the royal family, he introduces into his tragedy a greater amount of fictitious action and sentiment than is found in the satirical narrative of *Absalom and Achitophel*. (His love story indeed gives an opportunity for a passionate outpouring of devotion from the persecuted Tory party, impersonated by a loving woman, to its banished leader.) It is perhaps the earliest example of the pathetic allegory afterwards used by Jacobite poets in their political love-songs. On the other

(1) Barillon, quoted by Pollock, p. 69, footnote 1.

(2) Cattaneo, quoted by Martin Haile, *Queen Mary of Modena*, 1905, p. 60.

(3) Christie, *Life of Shaftesbury*, vol. II, 1871, p. 147 : « ... in the beginning of this year [1673], there had been some idea that the queen of England might die, and a thought of this beautiful princess of Modena, who now married James, had entered the mind of Charles for a second wife for himself. This fact, unnoticed by any historian, rests on the authority of a despatch of Colbert [the French ambassador] of Feb. 20, 1673. »



hand, many departures from or additions to truth were demanded by the necessities of dramatic action. The allusions to the intricate political movements of the time in our play are of three kinds :

1) The general analogy of the characters in history and in our tragedy, as pointed out above, and maintained throughout the five acts.

2) A closer likeness between definite incidents in real life and in the play, chiefly confined to Act I, sc. 1, Act II, sc. 1, 3, 4, Act. V, sc. 1, 2. An attempt has been made to particularise that likeness in the following synoptic table, where outstanding events have been quoted chiefly from Pollock's table (pp. XIII-XIX). Though it is hardly likely that all the coincidences there recorded were present to Southern's mind, yet they belong to the atmosphere in which he thought and wrote, and are therefore useful for understanding him aright.

LOYAL BROTHER.

A. I. Sc. 1.

Ismael and Arbanes, in Seliman's presence, describe the fighting against the Northern Tartars, and their ultimate defeat.

Seliman's birthday is celebrated.

Ismael complains that he has lost Seliman's favour.

Arbanes complains of the loss of his military honours.

A. II. Sc. 1.

Tachmas makes his triumphal entry and is welcomed by Seliman.

Seliman invites his court to a banquet in Tachmas' honour.

A. II. Sc. 3.

Ismael, with great show of friendship, entices several Lords to their death.

Ismael accuses Semanthe of entertaining a lover privately.

A. II. Sc. 4.

Ismael having induced the Lords to meet Tachmas in Semanthe's apartment, afterwards lets in Seliman to overhear them and send them to their death.

Tachmas is banished by Seliman.

Seliman sentences the Lords to death as traitors to the crown.

A. V. Sc. 1.

Ismael resolves to take shelter in the city.

A. V. Sc. 2.

The citizens usurp the dignity of judges.

Ismael calls upon the citizens to avenge the murder of a patriot.

HISTORICAL EVENTS.

1679. March, 25. Shaftesbury's speech on Scotland.  
1679. June, 22. The Covenanters routed by Monmouth at Bothwell Brig,  
1679. May, 29. Charles II.'s birthday.  
1679. Oct., 15. Shaftesbury dismissed from his place at the council board.  
1679. Sept., 12. The Duke of Monmouth removed from his commission of Lord General.

The Duke of York came to London three times in the period covered by our play. Probably his second return, Feb., 24, 1680, before the Lord Mayor's banquet, and his third, March, 4, 1682, when the Loyal Brother appeared, are here alluded to together.

- 1680, March, 8. The king and the Duke of York entertained at a banquet by the Lord Mayor.  
1678. The five Popish Lords surrender on October 28, and are impeached on December 5.  
1678. Nov. 28, Oates accuses the queen at the bar of the House of Commons.  
1678. Nov., the queen's palace searched. — Nov., 25, Oates swears to having heard the queen in conversation with certain Jesuits approve the plan for Charles' assassination (¹).  
1679. Feb., 28, The Duke of York is ordered to withdraw by the king.  
1680. Nov. 30—Dec. 7. Trial and conviction of Lord Stafford for high treason.  
1681. Nov., 24. Shaftesbury released on the finding of the grand jury of Middlesex. — Dec., 13. The Skinners' company give a dinner in his honour (²).  
1678. Nov., 1. Lloyd preaches the sermon at Godfrey's funeral.

(¹) Pollock, 228-229.

(²) Dict. Nat. Biogr. IV. 1053.

3) Besides the passages enumerated above occasional allusions and party sentiment occur sporadically, as pointed out in the notes, but most elements are fictitious and borrowed from the French novel. The reason why truth has more place in the first two acts than in the last three is not far to seek. Southern's actual hero, the Duke of York, was surrounded with many difficulties, such as fit into the beginning of a classical tragedy, but he never was in the actual danger of his life and freedom that was considered appropriate for fourth and fifth acts. Therefore the dramatist was driven to fiction from Act III onward, when he wanted to raise pity and fear to the highest pitch. The Duke was repeatedly banished as Tachmas is in Act II, but he was never arrested (III, 2), conducted to a scaffold for execution (III, 4), or invited to drink poison out of a gilt bowl (V. 3).

A number of rabid attacks on Shaftesbury and his supporters in the City are not directly connected with the plot. They have been inserted into Act V, probably in order to rouse party feeling towards the close of the performance, and to dismiss the audience with a strong prejudice against the Whigs.

## V.

Has Southern used any sources besides his French novel? This must remain an open question, for Turkish and Persian subjects were of such common use in Seventeenth Century tales and dramas that both the French novelist and the English playwright may very well have dispensed with seeking accurate information about the history and manners of the Persians. Still some of his proper names (*viz.* Ismael, Sha Abbas, Xa-Tamascoolibeague [Tachmas?]) occur in Sir



Anthony Shirley's relation of his travels in Persia, published first in 1600, and more fully in 1613. From this source is drawn the play on the *Travels of the three English Brothers* attributed to Day, Rowley and Wilkins (1607). In Tavernier's *Six Voyages*, published in French in 1676 and in English in 1678, we find: Ismael, Cha-Tammas (*i. e.* Tachmas), Cha-Abas (*i. e.* Cabas) <sup>(1)</sup>, Ali-couli-kan (*i. e.* Allagolikan) <sup>(2)</sup>, Nagar (Négare?) <sup>(3)</sup>, Begum-Saheb (Bégona?) <sup>(4)</sup>. — Southern's Persians appear sometimes as Shiite Mohamedans, swearing by Ali, referring to mosques and tomans (spelt by him *tumains*) and sometimes as sun-worshippers, like the ancient Persians. — Neither Semanthe nor Arbanes occurs in dictionaries of Greek proper names. A remote source of the latter may be the Persian name Artabanos found in Herodotus <sup>(5)</sup>. A city called Arbanion, an adjective Arbanios, and a masculine proper name Semanthes also occur <sup>(6)</sup>.

Although Elizabethan tradition makes itself felt throughout the *Loyal Brother*, we have not been able to single out more than a few borrowings from Shakespeare, which are recorded in the footnotes. Ismael, the scheming and ambitious statesman, is pretty closely modelled on Iago, and the main springs of the plot are the same as in Othello, *viz* (rivalry in love, culminating in slander and distrust of a faithful woman, rivalry in ambition, and envy about preferment in the state and in the army.)

(1) Edition of 1676, vol. I, p. 511.

(2) Edition of 1676, vol. I, p. 513.

(3) Edition of 1678, p. 161.

(4) Ibid. p. 210 of the *Indian Travels*.

(5) Herodotus, ed. Macan, II, 1908. Index III, p. 439.

(6) Pape, Wörterbuch der Eigennamen, 3. ed. 1863.

[Dedication.]

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RICHMOND, etc., Master of the Horse to his Majesty, and Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter (¹).

SIR,

When things of this nature are presented to persons of your high rank and quality, flattery is always supposed the trade-wind that carries the author quite through the dedication. But my design is wholly to offer to your Grace the first fruits of my muse, that (when pleasure tires (²), and serious thoughts come on) I may excuse my folly, by laying my maidenhead at your door. Nor durst I have attempted thus far into the world, had not the Laureate's own pen (³) secured me, maintaining the outworks, while I lay safe intrenched within his lines; and malice, ill nature and censure were forced to grin at a distance. If I have not performed my part in this piece, the excuse of a young beginner will pass with the reasonable part of mankind: but when I look upon your Lordship, and join your princely

(¹) Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond, bastard son of king Charles II. and of Louise de Kéroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth, was a child of ten. When our tragedy was published, his mother had joined the Duke of York's party, and on the 22<sup>d</sup> Jan. 1681-2 he had been appointed Master of the Horse, on the removal of the Duke of Monmouth. The withdrawal of the Duke of York from Scotland ('Tachmas' triumph in Act II, Sc. 1 of our play) in March 1682, was the work of the Duchess of Portsmouth (D. N. B. James II.).

(²) lives. 1682.

(³) Dryden wrote the prologue and epilogue to *The Loyal Brother*, which bears a close analogy to his own poem on *Absalom and Achitophel*.

birth to the early promises of manly virtue which you daily give us, if you communicate an influencing beam on me (as you must shine on all) I dare, without the gift of prophecy, venture to say, the inspiration may refine my thoughts to some more worthy offering. Could my vanity carry me to the hopes of succeeding in things of this kind, I am confident my surest way would be to draw my characters from you, in whom the fairest images of Nature are shown in little : your Royal Father's greatness, majestic awfulness, wit and goodness, are promised all in you : your mother's conquering beauty triumphs again in you : Nature has blessed you with a royal parentage, and Fortune been just to you in a princely education ; and nothing is wanting now to crown our hopes, but time, to make you in England what Titus was in Rome, the delight of mankind Which that you may prove, shall ever be the constant wish of,

SIR,

YOUR GRACE'S

most humbly devoted servant

T. SOUTHERN.

### Prologue :

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Poets, like lawful monarchs, ruled the stage,  
Till critics, like damned whigs, debauched our age,  
Mark how they jump <sup>(1)</sup>: critics would regulate  
Our theatres, and whigs reform our state ;  
Both pretend love and both (plague rot'em) hate.  
The critic humbly seems advice to bring,  
The fawning whig petitions to the king ;  
But one's advice into a satire slides,  
T' other's petition a remonstrance hides.  
These will no taxes give, and those no pence ;  
Critics would starve the poet, whigs the Prince.  
The critic all our troops of friends discards,  
Just so the whig would fain pull down the guards.  
Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,  
As watchful shepherds, that fright beasts of prey.  
Kings, who disband such needless aids as these,  
Are safe — as long as e'er their subjects please.  
And that would be till next Queen Bess's night <sup>(2)</sup>,  
Which thus grave penny chroniclers indite :  
Sir Edmund Berry <sup>(3)</sup> first, in woeful wise <sup>(4)</sup>,

(1) jump with, jump together, are more usual.

(2) Two great Pope burnings, organised by the Green Ribbon Club, are mentioned by J. Pollock ; their dates were : November 17<sup>th</sup>, 1679 and 1680. The seventeenth of November, the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's accession, was annually celebrated by Protestants.

(3) Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey is again alluded to in Act V, Sc. 1.

(4) i. e. guise.

Leads up the show, and milks their maudlin eyes.  
There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,  
And pities the poor pageant from her heart,  
Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,  
And, with a civil congee does retire.  
But guiltless blood to ground must never fall :  
There's Antichrist behind to pay for all.  
The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,  
A lewd old gentleman of seventy years,  
Whose age in vain our mercy would implore,  
For few take pity on an old cast whore.  
The devil, who brought him to the shame, takes part,  
Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart,  
Like thief and parson in a Tyburn cart.  
The word is given and with a loud huzzaw  
The mitred moppet from his chair they draw.  
On the slain corpse contending nations fall ;  
Alas, what's one poor pope among them all?  
He burns, now all true hearts your triumphs ring <sup>(1)</sup>  
And next (for fashion) cry : God save the king !  
A needful cry in midst of such alarms,  
When forty thousand men are up in arms.  
But after he's once saved, to make amends,  
In each <sup>(2)</sup> succeeding health they damn his friends.  
So God begins, but still the devil ends <sup>(3)</sup>.

(1) cheer ? Triumph was one of the names for the City pageant on Lord Mayor's day.

(2) such 1774.

(3) Two proverbs contained in W. C. Hazlitt's collection (1882) seem to bear on this line : No sooner is a temple built to God, but the devil builds a chapel hard by. — Good to begin well, better to end well.



What if some one, inspired <sup>(1)</sup> with zeal, should call :  
Come, let's go cry God save him at Whitehall ?  
His best friends would not like this over-care,  
Or think him e'er the safer for that prayer.  
Five praying saints are by an Act allowed <sup>(2)</sup>,  
But not the whole Church-militant, in crowd.  
Yet, should Heaven all the true petitions drain  
Of Presbyterians who would kings maintain,  
Of forty thousand, five would scarce remain.

---

(1) inspir'e 1682.

(2) In the Conventicle Act 1664, « A conventicle was defined as being a religious meeting not in accordance with the practice of the Church of England, at which more than four persons were present in addition to the household. » (S. R. Gardiner, *Student's History of Engl.* 1902, p. 588.

Persons represented.

[MEN.]

|                                 |                             |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| SELIMAN, the Sophy of Persia,   | Mr. Goodman.                |
| TACHMAS, his brother,           | Mr. Clark.                  |
| ISMAEL, a villainous favourite, | Major Moon <sup>(1)</sup> . |
| ARBANES, a disaffected general, | Mr. Griffin.                |
| OSMAN, a captain to Tachmas,    | Mr. Saunders.               |
| Several officers.               |                             |
| Citizens and their wives.       |                             |
| Eunuchs, and guards.            |                             |

[WOMEN.]

|  |                            |
|--|----------------------------|
| BEGONA, mother to Seliman and Tachmas,       | Mrs. Cory.                 |
| SEMANTHE, beloved and in love with Tachmas,  | Mrs. Cook.                 |
| SUNAMIRE, sister to Arbanes <sup>(2)</sup> , | Mrs. Guin <sup>(3)</sup> . |

[The corresponding characters in the French novel are :  
SÉLIMAN, TACHMAS, ALLAGOLIKAN, among the men, BÉGONE,  
NÉGARE, SUNAMIRE, among the women.]

Southern's *dramatis personae* stand for the following historical characters :

|         |   |                          |
|---------|---|--------------------------|
| SELIMAN | = | CHARLES II.              |
| TACHMAS | = | JAMES DUKE OF YORK.      |
| ISMAEL  | = | THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY. |

<sup>(1)</sup> Mohun.

<sup>(2)</sup> in love with Tachmas secretly, 1774.

<sup>(3)</sup> Nell Gwynn.

- ARBANES = THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH, and perhaps the  
GERARDS.  
BEGONA = QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA.  
SEMANTHE = QUEEN CATHERINE and, perhaps, MARY OF  
MODENA.  
SUNAMIRE = perhaps, LADY GERARD.  
OSMAN = *the Tory party.*  
*Citizens* = *the Whig citizens of London.*]



THE LOYAL BROTHER  
OR  
THE PERSIAN PRINCE.

---

**Act I.**

SCENE I <sup>(1)</sup>, a chamber of state.

Seliman, Ismael, Arbanes, Guards, Attendants.

*Sel.* My Lord, our letters from our brother show  
The enemy encamped on Gehun banks,  
Headed by that brave Tartar, that so long  
Has kept us warm for glory in the field.  
Their number's fifty thousand, ours but twenty,  
To poise their fate, or turn the scale of war  
O glorious odds, and by our Prophet's soul,  
Worthy imperial gamesters, worthy us,  
And the renown of this immortal throne !

*Ism.* Long have these tempests threat'ned from the North,  
To overturn the fate of Persia,

(<sup>1</sup>) This scene refers to the affairs of Scotland, where the Duke of York (Tachmas) resided in 1679-1680 and in 1680-1682. The Covenanters (Tartars ?) were routed by Monmouth in the battle of Bothwell Brig (June 22, 1679), on the Clyde (Gehun). Gihon or Jihun is the Persian name for the Amu-Darya, ancient Oxus. For a reference to Shaftesbury's speech on Scotland see table on pages 22-23. The wars between Persia and the Tartars are referred to by Tavernier.

And shroud her glories in eternal night.

But say, my Lords, what has their fury done ?

*Arb.* Like clouds, it vanished at our rising sun, <sup>(1)</sup>  
To the renown of royal Seliman.

Let some report their conquests to the world,  
They provinces subdued, but under ground,  
And peopled graves ; they triumphed too, but how ?  
In death they triumphed, for they fell by you <sup>(2)</sup>.

*Sel.* There spoke the voice of war !  
Yes, we have conquered 'em, and shall again,  
Since Tachmas leads our armies to the fields <sup>(3)</sup>.  
Thrice they the Gehun passed, as oft thou knowest,  
Khohemus <sup>(4)</sup> felt the wounds of Tartar's swords.  
Where was I then, Arbanes ? Stood I idle ?  
For thou wert my lieutenant in the war,  
Saw'st all my actions, therefore best canst speak 'em.

*Arb.* The Grecian eloquence can never paint  
Your victories (to mention but the first),  
How then shall I ? But my reflecting soul

<sup>(1)</sup> The arms of Persia bear a rising sun and a lion.

<sup>(2)</sup> Cf. Prologue to Otway's *Venice Preserved*, l. 21-22 :

« Yet here's an army raised, though under ground,  
But no man seen, nor one commission found. »

The allusion, in both passages, seems to be to the Catholic army reported by the witnesses to the Popish Plot to be collecting to overthrow the Protestant religion in England. That invisible army might jestingly be said to be hiding under ground, and the witnesses to be peopling graves. Such a passing hint would have been caught and enjoyed by a contemporary audience, but to the modern reader it creates confusion, as it does not quite fit into the context.

<sup>(3)</sup> field, 1774.

<sup>(4)</sup> Kouhi — Mis, the copper mountain, situated at the South-Eastern angle of the Caspian Sea.

Shows the past scene of glory to my view,  
And I can speak a truth.

*Sel.* You gods ! a truth ?

I think my actions do disdain a lie  
To speak 'em brave.

*Sel.* I am calm, proceed.

*Arb.* Dread Sir, you wrong my meaning !

*Sel.* A barbarous people, of a rougher clime,  
Invade our frontiers, burn our villages,  
Unyoke our labouring oxen from the plough,  
Our flocks destroy, and after them our hinds.  
The fatal news enters our city gates,  
And Ispahan <sup>(1)</sup> appears one face of sorrow !  
The virgin's shriek, the matron's fear prevents  
The stroke of war ; old bed-ridden age laments  
Its many winters, or does wish 'em more,  
To have more strength to fight, or less, to die.  
But then you rose, and Fortune could no more ;  
War is proclaimed, and you the general.  
Then to have heard your drooping subjects shout :  
To arms ! to arms ! All to the famous field,  
The Sophy leads us on, and all must follow !  
By the bright sun was wonderful indeed.  
Our virgins, who before stood dumb as death,  
Now sing us on our way. The very boys  
Act victory at home, and coward priests  
In mosques <sup>(2)</sup> with prayer battle with the gods.  
But when we joined the foe —

*Sel.* Ay, then, Arbanes !

(1) London.

(2) The sun-worshipper's oath by the bright sun precedes the  
Mohamedan allusion to mosques by three lines.

Fierce as a winter storm upon the main,  
I ranged the field, whilst my affrighted foes,  
Like billows at the angry Neptune's frown,  
Successively did vanish from my sight.  
Did I not pour upon their foremost ranks,  
Sudden and fierce as lightning, rush among  
Their thickest squadrons, and in glorious heat  
(Like thunder breaking from a teeming cloud)  
Make desolation wait upon my arms?

*Ism.* How vanity distorts him! [To Arbanes.

*Sel.* With my drawn sword I pointed out the paths  
Of dazzling fame, which none but I could tread,  
Mounting that stately pyramid alone,  
Whilst all my army lagged, and you below  
Trembled, like girls, to behold my daring.

