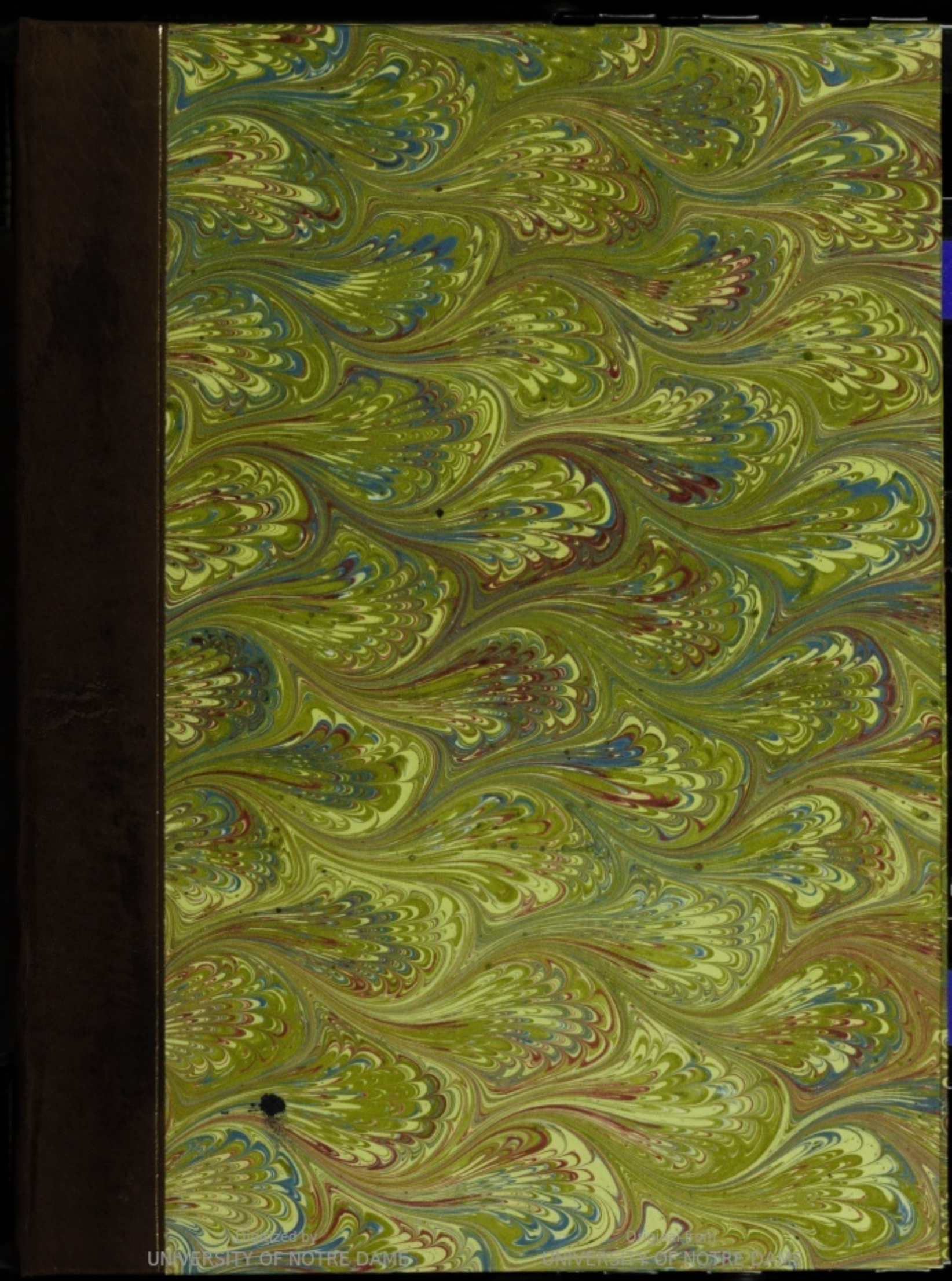
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NICOMEDE.

A

Tragi-Comedy,

Translated out of the French

OF

MONSIEUR CORNEILLE,

By *JOHN DANCER*.

As it was Acted at the Theatre-Royal

IN

DUBLIN.

Together with an Exact Catalogue of all the English *STAGE-PLAYS* printed, till this present Year 1671.

Licensed *Dec.* 16. 1670. *Roger L'estrange.*

LONDON:

Printed for *Francis Kirkman*, and are to be sold at his Shop in *Thames-street* over against the *Custom-House*. 1671.