*Ism.* Now to fire him.

*Sel.* Nay more. When my too eager courage bore me  
Amidst a band of bold Tartarian horse,  
No guard, but death, that hung upon my sword  
To make it fatal — say, who brought me off?  
By Mars, the single virtue of this arm  
Dispersed their troops, and sent 'em from the field.

*Ism.* So, he beat them all himself!

*Arb.* Great Sir, your royal brother claims a share  
In that renowned day.

*Sel.* Arbanes! ha!

*Arb.* But all his glorious actions are your own,  
Since you, like streams, from the same fountain run.

*Sel.* I cannot talk of fields, of war, or arms,  
Mention a siege, or battle that I won,  
But I am thought to boast. I know your idol!  
You plant my laurel wreaths on Tachmas' brow  
And would my crown. By Heaven I know your hearts!

*Arb.* Allah forbid that you should think us traitors !

*Ism.* He's strangely thoughtful.

*Arb.* O it stings his soul.

*Sel.* Ismael, thou art honest <sup>(1)</sup> ; dost thou think the  
Prince —

*Ism.* What of the Prince, my Lord ?

*Sel.* Why, nothing now.

'Twas but an idle thought, and I dismiss it.

*Ism.* Your royal mother, with the fair Semanthe,  
Intend this way.

*Sel.* Then comes the brightest star, the chastest glory,  
That ever waited on Diana's pride,  
Light without heat, and youth without desire.  
O Ismael ! What courage can resist  
The raging torments of a hopeless love ?  
'Tis that, in spite of all my victories,  
My past renown, or soldier's hardiness,  
That drives me, like a coward, to the ground,  
Breathless and pale before that scornful beauty.

*Ism.* It goes as I would have it. [Aside.]

*Sel.* Still as I wooed, when at her feet I lay,  
Begging the bounty of a look to bless me,  
Hadst thou but seen with what a modest pride,  
A virgin innocence, and chaste reservedness,  
She took the humble offering of my love,  
How still in all the windings of my passion,  
Through the high tide of vows and strong temptations  
She kept an equal mind — by Heaven I think,  
Hadst thou then seen the temperate virgin stand  
Cold to my flame as marble to the sun,

(1) Ismael's insinuating and cautious slander is imitated from  
« honest » Iago's. Cf. *Othello* II, 3, lines 6, 341; III, 3, l. 35-40,  
93-170.



(Not flushed and haughty with her conquest made  
As others, vainer, of her sex would be)  
Thou wouldst have loved her rigid virtue too.

*Ism.* Take warmer beauties to your breast, whose heat  
May melt that frozen image of a love.

*Sel.* O ! thou mistak'st, nothing can drive her hence.  
Her rigorous beauty binds me for her slave,  
Freezes the wandering current of my love,  
Which, did she smile, would loosely glide along  
Into the boundless ocean of her sex.

Were she like other women to be moved,  
Coming and forward to believe our vows,  
To drink our tears, and melt within our arms,  
Then I should slight the easy conquered prey.  
But of such different tempers we are framed,  
There's such a contrariety between us,  
Like fighting qualities, each gathers force  
And as she freezes, I consume, and burn,  
With fiercer violence of raging love.

*Ism.* My Lord, she enters.

Enter Begona and Semanthe, attended.

*Sel.* Hail beauteous maid ! Thou leading light of Heaven !  
So near the sun you shine, so bright your lustre,  
We justly may mistake you for the morn,  
And pay our earlier devotion here.

*Sem.* The pomp and entertainments of the day  
Speak some high festival ! perhaps your birth <sup>(1)</sup>

(1) Charles II.'s birthday, falling on the 29<sup>th</sup> of May, did not occur between the victory of Bothwell Brig (June 1679) and the Duke of York's first return (Feb. 24, 1680) and the ensuing banquet (March 8, 1680). Therefore the second return (March 1682) must be meant by 'Tachmas' triumph in Act. II. Cf. the stage directions at the beginning of Act. II.

Has claimed this sun a sacrifice to jollity,  
While (¹) you, the royal lord,  
Conclude in lavishly bestowing praises.

*Sel.* Take 'em as the offering of excessive love,  
The meaning of my soul.

*Sem.* As they are meant,  
The effect of gallantry, I take 'em all.

*Sel.* O, how, Semanthe, how shall I convince thee?  
What shall I say, or how shall I protest,  
To conquer thy belief?

Couldst thou discern the workings of my soul,  
Pass through this bosom to my throbbing heart,  
O, there thou wouldst behold thy heavenly form  
Deep writ, and never to be razed away!  
Why dost thou take thy (²) beauties from my eyes?  
Like the sun's flower, my folded glories fade,  
Perish and die, unless thou shine upon me.  
Ha! weeping too! What has my passion done?  
O mother, beg her, on your knees implore,  
Entreat her for your poor offending son!  
Tell her I kneel, but dare not ask for pardon,  
Lest even then my words should give offence.

*Beg.* O rise, my royal Lord! Some secret grief  
Bedews her cheeks, which I could never learn,  
Although I often pressed her to discover.

Enter an Eunuch.

*Eun.* An officer begs admittance from the Prince.

*Sel.* Conduct him in!

*Sem.* Did he not name the Prince? My heart confirms it,

(¹) *Query*: which?

(²) *the*, 1682, 1774.

For I have lost the weight of my afflictions  
And am within a little world of joy.

*Ism.* Methinks a sudden pleasure overcomes  
Your mistress's sorrows.

*Sel.* Ha !

*Ism.* Was there aught in what  
The eunuch said, to work so quick a change ?

*Sel.* Nothing to her — but why that question ?

*Ism.* Only a foolish doubt, — but I am satisfied.

*Sel.* The manner of thy speech says not.

*Ism.* Alas ! Age in a minute raises scruples  
That years can't solve, and this perhaps is one.  
But since you tell me she was not concerned  
In what the eunuch said, I'll give it over.

*Sel.* He said, an officer begs admittance from the Prince.

*Ism.* He did, my Lord, and as he named the Prince,  
A sudden, joy, like lightning, dried her tears,  
And not a cloud was seen in that bright heaven <sup>(1)</sup>.

*Sel.* Ha, Ismael, thy words have stunned me more  
Than the united force of heaven could do.  
I fear thy friendship has been fatal to me,  
With an officious eye discovering  
What, for my peace, had better been concealed.

Enter Osman.

*Osm.* Let Persia flourish, and its royal Lord  
Be ever master of the Asian world !

(1) Tachmas, 1676 : Allagolikan warns Tachmas that Négare may break her faith with him, in the same way as Ismael warns Seliman that Semanthe may love Tachmas : p. 68 «...il [Allagolikan] fit connaître à Tachmas qu'il savait quelque chose d'important qu'il eût été bien aise de ne lui pas déclarer. Enfin, après s'être défendu [p. 69] longtemps des prières du prince, pour irriter davantage ses desirs, il lui dit qu'il ne devait pas moins craindre l'inconstance de Négare que l'amour de Séliman, etc. »



And when fame calls your armies to the field,  
May Tachmas lead 'em out, and still return,  
As now, triumphant home  
In all the glories of a famous war.

*Sel.* Say, have we conquered then? Relate the means,  
How such prodigious odds were overthrown.

*Osm.* Our armies lay in view; Gehun between  
Gently, as peace, in silver currents streamed,  
Offering her store to quench the flame of war,  
But all in vain. Shouts, trumpets, drums,  
In dreadful echoes, bid the battles join.  
We on our guard, and they expecting when  
To pour a purple deluge on our plain:

*Sem.* How my heart beats with fear!

*Osm.* This was our posture, when one solemn morn  
Riot began in the proud Tartars' tents,  
Nor ended with the sun, for half the night  
Was given to sporting, luxury and wine.  
Which when the Prince perceived, silent, as sleep  
Stole on their reeling senses, forth he drew  
His army, and at their head he cried:  
If glory be your aim, now follow me!  
Then leaped into the stream,  
And, like a sea-god mounted on a wave,  
Dashed the strong tide, and led a floating war,  
Which when their out-guards found, alarmed the camp.  
But there confusion in a thousand shapes  
Befriended us. Like Cadmus' brood, they fell  
By each others' swords, and made our conquest easy <sup>(1)</sup>.

(1) This conventional description of a battle is intended as praise of the Duke of York's heroism, without definite application either to Scotland or the Low Countries. James commanded fleets, like a sea-god, as well as armies.

*Sel.* By Haly's <sup>(1)</sup> soul, 't was conduct for a god !  
And worth the experience of an age of arms.  
O, now, my mother, peace is doubly welcome,  
Not only banishing my people's fears,  
But as the glory of my brother's arms.

*Beg.* Tachmas has copied what your sword first drew,  
You for your father conquered, he for you.

*Sel.* Said the Prince nothing of returning home ?

*Osm.* My speed had been prevented,  
Had not some orders to the army staid him.  
To-morrow's earliest sun will see him here.

*Sel.* A thousand tumains <sup>(2)</sup> for thy welcome news.

*Sem.* Blessings for ever hang upon thy tongue !

*Sel.* Fly then, and through my kingdoms, loud as fame  
Can speak, proclaim an universal joy !  
Let plenty triumph in our streets, rich presents  
Be shared among our subjects, not a face  
Be seen in sorrow ! Grief herself must smile,  
When Seliman appears to crown the day.  
Let our soft virgins now no longer mourn,  
But fly to every meadow, bower and grove,  
Supinely melting on the bed of love !  
For the glad day comes on, that will restore  
Their lovers to their arms, and to my power  
Confirm new blessings ne'er enjoyed before.

*Exeunt omnes, praeter Ism. et Arb.*

*Ism.* Twice have I held the glories of a favourite <sup>(3)</sup>,  
And swayed the father once, as now the son,

<sup>(1)</sup> Haly, *i. e.* Ali, revered by the Shiites as next to Mohamed.

<sup>(2)</sup> Probably another form of toman.

<sup>(3)</sup> Shaftesbury belonged to the royalist party and held several

High as ambition joined with power could raise me.  
Yet blasts have nipped my summer's blowing pride  
Withered the glorious blossoms of my hopes,  
And left me leafless to the threatening storms <sup>(1)</sup>.

*Arb.* When Sophy Cabas <sup>(2)</sup> ruled, most true my Lord,  
You shared some part of his divided favours,  
But safe in Seliman's breast you sleep secure,  
Far above envy, or a rival's reach.

*Ism.* No, no, Arbanes, no ! Thou 'rt short-eyed here,  
There's yet a cedar that out-tops my pride ;  
That grows too fast, and shades me from the sun :  
'Tis Tachmas, baneful name to all my hopes,  
Who by the giant weight of his deserts  
Presses my fate, and keeps it struggling under.

*Arb.* Ismael, in that name thou stabb'st my soul  
With the remembrance of my former glory.  
Once I was great, my hopes as flourishing

appointments under Charles I. in 1643. In 1644 he joined the Parliamentarians and afterwards welcomed Charles II. He was not a favourite twice. But his prototype in the French novel, Allagolikan (Tavernier's Ali-couli-kan) was a favourite with two successive kings. On October 15, 1679, Shaftesbury had been dismissed from his place as President of the Privy Council.

(1) Another fallen favourite, Wolsey in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*, complains of his disappointment in similar language :

« This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hopes : to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is arising, nips his root, » etc.

(*Henry VIII*<sup>th</sup>, III, 2, 352-557).

(2) Sophy *Chabas*, in the French novel, is Shah-Abbas I., the Great (1585-1628). The name here stands for Charles I.

As now declined, my fate erected high  
As victory could raise it, till the Prince,  
That boy, my scholar in the trade of arms,  
By treachery despoiled me of those plumes  
My valour purchased with an age of war <sup>(1)</sup>.

*Ism.* Why did you bear it?

*Arb.* Dost thou not know the fate of soldiers?  
We're but ambition's tools, to cut away  
To her unlawful ends, and when we are worn,  
Hacked, hewn with constant service, thrown aside  
To rust in peace or rot in hospitals.  
But tell me, Ismael, nay, feel these limbs,  
These arms, are they past wielding of a sword?  
By Heaven I think not! Or has my good old friend  
Forgot his killing virtue? Or has rust  
Bound up its fury? Neither! See, it comes, [Draws  
And feels as keen, and looks as bright and gay  
As the young warrior's when he first appears  
In polished steel, and marching to the field.  
Then why am I lain by? Why am I not  
A general still?

*Ism.* Ay, there's a question will admit debating <sup>(2)</sup>.

*Arb.* And not to be decided, till this sword  
Appears in blood again. O Ismael,

(1) In September 1679, Monmouth was deprived of his commission as General, commander of the forces. Being born in 1649, he was younger than his uncle James, born 1633. By turning him into an elderly cast-off soldier, Southern avoids an open attack on the king's favourite son, and identifies Arbanes with the standing character of the stage braggart.

(2) The relation between Ismael and Arbanes is similar to that between Achitophel and Absalom in Dryden's poem. The plotting statesman rouses jealousy and ambition in the warrior.



Thou kind regar'der of my fame, I swear  
Were not thy stricter virtue to inspire  
A generous heat of action in my soul,  
I think 't would settle almost to dishonour.  
Alas I was a conscientious fool  
And durst not think of vengeance ; all my wrongs  
Quite blotted from my memory and lost.  
But now they live again, and, by my sword,  
Shall be revenged at full !

*Ism.* Be calm, and hear me !

*Arb.* Calm, Ismael ! Sure thou mock'st <sup>(1)</sup> my patience !  
Why, I 'm a pigeon-hearted slave, a thing  
So overgrown with that poor sneaking virtue,  
I almost doubt my courage.

*Ism.* Arbanes, know, I look upon the Prince  
As a black cloud, that rises on my glory.  
I know it, and I hate him more than thou,  
Though with less noise. I have no army lost,  
No titles of the war, 'twas not my province.  
The court has been my sphere,  
Where, with the music of my tongue in council  
I 've charmed opinion after me, been thought  
The voice of fate, and ere my words could mount,  
The Sophy's ear has stooped to entertain 'em,  
Where I have revelled long, and whence I fear  
No banishment, unless outed by the Prince.  
His merit flows fast as the Sophy's love,  
Which if I aim not wide, like meeting tides,  
May dash my fate, and sink my pride for ever.  
Thus, though from different lines our wrongs proceed,  
They centre in revenge.

(1) mock'd, 1774.

*Arb.* I'll stab him in his triumph.

*Ism.* The policy of soldiers ! Here is one  
Can 't purchase a revenge, without being hanged.  
A statesman <sup>(1)</sup> would have found a thousand ways.  
But see, we are disturbed.

Enter Sunamire.

*Arb.* My sister <sup>(2)</sup> Sunamire alone, and thoughtful !

*Ism.* I know her haughty spirit  
Resents an injury above her sex  
And has all the contrivance of a woman  
In working of revenge. Would she was ours !

*Arb.* A plot without a priest or woman in 't <sup>(3)</sup>  
Had been a prodigy.

*Ism.* Let us withdraw, I would unseen observe her.

*Sun.* Tachmas to-morrow to return, and therefore  
Through Ispahan a general joy. Goes it not there ?  
O tortures ! furies ! hell ! ay, that's the cause !  
No, Sunamire must curse his crowding triumphs,  
And when he comes, my wishes be his welcome.  
But if I must behold him, may these eyes,  
These eyes that wanted fire to warm his heart <sup>(4)</sup>,

<sup>(1)</sup> statesmen, 1682, 1774.

<sup>(2)</sup> On the possible bearing of the relationship between Arbanes and Sunamire on the Gerard family, see Introduction.

<sup>(3)</sup> Priests and women in large numbers were concerned with the Popish Plot, the Meal Tub Plot etc. Titus Oates, who had belonged to several Jesuits' colleges, and who called himself a Doctor in Divinity, and Mrs. Cellier, the Popish midwife, were especially prominent.

<sup>(4)</sup> Tachmas, 1676 :

« p. 127 [Sunamire].... s'était imaginé qu'avec un peu d'adresse, ce prince [Tachmas] deviendrait infailliblement sa conquête en



Flash fierce as basilisks, and dart him dead ! (1)

*Ism.* Yet nigher ! [To Arbanes.]

*Sun.* Not that my fondness does exceed the bounds  
Of a court lady. No, I can accept

Whate'er a score of fond protesting things

In all their height of gallantry, can say.

And the next minute part with them for ever,

If that were all. But to be scorned, that, that's

The hell of hells, the plague of womankind !

*Ism.* Arbanes, said she not scorned ?

*Arb.* She did.

*Sun.* Had I been born of vulgar parentage,  
Then unobserved I might retire, and in

Some corner melt my sorrows into tears.

But here at court

Where each apartment is a theatre,

And all the world observers of our follies,

For me to whine a tedious scene of love

Is beyond patience. Let my fancy work —

*Ism.* O, now she's on the rack.

peu de temps. Mais elle eut beau faire toutes les démarches [128.] nécessaires pour celà, et briguer la tendresse du prince par des soupirs tous les jours répétés : soit que Tachmas, qui connaissait encore peu l'amour, ne les entendit pas, soit qu'il voulût bien exprès les mépriser, il n'y répondit jamais que par de l'indifférence, et l'humeur enjouée de Sunamire était la seule chose qui l'attirait auprès [129] d'elle. Quand elle vit qu'après avoir été si longtemps sourd à ses caresses, il s'était enfin attaché à Négare, elle s'abandonna à toute sorte de ressentiment, et par un changement assez ordinaire dans le cœur d'une femme, elle fit succéder à l'amour une impatiente ardeur de se venger. »

(1) Cf. Richard III, I, 2, 150.

*Glou.* Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

*Anne.* Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead !

*Sun.* Ay, now the presence fills, I see the Prince:  
In the bright circle like a charmer stand  
With all the beauties of the East around him.  
I hear his melting language, hear his court,  
His soft addresses, and his sighing love,  
Whilst my false senses, flattering my despair,  
Whisper through every mansion of my soul:  
To Sunamire they 're meant, they 're meant to me.  
Then, then, I can no longer bear the thought,  
My eager joy works outward on my cheeks,  
And every eye observes my wild concern.  
At which the ladies laugh, and I too late  
The cause perceiving, blushing fly the room  
To mourn my past disgrace. — My brother here!

*Arb.* Sister, I 've heard your story, and am glad  
That your revenge points at the man I hate.

*Ism.* Long have I waited time, and now it comes,  
The golden minute comes, that offers us  
A safe revenge, but mounted on the wing.  
Say, Sunamire, Arbanes, shall it pass  
Unheeded like the common births of time?

*Sun.* Why is it made a question? You are wronged;  
Else why revenge? If so, why trifle you  
The hours in talk? But coward man would cool,  
Did not the shame, or public tongue provoke him,  
More than the sense of honour, to revenge.

*Ism.* O, you have raised a dire, provoking thought  
Would make a timorous <sup>(1)</sup> anchorite fearless  
Run to the fatal steel, and stab his Prince.  
Arbanes, now he dies, a thousand wrongs

(1) timerous, 1682; tim'rous, 1774.

Cry in the voice of murder, for revenge,  
Thine, mine —

*Arb.* But what more sensibly does touch me,  
Is his proud scorn of thee.

*Sun.* Brother, that word  
Would paint shame <sup>(1)</sup> for ever on my brow.  
But my fired spirit mounts, and if I blush again,  
Think it the scarlet trapping of my rage.

*Arb.* 'Twas like my sister spoke.

*Ism.* You know the Sophy's of a nature hot,  
Vain, and ambitious, yet withal most pliant,  
And easy for the flatterer to mould  
To any form. So jealous of his glory,  
That when you but opposed the Prince's merit  
Ambition broke through all the bonds of love  
And shot his fiery soul out of his eyes.