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You, if you pleaſe, thoſe Miſts away may drive,
But never think I my conſent will give.
The Maſter to whoſe Rules I all things owe,
Did not, Sir, teach me how to ſtoop ſo low.
Flam. By what you ſay Prince, it may well be gueſt,
You han't for Glory fought, but Intereſt.
And all thoſe great Exploits which you have done,
Make but the Father Tennant to the Son.
The King's at beſt but Steward of your Right,
You for your ſelf, and not for him did fight;
If thoſe Dominions gain'd him by your Hand,
Are not to be diſpos'd at his Command;
Thoſe *Romans* Sir, whom you ſo much deſpiſe,
When they fight, fight for Glory, not for Prize.
Scipio, whoſe Courage you extoll'd ſo high,
Having overcome *Romes* ſtubborn'ſt Enemy;
Claim'd not for all the Kingdoms he had won,
More than the mighty Name of *African*;
But Glory ſo ſublime's not elſewhere known,
And ſuch pure Vertue *Rome* can boaſt alone.
But Sir, as to thoſe fond conceits of State,
Your Power, might Jealouſies in *Rome* create.
Conſult ſome graver heads, you'l quickly learn,
Your Greatneſs is too mean for her concern.
Reſpect unto the King does now reſtrain
My ſaying more, but think of this again.
Let leſs ſmoak from your Martial Fires ariſe,
And you perhaps may ſee with clearer Eyes.
Nicho. When time this difference ſhall 'twixt us decide,
Perhaps you may not what I ſaid deride.
Flam. Mean time, if you in fighting find ſuch charms,
Preſs forward Sir, the Glory of your Arms.
For unto them no Progreſs *Rome* denyes,
But Sir, ſhe always ſuccours her Allyes;
If you don't know it, I give you this Advice,
Leſt at firſt ſight her Eagles ſhould ſurprize?
But to the point — all your ambitious Breſt
Claimes as your Right, ſhall be by you poſſeſt,

Enjoy

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That fiery ſpirit heightned by Succeſs,
Hopes to her heart to hinder our Acceſs.
We'l therefore ſeek that Paſſion to remove,
Kings Marriages are ſeldom made for love,
And I have Plots of Greatneſs, and of Fame,
Will quench Loves Fires, and blow out all it's Flame.
Flam. But loving him, ſhe'l be capricious too.
Pruſi. If it ſhould prove ſo, I know what to do.
But ſhe's in fine a Queen, and that Degree,
Seems to require ſome Formality;
And though my Power o're her be abſolute,
And might conſtrain, yet Prayers will better do't:
You firſt as an Ambaſſadour ſhall move
The Match, I'le ſecond *Rome*; and if this prove
But to our Wiſh, 'tis better than Commands,
If not, ſhe will be ſtill Sir, in our Hands.
Come then let's go, and as this does ſucceed,
Take our Advantage further to proceed.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Pruſias, Flaminius, and *Laodice.*

Pruſi. QUeen, ſince that Title carryes ſo much Charms,
It's Loſs, methinks ſhould give you ſome Alarms;
Power if abuſ'd is ſeldom long preſerv'd;
Laod. This great Advice ſhall by me be obſerv'd,
And if I ever Reign, Sir, you ſhall ſee
The Practiſe of ſuch Noble Policy.
Pruſi. Madam, to Reign you take but an ill way.
Laod. You may direct me if I go aſtray.
Pruſi. You ſlight *Rome*, and too ſmall reſpects you give
Unto a King, under whoſe Command you live.
Laod. If you your Regal Power would better know,
You'l find I pay to both, Sir, what I owe;
If I as Queen receive Ambaſſies here,
I muſt as Soveraign before you appear.

Aſſume

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Assume a Power which I cannot own,
And in your ownEstates affront your Throne.
I them refuse out of Respect to you,
Honours, that in *Armenia* were my due.
There I might *Romes* Ambassadour receive,
And with fit splendor him an Audience give,
Their Answer, as a Queen to his Desires,
Or as the merit of the Cause requires.
Here Sir, I can't the Mistery understand,
Out of *Armenia* having no Command;
For all that Heaven does me else where allow,
Is that I live and no subjection know;
Reign o're my self, and have in all aboades
No Soveraign, but my Reason, and the Gods.

Prusi. Those Gods your Soveraigns by your Father gave
To me the Power which over you they have,
And you perhaps my one day understand,
Wnat's a Kings Reason where he does command.
For proof of it, let's to *Armenia* go,
I'le bring you thither, but attended so,
That since you stand so much upon your State,
You must prepare to see it desolate.
Wars utmost fury through your Land shall Reign,
Dead Bodies shall make Mountains of a Plain.
And Rivers flow with Blood that I will spill.

Laod. Losing my States, I'le keep my Glory still,
All those vast mischiefs wherewith you me brave,
Shan't make me subject, thongh they make me Slave:
My Life is yours, but not my Dignity.

Prusi. This mighty Courage will reduced be,
When all these Miseries to a Head are grown,
And *Attalus* sits on your Fathers Throne;
Then, then perhaps, that Heart may stoop in vain,
To ask his Hand to seat you there again.

Laod. If of your War such base Effects you find,
There must be a strange Change wrought in my Mind.
But Sir, perhaps you cannot get so far,
The Gods will of my Fortunes have a care.