*Arb.* I marked, and hoped for wonders from his passion,  
But, hell ! too soon he cooled.

*Ism.* And things that soonest cool are soonest heated.  
'Tis not a sudden overflowing passion  
But a just tide of rage, in ebbs and flows,  
Must perfect a revenge, and though his virtue  
Awhile suppress his fears, yet they will rise  
Engendering doubts, distrusts, and jealousies  
Which of themselves will ne'er be conjured down,  
But with the fall of him who first begot 'em.  
We must foment his passion for Semanthe,  
Since that conduces most to our design.

*Sun.* How that, my Lord ?

*Ism.* With my continual praises of her beauty  
I've blown his flame to such a raging height

(1) a shame, 1774.

That now he 'd brook a partner in his throne  
Rather than in her heart.

*Sun.* Alas, unrivalled he may keep that seat !  
And if the beauties of the Persian crown  
Did not attract beyond Semanthe's charms,  
Sure even in that he might unenvied be.

*Ism.* Tachmas thinks otherwise

*Sun.* Ha, named you Tachmas ?

*Ism.* Madam, I did, the Prince.

*Sun.* 'Tis false !

Or if you did, yet falser, if you say  
He cast one thought away upon Semanthe.

*Ism.* Madam, let this speak for me ; 'tis his hand  
And to Semanthe written. [Gives her a letter <sup>(1)</sup>].

*Sun.* The burning fever rages in my veins,  
But hold, my heart ! Restrain the fury in  
Which heaves me, like the fighting winds, for vent.  
One question more, and like the stormy god  
I 'll let you loose, to act it as you please,  
To shake me into atoms, tear my brain,  
With a distraction that becomes revenge <sup>(2)</sup>.

(<sup>1</sup>) This letter is not forged, like that appearing in Act IV, Sc. 2, and borrowed from the French novel. In the actual Popish Plot, the letters addressed in August 1678 to the Jesuit Father Bedingfield (See Pollock, *The Popish Plot*. p. 74), were forged, and intended to be intercepted while the letters found in the house of Edward Coleman, secretary to the Duchess of York, Mary of Modena, on September 29, 1678, were authentic. Many other documents, real and false, were produced in the course of the intrigues of the time, and may also have been in Southern's mind.

(<sup>2</sup>) Revenge, a favourite theme of tragedy, here appears under the influence of Tachmas, ed. 1676. [p. 138]. « ...[Sunamire] cette fière esclave, étouffant pour jamais dans son cœur les feux d'amour, y alluma de nouveau ceux de la vengeance, et... s'anima aveuglément à la [139] perte de Tachmas. »

*Arb.* She raves already.

*Sun.* My Lord, how came this letter to your hands ?

*Ism.* The Prince's goodness wisely chose my age

( To be his confident in these amours,  
And knowing me unfit for fiercer joys <sup>(1)</sup> )  
Thinks I still love the sport, and therefore makes me  
The go-between, the pander to their loves.  
And I think I have so much of my office right  
To hasten on their ruins. True, I make bold  
To taste their letters to 'em, as they pass  
Through my employment (for to me they 're all  
Enclosed). What serve my ends I keep, the rest  
I am most faithful in delivering.

*Sun.* Still he goes on, and every sound more soft,  
Tender, and melting, than the former ! hell !  
And to Semanthe all ! O, I could tear  
Myself, them, you and all the world, like this  
Dumb piece of love ! Lose him to her ! to her !  
A poor young, actless, indigested thing,  
Whose utmost pride can only boast of youth  
And innocence, whose stature speaks her mind  
And what fate meant her, a plebeian wife.  
Whilst my erected head was raised to give  
A fuller majesty to crowns, my years  
Rich with the summer fruit of riper joys  
Designed fit offerings to the god of love.  
But now no more.

(1) Shaftesbury's physical weakness is somewhat less coarsely alluded to by Dryden, Absalom and Achitophel :

l. 157 : « Fretted the pigmy body to decay. »

l. 167 : « Punish a body which he could not please. »

(p. 111 of Noyes' edition.)



Since I am scorned, my nobler thoughts aspire  
To glorious actions, worthy female ire.  
Revenge, and death, and blood my working fancy fire. [Exit.

*Ism.* Arbanes, after her! cool her if thou canst  
Or storm her into calmness. [Exit Arbanes.

*Ismael solus.*

*Ism.* Virtue, avaunt, to villages begone ! <sup>(1)</sup>  
But haunt the luxury of courts no more,  
Much less aspiring statesmen's nobler thoughts.  
Ambition is our idol, on whose wings  
Great minds are carried only to extremes,  
To be sublimely great, or to be nothing !  
And he who aims his actions at this mark  
Must rush with manly resolution on,  
Stopping at nothing when he has begun ;  
Still pass the shortest way, although untrod,  
Not loiter in the beaten honest road.  
But let our masters watch the heights we soar,  
A statesman's loyalty is growing power  
And we but watch occasion to devour. [Exit.

(<sup>1</sup>) The collocation of *avaunt* and *begone* occurs in the scene of Othello already referred to; III, 3, 335 :

Avaunt, begone, thou hast set me on the rack.



Act II.

SCENE I.

Tachmas's triumph ushered in by drums and trumpets and answered by flutes, oboes and voices from the other side of the stage. Seliman meets Tachmas with a full court <sup>(1)</sup>.

*Sel.* Welcome, thou worthy partner of my fame !  
From the rich harvest of thy glorious toil,  
Welcome my general, my friend, and brother !  
Why art thou backward in thy part of friendship ?  
Rise to my breast, for my impatient heart  
Awaits thee there. My arms thus fold thee in,  
Thus press thee to my soul, where thou wilt meet  
A thousand welcomes more than words can give thee.

*Tach.* O my imperial Lord, my God-like master,  
How has your servant merited this grace ?  
Permit me prostrate on the earth to fall  
And pay my adoration to this goodness.

*Sel.* I swear it must not be, brother, I read  
A longing in our gracious mother's eye,  
She claims your knee and duty. [Tachmas kneels to Begona.

(1) As to the two occasions when the Duke of York returned to London from Scotland, see note to Act I, p. 38. The reason there given for believing that Southern had the Duke's second return in mind is strengthened by the fact that in March 1682, James's triumph over the Whig Opposition was complete and that the *Loyal Brother* is entered in the *Easter Term Catalogue* (May 1682). The audience therefore must have thought of the later date when they witnessed the triumphal march described above. Though the Duke did not on either occasion return from a war, it probably seemed more heroic to insert a compliment to his credit as a soldier.

*Arb.* Why, all your projects are aground already,  
The Sophy dotes upon the Prince. [Aside.

*Ism.* Be patient !

His kindness is as short-lived as his anger. [Aside.

*Beg.* Thou second blessing, which the gods enriched  
My fruitful youth with, comfort of my age,  
Our lives' <sup>(1)</sup> preserver, welcome from the war,  
Welcome to me, and Ispahan.

*Tach.* Is there a joy in victory beyond  
My mother's safety ? Protecting her, you gods,  
Has overpaid the little I have done.

My hours of blood, and I am still your debtor !

*Beg.* Now I could bless these powers, that lengthened out  
My date of life to this most happy day,  
Once more to view the ancient Persian glory  
Shine out in these my sons, once to behold  
The face of things serene and fair again,  
The fruits of peace brooding <sup>(2)</sup> through all the land,  
And plenty smiling upon every brow.  
This as the mother of my country. But  
The spirit of my joy's reserved for you,  
My sons, or let me call you by a nearer name,  
Myself, thus to behold you meet in friendship,  
To have my blood, although in different veins,  
Flow in one stream of love, and what's yet more  
Though empire stands between, like a huge rock  
To break the current, and divide you ever.  
O, let it be my glory now, my sons,

(1) lives 1682, live's 1774.

(2) rip'ning 1774. The verb *brood* does not appear in the N. E. D. with a sense that can apply here, but Southern, who was fond of outlandish phrases, may very well have used it.

To seal the bands of friendship you have tied,  
To bless you thus, thus, in each other's arms  
And as a worthy sacrifice, to offer  
My stock of breath in prayers for both your welfares.

*Ambo.* Long live, thou best of mothers !

*Sel.* And mark me, all my people ! nay, sound our trum-  
To yon bright roof, and summon all the gods [pets  
As witnesses to this great Stygian vow :  
By the eternal godhead of the sun <sup>(1)</sup>  
I glory more that I can call thee mine,  
My friend and brother, than in wearing crowns.

*Tach.* Gods ! if there be a possibility  
To speak my thanks, but that's impossible !  
Or if there be a way to gratitude,  
Direct me to 't though certain death attend  
My every step, I 'll on to serve the king.

*Sel.* I know thou wouldst. Yet, Tachmas, O my brother,  
Great as I am in arms,  
Though I have conquered through the Asian world,  
And thou maintain'st my glory in the field,  
Still there is wanting to complete my bliss  
Semanthe's love — but that wise Heaven denies me,  
To show I am but man. For had the gods  
Granted me her, with this vast space of empire,  
I 'd been their equal, not envied 'em the joys  
They boast above, nor had a thought of Heaven  
Beyond her beauty. —  
But private cares must not usurp this day.

(1) The vow by the godhead of the sun is another phrase denoting the sun-worshipper.

Lead to the banquet <sup>(1)</sup>. All must be our guests,  
'Tis Seliman invites you. [Exeunt omnes, praeter Ismael et  
Semanthe.

*Ism.* Madam, I know the Prince's soul abhors  
These forms and ceremonies that detain  
Him from your arms.  
I have not time to open all my thoughts,  
I must attend the king. Only prepare,  
If any storm should fall, to 'scape its fury [Exit. <sup>(2)</sup>

*Sem.* Alas, what storm? And how should I beware?  
What lover ever yet foresaw a danger?  
The god himself is blind, and all that love  
In midnight darkness to his temple move.  
Like a tossed bark at sea, the pilot gone,  
I 'm left exposed to winds and waves alone  
And rocks on every hand to split upon.  
Yet there is one port fair in view, where I  
The fortune of my life and love will try,  
My Tachmas' arms, where I will live or die.

(1) In Pollock's table of events, under March, 8, 1680, appears the mention of a banquet, at which the king and the Duke of York were entertained by the Lord Mayor, shortly after the Duke's earlier return, on February 24, 1680. Is a later banquet meant here?

(2) The Macchiavellian politician's caution in pretending to befriend his destined victims and warning them is from the French novel:

[p. 85]: « [Allagolikan]... fit mine de se laisser fléchir par ses prières [i. e. Tachmas'] et lui dit que s'il en arrivait quelque malheur, il ne lui en devait rien imputer. »

SCENE II. A street.

Enter citizens with their wives <sup>(1)</sup>.

1. *Cit.* Hot work, neighbours, very hot work. Bells ringing, bonfires flaming, crackers flying, conduits running, engines <sup>(2)</sup> playing and butts of wine tossing about like church buckets in a fire.

2. *Cit.* Ay, ay, 't will be a day of service. Therefore I think it convenient our leaky vessels be lain by <sup>(3)</sup>.

*Omnes.* Agreed, agreed.

1. *Cit.* Yes, doxies, you must troop home, like obedient wives, and expect us as soon as we in our royal pleasure <sup>(4)</sup> shall think fit to follow.

1. *Wom.* O but, husband, we have not seen the fireworks.

2. *Wom.* And we never saw fireworks since we were married.

1. *Cit.* And now, for the honour of matrimony, you would meet with some red-nosed, engineering corporal, and be squibbed for company.

2. *Wom.* Besides, 't is a holiday, and citizens' wives should be abroad on holidays.

(1) The coarse ridicule of the City in this scene, while in agreement with the frequent practice of the Restoration stage, has a political significance when read in connection with Act. V, sc. 1. The City supported Shaftesbury's policy by rioting, by keeping the trained bands under arms and by forming juries that would decide any political cases in his favour.

(2) engine here stands for a piece of ordnance.

(3) laid, 1774.

(4) The commonalty are made to assume the royal style and speak of their royal pleasure in derision of the political ambitions of the House of Commons.



1. *Wom.* The King has proclaimed it, and it may be treason to go home before night.

1. *Cit.* We, your representatives in the body politic <sup>(1)</sup>, will stay till morning, and be loyally drunk for the King.

1. *Wom.* And we your cyphers, if we can find any civil gentlemen as loyally affected as ourselves, will do something else for the King before morning.

*Omn. Wom.* So farewell husbands. [Exeunt Women.]

1. *Cit.* So, now we have the day before us.

2. *Cit.* The fear of cuckoldom is removed, and we will be most obediently drunk at the King's charges <sup>(2)</sup>.

*Omn.* Away, away, we lose time. [Exeunt shouting :  
God bless the King !

Enter soldiers drunk, with the former women.

1. *Sold.* The day is our own, the town surrenders, and I must ravish.

1. *Wom.* O Lord, Sir, I am married !

1. *Sold.* And I am a cuckold maker.

1. *Wom.* O, but the sin of adultery is a double sin.

1. *Sold.* And I love double sinning with all my heart. 'Tis a method we soldiers use to cheat the devil in counting. Fornication, pox, 't is boy's play, and gownmen preach against it, but justify the reasonableness of adultery by their own example. [He touzes her, while the others speak.]

2. *Sold.* S' buds ! a month's pay is nothing to thee ! I could kiss thee to pieces.

2. *Wom.* Well, if my husband knew of the ill customs you bring into his family, he'd look as terrible —

(1) The favourite political philosopher of the time, Thomas Hobbes, had in 1650 published a treatise *De Corpore politico*.

(2) The Whig citizens' lip-loyalty is ridiculed here, as in Dryden's Prologue.



2. *Sold.* As a pair of horns can make him. But hang him, cuckold that must be! I never fear an enemy when I have won his trenches. Come, come, faith you must, faith you must — ha!

Enter former citizens, drunk and singing. The women shriek and run out, the soldiers after 'em.

1. *Cit.* Our counters rifled, our wives ravished, and we in the state of cuckoldom again! I am drunk desperate, and can fight for the honour of my vocation and confusion of cuckold-makers — Scour, scour, scour! — (1) [Exeunt.

### SCENE III. Changes to the Palace.

Enter Ismael with several Lords (2).

*Ism.* My Lords, I never can enough return  
This kingdom's thanks, for making him your care,  
Who is the life and being of us all,  
Tachmas, the general wish of Persia,  
The people's longing, and the courtier's soul.  
With what an eagerness the Sophy flew  
To meet your loves, and ere you could demand him  
Resigned the provinces of greatest trust  
Through his dominions to his brother's care.

*Lord.* My Lord, his strange behaviour at the banquet,  
His start of passion and abrupt departure  
Provokes our wonder.

(1) The cry raised when riots took place in the City.

(2) The Lords betrayed by Ismael into the semblance of a conspiracy against the king stand for the five Popish Lords arrested in October 1678. The prophecy that they were to lose their heads came true of Lord Stafford, beheaded on December 29<sup>th</sup>, 1680.

*Ism.* Trust my experience in the Sophy's humour.  
The eye of time has seen him through and through,  
Traced him through every temper of his soul  
And shown him naked to my strictest view.  
And from my observation of his youth  
Up to his riper years, I dare affirm  
His soul enriched with all those qualities  
That can endear a monarch to the world.  
— But see, he comes: within this hour, my Lords,  
I'll wait you in the apartment of Semanthe,  
Where I have something to propose, that may  
Advantage the design.

*Lord.* We will not fail. [Exeunt.]

*Ism.* To lose your heads, if you be there.

Enter Seliman.

*Sel.* Why is my temper shaken with each breath  
Of fleeting air, that's formed into voice? <sup>(1)</sup>  
Why have I not an equal mastery  
Over my passions with the rest of men?  
The court is in an uproar with my follies  
Exposed in public. All my friends stand mute

(1) The voices that shake the Sophy's temper are those of the lying witnesses in the Popish Plot. Modern historians doubt whether Charles II. (Seliman) ever believed them. But contemporaries remembered that he had signed many death-warrants on their evidence. According to Southern's Tory interpretation of incidents in the Popish Plot, the king was partly persuaded by Shaftesbury of the truth of 'Titus Oates' disclosures, but had occasional misgivings, when he was tempted to shake off Whig influences. While yielding to them, he enjoyed peace from his rebellious subjects; by being too inquisitive and discovering Oates' perjury, he could either endanger his peaceful possession of the crown or, at best, retain it.

Before me, not a councillor that dares  
Advise me, even flattery is dumb.

*Ism.* I 'll curb his folly. [Aside. (1)]

*Sel.* Ha ! Ismael here !

*Ism.* I find the poison works (2) ; I 'll show myself.

*Sel.* My fit returns, and all my promises  
Vanish at sight of him. A thousand doubts  
Start in my soul, and press to be resolved  
From his oraculous tongue. — Yet why should I  
Rashly endanger all my future peace,  
To be inquisitive in that, may prove  
A lasting torment, and at best can give  
But what I had before ? — I will retire,  
And so conceal my weakness - yet that were  
But to betray it more. —

*Ism.* Great Sir, to press upon your thoughtful hours  
May prove my crime. 'Tis fit I wait at distance.

*Sel.* No, Ismael !

Nothing of moment entertains my thoughts,  
Only some few reflections on my late  
Deportment at the banquet.

(1) In both texts this half-line is printed between dashes in Seliman's speech, thus :

— I'll curb his folly. — Ha, Ismael here !

We can print it unaltered if we give it to Ismael as an aside, as above. The treacherous minister overhears his sovereign's soliloquy, and vows to rule the weak-minded monarch. — Another possible interpretation would require a change from *his* to *this*, Seliman resolving to curb his own folly, thus :

— I'll curb this folly. — etc.

(2) Cf. Othello, III, 3, 326 :

*Iago.* The Moor already changes with my poison.

*Ism.* The cause was sure important, that could shock  
Your temper so, and in that general joy.

*Sel.* The cause, Ismael ! As thou lov 'st my peace,  
Stop there ! Though much I fear thou 'st gone too far.  
Thou 'st ignorantly touched a jarring string  
That quite untunes the orders of my soul.  
And all the rules of temperance I proposed  
I shall leap o 'er, if thus thou urge me on  
A second time.

*Ism.* How, Sir, have I offended ?

*Sel.* Thy questions still drive on to that discourse  
That most offends me.

*Ism.* Better I never spoke, than give you trouble.

*Sel.* It were indeed. — Nay, thou must bear with me,  
I know thou wilt, Ismael ; therefore speak,  
And let thy thoughts flow freely to thy tongue,  
As to my ear thy words. Is not Semanthe  
All can be wished in woman ? — Ha, not answer !

*Ism.* I dare not ! I shall give you new disturbance.

*Sel.* O, now thou art too hard upon my follies.  
I know this theme provoked me at the banquet,  
And truths in public are resented  
Which meet a fair reception in our closets.

*Ism.* Then I dare speak my thoughts. If I respect  
Semanthe as the goddess of your vows,  
As one raised by the merit of your love,  
Then I must think the virtues of her sex  
(For sure she has the beauties) meet in her.  
But if as merely woman I esteem her,  
Allied to imperfections, subject to  
Temptations, which her beauties will invite  
And years allow of, with that tide of youth

Swelling through every vein, sparkling desires  
And circulating wishes through her heart,  
— Pardon the freedom of my own experience —  
I think this fruit, that ripens on the bough  
And mellows in the sunshine of the court  
Must somewhere fall <sup>(1)</sup>.

*Sel.* A thousand thoughts prey on my tortured soul  
And whirling fancy turns my senses round.  
— Yet stay — 'twas reason all he uttered to me,  
And solid sense, and may perhaps be true.  
Semanthe is a woman  
And who can fathom that deceitful sex ?  
But, by the flaming god that rides above <sup>(2)</sup>,  
Had I a circumstance, a show of truth,  
I would not only drive the sorceress hence,  
But sink her lover in the shades for ever.

*Ism.* My Lord, knowing your violent passion  
For Semanthe, and her unnatural coldness,  
Hoping to find the cause of all, by bribes  
I wrought upon a slave in trust, who told me  
How she in private entertains a lover <sup>(3)</sup>.

*Sel.* In private, say'st thou ? Sure it cannot be.  
She who, like April months, still wept and shone,  
Whose not one beauty was without a tear,  
Is she, hell ! furies ! fiends and plagues ! unchaste ?

<sup>(1)</sup> In the French novel, Allagolikan (Ismael) slanders Négare (Semanthe) to Tachmas, not to the Sophy : [p. 68] [Allagolikan] « après s'être défendu [p. 69] longtemps des prières du prince, pour irriter davantage ses désirs, il lui dit qu'il ne devait pas moins craindre l'inconstance de Négare que l'amour de Séliman, etc. »

<sup>(2)</sup> The flaming god is the sun.

<sup>(3)</sup> The bribed spy is an eunuch in the French novel : [p. 78] « Il [Seliman] ordonna à un eunuque de ne point sortir de sa chambre, et d'épier toutes ses actions pour lui en rendre un compte fidèle. »



*Ism.* My Lord. —

*Sel.* She is, by Hell ! She is !

For all the tears she shed were liquid fire,  
Hot scalding bubbles of descending lust  
As Jupiter rained down on Danaë.

*Ism.* The gods can witness for me, I believe  
Semanthe chaste, as the untainted thoughts  
Of infancy.

Yet she is a woman, and the nicest sure,  
That makes her modesty her boasted pride,  
May, when solicited with earnest vows  
Of honourable love, without a crime  
Believe, where her own fancy prompts her.

*Sel.* What honourable love can story boast  
Through the recorded pages of the dead,  
Equal to mine ? In all my flame of love,  
When wild desires beat thick upon my soul,  
And power, the countenance of greatest crimes,  
Urging me on, nay when my boiling blood  
Has blushed to see me, for a woman's coyness,  
Forego my pleasures, not even then, I swear,  
Had I a look, a thought, beyond her virtue.

*Ism.* I need not name your brother, when I speak  
Your rival master of the charms of youth,  
Beauty, and courage. Nay more than these : one learn'd  
In the soft way of melting ladies' hearts,  
So artful in the story of his passion,  
That sure no woman can resist his tongue  
More than his enemy his sword in battle <sup>(1)</sup>.

(1) In the character of Tachmas given on pages 4-8 of the French novel, youth is not mentioned as one of his qualities, but beauty, courage and tenderness are.



*Sel.* O, 'tis impossible !

*Ism.* By Heaven, 'tis true. 'Tis he alone  
Resolves the frosty weather in her soul  
And warms her into wishes.

*Sel.* Then be forgotten ever  
The ties of blood, friendship, humanity !  
You 're empty names, and perish all in him,  
No more my brother, but the worst of villains.  
I could behold him seated in my throne,  
Disposing crowns and kingdoms through the East,  
And pardon his ambition — but my love —

*Ism.* He needs no pardon, who offends with power,  
And should the Prince with a strong hand maintain  
His passion to the world, nay, ease your brow  
Of the imperial load, who can oppose him ? <sup>(1)</sup>  
All offices are his, your sword is his <sup>(2)</sup>  
To be employed against your royal life  
If gratitude permit. And who is he,  
In the wild transports of ambitious thoughts  
And tossing on the billows of desire,  
That for a nicety of good or ill  
Would quit the joys of beauty, and a crown ?

*Sel.* No more, Ismael ! Tell me when and where  
I may behold 'em. Let thy working brain  
But guide me to the place. —

(1) In the French novel, Allagolikan (Ismael) tells Séliman :  
[p. 96] « que Tachmas était capable de tout entreprendre ; que le  
prince pouvait envisager la mort du roi comme un favorable évène-  
ment qui [p. 97] lui mettrait la couronne sur la tête, et sa maîtresse  
entre les bras, etc. »

(2) Soon after the appointment of Monmouth as Lord General,  
the Duke of York had been appointed generalissimo.

*Ism.* That this does. [Showing a key.  
This key discloses to you the whole scene  
Of their forbidden loves. Within this hour  
They meet again in her apartment, where  
You may surprise 'em <sup>(1)</sup>).

*Sel.* Attend me at that time.

O, I could curse my foolish, easy nature !  
— But I am calm as yet,  
The figure of my fury's lifeless drawn,  
Rude, and unlike to what it shall be.  
O, thou shalt see the mendings of my rage,  
The manly dashes of <sup>(2)</sup> stronger passion  
Shall paint the face of my revenge so ghastly,  
Nature shall start affrighted at the piece,  
And cry, the work's not mine. [Exit.

*Ism.* Full charged and like a thunderbolt destructive  
The Sophy flies to all that shall oppose him.

— Tachmas will stand between him and Semanthe.

— But Seliman must pass through Tachmas to her.

'Tis so resolved, and stands like Heaven's fixed poles !

Come, furies all, whip up my sleeping envy,  
Lash the lean, haggard fiend, and make her foam !

Lend me your scorpions, reach the poisonous bowl,

That the green gall may stain my venom'd blood,

And my infection raise a mad combustion.

Then from the port I will behold the storm,

And laugh at ruins, that my plots perform. [Exit.

(1) In the French novel, the treacherous minister also founds an accusation of conspiracy upon a lovers' meeting : [Allagolikan dit à Séliman] : [p. 97] « que Tachmas n'était peut-être entré chez Négare que pour examiner avec elle de que le manière il pourrait se défaire de lui. » [*i. e.* the Sophy.]

(2) of my, 1774.

SCENE IV. Semanthe's Apartment.

Enter Tachmas, Semanthe and Lords (1).

*Tach.* O why Semanthe, why these falling tears?  
I swear, my love, not the last drops of life  
Just flowing from my heart, are dearer to me  
Than those rich pearls that trickle from thy eyes (2).  
What ! On this joyful day it must not be.  
Give me thy griefs, pour all thy sorrows here,  
Here in my breast, and pant within my arms.  
Though Fortune frown, and every star conspire,  
Yet we may love, Semanthe !

*Sem.* O my Lord,  
What sun shall see you mine ? Is there no power  
Assisting to our love ?

(1) In the French novel, the minister Allagolikan attends Tachmas during his visit to the lady's chamber : [p. 87] « Négare ne fut pas peu surprise de revoir encore une fois le prince. L'amour, la crainte, la joie et la douleur mêmes agitèrent confusément son âme. A peine ces amants infortunés avaient-ils eu le temps de verser des pleurs, et de s'expliquer [p. 88] l'un à l'autre leur mutuelle tendresse par des regards passionnés, qu'ils entendirent un grand bruit, comme de plusieurs personnes qui marchaient avec précipitation. L'eunuque tout troublé courut ouvrir une fausse porte qui rendait dans l'appartement de Bégone pour faire évader le prince, mais il fut rudement repoussé par le Sophy qui entra [p. 89] par ce même endroit, et qui le fit empaler sur-le-champ par d'autres eunuques qui entraient en foule par l'autre porte, sans avoir voulu souffrir que ce malheureux pût se justifier. Il leur commanda aussi d'étrangler Tachmas, etc. »

(2) Cf. Julius Caesar, II, 1, 289.

You are my true and honourable wife  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.

*Tach.* My dearer self !

Let no sad thought poison this happy hour  
The gods have sent us to begin our joys !  
No, my Semanthe, we will never part !  
For ever thus, thus in each other's arms  
Ages shall see us flourish.

*Sem.* Yes, you shall

For ever be believed, for my poor heart  
Would fain be fonded with the hopes of rest.  
Yet there is something here presages ill.  
Were our loves' scene a blissful, sylvan grove,  
And we the happy tenants of its shade,  
An humble rural pair, to all unknown,  
Placed beneath Fortune's aim, we might be blest.  
But O, the storms and tempests of a court,  
The rocks, the quicksands and the tossing seas  
That love must venture through to gain its port  
Foil the most resolute powers of my soul.

( Enter Seliman unseen, with Ismael and Arbanes (1). )

*Sel.* There needs no more. Ismael, you retire,  
Whilst Arbanes attends me. [Exit Ismael.

*Sem.* You know the Sophy long has sought my love  
And though I swear I never will be his  
Nor change the passion I have vowed you long  
For more than earth can give or Heaven bestow,  
Yet, O my Lord, my fears are great for you.  
What horrid consequence, what rash effect  
Of wildest fury ought we not to dread

(1) There is no possibility of deciding whether this invasion of a lady's private apartment under Ismael's (Shaftesbury's) guidance covers an allusion to the search made in the queen's palace after the murder of Godfrey (October, 1678).

From him who, when he knows his happy rival,  
Has power to execute his fatal will ?

*Tach.* No, my Semanthe, we are now secure  
From all the darts of Fortune. These my friends,  
Soon as I march to my new government,  
Shall be your guard, and privately convey you  
To Georgia, which province your brave father  
Had governed long, and but with death resigned.  
'Tis now within my power, and I doubt not,  
At sight of you, but we shall have those friends  
To join our cause, that may enable us  
To justify our loves.

*Lords.* In the public name,  
We lay our lives and fortunes at your feet.

*Sel.* O man me, reason !  
Restrain the sallies of my starting passion,  
Which else will plunge me in the gulf of madness.

*Sem.* But if that gloomy minute should approach,  
(Avert it, Heaven) when I am forced to lose you,  
(Forgive the virgin fondness of my love)  
Where should your poor Semanthe run for succour ?  
Or should I live to mourn your loss for ever ?

*Tach.* O, stop not here ! For ever bless my ears  
With the delightful story of thy love !  
My heart is ravished with excessive joy,  
Leaps in my breast  
And dances to the music of thy voice.  
O, my Semanthe, let me die with rapture,  
Thus sigh my soul out on thy virgin bosom,  
Thus press thee still, for ever hold thee to me,  
Emptying the hoarded treasure of my love  
Till life be spent, and I fall pale before thee.



What shall I say to speak thy wondrous virtue?  
My tongue forsakes me when I would go on  
Uncapable to form my dazzling thoughts,  
And I can only gaze, and still admire thee.

Seliman coming forward.

*Sel.* Gaze on, devour her all. This look's thy last.

*Sem.* O Heavens, we are betrayed.

*Sel.* O wondrous modesty of guilt discovered!  
Ingrateful slave, I will not stoop to tell thee  
How thou hast basely wronged thy friend and brother.  
I did design thy death, but thank the powers  
That have revived expiring nature in me.  
But fly, begone, to death or banishment <sup>(1)</sup>.  
And all the public offices you held  
By our permission, here we take again.  
The general staff, Arbanes, now is thine.

*Arb.* My service best will speak my gratitude.

*Sel.* As traitors to our crown and life your heads

[To the Lords.

Are forfeit to our laws. But meet ignobler fates <sup>(2)</sup>.  
Madam, your sex's folly pleads your cause.

(1) The duke of York was banished several times. On March 4, 1679, he left for Brussels by command of the king, to return on September 2<sup>d</sup>. during his brother's illness. On September 27, he left again for Brussels, thence to Scotland. The next year he was back in London in February, and left again for Scotland on October 20. His final return from exile took place about the time when the Loyal Brother was acted, March 1682.

(2) In the French novel (p. 89), the eunuch who has permitted the lovers to meet is impaled. Lord Stafford was sentenced not to decapitation, but to the *ignobler fate* of being drawn and quartered, the usual sentence in cases of high treason. He was actually beheaded.



But think on him no more. Learn to forget  
A slave so much unworthy.

Arbanes, thou attend upon Semanthe  
And guard her as thou wouldst thy life Away. [Exit.

*Tach.* If in my better fortune I have ever  
Deserved thy love,  
Grant me a parting minute with Semanthe,  
And in return, my life  
Shall be too short to show my gratitude.

*Arb.* My Lord, the time requires a short farewell  
And you must make it so. I know there are  
A thousand tender things for you to say,  
Unfit for me to hear.  
Therefore, my Lord, the guards shall wait without:

[Exit with guards

*Tach.* Now, my Semanthe !

*Sem.* O my most loved Lord !  
Support me, for my spirits die within me  
At the least mention of thy banishment.

*Tach.* Look up, my star, my shining happiness,  
Dart through the gloomy winter of our fortune,  
And smile upon me.

Let us deceive our miseries a while,  
Talk of the joys of love, and never think  
Of parting. Grief will come too fast upon us.

*Sem.* Methinks already in some barbarous wild,  
Like a benighted traveller, I walk,  
Viewing with watery eyes the sinking sun  
And night displaying her sad ensigns round.  
No friendly village near me, all before  
A horrid maze of death, without a guide  
To cheer my heavy steps. Despair and death,

Darkness and everlasting horror round me <sup>(1)</sup>.  
O wilt thou ne'er return to glad my soul,  
And must we never, never meet again ?

*Tach.* My soul's last treasure, how I part from thee,  
How far above the world I prize thy love,  
The almighty searchers of the mind can tell.  
But since irrevocable fate has doomed  
That I must ne'er be happy, O hear my wish  
For thy content and future peace of mind.  
— It matters not what shall become of me.  
When I am gone for ever from thy sight  
Forget that wretched Tachmas ever was.  
O think not on the wretch, for that will grieve thee,  
But give thy love to royal Seliman.  
Give him that heart, that once was mine, those vows,  
That spotless faith thou gav'st to me. Which, since  
'Tis for your peace, you gods, I here resign,  
Here on this altar sigh you all away. [Kissing her hand.

*Sem.* O most unkind, why do you use me thus ?  
Or would you have me think you never loved,  
That thus you wish me from you ?

*Tach.* My love,  
My dearer self, thou miracle of woman !  
For what recorded story ever told  
One of thy sex so fond of misery ?  
Let us live wretched then, and ever love;  
So truly love, that the relenting gods  
At last in justice may redress our wrongs  
And bring us safe unto each other's arms.

*Sem.* O, if I ever prove untrue to Tachmas,

(1) Line missing in 1682.

May I resign my honour to a slave,  
Be branded a vile, common prostitute,  
And only known by the black marks of shame.

*Tach.* O I could hear thee ever. But thus resolved  
Let's try to part.

*Sem.* O you must first begin,  
For my heart's fond, and sure, to say farewell  
Would break it quite.

*Tach.* Farewell Semanthe ! Witness all you gods !  
To you I recommend this weighty charge :  
O guard her innocence and secure her faith,  
For sure she will be strongly tempted from me,  
That if your kinder stars should guide me home  
To these loved arms, our souls may meet in joy.

*Sem.* My heart's exceeding heavy. Falling tears  
Dazzle my sight and won 't <sup>(1)</sup> let me see you.  
O do not leave me yet !

*Tach.* I must be gone,  
If I stay longer we are both undone.  
My eyes would ever on that object dwell,  
— But we must part — farewell !

*Sem.* Farewell, farewell ! [Exeunt. <sup>(2)</sup>]

(<sup>1</sup>) will not, 1774.

(<sup>2</sup>) Missing in 1774.

Act III.

SCENE I.

Enter Seliman following Semanthe.

*Sel.* The stubborn rocks are worn by pouring floods,  
But you, though covered with a constant dew,  
Like weeping marble,  
Give me no hopes, but are as hard as ever.

*Sem.* Learn hope from widowed turtles,  
Or from the melancholy Philomel  
Who perched all night alone in shady groves  
Tunes her soft voice to sad complaints of love,  
Making her life one great harmonious woe.

*Sel.* Cannot Pactolus' strand nor Tagus' stream  
Nor heaps of pearl joined with a Persian crown  
Bias your thoughts or poise a subject's love? (1)

*Sem.* Though your wide empire, with expanded wings  
Flew o'er the East farther than Cyrus led it,  
Though the sun tenanted his course from you  
And the rich Indian world confessed your sway,  
I would prefer my Tachmas, my loved Lord  
To all the pageantries of gaudy power,  
Tachmas, whose name but mentioned warms my heart,  
Life of my hopes, and charmer of my soul.

*Sel.* You were not formed to run in nature's herd  
Sultry and elbowed in the crowd of slaves.  
These matchless beauties should adorn a throne

(1) In the French novel, Négare tell Tachimas [p. 74] « qu'elle fermerait volontiers les yeux à toutes les couronnes de la terre pour les ouvrir à ses vertus. »

Placed eminently in a shining orb,  
Dart life or death in every awful look.

*Sem.* O Tachmas, didst thou know  
How my assaulted faith maintains the field,  
Sure thou wouldst fly to my assistance.

*Sel.* O Madam, taste the pleasures of a throne ! (1)  
The sweets of Nature always blow around us.  
Fate cannot reach us.  
The ills she scatters through the lower world,  
Like vapours, vanish ere they gain our height.  
Joys flow untainted from the bounteous gods,  
Which the poor subject takes at second hand.  
No noise molests us but what music makes,  
Cool, gentle breezes fan our hotter hours  
While we look down and view the sweating world.  
See, at your feet I offer all my greatness,  
My love, my life, yet all too little far  
To purchase one dear look, one pitying smile.

*Sem.* O rise, my royal Lord, why should you kneel  
To me, why do you hold me thus ?

*Sel.* Why dost thou turn away ?

*Sem.* I must be gone.

*Sel.* What, not a look, not one dear smile, to cheer  
My famished love, my sad despairing heart ?  
But my too happy rival will dispense  
With this — thus, thus I print my soul.

[Kissing her hand, she breaks from him.]

(1) In the French novel, Seliman's offer of marriage is made through an eunuch, who tells Négare (Semanthe) [p. 45] « que la passion de ce prince était accompagnée de tant de respect et d'estime, qu'il ne se contenterait pas de la mettre au rang de ses premières favorites, mais qu'il lui voulait faire porter le titre de reine, et lui donner [p. 46] sa foi aux pieds des autels. »



Ha, gone so soon ! Nay, then 'tis time to speak.  
By all the pangs of love, if thus you leave me,  
Thus tortured with the violence of my passion,  
Your lover's blood alone shall quench my rage.

*Sem.* Ah, where shall constancy meet a reward ?  
Where shall that poor, abandoned virtue fly ?  
For here 'tis persecuted to undoing.

*Sel,* 'Tis not his banishment that shall suffice.  
That I applied, as a safe remedy,  
In hopes you would forget him by degrees.  
But since I find the infection spreads upon you  
I must be quick, and snatch the sharpest cure.  
And since he only bars my happiness  
His death shall guide me on my way to bliss. [Exit. (1)]

*Sem.* O leave me not with that destructive sound.  
My Lord, O stay ! O hear me ere you go.  
— He's gone, and may perhaps intend it too.  
Ah, no, Hyrcanian tigers would not hurt my love  
— But a revengeful, furious rival may.  
Tachmas and death ! O keep 'em distant, Heaven !  
For, like destroying planets, if they meet  
My ruin 's certain. Some god inspire my mind  
In this wide maze of death a path to find  
That leads me to the means, how I may save  
My love, or that which leads me to my grave. [Exit.]

(1) In the French novel, Seliman orders his eunuchs to strangle Tachmas, and Négare obtains his reprieve by her prayers. (p. 89-90.) The latter motive is used by Southern in Act III, Sc. 4.

SCENE II. Changes to the Country.

Enter Osman with several officers.

*Osm.* Far hence he cannot be,  
And by the villagers' description  
It must be the Prince they saw.

1. *Off.* 'Tis strange that misery should be so silent.  
The birds in mournful notes should share his griefs,  
Each grove should echo the sad accents back,  
And every bark contain the fatal story.

2. *Off.* Let's separate, he cannot 'scape our search. [Exeunt.]

Enter Tachmas.

*Tach.* Greatness, the earnest of malicious fate  
For future woe, was never meant a good.  
Baited with gilded ruin, 'tis cast out  
To catch poor easy man <sup>(1)</sup>.  
What is 't to be a prince?  
To have a keener sense of our misfortunes;  
That's all our wretched gain.  
The vulgar think us happy, and at distance,  
Like some famed ruinous pile, we seem to flourish,  
But we who live at home alone can tell  
The sad disquiets and decays of peace  
That always haunt the dwelling.