And

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Nico. Pray Madam, the true Cauſe declare,
Why you ſhould preſs ſo hard theſe Lives to ſpare;
Or let us think you fear, leſt dying they
Might out of conſcience ſome cloſe Plots convey.
Arſi. What hate than this Sir, can more cruel be?
Whilſt I'de acquit him, he accuſes me.
But Sir, perhaps my preſence whers his Rage,
I by my abſence may theſe Heats aſſwage,
And quieting a Spirit ſoar'd ſo high,
Prevent thoſe Crimes at which he yet may flie.
I will not ask that Pity ſhould procure
For my protection, you a Crown ſecure.
Nor do I ſeek my *Attalus* to ſave,
That he ſhould half of your Dominions have.
If that your *Roman* Friends requeſt it ſo,
I never did of their Intentions know.
They with their Pow'rs may favor ſtill my Son;
But I ſhall need no Aids when you are gone,
I love too well Sir, not to follow you,
When in theſe arms you pay to Fates their due,
Upon your Tomb my Love's laſt Duty, Grief,
At once ſhall ſacrifice my Tears and Life.
Pruſ. Ah Madam!
Arſin. Yes Sir, when that time ſhall come,
Your Deſtiny and mine ſhall be but one.
Then ſince he never ſhall my Soveraign be,
What ſhould I fear? what can he do to me?
All that I ask in favor of that Gage,
That Son, who does ſo much his hate engage,
Is that he may return to *Rome*, and there
Finiſh his days under that Senates care;
To whom you did commit his Youth, and be
A weak Remembrance of your love to me;
This Prince will ſerve you better than before,
When Jealouſies ſhall wound his Thoughts no more.
And fear not Sir, though thus you *Rome* defie,
For all her Power his Valour is too high.

The

The Secrets of great *Hannibal* he knows,
From whom *Rome* did receive such mighty blows,
Africk and *Asia* yet admiring stand,
At those renown'd Advantages he gain'd
For *Carthage* and *Antiochus*. But now
I go Sir, and the liberty allow
To your Paternal Goodness, to improve
The tenderness of Nature, and of Love:
I must not longer in your Presence see
My self unworthily reproached be.
Nor would I move your anger against one
Who is your Valiant, and your Conquering Son.

SCENE III.

Prusias, Nicomede, Araspes, Guards.

Prus. This in my brest does strange disorders raise,
Yet *Nicomede*, I cannot think thee base,
But let's yield somewhat to the Senates Prayers,
And strive to reassure the Queen who fears;
Passion for her, Affection pleads for thee,
I would not have this Hate eternal be.
Yet though I prize them, cannot in my brest
Cherish these thoughts onely to break my rest.
I would make Love, and Nature, of accord,
Father, and Husband be; and in a word—

Nico. If I may with you any credit win,
Be neither one, nor t'other.

Prus. What then?

Nico. King.
Bravely that Noble Character resume,
Passions in Monarchs hearts should finde no room,
Father and Husband are respects not known
To a true King, who should regard his Throne,
And nothing more. Reign as you ought then, Sir,
And *Rome* will fear you more, than you fear her.
See but how she who dares to threaten you,
With apprehensions does my Loss pursue,
Hoping by losing me, strange things to gain,

'Cause

Cauſe ſhe foreſees I ſhall know how to reign
Pruſi. Thus then ungrateful i'le thy counſel uſe,
Laodice, or my four Kingdoms chooſe.
'Twixt thee and *Attalus* thy King does make
This dividend, thou one of them muſt take
No longer Father now, but King i'le be.
Nico. Were you as well King of *Laodice*;
And could with Juſtice ſuch a choice propoſe,
I ſhould ask time e're *I* my thoughts diſcloſe.
But now to ſhow my will to pleaſure you,
Yet with reſpect not to offend her too,
I anſwer without frivolous delay,
To your intentions not to what you ſay.
To that dear Brother all thoſe rights tranſpoſe
And let *Laodice* be free to chooſe.
By that ſee which is mine.
Pruſi. Poor abject mind,
VVhat fury makes thee for a woman blind,
Prefer'ſt thou her to all thy glorious fights?
To all thy valour to my Realm unites?
After ſuch baſeneſs, doſt deſerve to live?
Nico. I follow that example which you give,
Prefer not you a woman to that ſon,
By whom thoſe Victories thoſe crowns were won?
Pruſi. Do you ſee me renounce a crown for mine,
Nico. Do you imagine that is my deſign?
If to my brother what is yours *I* quit,
I nothing yeild having no right to it,
For what can I unto your Crowns pretend?
Till death ſhall to your Right and Reign give end.
Pardon me Sir the Harſhneſs of the Phraſe,
Yet Fate in fine does limit Monarchs days
Your people then, wanting a King, will ſee
And chooſe perhaps betwixt that Prince and me,
Sir, our reſemblance is not yet ſo nigh,
But dulleſt eyes a difference may eſpy.
And the old rights of birth have oft been known
To call an Exile back to fill the throne:

Or if your Subjects thoughts with yours agree,
Their's others brought under your yoke by me.
And though *Rome* still her jealousie pursue,
I can do for my self what's done for you:
Prus. I'le take a course for that!
Nico. It may be done.
If to their Fears you sacrifice your son:
Else your Estates resign'd unto that Prince,
Shall not be his, when you are gone from hence
'Tis not in secret, that *I* this declare,
But speak it, that he may himself prepare.
He hears me now.
Pru. Ingrateful without blood.
I shall know how to make his titles good.
And you.----

SCENE IV.

Prusias, Nicomedes, Attalus, Flaminius, Arasses, Guards.