(1) The same sentiment is dressed in a similar phrase in Wolsey's speech quoted above (Act I, page 43,) from Henry VIII :

« The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
And when he thinks, poor easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,  
And then he falls as I do. »

(Henry VIII, III, 2, 355-358.)

O ambition,  
How strangely dost thou charm the minds of men,  
That they will choose to starve on mountain tops  
Rather than taste the plenty of the vale !  
Had my kind stars designed my fortune here,  
Bred among swains, with my Semanthe by me  
The conquering beauty of some neighbouring village,  
What ages of content might I have passed  
Till time had quenched both life and love together !  
But O, I never more must think of peace,  
Semanthe's gone for ever, O Semanthe ! [Exit.

Re-enters with officers.

*Tach.* Come to my arms, my warriors ! These are they  
Who in the piercing winter of our fortune  
Cling to our sapless sides and keep us warm.  
Once more let me endear you to my heart.  
And now, my friends, part we like soldiers here,  
All to our several fates. Fight for the King  
As I have done, and may your services  
Be better paid.

*Osm.* Oft have we seen fate hovering o'er our camp  
In all the bloody horrors of a war,  
Nor have we left our general at the view.  
And shall we here desert him basely ? Here  
Where only hunger and some trivial want,  
Which war has turned to nature in us, threatens ?

*I. Off.* Fate could not part our fortunes in the war,  
Nor shall she now.

*Osm.* Were those soft slaves of lechery <sup>(1)</sup> and ease  
To head an army, those who thus have wronged you,

(1) luxury, 1774.

How would they voice it o'er and o'er for Tachmas  
To come and blunt the edge of war again !

2. *Off.* Base natures always hate where they 're obliged.

Enter Arbanes with a guard.

*Arb.* My Lord, I come empowered to take  
You prisoner, as traitor to the state (1).

*Tach.* A traitor !

Prithee forbear me that, and I resign  
Myself to justice up, without the stain  
Of thy black blood upon my innocence.

*Arb.* I come not here to talk.

*Osm.* There's not a life here  
Which fondly you esteem within your power,  
But must be sold at dearer rates of blood  
Than you and all your crowd of guards can pay (2).

*Tach.* Yet hold, my generous friends, I must not thus  
By disobedience to my King's command  
Rashly forego my glory (3). If he think fit  
To take my life, or make it yet more wretched,  
My loyalty ties up my forward sword,  
And teaches silently to suffer all (4).

(1) French novel : [p. 92] « Il [i. e. Seliman] fit resserrer Tachmas dans une étroite prison, où le jour ne pénétrait qu'à peine. »

(2) Osman is evidently meant to personify the army, which is represented as specially devoted to the Duke. T. Evans relates that, at James's accession, Southern himself became an ensign in a regiment afterwards commanded by James's natural son, the duke of Berwick. (Account, p. 2.)

(3) virtue, 1774.

(4) French novel : [p. 171.] « Ce fut alors que ce prince, qui sous le Sophy Chabas son père avait porté l'effroi de ses armes dans toute l'Asie et fait trembler les Ottomans [p. 172] jusque dans le sérail, ce prince qui avait un million d'âmes à sa dévotion, et dont

And now, a long farewell. Live to enjoy  
A better fortune in your Prince's favour. [Exit with Arbanes

*1. Off.* Let's to the army,  
Where noble souls will not be wanting, to  
Assist our cause, and turn the Prince's fate.

*Osm.* I'll to court,  
Where, if kind Fortune favour my designs,  
I may prove serviceable. [Exeunt severally.]

### SCENE III. The Palace.

Enter Seliman and Ismael.

*Sel.* Since fate has put the traitor in my power,  
My justice shall have wings.

*Ism.* The harmless beast bows to the sacred knife,  
But 'tis to keep off thunder from our crimes  
And to make friends in Heaven. But what, O what  
Can you propose by taking Tachmās' life ?  
Thus you not only throw your shield away  
From your unguarded head, but do incite  
The long forbearance of the gods against you.

*Sel.* Has he not dared my crown as well as love ?  
Has he not stolen into my armies' <sup>(1)</sup> hearts ?  
Nay more, when I had banished him my court,  
Has he not countenanced rebellion in  
My disaffected captains ?  
All this thou know 'st, and yet wouldst have me spare him.

toute son armée ne chérissait pas moins les vertus qu'elle respectait sa puissance, ce prince enfin pour qui tous ses soldats se seraient estimés bienheureux de verser leur sang, se vit abandonné à la fureur d'un perfide, etc. •

(1) army's, 1774.



*Ism.* Only, great Sophy, as he is your brother.

For, by the gods, were he a private man,

My sword should reach the villain in his heart.

But as he is the Prince, your people's idol,

And one that shares your blood, you may forgive <sup>(1)</sup>.

*Sel.* Since he is great and makes my crown his aim,

A politic justice does persuade his death.

A bramble ne'er can spring up to a cedar,

But a tall pine, upon a mountain's top,

May grow my rival, and perhaps o'erlook me.

He dies to-night, by the bright god; he does !

A scaffold shall the traitor's head receive

And public justice send him to his grave. [Exit.

*Ism.* Because I seem for Tachmas, therefore I love him,  
Thus he concludes, but the illations's false.

(1) This scene is narrated somewhat differently in the French novel : [p. 93] « Allagolikan faisant [p. 94] paraître une fausse tendresse pour mieux frapper son coup, dit à Séliman que la Nature ne lui permettait pas de faire éclater sa justice dans toute sa rigueur en cette rencontre. Mais le Sophy lui ordonna de dire ce qu'il pensait, sans avoir égard à la qualité des personnes. Il lui dit que le trône était au dessus des tendresses du sang, et que [95] la Nature devait se taire quand il s'agissait des intérêts du souverain. Ce parjure, attestant alors le ciel et le saint prophète qu'il allait parler sans aucune préoccupation de part ni d'autre, remontra à Séliman qu'il était d'une extrême importance de ne pas laisser impunie l'injure que lui avait faite Tachmas ; que la moindre révolte d'un [p. 96] sujet contre les volontés de son roi était un crime digne de mort ; que comme la passion de Tachmas pour Négare ne s'éteindrait jamais, il chercherait toutes sortes de moyens pour la satisfaire ; que le prince pouvait envisager la mort du roi comme un favorable évènement qui [97] lui mettrait la couronne sur la tête et sa maîtresse entre les bras ; que l'exécution n'en était pas trop difficile ; que puisqu'on avait déjà séduit un eunuque on en pourrait encore séduire d'autres, etc. »

I would as loth obtain the suit I move for  
As lawyers, bribed against the cause they plead.  
— But thus I'm unsuspected of his death  
— O, there's the pleasure, so to work the crowd <sup>(1)</sup>,  
That their best thoughts may crown our villanies,  
And frame us honest even in the act of mischief.

Enter Sunamire to him.

*Sun.* Thus far success has led our plots along  
And expectation been paid with interest.  
And should these fail, which would be vain to fear,  
My teeming brain holds a Minerva still,  
That with unerring mischief would supply me.

*Ism.* Madam, there needs no more. With wondrous skill  
You've raised the antic machine up, and now,  
Moved by an inward power, 'twill act alone,  
Whilst we, like sailors tacking for the wind  
Mount on the deck at last, with full-blown sails  
Drive onward to our port, and proudly ride  
On dancing billows down the foaming tide <sup>(2)</sup>.

*Sun.* How are my spirits haunted by revenge !  
— But I can more sustain,  
Nay, stab this breast, to plague my happy rival  
And that rash scorner of my proffered love.

*Ism.* Semiramis no more shall be adored  
In story, female spirit never mentioned more.  
But Sunamire shall fill the cheeks of fame,  
And in the roll of women be the leading name.

(1) The abrupt allusion to the crowd takes us out of the sphere of courtly intrigue into the wider field of popular passion, where Shaftesbury's genius was successful.

(2) missing, 1682.

*Sun.* The hour grows big with fate. — But let's away  
And place a guard on every courtier's eye  
As seamen watch in storms the inconstant sky. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE IV.]

The scene drawn, shows Tachmas on a scaffold, guards,  
spectators, etc (2).

*Tach.* Death we should prize, as the best gift of Nature,  
As a safe inn, where weary travellers,  
When they have journeyed through a world of cares  
May put off life and be at rest for ever,  
If 'twere in private, void of pomp and show.

(2) This scaffold scene is very closely borrowed from the French novel : [p. 102]. « L'appareil de cette exécution se dressa dans une salle du palais, et le Sophy y voulut lui-même assister pour repaître ses yeux d'un spectacle si tragique. Allagolikan résista longtemps à cette envie, parcequ'il craignait ce qui arriva. Mais toutes les remontrances qu'il fit au roi ne servirent qu'à irriter ses désirs. La princesse Bégone [p. 103] courut à la porte de la chambre de Séliman, pour le conjurer, par cette vie qu'elle lui avait donnée, de ne point souiller sa gloire d'un si lâche parricide, mais il ne voulut seulement pas permettre qu'elle entrât, et il commanda à ses eunuques de la renfermer, de peur d'être attendri par ses cris. L'heure de ce noir sacrifice étant arrivée, [p. 104] on tira Tachmas du cachot où il était, pour expier un crime d'amour et de mauvaise politique. Que la voix de la nature est puissante dans un cœur ! Qu'il est difficile de se dépouiller entièrement de ses sentiments ! Et que la présence d'un objet a de force pour les émouvoir ! Quand le sophy vit son frère accablé de [p. 105] chaînes, ses yeux languissants, et son visage pâle et défiguré, non point par la crainte de la mort, mais par la violence de la passion qui l'agitait, il eut beau rappeler contre lui toute sa haine et toute sa jalousie, il ne put résister à la pitié dont il se sentit tout-à-coup saisi, et s'il voulut encore du mal à Tachmas, c'est parcequ'il le trouvait trop [p. 106] innocent. Il fit su<sub>1</sub>eo<sub>1</sub>ir l'exécution, etc. »

But groans, and weeping friends, and ghastly blacks  
Distract us with their sad solemnity.  
The preparation is the executioner,  
For death unmasked shows us a friendly face  
And only is a terror at a distance.  
For as the line of life conducts us on  
To this great court, the prospect shows more fair.  
'Tis Nature's hospital, that's always open  
To take us in when we have drained the sweets  
Of life or worn our days to age or wretchedness.  
Then why should I delay or fondly fear  
To embrace this soft repose, this last retreat ?  
I, who like blossoms withering on the bough  
Died in my birth, and almost was born old.

Enter Seliman, Ismael, Arbanes and Attendants.

*Ism.* Yet, Sir, turn back. Although a criminal,  
He is your brother, and to see him bleed,  
So gentle is the temper of your soul,  
Will raise your very thoughts in arms against you.  
Nature and justice, like contending tides,  
Will drive you from the calmness of your mind,  
And what the consequence may be, how fatal  
To your peace, none knows, but all should dread.  
Therefore, my Lord, I beg you —

*Sel.* Urge no more.

I tell thee, Ismael, I'll stand unmoved,  
Behold him fall a purple sacrifice  
To my ambition and my injured love  
As unconcerned as 'twere a common fate.

*Tach.* Although sufficient reasons urge my death,  
Yet, O great Sir, I never could imagine

It would rejoice you to behold me bleed.  
Here I confess you have outgone my thoughts.

*Arb.* By hell ! I read concern i' th' Sophy's looks. [Aside.

*Ism.* He'll never stand it out. [Aside.

*Tach.* Yet ere this fleeting being disappears,  
Before I leave the world, let me avow  
The loyalty and firmness of my soul  
Before this presence, to imperial power.  
And by the expectance of eternal rest  
To all my past calamities in death,  
By all the thousand longings of my soul  
Now at my parting minute, O, I swear  
That through my life, in all the fields I fought  
And conquered in your cause, I never bled  
With more content and satisfaction (1),  
When crimson conquest clasped me in her arms  
And laurelled triumphs welcomed my return,  
Than now I empty all the springs of life.  
Open each vein and, as the last great due,  
Offer the scarlet treasure of my heart  
In dread obedience to your high command.

*Sel.* 'Tis (2) rebel Nature factions in my breast,  
But 'tis resolved, I am not to be moved.

*Tach.* Since fate ordained Semanthe's charms to be  
The fatal prize of our contending loves,  
Since I must lose her, with my latest breath  
That sacred relic of my soul, that all  
The riches, empire that my heart rejoiced in,

(1) In the French novel also, Tachmas despises death : « son visage pâle et défiguré, non point par la crainte de la mort, mais par la violence de la passion qui l'agitait. » (p. 105.)

(2) This, 1774.



I here resign to your eternal care.  
O take her, Sir, and be for ever blest,  
Be blest far, far above all human thought,  
For endless joys are in that Heaven of love.  
A thousand Cupids dance upon her smiles,  
Young bathing angels wanton in her eyes,  
Melt in her looks and pant upon her breasts.  
Each word is gentle as a western breeze  
That fans the infant bosom of the spring,  
And every sigh more rosy than the morn.  
— The thought inspires my soul. But I have done,  
O keep her close to the business of your loves,  
Impose a mighty task of pleasing toil  
Upon her, give her not time to think on Tachmas,  
For if she does, sure she will give a tear,  
And O, I would not have Semanthe weep  
Though the dear dew would make my ashes flourish in my  
tomb.

Begona enters attended, in great distraction.

*Beg.* O horror, horror, torment to my eyes !  
Why was I doomed to this unhappy day ?  
Why give I not myself to be devoured  
With your great father, in his silent tomb <sup>(1)</sup>

(1) The great father is Charles I. — While Begona's appearance is from the passage of the French novel quoted above (102-106), Semanthe's is drawn from a later episode in the novel [p. 117] : « La princesse [i. e. Négare] ne l' [i. e. Séliman] eut pas plutôt vu entrer, que, se jetant à ses pieds, elle lui dit que son propre intérêt l'engageait à laisser la vie à Tachmas, qu'elle ne parlait point des séditions et des révoltes qui pourraient naître parmi un peuple qui ne [p. 118] supporterait pas aisément la mort d'un prince qu'il aimait, et que l'on condamnait sur l'accusation d'un crime purement imaginaire, etc. ».

Rather than thus, in my declining life  
Have my distracted bowels rent and gashed  
By two loved sons, in an unnatural strife?  
See where stripped innocence, with brow august,  
Serenely bids defiance to the axe,  
As if his soul were schooled to suffer wrong!  
Ah, have you eyes, or are you marble turned?  
No, no, the marble weeps, yet has no eyes.  
— Ah, go not from me, 'tis a mother begs  
And, as a mother, must not be refused.  
'Tis but an easy boon, my 'Tachmas' life,  
A brother's life, a life less his than yours  
But mine in chief. Then whither would your rage?  
Like Tullia triumph o'er a parent's wounds?

*Sel.* My guards, confine the queen to her apartment,  
Till execution's past.

*Arb.* Curse on these land sirens! What brave designs  
Have been undone by listening to women? [*Aside.*]

*Beg.* Ah, must your empire's hopes, your people's joys,  
The wishes of good men, be sacrificed  
To a fantastic idol, that usurps  
The heat of passion, to appear a god in,  
But in cold blood seems monstrous as a fury?  
Such is revenge. If so, then stop not here,  
Let your licentious fury sweep along  
And make a mother's death complete the scene  
Of most triumphant murder. Rip this womb  
That formed him yet an embryo and gave  
Him being, to displease you. Gash these veins,  
That robbed themselves of vigour, to supply  
His infancy with strength to act against you.  
Strike, stab, and drown this contest in my blood.

*Sel.* Are my commands disputed? [The guards advance.

*Beg.* Off, you slaves!

Is there no filial duty to a parent,  
No virtue in a mother's tears to stir  
Obedience in a son? Then I will kneel,  
Thus, like a vassal, follow on my knees,  
And never leave pursuing <sup>(1)</sup>.

Semanthe enters in great disorder, and throws herself at  
his feet.

*Sel.* This face of fatal sorrow does confound me,  
Nor can I stand this test.

*Beg.* and *Sem.* Ah, go not from us. [Both hold him.

*Beg.* Fast as a drowning wretch I'll grasp your knees  
To the last plunge of life.

*Sem.* Thus pale and dying  
With my dishevelled hair, I'll bind you to me.  
Drag me you may, or dash me to the ground,  
Trample upon me, yet I will not leave you,  
Till your wild rage shall spurn me to my grave.  
O, can you view the violence of my grief,  
That throws me grovelling on the pavement thus,  
Torn with distraction, raving, yet not give  
A look, a sigh, me tender pitying word  
To raise me from despair? —  
See, see, he turns away from my complainings,  
My sobs, my groans, and swoonings. O recall,  
Revoke the rigour of your dooming voice!

(1) Begona's part in this scene is so far true to history that queen Henrietta Maria during Charles II.'s *travels* headed the Catholic and French party, afterwards led by the Duke of York, against the Anglican interest, whose chief representative was Edward Hyde, who became Earl of Clarendon.

Though you have said it, yet you have not sworn  
My utter ruin.

*Beg.* If you persist to take your brother's life,  
O hear what my presaging soul divines !  
No history shall offer an excuse.  
Mothers shall curse your memory, nurses fright  
Their crying infants with your horrid tale.  
But if it shall be said in after-times  
How in the height of madness,  
When nothing could arrest your lifted hand,  
Your piety disarmed you,  
What fair opinion then shall crown your dust !  
How bright will your example shine in story !  
Your name will be invoked as a sure charm  
To excite obedience, mothers early teach  
Their children reverence, by reciting you.  
And is not this more worthy than the fame  
Of that imperial parricide of Rome ?

*Sem.* Mercy is still a virtue, and most prized  
When hope of pardon leaves us. O then speak,  
Speak in the voice of some relenting god,  
Dispel the general consternation  
That hangs like night upon the face of Persia,  
And be adored above the rising sun.

*Beg.* By all the hopes that ripened in my womb,  
That sweetened the hard labour of my pains,  
And promised at thy birth, with infant smiles,  
A word of comfort to thy mother's age,  
O, I conjure you, pity my complainings  
And give my Tachmas to these falling tears.

*Sem.* By fame,

*Beg.* By Nature, by your father's dust,

*Sem.* By the bright throne of Cyrus,

*Beg.* By the sun  
And all those stars, that ever blest this land  
With their auspicious influence !

*Sem.* He yields, he melts, I read it in his looks,  
A blush confusedly wanders in his cheeks,  
And now he turns away. O blessed change !

*Beg.* O matchless virtue, happy, happy day !

*Ism.* Be pleased, great Sir, retire ;  
Nature may turn the beam of justice.

*Sel.* What. shall we turn savages in Nature's field?  
— O rise, my royal mother, rise, Semanthe,  
Yes, you have conquered, and I blush to think  
I could so long resist such wondrous virtue.

*Beg.* What tongue can speak the rapture of my soul?  
I 'm lost in joy.

*Sem.* You gods, that hoard up blessings to reward  
Transcendent virtue, here exhaust your store.  
And if a virgin's prayers or wishes can  
Add the least grain to the vast heap, O take 'em.  
Yet all will be too little for this goodness.

*Arb.* Hell, plagues and death, here's your policy !  
Had I been heard, the business had been done  
Without this ceremony. [To Ismael.

*Sel.* Live, Tachmas, live, come to thy brother's arms,  
Think him no more a monster parricide <sup>(1)</sup>,  
A wolf that lives upon the steam of blood !  
I 've lost my brutal nature and am man  
Again, merciful, gentle as the <sup>(2)</sup> first.

*Tach.* What means my royal Lord ?

*Sel.* Ah, wound me not

<sup>(1)</sup> *Parricide* stands for *fratricide* as in the French novel.