Flam. If my affront this anger draws,
Sir you might spare it to so light a cause
Rome may receive it with resentments due
But I have Friends that shall appease her too.
Pru. I'le do her right, to morrow from this hand,
Attalus shall receive supream command:
I'le make him King of *Pontus* and my heir,
And for this Rebel who does so much dare,
Rome shall be Judge what his affronts deserve,
In *Attalus* stead, he shall for Hostage serve.
And to conduct him fit means shall be found,
So soon as he has seen his Brother crown'd,
Nico. And will you send me then to *Rome*?
Pru. Yes Sir:
Go, ask your dear *Laodice* from her.
Nico. I'le go, i'le go Sir, and shall there appear,
A greater Monarch then you dare be here.
Flam. *Rome* on your actions will true value set.
Nico. Gently *Flaminius* we are not there yet

The

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The Journey's long, and you may be deceiv'd,
Things well begun are often ill atcheiv'd.
Pru. Away *Araſpes*, double now his Guard.
Atta: Sir.
Pru. Thank *Rome*, and ſtill have this regard.
That as her powers are the ſprings of yours,
'Tis her ſupport alone your power ſecures.
But Sir I now muſt your excuſe deſire, (to *Flaminius*.
The Queens diſguſts ſome comfort do require.
I'le therefore go but leave him ſtill with you,
Attalus once more give *Rome* thoſe thanks are due.

SCENE V.

Attalus and *Flaminius*.

Atta. What value ſhall *I* on theſe favours ſet
Which for the higheſt Merit are too great?
Your kindneſs does ſo far all bounds ſurpaſs
It has for my ambition left no place,
Yet Sir I needs muſt ſay my Fathers throne,
Would not compleat my happineſs alone,
That which moſt charms my ſpirit is that now,
The *Armenian* Queen may to my wiſhes bow.
The ſcepter which does make me worthy her.
Flam. Will not your paſſion in her heart prefer?
Atta. Sir reſolutions are not always one,
Our thoughts are oft chang'd by occaſion,
Beſides it was her dying Fathers care,
She ſhould be ſpouſe to the *Bithinian* heir.
Flam. She being Queen, that will's no order now,
Further then 'tis her pleaſure to allow,
Beſides what can ſhe in a Crown reſpect,
Given in that Princes wrong ſhe does affect,
In you who rob her of a Friend ſo dear,
And of his fall the only Authour are.
Atta. That Prince ſent hence, to whom ſhall ſhe complain
Who can gainſt *Rome*, and us; her cauſe ſuſtain,
For ſtill I promiſe to my ſelf your aid,
Flam. Counſels are different by occaſions made

And to be plain, *Prince* i'le not promiſe it,
Atta. At this Rate Sir you do confound me quite
By Soveraign power I am but wretched grown
If I muſt looſe your Friendſhip with my crown.
But I *Romes* juſtice wrong in doubting thus
Han't you her orders?
Flam. Yes for *Attalus*.
Not that Prince whom ſhe from his Cradle knew
But for the King of *Pontus* muſt have new,
Atta. New orders Sir I cannot underſtand,
Why *Rome* ſhould cruſh the work of her own hand
Unleſs ſhe jealous of my power become.
Flam. What i'ſt you ſay Prince, what i'ſt you preſume?
Atta. Only from you Sir I would comprehend
To what this unequallity would tend.
Flam. I would explain't and would recover you
From theſe deſtructive errors you purſue,
Rome courting for you the *Armenian* Queen,
Diſpenc'd with Juſtice out of that eſteem
She had for you, but ſince ſhe does obtain,
You by more juſt and equal ways may Reign,
Glory does with her love to you diſpence
And ſtops her acting further violence.
Then leaving that Queen to her own thoughts free
Your wiſhes muſt elſewhere directed be.
Rome will a fitting match for you provide.
Atta. But if that Queen conſent to be my bride?
Flam. Twil hazard yet *Romes* Glory, and appear
As if ſome artifice of hers it were.
Prince if my words can any credit gain,
You muſt endeavour to ſuppreſs this flame.
Or if of my advice you take no heed,
Stay for the Senates e're you do proceed.
Atta. Finding ſuch coldneſs to ſuch love ſucceed,
Rome lov'd not me, but hated *Nicomede*
And whilſt to feed my Wiſhes ſhe does Feign
Contrives my loſs then when ſhe makes me Reign.
Flam. Sir that my anſvvers may not be too rude,

To

To these essays of your ingratitude,
Follow your humour, and your Friends offend:
Your Soveraign now, and all things may pretend.
Yet since it is so fresh you can't disown
'Tis *Rome* which this day seats you in a throne,
Remember what the King but now did say,
You will be nothing when you loose her stay.

SCENE VI.

Atta. Was it thus *Attalus* thy Grandsires reign'd?
Wilt thou be King to have thy power restrain'd
By such a World of Masters? Ah I find,
Titles thus bought are irksome to my mind.
If for such Masters *I* must gain a Crown
'Twere better to be subject still to one,
And heaven has given him so great and brave
'Twere base to slight him and become *Romes* slave,
Then to the *Romans* let us boldly show
Living amongst them we their Maximes know,
That all they do they to some ends apply
And all their Friendships yeilds to policy
Then in our turn let us be jealous too,
And act for us what for themselves they do.

The end of the Fourth Act,

ACT V. SCENE I.

Arsinoe, Attalus.