<sup>(2)</sup> at ?



With the remembrance of my hated actions,  
Which shun the light, and fain would be forgotten.  
— I would complete the general joy  
And give the crown of all, Semanthe, to thy love,  
But dare not, while a breath of passion stirs me.  
But, Tachmas, raise thy expectation high,  
Let fancy revel in a thousand forms  
Of joys yet uninvented by mankind,  
For virtue wins apace upon my soul.  
My tossing thoughts will soon be rocked in calms,  
And then Semanthe shall be wholly thine.  
Thus at the last the beaten voyager,  
Having outlived the storm, does homeward steer,  
Recounts his dangers in a jocund vein,  
Presents to the life the fury of the main,  
Paints every wave, but ne'er will out again.  
So, since my virtue has the conquest won,  
The memory of what's already done  
Shall awe and dash my rebel passions down. [Exeunt omnes<sup>(1)</sup>].

(<sup>1</sup>) Seliman is only half reconciled to his brother, as in the following passage of the French novel : [p. 123] « .... s'étant fait amener son frère, il [Séliman] commanda qu'on lui ôtât les chaînes dont il était chargé, et fit mine de se réconcilier avec lui, quoique dans l'âme il conservât tou- [p. 124] jours contre lui une secrète jalousie. » — In our English play, enough distrust survives to leave room for another quarrel.

Act IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Ismael, Sunamire and Arbanes.

*Sun.* Thus long, with pains and toils, we've heaved a  
To the hill's top, and now it tumbles on us. [stone  
Curse on those plots, that give us endless labour !

*Ism.* Had our revenge set out slow-paced <sup>(1)</sup> and easy,  
It had with equal might maintained the course  
And reached untired the goal of our designs.  
But a too violent speed has ruined all.  
As an unpractised seaman, in a storm,  
Plies all his sail to the unruly winds  
To wing him to a port, and never thinks  
That the uneven vessel is o'erpowered,  
Till he too late laments his ignorance  
And every billow offers him a tomb.

*Arb.* The basis <sup>(2)</sup> on which all our designs were founded  
Is overturned. The Sophy's love abates  
And now 'tis rumoured through the court, that soon  
He 'll give Semanthe up to Tachmas' arms.

*Sun.* First let the frame of nature be dissolved,  
Let Sunamire be dust, and laid in <sup>(3)</sup> earth  
Deep as the centre, else they are not safe  
From the contrivance of a rival's rage.  
Though I both hate his person and his love,  
Yet but to see him in another's arms

<sup>(1)</sup> low-paced., 1682.

<sup>(2)</sup> base, 1774.

<sup>(3)</sup> on, 1774.

Would give me speedy death.  
What, shall Semanthe triumph in my spoils,  
Shall she enjoy him all whilst I stand wishing  
And like a spirit damned am robbed of hope?  
O hell, it mads my reason but to think on 't.  
I shall become their may-game.  
At their loose intervals of calmer love  
She 'll hang upon his lips and beg him tell  
The story of my passion o'er again.  
Which he relates and with a scornful smile  
Adds to my shame, to make the girl more vain.  
And must this be while I have being? No!  
The thunder rages in my breast for vent,  
Here, here it rolls to make its violent way,  
And now it bursts, the flaming bolts are hurled.  
See, see, the lovers are dispersed and scattered,  
Whisked up into the air, like summer's dust  
By whirlwinds. [Exit.

*Ism.* She grows big with new designs  
And these dire pangs foretell their birth at hand.

*Arb.* 'Tis woman only helps us at a stand. [Exeunt.

Tachmas crossing the stage (1).

*Tach.* Where shall I fly to shun this solitude?  
My melancholy haunts me everywhere

(1) This is from the French novel [p. 132]: « Ce prince [Tachmas] depuis sa réconciliation avec le roi son frère, comme nous avons déjà dit, n'avait plus la liberté de voir Négare. Ce n'est pas que l'entrée de l'intérieur du palais ne lui fût toujours permise, mais la princesse était [p. 133] resserrée dans un petit appartement particulier, où il n'y avait que Séliman, Bégone, Sunamire, quelques autres esclaves et quelques eunuques qui pussent entrer. Tachmas retournait fort souvent voir Sunamire, mais c'était seule-

And not one kindly beam pierces the gloom  
Of my dark thoughts, to give a glimpse of comfort.  
Here, as in Eden once, though all things smile <sup>(1)</sup>,  
Though nature plays the prodigal, and gives  
Large-handed what our boundless wishes crave,  
Yet discontentedly I roam about  
And cannot taste the pleasures of the place.  
The court seems all a crowded wilderness  
Where I appear, like the first man, forlorn,  
Whilst each created being else enjoys  
In happy pairs, the fellowship of life.  
And in his lonely state he did bemoan  
And wished an Eve, when woman was unknown,  
What would he have done, had he been forced from her  
Soon as he found her fortunately fair ? [Exit.]

Re-enter Sunamire with a letter, Arbanes and Ismael.

*Sun.* Brother, this letter is your care,  
And though to me directed from the Prince  
Yet it must fall into Semanthe's hands.

( *Arb.* A slave attendant on her person  
Shall do the business <sup>(2)</sup>).

ment pour l'entretenir de Négare et pour lui exprimer par des regrets les plus tendres et les plus tou- [p. 134] chants du monde la grandeur de sa passion pour cette princesse, et le désespoir où il se précipiterait aussitôt que Séliman en aurait disposé. »

(1) Adam's discontent with his solitary state is similarly expressed in *Paradise Lost*, Bk. VIII, l. 364-397.

(2) The slaves and eunuchs who carry letters in our tragedy stand for the dependents and tools of both parties who appeared as witnesses and procured documents used in the intrigues of the Popish Plot. Titus Oates, Bedloe, etc. are not honoured with personal allusions.

*Sun.* I'll make a visit to Semanthe and  
Prepare her by degrees to meet the news.  
Which when she finds confirmed in this forged letter,  
Must work effects proportioned to our hopes.

*Ism.* O, you 're the very spirit and soul of plotting.  
Nothing within the circuit of invention  
Can 'scape your searching thoughts.

*Sun.* Since nothing could be hoped for from the Sophy  
This, as the fittest way, I did propose  
To work each other's ruin from themselves.

*Ism.* About it, Madam, lose not this present now,  
This minute's worth a year of common hours.

*Arb.* If this plot fail, then, Heaven, the fault is yours.  
[Exeunt.]

[SCENE II.]

Semanthe melancholy in her apartment.

*Sem.* Did time but circumscribe my miseries,  
I 'd live upon the hopes of being blest  
And travel cheerful through my youth, to come  
In the evening of my life, and die within his arms.  
— Has not the Sophy passed his royal word  
To make us happy ? Why then should I fear ?  
— Alas, my foolish heart, how soon thou'rt wrought on !  
No, no, fond hopes, you flattering torments, hence !  
You smile upon me, to betray me on  
To new despair, and here I cast you from me,  
For, chemist like, I waste my tedious life  
In vain expectance, and at last die poor.



Enter Sunamire to her <sup>(1)</sup>.

*Sun.* Semanthe weeping ! What can Fortune mean ?  
Now, when the majesty of Persia comes  
In all his royalties and pomp of power  
Like a descending god, to court you to him,  
Thus to be seen in tears provokes my wonder.

*Sem.* Alas, is it so strange to view me in  
That garb of sorrow, which I daily wear  
And never will put off, till my loved Lord,  
My Tachmas' presence shall dispel these clouds ?

*Sun.* O Madam, he must be forgotten now.  
Let not his memory debar your thoughts  
From all that Indian world, those golden joys  
Which an imperial lover offers to you.

*Sem.* Where would thy language point me ? O my fears.

*Sun.* Tachmas no longer struggles with his fate <sup>(2)</sup>

<sup>(1)</sup> Sunamire's call in Semanthe's (i. e. Négare's) apartment is described as follows in the French novel : [p. 146] « Cette méchante fille (Sunamire) [p. 147] entra le lendemain dans la chambre de Négare et la princesse, qui sentait croître son dépit par la présence de cet objet odieux, ne put s'empêcher de lui dire qu'elle était bien heureuse de posséder les affections du prince Tachmas. Sunamire répondit que cela ne la devait pas mettre en peine, puisqu'elle n'y avait plus d'intérêt ; et [p. 148] qu'elle ne devait plus vivre que pour Séliman. Elle accompagna ces paroles d'un souris malicieux et forcé et sortit aussitôt de la chambre de Négare. »

<sup>(2)</sup> In the French novel, the report of Tachmas' inconstancy is brought to Négare (Semanthe) by an eunuch : [p. 143] « Métardaout [such is his name], pour disposer la princesse à [p. 144] ce qu'il désirait, l'entendant un jour soupirer en secret, lui dit tout bas qu'elle ne devait pas tant pleurer la perte d'un inconstant et que le prince Tachmas, la voyant destinée au roi, avait depuis quelques jours tourné toutes ses pensées et tous ses vœux du côté de Sunamire. »

To force impossibilities. And since  
Heaven has designed you for the Sophy's bed,  
He bows to the immortal will and has resolved,  
Rather than rob your merits of a crown,  
To wean his heart for ever from your charms  
And fix his wishes to some humbler maid  
Whose beauties, as they are not <sup>(1)</sup> envied,  
Have store of happiness to feed content.

*Sem.* Had I a faith beyond the ignorant,  
I could not credit this. O Sunamire, recall  
The fleeting air that bears the sound away,  
Or from this hour, though the divinest truth  
Spoke in thy words, ne'er hope to be believed.  
Though we are wretched, it shall ne'er be said  
That Fortune took the advantage of our crimes  
To make us so. Tachmas has all the truth  
Of Heaven, so pure, so white, so innocent.  
No woman that has ever known the arts  
Of cozening man will think him of the kind.

*Sun.* Madam, I'm sorry I should be the first  
To bring unwelcome news.

*Sem.* And yet, my Sunamire, thou wert my friend,  
My bosom friend, and why shouldst <sup>(2)</sup> thou betray me?  
Ah, no, I find it now, 'tis all a truth,  
All that thou sayest. My Tachmas is o'ercome  
By this last generous usage of the Sophy  
And I am sold to ruin  
And it was kind in thee, most like a friend,  
To come and give me all my fate at once

<sup>(1)</sup> not to be, 1774.

<sup>(2)</sup> should'd, 1774.

And not behold me languish in my pains.  
No, Sunamire, this poor forsaken maid  
Shall not outlive her shame. Yet ere I die  
May I not know my happy rival's name ?

*Sun.* Now all the subtlety of woman aid me ! [Aside.  
Alas, how I am wrought into an error,  
A maze of folly by my indiscretion !  
I could not think you yet retained a thought  
Of Tachmas, therefore ignorantly pressed too far.  
In me to answer would appear insulting.  
Therefore I beg you 'd spare my modesty  
The blush, my tongue the vanity to tell  
What soon from every mouth shall strike your ear.

*Sem.* Insinuating fiend, I see thee through  
That painted visor of thy flattering friendship  
With all thy devilish stratagems a-going.  
Now I perceive what I so long suspected,  
Thy love to Tachmas. And now thou com'st to raise  
My jealousy, on some sinister end.  
But to this point I'm fixed, that, should the earth  
Depose his falsehood in a general voice,  
Nay, call the tongues of angels to avouch it,  
I would not think it of him (1).

*Sun.* Know then, as to the conquest of the Prince  
Whose inclinations you so firmly fixed,  
'Twas got so easily, I do not think

(1) This declaration of confidence in Tachmas (the Duke of York) is an appeal to party feeling in the audience. As Titus Oates was fast losing credit in the beginning of the year 1682, the first verse of I. Cor. XIII. may have been applied to him : « Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. »

It worth a triumph, scarce of being vain.  
For like a slave I found him on the ground,  
Groaning beneath the bondage of your love  
And begging liberty from any hand.

*Sem.* O Heavens ! —

*Sun.* Let it be never said to shame our sex  
That any lady in her youthful bloom,  
When beauty wanders in a thousand charms  
And not a look can pass without a wound,  
That then she fulsomely detained a lover  
Against his will and cloyed him with her fondness.  
O, how I loathe the sound : against his will !

*Sem.* Sure thou hast drunk with adders, that thy tongue  
Thus poisons every word it forms and casts  
Its venom on my Tachmas' constancy.

*Sun.* There's no such thing as constancy in nature.  
'Tis but a borrowed name for feeble beauties  
Or stale decaying virgins to make use o'.  
True love should be as wavering as the wind  
For that remains but while the rapture lasts  
And palls when sunk to an indifference.

*Sem.* You speak of that poor passion in your breast  
Raised by an earthly fume of base desire,  
The sudden fit of a distempered love  
Where the gross joy mounts not above the sense,  
Not the seraphic flame that warms the soul.  
Such was the sacred fire that light our loves  
That fired my Tachmas' heart and made him mine.

*Sun.* Then be it so. Rave on in fond conceits  
Of airy promises of constancy.  
Swell your thin hopes with insubstantial food  
Whilst I taste real feasts of flesh and blood

And in your Tachmas' arms reap thousand joys  
Which dreams but ape and fancy but destroys.  
Methinks already in some smiling grove  
I sit embracing the dear man I love.  
We sigh, we kiss, and now our transports grow  
Tumultuous, but the thoughts of you,  
Though love be lost in love,  
Still lend us vigour and our joys renew. [Exit.]

*Sem.* How the insulting creature lords it o'er me,  
And well she may, for such a conquest sure  
Might make the temperatest victor proud.  
This may be malice or a plot to try me,  
That's the last hope between me and despair <sup>(1)</sup>.

(1) The princess is somewhat more easily convinced of Tachmas' inconstancy in the French novel than in our English tragedy: [p. 148] « L'infortunée princesse ne douta plus de l'infidélité de son amant, et elle se repentit de lui avoir conservé la vie, dont elle ne croyait pas qu'il se servirait pour l'outrager. Quel- [p. 149] que temps après un eunuque, créature d'Allagolikan (i. e. Ismael) et de Métardaout entra dans sa chambre tenant un billet en sa main. Négare lui ayant demandé ce qu'il souhaitait avec ce billet, il dit qu'il cherchait Sunamire pour le lui rendre de la part du prince Tachmas. La princesse le pria de le lui montrer, ce qu'ayant refusé pour [p. 150] l'éloigner de tout soupçon, elle le lui arracha, et s'enferma promptement dans un cabinet pour le voir. Mais quelle devint-elle, quand elle y lut ces paroles ?

« J'ai mieux aimé vous écrire que de vous aller voir, parceque je crains que des visites si fréquentes ne donnent de l'ombrage. Ne rési- [p. 151] stez plus, Sunamire, à la proposition que je vous ai faite, de vous mettre la couronne de Perse sur la tête, si vous voulez bien vous servir d'un artifice que je vous dirai pour nous défaire de Séliman, et n'appréhendez pas que je garde encore aucun souvenir de Négare, puisque je dois oublier entièrement une personne qui ne s'est employée à la conservation [p. 152] de mes jours qu'afin que j'eusse le déplaisir de la voir entre les bras d'un autre.

LE PRINCE TACHMAS. »



Enter an Eunuch with a letter.

*Eun.* Madam, the trust I have been honoured with  
In your service gained me the Prince's faith.  
From whose hand this letter I received  
For Sunamire, with strict injunctions  
Of care and secrecy. At which mistrusting  
Some practices to hand against your loves  
I've brought it to you.

*Sem.* I will reward your care. [Reads the letter.

Sunamire, resist no longer the propositions I made you,  
to place the crown of Persia on your head, if you will but  
make use of a project to rid us of Seliman. And do not  
think that I retain any longer the least thoughts of  
Semanthe, whom my stars and inclinations have never  
designed for me.

TACHMAS.

*Sem.* Ah me, where has my fortune left me now ?  
What unfrequented coast am I thrown on  
Naked and helpless, to be made a prey  
To the next coming savage of the field !  
What corner of the earth will now afford  
A grave to take me in, what mountain hide  
Me and my woes for ever from the world ?  
Undone, thou most undone of womankind !

[Falling down, drops the letter.

Here groan thy sorrows out and let the winds  
Whisper thy story through the universe,  
That never listening virgin be again <sup>(1)</sup>  
Betrayed by the known perjuries of faithless men.  
— My spirits faint — sure 'tis the hand of death

(1) be betray'd By the known etc. 1774.

Knocks at my heart — I go, I hope, to rest. [Swoons away <sup>(1)</sup>].

Enter Seliman, Ismael and Arbanes.

*Sel.* What do I see? Semanthe on the ground,  
Breathless and pale !

*Arb.* Some signs of struggling life  
Appear. Call in her women to assist her.

Enter women.

*Ism.* The train has taken fire. Now the blow  
Must follow soon. [Aside.

*Sel.* Gently, gently raise her.  
She breathes, she comes again.

*Sem.* Bless me, where am I? In Elysium sure.  
I know it by this train of weeping maids  
Who died for love, as I have done. Stand off,  
We'll walk and tell sad stories round  
Of injured women and betraying men.  
But I must weep a while. The tears will flow  
If I but think on Strephon's cruelty.  
— O, I would sleep for ever. —

[Sinks into her women's arms and is borne off.

*Sel.* Bear her to her bed.  
Rest may relieve her spirits. — Ha, this may  
Unriddle all. [Finds the letter <sup>(2)</sup>].

(1) Semanthe's swoon is from a later episode in the French novel, in which occurs another letter, really written by Tachmas, and not alluded to in our tragedy : [p. 162] « La princesse n'eut pas plus tôt lu ce billet, qu'elle tomba évanouie ; tous ses sens l'a- [p. 163] bandonnèrent, et une horreur mortelle lui glaça tout le cœur. Son visage fut voilé des pâles ombres de la mort, et ses yeux ne purent pas même trouver des larmes, pour montrer qu'ils étaient encore animés. »

(2) In the French novel, the letter is put into Seliman's hand

*Ism.* Now, Fortune, play thy part ! [Aside.

*Arb.* 'Tis a design so full of mastery

'Twere womanish to doubt of the success. [Aside.

*Sel.* Ha, against my life !

*Ism.* Your majesty seems troubled. Have you aught  
Discovered in that letter ?

*Sel.* Only this,

That I have fostered here within my breast

A bosom wolf, to lap my vital blood.

Here, Ismael, read the foulest treasons

That ever stained the innocence of paper.

Is then my mercy poisoned into sin

And black ingratitude my punishment ?

'Tis just, you gods, this scourge upon my folly

Shows infinite wisdom and was timely sent

To warn me of my fate.

*Ism.* Yet, sacred Sir —

*Sel.* Appear not in his cause, nor dare to reason

With my unalterable resolution !

Should Mercy's self, with all her virgin train,

Melt at my feet, by Haly's soul, 'twere vain.

*Ism.* What could provoke the Prince ?

*Sel.* The fiends can tell. But now 'tis busy time.

Sweat at the anvil of thy brain, and forge,

Quick as the cyclops arm an angry god,

A thousand deaths to wait upon my will.

Arbanes, thou secure him, till justice calls

Him out, a sacrifice to my revenge. [Exit.

by Négare (i. e. Semanthe) herself : [p. 154] .... « elle envoya avertir Séliman qu'elle avait quelque chose d'une extrême conséquence à lui communiquer. Aussitôt qu'il fut entré, elle lui montra le billet. Séliman, à cet objet, fut transporté de rage. »

*Arb.* After him,  
Fix but his wavering temper to this point  
And then the day's our own. [Exit Ismael.  
My fiery soul  
Disdains the timorous safety in revenge  
Which Ismael pursues. My forward sword,  
With resolution steeled, shall guide me safe  
Through the most desperate attempts.  
Danger has been my mistress. Death I've met  
On martial plains, in every garb of fate,  
And shall he awe me now? Since I am in  
And fate works up the melancholy scene,  
Fall Tachmas, nature perish, all things lie  
Confounded in deep chaos, so that I  
Revenged may in the common ruin lie <sup>(1)</sup>. [Exit.