Arsi. TO fear this Rout, *I* see no reason why
What's in a moment born, as soon will dye.
If darkness does increase its noise, the light
Will dissipate the vapours of the Night.
Less does the peoples tumult me disturb
Then to see, thou canst not thy passion curb.

But

But led, by love so fruitless and so vain
Contemn'st not her, did thee so much disdain
Let that ungrateful from thy thoughts be chac't,
Now thou above her art by Fortune plac't;
It was her throne, not eyes, thou shouldst adore;
Reigning without her: love her then no more.
Offer that heart to more obliging chains,
Now th'art a King, *Asia* has other Queens,
Who would not scornful of thy sighes appear,
But pay those vows to thee, thou payest to her.

Attal. But Madam, if——

Arsin. Why if she should prove kind,
Theirs danger in't not seen by love that's blind:
Assoone as of her Crown possest thou be
She will engage thee in her hate to me.
But Oh Gods! can her rage those limits keep.
Can'st thou in safety in her bosome sleep?
Thinkest thou that her resentments will not prove
The sword or poyson to revenge her love.
What is't a woman won't in fury do?

Atta. You with false arguments conceal the true.
The Senate who no powerful King would see,
Feard that in *Nicomede* they fear in me.
To a queens bed *I* cannot now pretend,
Unless I will our soveraign *Rome* offend,
And since by it my Interests I betray,
To keep her favour still I must obey,
Those profound pollicies I understand,
By which she hastens to the worlds command.
If any Monarch grows too great and high,
His ruine must remove her jealousie.
Who makes a Conquest gives a wound to *Rome*,
Which can't endure too great a power in one.
But alwayes thinkes just cause of warr appears
'Gainst those whose greatness may or'e shaddow hers.
They who of Empire best the rules do know,
Will make us all things to their orders owe,
Their power or'e Kings to that vast height is grown

All

All stoop to them, while they depend on none;
Madam, too well *I* am instructed thus,
Byth' fall of *Carthage* and *Antiochus*,
Least I be crusht like one of them, i'le bow,
And reasons which I can't oppose allow,
Fate this complyance from me now commands;
Since you give *Nicomede* into their hands,
That Ostage will secure my Faith or be,
A Lyon ready to let loose on me:
Arsi. This is what I intended to advise
But with this prudence you my soul surprize
These things may change, but let it be your care
To wink at Jealousies which useful are.

SCENE II.

Arsinoe, Flaminius, Attalus,

Arsi. Sir is it not a conquest worth the pain
That from a Lover *I* belief can gain,
Make him with duty that fierce flame controul
And seat again his reason in his soul,
Fla. Madam, 'twere well such conquests to pursue
And make this people reasonable too
'Tis time their growing tumults to restrain
Or if you strive too late you'l strive in vain,
On a weak *Basis* you those Fancyes found
Make you believe they will themselves confound
Rome uses not commotions to oppose
With such tame Resolutions as those
But when to popular rage they'l sound retreats
That senate spares hot either prayers or threats
With resolution her affairs she steers
And from her seven hills drives her Mutineers.
Who would a horrible descent have made
If they had longer there regardless staid.
Left to the freedom to act what they please,
As you in this occasion give to these,
Arsi. Since *Rome* does so, we'l to her rules submit

Her great example doth authorize it?
And the King shall —but now himself is here.

SCENE III.

Prusias, Arsinoe, Flaminius, Attalus.

Pru. The whole design does now to me appear:
These Mutineers are by *Armenians* led,
And have declar'd that Queen to be their head.
Flam. I did at first that 'twas her plot suspect,
Atta. For all your cares she pays you this respect.
Flam. Sir now the times necessity obey,
Think what to do, talk does but breed delay.

SCENE IV.

Prusias, Arsinoe, Flaminius, Attalus, Cleone.

Cleo. Nothing can now the peoples rage withstand
Madam they with loud cryes the Prince demand,
And have to such a height their Furies born
His two accusers are in pieces torn.
Arsi. Those victims paid unto the peoples hate
We with their Fury may our fears abate,
In those two Wretches blood, their hands being dy'd
They'l think the Prince is amply satisfy'd.
Flam. Madam if this disorder had no chief,
I should incline to be of your belief.
The peoples rage no further might pretend
But form'd designs have seldom such an end,
They press at what they have contriv'd before
The first bloodshed opens the way to more,
Fleshes, and hardens, does all horror chace
And unto fear or pitty leaves no place.

SCENE V.

Prusias, Flaminius, Arsinoe, Attalus Cleone; Araspes.

Aras. The tumult towards the Court sir makes such hast;
And your false Guards do quit their Posts so fast,
I dying may my Loyalty assure,

But

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But cannot longer sir the Prince secure.
Prus. Lets go, lets go then to these rebels give
That head they seek to crown whilst wee'r alive
From off the battlements wee'l to them throw
That precious object which they covet so.
Atta. Ah Sir,
Pru, Yes yes; 'tis thus we ought to give,
And they who so demand, should so receive,
Atta. But sir you'l thus, these mutiners engage
To execute the utmost of their rage:
The Queen, *Flaminius* nor your Majesty
Cannot in any hopes of safety be.
Pru. What shall I to these Rebells then go down
And with their darling, yeild them up my Crown,
Theres but that choice: their power outmatching mine
I must my Scepter or my Life resign.
Flam. Though there were justice in what you propose.
Can you sir of that Princes life dispose?
The power you could pretend ore him is gone:
He's now *Romes* hostage and no more your Son.
And though a Father have forgot him quite,
I must remember what's the Senates right:
Which taking of his life you must invade,
Of which *I* will be no abettor made,
My Galley's now lye ready in the port
And theirs a private passage from the Court:
If then my counsels can't his fall prevent,
To my departure first give your consent,
That thereby to the word it may appear,
Rome is more just then you, and less severe,
Expose not her to that contempt and shame,
To see her hostage in her own sight slain.
Arsin. Sir, may I speak what I think's fit to do?
Pru. Yes for there can come nothing ill from you
Arsin. Heaven then to me, a sure device has shown,
To purchase *Romes* contentment and your own
Since sir his Galleys ready are to go,
He may with ease take home his hostage too.

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The designs favour'd by the private gate,
But all things better to facillitate:
Show your self to the people appear kind,
And seem to their desires to be inclin'd.
And thus amuzing them give time till he
With all their hopes have gain'd the open Sea,
When if they force the Court, and miss the Prince,
Appear confus'd, say *Rozane* has stoln him hence,
Promise your just Revenge shall pursue her,
And all that in it her assistants were,
Send after him with the approaching morn,
Flatter them with the hopes of his return,
And with a thousand Arts you may devise,
Still give advantage to the enterprize
How high so e're their transports now appear,
They'l attempt nothing whilst for him they Fear.
Or whilst they shall perceive all force is vain
Thus you assured safety may obtain:
But if they find him we must fly this state,
For at first sight they'l him their King create.
You think so I believe sir?

Pru. Yes, I do?
And think the Gods sent this advice to you.
Then this what better could contrived be?

Flam. It gives you glory, life and liberty,
Besides *Laodice's* still Hostage here,
So that we nothing but delays can fear.

Pru. Then talk no more let's follow the advice.

Arsi. Araspes and three souldiers will suffice,
To guard him, numbers faithless oft appear
Ile to *Laodice*, and secure her.
Attalus where run you.

Atta. I go to try, one project to appease their mutiny.
'Twil add another to your stratagem,

Arsi. Think your concerns and mine are still the same
'Tis for your sake if I in danger be.

Atta. Madam, i'le perish or i'le set you free.

Ar. Go then the *Armenian* Queen I yonder see.

Scene

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SCENE VI.

Arsinoe, Laodice, Cleone.

Arsi. Must she who caus'd these harms unpunish'd be
Laod. No Madam, a fit punishment i'le find,
For the small Faults of her ambitious mind.
Arsi. Speak you that punishmenr who know her crime
Laod. A small abasement will serve for a Queen,
To see her plots prevented may suffice.
Arsi. Say rather that her rashness to chastise,
Scepters and Crown she does deserve to loose:
Laod. Great spirits seldom such revenges use,
When they have once o'recome they soon forget
And temperate bounds unto their anger set,
Arsi. Those that believe you would be soon content
Laod. Heaven gave not me a soul more violent,
Arsi. To raise up subjects 'gainst their Soveraign
To hazard Kingdoms to the sword and flame,
Into the Court to press their insolence,
Call you this Madam, little violence:
Laod. We're both mistaken, Madam, and I see,
VVhat I speak for you, you explain for me:
But for what touches me all cares are past
'Twas to serve you that made me hither hast,
Least *Majesty* might suffer something rude
From the intrag'd fury of a multitude,
Send for the King and *Attalus* that I
In them preserve the Royal Dignity.
VVhich else an angry people may assail.
Arsi. Did ever pride o're woman thus prevail
You that the cause of these disorders were,
You that in my own courts my Captive are
You whose blood shall attone these crimes and be
A victim to affronted *Majesty.*
VVith confidence dare thus your crime pursue,
And talk as if I should ask grace of you.
Laod. Madam, whilst you thus obstinate appear,
You don't believe tis I that command here:

That when I please you shall my victim be
Nor can this Tumult be a fault in me,
Your people are all guilty, and in them,
Justly these acts you may as crimes condemn.
But I'me a Queen and cannot be accus'd,
If for my safety I these Rebels us'd:
Since rights of Warr did never yet deny
Raising revolts against an Enemy
Who robs me of my spouse, I mine may call
Arsin. I am so *Madam*, and what ere befall,
Be sure when ere these Rebels force the Court
That moment with your head you answer for't
Laod. You'l falsefy your threats, or on my tombe
Soon see a great and royal Hecatombe
But *Madam*, could you do't although there were
Zenon and *Mithrobates* harbor'd here,
Think you my plots have bin so lamely fram'd
But I have likewise your domesticks gain'd.
Find out a man that would his life betray,
That's fond of dying, and hee'l you obey,
Yet o're *Bythinia* I pretend no sway,
Give me free passage to *Armenia*,
And that you may your own just power regain
Restore my spouse, whom you with hold in vain
Arsin. That spouse of yours, you may towards *Rome* pursue
Flaminius has him, hee'l restore him you.
But pray make haste, you'l miss him elsie, for he
Is by this time at least a league at sea.
Laod. Could I believe't——
Arsin. You may do't if you please.
Laod. Fly then those furies which my spirits seize,
After the knowledg of an act so foul,
All generous thoughts are banisht from my soul
But rather as my hostage here remain,
Till with this hand, his freedom I regain,
I'le go and pluck him from the midst of *Rome*,
With all your subjects, and with all my own
At her own gates i'le give her my Alarmes,