## Act V.

### SCENE I.

Enter Ismael and Arbanes at several entrances.

*Ism.* Thou meet'st my wishes. Is the business done?

*Arb.* This sun shall see it finished.

*Ism.* Give it o'er. Would we had never meddled.

*Arb.* Curse on thy fear, that undermines thy wit.

*Ism.* The Sophy does suspect us.

*Arb.* Danger then urges the Prince's death. For to defer  
Betrays a conscious guilt that may undo us.

(1) When read in the light of after events, of Monmouth's (Arbanes') rising against his father Charles II. (Seliman), his execution, and James II. (Tachmas') deposition, this *desperate* speech acquires a prophetic significance.

He dies this minute, that the next may better  
Advantage our escapes.

*Ism.* I've not thus long  
Marched hand in hand with mischief, spent my days  
In courts, forsworn my conscience, studied all  
The knotty arts and rules of policy  
Which wise men use to their own interests,  
Not to provide me with a ready plank  
To bear me from the ruin safe to shore.

*Arb.* Thou canst not here be safe. My commission  
Allows a sure protection in the army.

*Ism.* I'll steer a different course, grow popular,  
And into the City <sup>(1)</sup>,  
Where cobblers square the government to their lasts  
And tinkers patch the state. Some friends I've made  
Already there, brave, factious, gifted rogues  
That cant their doctrine to their present wants  
And zealously upon a fit of conscience  
Sin or unsin rebellion to the crowd.  
These are the fittest instruments to gull  
The easy people. Hark, the monster roars ! [Shouts within.  
The rabble is assembled to my wish.  
This is the time to work 'em. [Exit.

Enter Semanthe.

*Arb.* Semanthe here, then there is something still  
For me to finish.

*Sem.* Why do I wander this wide barren waste

(1) Gardiner, *A Student's History of England* (ed. 1902), p. 623  
(under date of 1682) : « As he [Shaftesbury] lived in his house in  
Aldersgate Street and took care never to leave the City, it was  
impossible to bring him to trial as long as the sheriffs of London  
and Middlesex were Whigs. »



Forsaken and forlorn, when a fair prospect  
Of everlasting rest stands right in view ?  
This load of woe, that bends me to the ground,  
I can with life put off. Yes, I will rush  
Into the arms of death and shelter there,  
There sleep securely all my cares away,  
Nor shall the noise of empire or of love  
Awaken me to wretchedness again.

*Arb.* Talk not of dying, Madam. Heaven looks down  
With a kind eye upon your sufferings  
And has inspired me with a tenderness  
May prove of service to you.

*Sem.* Is there then  
A seat for pity left in human breasts,  
Or is this but a visionary beam  
Of comfort, that thus lightens in my soul ?  
If it be so, O, let me still dream on.

*Arb.* Madam, the Prince —

*Semt* Ha, speak that yet again !  
Sweet as the siren's song those accents fall  
And charm me to my ruin. Though he has  
Undone me ever, but to hear his name  
Awakes my dying spirits from the grave,  
Dispels my grief, and charms me into joy.  
O, then speak on,  
Delude me from my miseries awhile,  
Tell me some story of my perjured dear,  
Tell me he lives, is happy, whilst I sigh  
My spirits out in thanks and die in peace.

*Arb.* Would you not see him, Madam ?

*Sem.* O, in vain  
I wept, entreated, followed on my knees.

For when I offered at a last farewell  
Once more to see my still-loved faithless Tachmas,  
The Sophy, quite remorseless, fled the room,  
And though I grasped him with the pangs of death,  
Burst from my arms, and left me on the floor.

*Arb.* Yet, Madam, you shall see him. Tachmas is  
Within my charge, and only I, without  
The King's command, can give you entrance to him.  
Which you shall have  
Although my life must answer it to the Sophy.

*Sem.* All, all the gods reward this wondrous pity !  
O lead me to that dear, protesting creature,  
That perfect image of betraying man.  
For he will swear, and talk such melting things,  
Sigh such a trembling story of his love,  
Look such a soul of passion from his eyes,  
And all with such unpractised innocence  
That should the sex of womankind stand by  
As witnesses of my injurious usage,  
And but to hear him talk, as I have done,  
The coldest sure would venture her undoing. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE II.] Scene changes to a street.

Enter a rabble of citizens.

1. *Cit.* Come neighbours ! hang these cheating shop-  
countenances, they are marks the world knows cuckolds  
by <sup>(1)</sup>, and though they be of credit in the City, yet, let

(1) The London Cuckolds, a satirical farce against the City, in which two aldermen and a City scrivener are coarsely ridiculed, was acted for the first time in the same year 1682, as The Loyal Brother. Its author was Edward Ravenscroft, and it was for many years acted on Lord Mayor's Day.

me tell you, at this end o' th' town they strike no more awe into the beholders than a watchman's lanthorn after day-break.

2. *Cit.* Ay, my wife told me I had a sneaking look, and could not huff my debtors. But now I 'm charged with bottle-ale to rectify the errors of my face, and let me see what upstart rascal, newly come to office, shall overlook me. I'll strut, and cock, and talk as big as wind and froth can make me. — But I'll home, while my courage lasts, ransack my shop-books, take account of my debts, and arrest in a direct line from the lord to the footman.

1. *Cit.* Of that in season — but now we are assembled, let us put on the gravity of authority and seem, as we really are, the true judges of the nation.

( *Omnes.* I a judge ! I a judge ! <sup>(1)</sup>

3. *Cit.* A tailor a judge ! That's fine, i' faith.

1. *Cit.* Why, I tell you, neighbours, a cross-legged tailor is the very type of justice <sup>(2)</sup>. He measures offences by the yard, and with his shears snaps off the kingdom's vermin, I mean those shreds, those remnants, those patches <sup>(3)</sup> of a commonwealth called gamesters, cuckold-makers and disbanded officers, that are good for nothing but to make our wives run a-madding for foreign languages, brass swords, superannuated wigs, and greasy scarlet.

(1) The citizens turned judges are intended as a satire against the Middlesex jurymen, who supported Shaftesbury throughout his struggle with the court party.

(2) Tailors used to be occasionally satirised as cutting the cloth entrusted to them for making garments in such a way, that unduly large shreds and patches remained, to be appropriated by the unscrupulous tradesmen.

(3) Cf. Hamlet III, 4, 102 : A king of shreds and patches.

2. *Cit.* Humph! <sup>(1)</sup> A judge, say you, very like. Why neighbours, he has served upon juries, off and on, these twenty years, and the devil's in't if he mayn't be free of Judges-Hall by this time <sup>(2)</sup>. But then as to us, ay, there's the question. How *we* are — that is to say, how *we* may be? — Why thus. There's none here but has exercised the arbitrary function of a beadle in his respective parish, and, as I take it, that must be a foot to the chair of government<sup>(3)</sup>.

3. *Cit.* Ay, ay, we are all judges and judges' children <sup>(4)</sup>. Indeed I ever thought I was to be a great man, I was such a dull rogue.

2. *Cit.* Well, I was once a justice itinerant in my precincts, which, in the vulgar translation, is no more than a constable. But 'twas a thriving time, neighbours, a very thriving time. For the parish bawds, besides all underdealers, as procurers and retailers of pleasure, amount to — let me see — let me see, a parcel of — no, no, I'm out — 'tis no matter for fractions. But bribes in abundance, to wink at copulation. I pimped by commission, and drank brandy at the cost of the sinners.

3. *Cit.* Lord, I'm thinking how awkward and slovenly I shall be in my new trappings for a day or two. Ha, and if

(1) Him, 1774.

(2) The serving upon juries is punningly likened to serving an apprenticeship, at the end of which the apprentice becomes a freeman of an imaginary corporation of judges. The London apprentices were among the noisiest opponents to the court party.

(3) The bitterest foes to the royal prerogative are made to boast of their despotic powers.

(4) In the Book of Judges, ch. X, 4 and XII, 14, the sons of judges are described as riding upon ass colts. Dryden describes the period of Puritan ascendancy as « the Judges' days ». — (Abs. and Ach. l. 520, p. 116 of Noyes' ed.).

there be occasion for speeches, my tongue will certainly founder. My wife spoiled my oratory when she broke my pate for being saucy.

2. *Cit.* Better and better still ! Few words promise a great deal of thinking and that, abundance of judicial understanding. Besides you see our City justices, how they manage themselves upon the bench. Indeed a nut-crack, or some such conceited hieroglyphical engine does well in the hand of a magistrate, which having used a while, you straight grow lethargic, nod o'er the cause, then start in amazement, and condemn at a venture.

1 *Cit.* Ay, ay, ay, ever while you live, ever while you live observe that ; for, look you, there's no one but some time or other deserves hanging. And though the prisoner be not yet a rogue, soft and fair, all in good time, he may be one. Therefore I say once again : Condemn for prevention <sup>(1)</sup>.

3. *Cit.* Condemnation, I'll have nothing but condemnation in my court, 'twill clear the kingdom of idlers, and then we may father our own children.

2. *Cit.* Well, neighbour Ralph, I know you are a good commonwealth's man, and understand property and privilege, as a man may say <sup>(2)</sup>. But scholars, you know, are infidels, still at their *quares* and *quomodos*, to show their learning. Therefore I, being somewhat lettered or so, would

(1) This satire is aimed not only at the partial jurymen of London, but also at the judges who had mercilessly sentenced the men accused by Titus Oates and his gang, and indeed at the whole judicial system of the time.

(2) Property and privilege were among the Whig party cries. Southern's abuse of the citizens was of direct service to the policy of the king, who in 1682-1683 destroyed the charter of the City of London and of many other corporations. See Gardiner, *ubi supra*.



fain know how we are these great concealed persons you talk of.

1. *Cit.* Why, thus: when our betters are at variance, beyond the arbitration of the Bench, the suit is removed to the court of commonalty <sup>(1)</sup>, and decided by the infallible knocks of black bill and paring-shovel <sup>(2)</sup>. Then, to whatever side we lean, that is sure to be weighty.

3. *Cit.* As if you had the cause in your false scales at home.

Ismael enters to them.

1. *Cit.* But observe, here comes an ambassador already. Give him audience, I say. State affairs, I'll warrant you, neighbour.

*Ism.* My worthy countrymen, my fellow-sufferers,  
To you I come to weep this kingdom's tears,  
To sigh its groaning sorrows out, and pour  
Into your ears its sad calamities.  
You, who like kind physicians, always are

(1) Among the meanings of the word commonalty enumerated in the New English Dictionary, the three following are of importance in this connection: 1) corporation, 2) common people, 3) the representative members of the Commons. The latter meaning is given as obsolete, its latest example going back to 1648. Probably a hit at the House of Commons, the persistent supporters of Titus Oates, is intended.

(2) For references to the watchman's brown bill, see A. W. Ward, in *Cambr. Hist. of Engl. Lit.*, V, pp. 361-362. — The paring-shovel, known to dictionaries as a gardening tool, is probably meant as a contemptuous reference to the arms of the non-professional soldiers: men of the trained bands, armed followers of Whig members of Parliament, as well as City constables. Two tools in present use among gardeners which bear some likeness to a bill or halberd are the turf-knife and the edging-iron or halfmoon. Is there any connection between them and Southern's paring-shovel?

Assisting with your utmost art and care  
To search its wounds and with a healing hand  
Unite its broken and disjointed limbs.

1. *Cit.* Sure he takes me for a bone-setter (1).

*Ism.* I am, like you, a Persian. All your good  
Proportionably mine, as are your ills,  
Our hopes and lives tied in one common interest.  
Then wonder not that I stand forth to head you  
Against this barbarous, inhuman king  
That grows in tyranny,  
And, like a torrent from a mountain's fall,  
If not with speed diverted, will o'erwhelm us.

2. *Cit.* Now for rebellion, I ne'er rebelled in all my life.

*Omnes.* All for rebellion, all for rebellion !

*Ism.* If to defend your lives, your liberties,  
Your laws, your customs and your ancient dues  
Be to rebel, then this is rank rebellion.  
But sure a just defence (2) may hope a fairer name.

2. *Cit.* Name me no name, Sir, it shall be named rebellion, or nothing.

*Omnes.* Rebellion or nothing ! Rebellion or nothing !

*Ism.* Then be it so. Methinks I see oppression  
Bestride your streets already, burning lust  
Pursue your daughters to your inmost rooms,  
While you stand weeping by, and cannot help 'em.  
Your shops forced open and your goods exposed  
To the wild rapine of licentious soldiers  
That live on spoil. And all without redress,

(1) The 1. *Cit.* misses the allusion to commonplace comparisons between the human body and the body politic. Cf. Hobbes, *De corpore politico*.

(2) But self-defence, 1774.

For justice is no more. Speak, would you this ?

*Omnes.* No, no, we're all for rebellion.

*Is.* 'Tis what you must expect, if not prevented.

Last night, O night never to be forgotten,  
Tachmas, that model of our ancient glory,  
Tachmas, that fought your fields and never thought  
His blood too rich to buy his country's peace,  
Was by the tyrant's order barbarously murdered,  
Murdered, my countrymen, and when you hear  
The cause, I doubt not

But as the story must provoke your tears,  
So they will stir you up to a revenge <sup>(1)</sup>.

*r. Cit.* Alack-a-day, I vow he makes me weep, good gentleman !

*Is.* 'Twas only this : he was too good, too virtuous,  
A lover of his country, therefore fell.

He was your guard, your shield, but now is gone.

He fell because he loved you, and will you

Not solemnize his funeral in blood ?

Will you stand here, like statues, motionless,

Weep o'er his gaping wounds, and not revenge 'em ?

No, no, I see you only want a leader

And here I offer both my life and fortune

To farther the design.

(1) The friend of his country murdered at night whose death the Whigs were called upon to avenge was Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, named in the prologue. — « Dr Lloyd, afterwards Dean of Bangor and Bishop of St Asaph, himself a friend of Godfrey, preached a funeral sermon from the text : ' Died Abner as a fool dieth ? ' It consisted of an elaborate eulogy of the dead man and an inflammatory attack upon the Roman Catholics. » (Pollock, Popish Plot, p. 104.) — Ismael's rousing the mob to rebellion by means of a funeral oration bears some likeness to Anthony delivering his speech in Julius Caesar.

1. *Cit.* Lead us on, lead us on, we'll fire the palace,  
depose the tyrant, and make you king <sup>(1)</sup>.

2. *Cit.* Ay, ay, a king of our own making !

*Is.* O, you mistake me, that is not my end.

2. *Cit.* No, 'tis the beginning of your reign, and that's  
better !

2. *Cit.* We lose time, we lose time, now for a coronation !

*Omnes.* A coronation, a coronation ! [Exeunt shouting.]

[SCENE III.]

Tachmas <sup>(2)</sup> in prison <sup>(3)</sup>.

*Tach.* (I think, and <sup>(4)</sup> therefore am.) Hard state of man,  
That proves his being with an argument  
That speaks him wretched. Birds in cages lose  
The freedom of their natures unconfined,  
Yet they will sing, and bill, and murmur there  
As merrily as they were on the wing.  
But man, that reasoning favourite of Heaven,

(1) « It was a standing joke among the opponents of Shaftesbury, that he hoped to be chosen king of Poland at the vacancy in 1673-1674 when John Sobieski was elected. » [Scott's note to Dryden's *Epistle to the Whigs*, prefixed to the « *Medal*. » *apud* Noyes]. — The Exclusion Bill, by which the House of Commons attempted to settle the succession, bore some resemblance to the elective form of the monarchy in Poland. Southern here abstains from any attack on the Duke of Monmouth, the Whig candidate.

(2) Tachmas discovered, 1774.

(3) This second imprisonment, like the preceding one, in Act I, Sc. 2, is from the French novel [p. 167]: « Il (Séliman) fit mettre Tachmas dans une étroite prison, et en donna la conduite à Allagolikan. »

(4) *and* is missing in 1774. Je pense, donc je suis. Descartes' dictum is more literally translated and the metre spoilt in the 1774 edition.

How can he bear it ? Though the body finds  
Respite from torment, yet the mind has none.  
For thousand restless thoughts, of different kinds,  
Beat thick upon the soul, some are comparing  
The present with the past, how happy once  
I was, and now how wretched, some presenting  
My miseries by others' happiness,  
Whilst others, falsely flattering me to life,  
Tell me my fortune ripens in the womb  
Of time, and I shall yet be happy.

Enter Arbanes with Semanthe.

*Arb.* Madam, behold the Prince alone and thoughtful.

*Sem.* Alas, my Lord, once I was thought a balm  
For every wound of fortune, but I fear  
My presence now will but torment him more.

— *Tach.* Ha, sure my fancy, revelling in a dream,  
Presents that form before me. See, she comes,  
Bright as the virgin blushes of the morn  
Rising upon the darkness of my fate  
And darts a ray of comfort through my soul.  
O my best life, thou dearest, O Semanthe,  
I swear, while I have thee within my arms,  
I will not lose a thought on my misfortunes,  
Let me unbosom all my longings here.

— She turns away, what can this mean, you gods ?  
Art thou then altered too ? O speak, Semanthe,  
For though I thus behold thee cold and changed  
Yet there is something whispers to my soul  
Thou never canst resolve on Tachmas' ruin.

— *Sem.* O Heaven, so tenderly he melts my heart,  
I shall want power to tell him of his falsehoods.

*Tach.* Nay then, by all the gods, I know thee well.



No, thou art still the same, these languishings,  
Those eager looks, those sighs and tears inform me  
More than a thousand tongues, thou lov'st me still.

*Sem.* Why is our sex so easy to believe  
And cozening man so artful to deceive ?

*Tach.* Why, my best life, why dost thou thus torment  
Thyself and me ? — [She goes from him.

By all my hopes, you must not leave me thus,  
I will pursue you ever with my prayers,  
Summon you with the gentle call of love  
Till you awake and answer to my longings.  
My life, my soul ! [Following her.

*Sem.* O, I can hold no longer.  
Thy tongue has softened me into desire  
And I am all o'er love. My dearest Lord,  
Let me for ever hide me in this bosom,  
Here sigh the tenderest passion of my heart.  
The extasy comes on so fast upon me  
That words are wanting to express my joy.

*Tach.* Good gods, is't possible ? Hast thou at last,  
My fair offended dear, resolved to bless me ?  
It is then true that thus I hold thee fast,  
Panting and balmy to my bleeding heart ?  
My reason ebbs and mighty transport sways  
In full dominion every corner here,  
And I could rave for ever on my love.

*Sem.* And I could hear you ever.

*Arb.* O, that I could run back into my youth  
To ravish her before him ! But 'tis past  
And my revenge must lie another way <sup>(1)</sup>. [Aside.

<sup>(1)</sup> Arbanes' powerless lust (Cf. A. I, p. 51, footnote.) adds a grotesque feature to the character of the discarded soldier, and makes him more unlike the young and gallant nobleman Monmouth.

*Tach.* A thought returns upon my memory  
That bids me chide. Semanthe, O my life,  
How couldst thou see me racked with <sup>(1)</sup> impatience,  
How couldst thou so dissemble with thy love ?  
Was it to try how I could bear it ?

*Sem.* Ha,  
Stand off, I know thee now, thou art that false  
Betraying perjured man that has undone me.

*Tach.* From thee, good gods, do I hear this from thee ?

*Sem.* Alas, my thoughts were all employed upon thee,  
My ears devoured the music of thy love,  
My wrongs were silenced and my eyes were charmed  
And had you but continued the soft scene,  
Had you still practised on my easiness,  
Though with feigned love, flattering my womanish faith,  
Joy would have done the business of my grief,  
And I had died contented in your arms.

*Tach.* What means my fate? Where wouldst thou drive  
my thoughts ?