Sup-

Supported with ten hundred thousand armes,
My rage shall their her tyrannies subdue.
Arsin. Then you'l in fine reign ore *Bethinia* too?
And in that frenzy does possess you now
The King must of your Regency allow.
Laod. Madam il'e reign, and yet not injure him,
Since he is but the picture of a King.
What need he care, who laws does here ordain
Or whether *Rome* or I for him does reign.
But see I have an other hostage yet.

SCENE VII.

Attalus Arsinoe, Laodice, Cleone.

Arsi. Saws't thou them *Attalus* make their retreat?
Attalus Ah Madam!
Arsi. Speake!
Atta. Ah *Madam*! what is done
Summes up all our preceding feares in one.
The Prince is scap'd.
Laod. Then *Madam* fear no more,
I'me now as generous as I was before.
Arsin. Does *Attalus* delight to affright me too?
Atta. Hope not so well, as to presume it so,
Wretched *Araspes* led by his ill-fate,
With his weak guard no sooner reach't the Gate
Through which *Flaminius* had past to his fleet
But he fell wounded at the Princes feet,
And his few followers danted at that sight
Fearing the like fate took a speedy flight.
Arsin. But who, alas! could wound him in that gate?
Atta. Ten or twelve soldiers who as guards did wait,
The Prince.——
Arsin. Ah son there Traytors every where,
Few subjects to their *Masters* faithful are,
But whence of this could you informed be
Atta. *Araspes* self did dying tell it me.
But hear what only causes my despair,
To joyn me with my Father I took care.

But all in vain for coming to the shore.
I saw that Monarch to his fears giu p're.
In a small skiff after the *Roman* flee,
VVho was perhaps no less afraid then he.

SCENE VIII.

Prusias, Flaminius, Arsinoe, Laodice, Attalus, Cleone.

Pru. No, no, beleive us yet too brave to fly,
Here we'l defend your glorves or we'l dye.
Arsi. Lets dye, lets dye sir, and not victims be
Unto the fury of an enemy.
'Tis better we of our own fate dispose
Then leave it to the Pleasure of our foes:
Laod. By this dispair you that great man offend
Much more then when you him to *Rome* would send.
Since in my breast he such an Empire hath
You should believe him worthy of my Faith,
I should disown him, had he not a mind
Revenge can't animate nor passion blind.
Did not in him all that is genetous dwell,
But here he comes see it I know him well.

SCENE LAST.

Prusias, Nicomedes, Arsinoe, Laodice, Flaminius, Attalus, Cleone:

Nico. All's quiet sir, my sight did soon asswage
The peoples fury and has balm'd their rage,
Pru. Rebel in my own Pallace do'st me brave
Nico. Rebels a title I shall never have:
I come not here sir to reproach your hate,
Like Captives grown proud with their charge of state
Like a good Subject I bring that repose,
VVhich some ill interests sought to discompose:
Not that I would a crime to *Rome* impute,
She greatness follows with a close pursuit:
And her Ambassador did what he ought,
VVhen to divide our growing powers he sought

But

But yet sir don't admit him to constrain,
To make her fear, let me your favour gain
Pardon your people, too much heat and rage
In which their love to me did them engage.
Pardon those faults they necessity thought,
Faults which to you have peace and safety brought
Forgive them you too Madam, and let me
A vow'd admirer of your goodness be.
I know what 'twas made you my foe become,
A mothers love would fain have crown'd her son.
I will my self assist in the design,
If you can yeild he take his power from mine,
Asia. more conquests Madam does afford,
And to crown him you may command this sword
Choose but ore what place you would have him King
And to his hands I will that Scepter bring.
Arsin. Ah sir! why do you farther preis this strife,
Y'ave in your power my glory and my life,
Can't your ambition their receive an end,
But you'l your conquest ore my heart extend.
Against such vertue there is no defence,
My breast to yield bleeds with impatience.
Joyn then this victory to three Kingdoms won
And I in you shall gain another son.
Pru. Madam, then I yeild too, and must beleive,
My glories do in such a son revive,
But for this happiness which we receive
Man't we Prince know to whom our thanks to give
Nico. The Author of it would not sir be known
But took a pledge from me, which I must own
'Twas here he said it should restored be.
Atta. Sir if you please accept that pledg from me
Nico. By this brave action you best let me know
That in your veins, true royal blood does flow
You are no more th' ambitious slave of *Rome*
But the Redeemer of a Crown become
Brother with my chains others off are throne,
The Kings, the Queens, *Bythinias* and your own,

But

But why conceal your ſelf and ſave the ſtate?
To ſee your vertue at the higheſt rate,
I thought againſt our injuſtice twould act beſt,
When not by this weak ſervice prepoſſeſt,
And I on one of us reveng'd might be,
If I had judg'd ill of what now I ſee.
But Madam (*to Arſinoe.*

Arſin. Tis enough I now divine,
What was the ſtratagem you'd add to mine,
And ſir my ſpirits pleas'd to ſee my Son (*to Nicomede*
His ſtopt that courſe of ills I would have run.

Nico. to Fla. { Sir to be plain I think each generous mind,
Might happineſs in your alliance find.
But with thoſe Laws which *Rome* to Kings would give
We can't from her the ſtile of Friend receive,
Let us then have it free from ſervitude
Or Enemy will be a name leſs rude.

Fla. This I muſt leave ſir to the Senates care
But thus much can with confidence declare,
That at the leaſt Prince you'l find that reſpect
Such an Heroick ſpirit can expect,
And if the name of friend they can't allow,
They'l think to have found in you a worthy Foe.

Pru. Since thus our civil Jarrs compoſed are
To render thanks to Heaven let us prepare
And that our happineſs may firm become
Pray to the Gods to grant us peace with *Rome*.

The End of the Fifth and Laſt Act.

FINIS.

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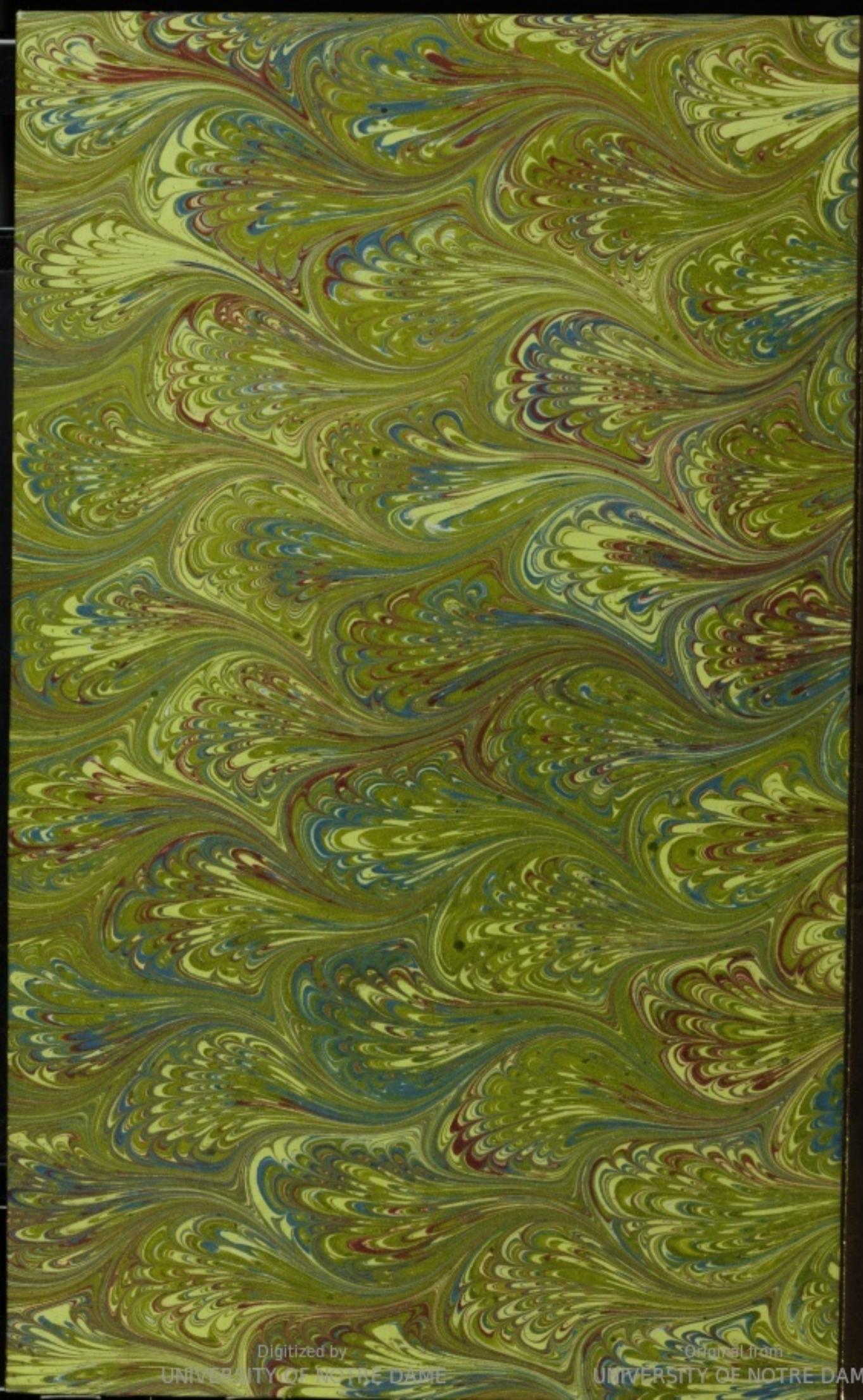
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NICOMEDE.

A

Tragi-Comedy,

Translated out of the French

OF

MONSIEUR CORNEILLE,

By *JOHN DANCER*.

As it was Acted at the Theatre-Royal

IN

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