*Sem.* 'Tis true, I came to take my last farewell  
Of life and love, of thee and all my cares,  
To tell thee of thy falsehoods, not upbraid thee,  
To sigh my story out without complaining,  
To suffer on, nor murmur at my fate  
Since you decreed it. This was my fond resolve,  
The intention of this passionate doting fool.  
But now, O turn of temper ! thy hard usage  
Has run me from my reason, I am wild,  
Quite mad, distracted, and must rave awhile,  
Rave till I burst, and sink down dead with passion.

*Tach.* Alas, I find it now, thou art abused

(1) with my, 1774.

And I betrayed. Some villain has traduced  
My constancy. But by the pangs of love, .  
By all the torments of a bleeding heart,  
I ever was most true, and still am thine.

*Sem.* O Prince, forbear, if Sunamire should hear —

*Tach.* Ha, goes it there? Then there is mischief yet.  
That woman bears us most inveterate hate  
And should not be believed against ourselves.

*Sem.* But O, the letter, Prince.

*Tach.* Riddles and doubts!

*Arb.* I have a friend, my Lord, can best unfold 'em.

[Goes to the door.

Come forth, my sister, time has recompensed  
Our expectation with a full revenge.

Enter Sunamire and Osman disguised.

*Sem.* Revenge, alas, that fatal word too late  
Explains my folly and creates my fear.

*Tach.* What shouldst thou fear, my love? Thy innocence  
Will shield thee, and for me, the fear of death  
Flew from me when my happiness took wing.

*Sun.* Infuse the mortal drugs in the gilt bowls,  
Be ready at my call. [Exit Osman.

*Arb.* See where they stand,  
Lulled in the arms of love and far removed  
From the apprehension <sup>(1)</sup> of that fatal minute,  
Comes posting to their ruin.

*Sun.* The thought was lucky,  
With a pretended pity to decoy  
Semanthe to the snare.

*Arb.* To offer her

(1) apprehension, 1774.

In the first draught, the nectar of her love  
Will make the gall of our revenge more bitter.  
But see, they turn upon us.

*Sun.* Sure 'tis the error of my sense that shows  
Semanthe here, that poor forsaken thing.  
Alas, I pity thee, but blush to see  
My sex's fondness painted in those tears  
Lost on a man that scorns thee.

*Sem.* Why dost thou awaken <sup>(1)</sup> me into despair?  
Death is my wish, but I would meet it here. [*To Tachmas.*]

*Sun.* Nay, now, my Lord!  
I must become a pleader in this cause.  
The fatal purple rises in her cheeks,  
The lilies wither and the roses fade.  
Poor wretch, see, see, she lingers for a look.  
Do not torment the quiet of her death,  
Speak kindly to her, bless her with a smile.  
Nay, I can see her take a farewell kiss  
Without a rival's fear.

*Tach.* Base, cruel woman!  
But O, for my Semanthe's sake I will  
Forbear to curse thee by that gentle name  
I know thou com'st on mischief, but I charge thee,  
If thou hast any part of thy soft sex  
Working to virtue in thy hardened soul  
— Howe'er the Sophy and the gods doom me —  
Beware how thou design'st against my love.

*Sun.* How, Sir, so hardened in this cozening trade!  
First you betray Semanthe to your scorn,  
Then dare not justify your love to me.  
But, Sir, the letter speaks your falsehood plain.

(1) waken, 1774.

*Tach.* What letter ? Speak ! If it be sent from hell,  
Thou art its chief commissioner ! Inform me,  
Say, hast thou mortgaged thy last hope of Heaven  
And in some fatal scroll, to take my life,  
Or, what's yet worse, to ruin me with her,  
Subscribed thyself a servant to the Furies ? <sup>(1)</sup>

*Sun.* Were I not satisfied that my revenge  
Requires the secret from me, thou shouldst still  
Remain in ignorance. Yes, I forged the letter  
To raise her jealousy of you, in hopes  
— A woman's spirit working to revenge —  
She might divulge your treasons to the Sophy.

*Tach.* My treasons !

*Arb.* Yes, against the Sophy's life,  
For nothing else could put you in our power.

*Tach.* I thought the line of my afflictions carried  
But to the end of life. But thou hast found  
A way to vex my quiet in the grave,  
To sacrifice my fame to after-times  
And blot my story with a traitor's stain <sup>(2)</sup>.

*Arb.* I owed thee this, proud Prince, for thy <sup>(3)</sup> contempt  
And insolence when, to the shame of arms,  
My wounds and blood forgot, Tachmas was named  
To lead those armies I had bred in war.

*Tach.* I know my latest hour comes on apace

(1) The allusion to false evidence and forged documents devised to throw suspicion on the loyalty of the Duke of York's party is obvious.

(2) French novel [p. 173] : « ...comme il eut demandé de quoi il était accusé. et qu'on lui eut répondu, d'avoir conspiré contre le roi, il conjura le ciel de faire bientôt éclater son innocence, et de ne point laisser une trahison si noire impunie. »

(3) this, 1682.



And now to curse thee, were to rob my soul  
Of this soft satisfaction in my death <sup>(1)</sup>.

O let me hold thee fast, my only life,  
Here languish out a farewell to our loves,  
Gaze on those heavenly eyes

That through the grove of death must light me on  
To the bright mansions of their <sup>(2)</sup> kindred stars.

*Sun.* So unconcerned ? The face of death will turn  
This scene of love. Appear, thou minister  
Of fate, come forth and act thy tragic part.

Enter Osman with four bowls <sup>(3)</sup>.

*Tach.* What means this fatal pomp ? All this for me ?  
Or, to be yet more cruel, would you load  
My mounting spirit with your guilty souls  
And damn me with your company in death ?

*Sun.* This is your bridal night and we your guests  
Must wait upon the ceremony.  
But know, my Lord, the gilt bowls are prepared  
Only for you and your fair bride, for they  
Are poisoned.

*Tach.* Ha, thou canst not mean her death.  
Or wouldst thou in one devilish act outdo  
The eldest damned in hell ? <sup>(4)</sup> O spare her life

<sup>(1)</sup> After *death*, supply a stage direction : Turning from Arbanes to embrace Semanthe.

<sup>(2)</sup> the, 1774.

<sup>(3)</sup> In the French novel, the loving princess and Bégone resolve to take poison together, when they learn that there is no hope for Tachmas : [p. 174] « ....elle (Négare) vit bien qu'il était temps de recourir aux remèdes extrêmes, et de finir par le poison ses misères, à l'exemple de la princesse Bégone, qui était avec elle. »

<sup>(4)</sup> If the eldest damned is Cain, the fratricide, this line may convey a veiled hint of Charles II. duty to his brother and heir apparent James.

And I will bless thee with my latest breath,  
Nay, as I mount, report thee to the gods,  
And tell 'em thou art good.

*Sem.* My Lord, forbear  
Soliciting what, granted, I refuse,  
Life without you. By our immortal loves,  
I am resolved on this. Alas, I swear  
I think this hour our first of <sup>(1)</sup> happiness  
And to die thus together is an earnest  
Sent from the gods, of worlds of joy to come <sup>(2)</sup>.

*Sun.* Yes, rival, thou shouldst live, be forced to live,  
But that the sight of thee for ever would  
Revive my shame and lay his scorn before me.

*Tach.* Give me the fatal bowls. And now, Semanthe,  
Since thou resolv'st, and fate will have it so,  
I here present thee with a cordial draught  
That will preserve our loves i' th'other world.

*Sem.* Then cheerfully, as birds salute the morn  
After a cold, long, stormy winter night,  
We leave these solitary, dark abodes  
And mount to mingle with the shining gods <sup>(3)</sup>.

*Tach.* O, how I grudge the grave this heavenly form !  
These beauties will inspire the arms of death  
And warm the pale, cold tyrant into life.  
O, I could rave for ever — but farewell. [All drink.

(1) first happiness, 1682.

(2) While the loving princess kills herself with Begona in the French novel, yet her last thought is for Tachmas: [p. 176] « ... faisant un dernier effort pour disposer du dernier moment de sa vie, [Négare] proféra en expirant le nom de Tachmas. »

(3) The chief of the shining gods is the sun, who is often called upon by Southern's Persians.

*Arb.* 'Tis to their meeting in the other world.

[To Sunamire.

*Osm.* So ! To my knowledge, you will first meet there.

[Aside.

*Tach.* 'Tis done, the business of our fate is done.

How fares my love ? Speak, for in spite of death

Thy eyes still carry their resistless fires

And beauty sits in triumph on thy cheeks.

[Osman gives Tachmas a sword.

*Arb.* Now, Sunamire, thus prosperous in revenge,

Let's hug ourselves and laugh to see 'em fall.

*Osm.* Stand on your guard, my Lord ! Soon as he finds  
The poison work, despair and madness will  
Enforce his hand to some damned bloody deed.

*Arb.* Thou dost not feel the pleasures that I have  
To see these whining constant lovers die.

— What means this dulness ? — Ha, thy eyes are fixed,  
Thy lips too tremble to relate the cause.

*Sun.* O, we are poorly caught in our own snare.  
The poison we prepared for them, the slave  
Has given to us.

[Sinks down.

*Arb.* Ha, poisoned ! — Yes, 'tis here !  
I feel the traitor working to my heart.

But I have yet a sword, that shall prevent  
The turns of fate, and we will fall revenged.

— What mean these shouts ? But I defer too long.

— Ha ! Tachmas armed ?

*Tach.* Yes, traitor, to thy ruin.

*Arb.* Then thus I brave my fate.

— O, I am slain ! [They fight. Arbanes falls.

*Sun.* Speak, brother, is he down ? Then to my part,  
I'll come and triumph once over his heart.  
But see, my happy rival does appear,

Trembling and fainting in the arms of fear.  
Now strike, whilst nobly thus I conquer here. [Dies. <sup>(1)</sup>

Enter Seliman, Begona, Attendants, Ismael bound and  
guarded <sup>(2)</sup>.

*Sel.* He lives, he lives, you gods !  
Once more, with all the dearness of a brother,  
I fall upon thy breast, the haven where  
My beaten mind rides safe, secure from restless  
Passions which, like tempests on the main,  
Drive reason from the guidance of our lives  
And leave us shipwrecked on a barbarous coast.

*Beg.* I see, my son, the hands of Heaven and Fate  
Have been employed in thy deliverance.  
But say, my Tachmas, speak the wondrous course  
That Heaven pursued to rescue thee from death.

*Tach.* That best my life's preserver here can tell.  
[To Osman. <sup>(3)</sup>

<sup>(1)</sup> When Arbanes falls, Sunamire, being already dazed with the effect of the poison, imagines him to be Tachmas and throws herself on him with erotic ferocity, while looking towards the trembling Semanthe. This is one of the many instances of *raving* introduced by Southern into this play and others for melodramatic effect.

<sup>(2)</sup> The conclusion of the French novel is still more tragic than that of our tragedy. Tachmas is blinded, while his lady love and his mother take poison. Sunamire stabs herself, and Seliman, having no surviving friend to be reconciled to, gives vent to his repentance at his treacherous minister's expense : [p. 178] « Séliman, dont la jalousie s'éteignit par des accidents si tragiques, entra dans une furieuse colère contre Allagolikan. Il le fit étrangler à ses yeux, et voulut du moins que ce traître reçût à son tour la juste punition de ses crimes. »

<sup>(3)</sup> The part played by Osman and other officers shows that the Tory party, whose mouthpiece Southern is, expected the army to

*Sel.* Thy habit speaks a slave. Yet in thy face  
Something appears familiar to my eyes,  
That I have often seen. But when and where,  
My memory has lost.

*Osm.* Great Sir, I have been honoured in your service,  
Your soldier from my youth. Osman my name,  
Which you, Sir, must remember, since your favours  
Distinguished it first from the crowd. [To Tachmas.

*Tach.* My friend,  
My Osman here ! Then Heaven has sent the sword  
And shield of all the war. O royal Sir,  
Let me present a captain to your knowledge,  
Worthy that noble title. [Osman kneels to Seliman.

*Sel.* Rise to our favour. The particulars  
How thou cam'st here disguised, and by what means  
Thy faith and gratitude have worked their ends,  
A happier hour will claim. Remove these bodies !  
[And for that slave, such matchless villanies  
He has confessed, as mercy cannot pardon.  
Bear him to death, away with him !]

*Is.* I go, but first I make this hearty wish :  
May lame ambition, for the public good,  
Halting upon the crutches of the crowd,  
Still fall,  
May treason ever need the people's swords,  
And may they valiantly compound for words,  
And last, may all disturbers of the state

support the king and the Duke of York's new policy. The dramatist was himself rewarded with a company in the Duke's gift. See Note to p. 157.



Grow blindly popular and meet my fate <sup>(1)</sup>. [Is led off.

*Sel.* Virtue shines out again in its full blaze  
And now not to reward thy sufferings  
Would speak me accessory to those crimes  
My ignorance committed. Therefore here  
I give Semanthe to thy longing love.  
Take her and wear her ever in thy heart <sup>(2)</sup>  
Whilst I collected <sup>(3)</sup> in my temper stand.  
And may succeeding monarchs learn from me  
How far to trust a statesman's policy. [Exeunt omnes.

(<sup>1</sup>) Here Ismael speaks out of his part and addresses the audience in a denunciation of Shaftesbury's factious policy and of the Whig party. The contempt shown for the people's swords answers the confidence expressed in the army. — The special meaning of the word *popular* is probably from Absalom and Achitophel :

l. 336 : « Turn rebel and run popularly mad. »

l. 490 : « And popularly prosecute the Plot. »

l. 689 : « On each side bowing popularly low. » (pp. 113, 115, 118 of Noyes' edition.)

(<sup>2</sup>) Cf. Sh. 2. Hen. IV, v, 2, 53.

I will deeply put the fashion on  
And wear it in my heart.

(<sup>3</sup>) collected, self-possessed, composed.

## Epilogue

by Mr. DRYDEN <sup>(1)</sup>.

A virgin poet was served up to-day  
Who till this hour ne'er cackled for a play.  
He's neither yet a Whig nor Tory-boy  
But like a girl whom several would enjoy  
Begs leave to make the best of his own natural toy.  
Were I to play my callow author's game,  
The King's house would instruct me, by the name.  
There's loyalty to one. I wish no more,  
A commonwealth sounds like a common whore.  
Let husband or gallant be what they will  
One part of woman is true Tory still.  
If any factious spirit should rebel,  
Our sex with ease can every rising quell.  
Then, as you hope we should your failings hide,  
An honest jury for our play provide.  
Whigs at their poets never take offence,  
They save dull culprits who have murdered sense.  
Though nonsense is a nauseous heavy mass  
The vehicle called faction makes it pass.  
Faction in play's the Commonwealth's man's bribe,  
The leaden farthing of the canting tribe.  
Though void in payment laws and statutes make it,  
The neighbourhood, that knows the man, will take it.  
'Tis faction buys the votes of half the pit,

(1) Missing, 1682.

Theirs is the Pension-Parliament of wit <sup>(1)</sup>.  
In City clubs their venom let 'em vent <sup>(2)</sup>,  
For there 'tis safe, in its own element.  
Here, where their madness can have no pretence,  
Let 'em forget themselves an hour in sense.  
In one poor isle why should two factions be ?  
Small difference in your vices I can see,  
In drink and drabs both sides too will agree.  
Would there were more preferments in the land ;  
If places fell, the party could not stand.  
Of this damned grievance every Whig complains,  
They grunt like hogs till they have got their grains.  
Meantime you see what trade our plots advance,  
We send each year good money into France,  
And they, that know what merchandise we need,  
Send o'er true protestants, to mend our breed.

---

(1) The Pensioners' Parliament is another nickname for the Cavalier or Pump Parliament. (1661-1679.) (Pollock, Popish Plot, 224).

(2) The leading Whig organisation was the Green Ribbon Club, which was founded in 1675, and met at the King's Head Tavern. (Pollock, 237-239).

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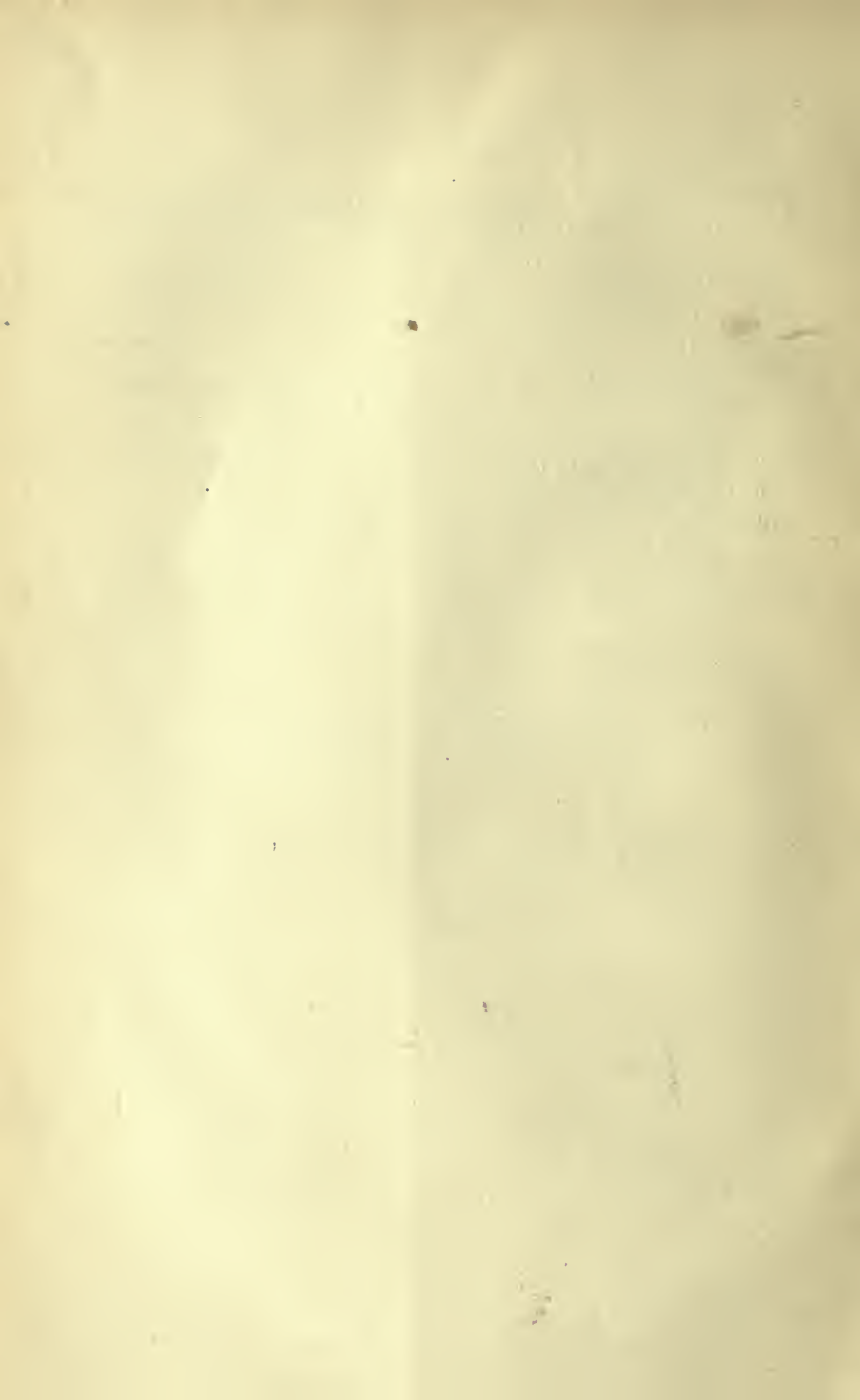
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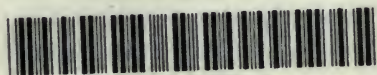
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