

# Sejanus

Ben Jonson

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Ben Jonson

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*Sejanus*

*by*

*Ben Jonson*

## Act A

*F*  
*Haile Caius Silius.*

*E*  
*Titius Sabinus, Hayle.*  
*You are rarely met in Court!*

*F*  
*Therefore, well met.*

*E*  
*It is true: Indeed, this Place is not our Sphære.*

*F*  
*No Silius, we are no good Inginers;*  
*We want the fine Artes, and their thriuing vse*  
*Should make us grac'd, or fauor'd of the Times:*  
*We have no shift of Faces, no cleft Tongues,*  
*No soft, and glutinous bodies, that can stick,*  
*Like Snailles, on painted walls; or, on our brests,*  
*Creepe up, to fall, from that proud height, to which*  
*We did by slauerie, not by seruice, clime.*  
*We are no guilty men, and then no Great;*

*We have nor place in Court, Office in state,  
That we can say, we owe vnto our Crimes;  
We burne with no black secrets, which can make  
Us deare to the pale Authors; or liue fear'd  
Of their still waking iealosies, to raise  
Ourselves a Fortune, by subuerting theirs.  
We stand not in the lines, that do aduance  
To that so courted point.*

*E  
But yonder leane  
A paire that do.*

*F  
(Good Cossen Latiaris.)*

*E  
Satrius Secundus, and Pinnarius Natta,  
The great Seianus Clients; there be two,  
Know more, then honest Councells: whose close brests  
Were they rip'd up to light, it would be found  
A poore, and idle sinne, to which their Trunkes  
Had not been made fit Organs: These can lie,  
Flatter, and sweare, forswear, depraue, informe,  
Smile, and betray; make guilty men; then beg  
The forfeit liues, to get the liuings; cut  
Mens throates with whisprings; sell to gaping Suitors  
The empty smoake, that flies about the Pallace;  
Laugh, when their Patron laughes; sweat, when he sweates;  
Be hot, and cold with him; change every moode,  
Habit, and garbe as often as he varies;  
Obserue him, as his watch obserues his clock;  
And true, as Turkise in the deare Lords ring,  
Looke well, or ill with him: Ready to praise  
His Lordship if he spit, or but pisse faire,  
Have an indifferent stoole, or breake winde well,  
Nothing can scape their catch.*

*F  
Alasse! these things  
Deserue no note, confer'd with other vile,  
And filthier Flatteries that corrupt the times:  
When, not alone our Gentries Chiefe, are faine  
To make their safty from such sordide Acts,  
But all our Consuls, and no little part  
Of such as have been Prætors, yea, the most  
Of Senators, that else not vse their voyces,*

*Start up in publique Senate, and there striue  
Who shall propound most abiect things, and base,  
So much, as oft Tiberius hath been heard,  
Leauing the Court, to cry, o Race of men,  
Prepar'd for seruitude! which shew'd, that He  
Who least the publique liberty could like,  
As loathly brook'd their flat seruility.*

*E*

*Well, all is worthy of us, were it more,  
Who with our riots, pride, and ciuill hate,  
Have so prouok'd the Iustice of the Gods  
We that (within these fourescore yeares) were borne  
Free, æquall Lords of the triumphed world,  
And knew no masters, but Affections,  
To which betraying first our liberties,  
We since became the slaues to one mans lusts;  
And now to many: Every ministring Spie  
That will accuse, and sweare, is Lord of you,  
Of me, of all, our Fortunes, and our Liues.  
Our lookes are call'd to question, and our wordes,  
How innocent suer, are made Crimes;  
We shall not shortly dare to tell our dreames,  
Or think but it will be Treason.*

*F*

*``Tirannes Artes  
Are to give Flatterers grace, Accusers power,  
That those may seeme to kill whom they deuoure."  
Now good Cremutius Cordus.*

*K*

*Haile to your Lordship.*

*V*

*Who is that salutes your Cosin?*

*J*

*It is one Cordus,  
A Gentleman of Rome; one, that has writ  
Annal's of late, they say, and very well.*

*V*

*Annal's? of what times?*

*J*  
*I think of Pompei's,*  
*And Caius Cæsars; and so downe to these,*

*V*  
*How stands he affected to the present state?*  
*Is he or Drusian? or Germanican?*  
*Or ours? or neutrall?*

*J*  
*I know him not so far.*

*V*  
*Those Times are somewhat queasie to be toucht.*  
*Have you or seene, or heard part of his worke?*

*J*  
*Not I, he meanes they shall be publike shortly.*

*V*  
*O. Cordus do you call him?*

*J*  
*Aye.*

*F*  
*But these our times*  
*Are not the same Arruntius.*

*C*  
*Times? the Men,*  
*The Men are not the same: it is we are base,*  
*Poore, and degenerate from the exalted streine*  
*Of our great Fathers. Where is now the soule*  
*Of God-like Cato? He, that durst be good,*  
*When Cæsar durst be euill; and had power,*  
*As not to liue his slaue, to die his Master.*  
*Or where the constant Brutus, that (being prooffe*  
*Against all charme of benefits) did strike*  
*So braue a blowe into the monsters heart*  
*That sought (vnkindly) to captiue his countrie?*  
*O they are fled the light. Those mighty spirits*

*Lye rak'd up, with their ashes, in their vrnes,  
And not a sparke of their eternall fire  
Glows in a present bosome: All is but blaze,  
Flashes, and smoake, wherewith we labour so,  
There is nothing Romane in us; nothing good,  
Gallant, or great: it is true, that Cordus say's,  
Braue Cassius was the last of all that race.*

*F  
Stand by, Lord Drusus.*

*V  
The Emp'rours son, give place.*

*E  
I like the Prince well.*

*C  
A riotous youth,  
There is little hope of him.*

*F  
That fault his Age  
Will, as it growes, correct. Methinkes, he beres  
Himselfe, each day, more noblie then other:  
And winnes no lesse on mens affections  
Then doth his Father loose. Beleeue me I love him;  
And chiefly for opposing to Seianus.*

*E  
And I for gracing his yong kinsmen so,  
The sons of Prince Germanicus; it shewes  
A gallant clearnesse in him, a streight minde,  
That enuies not, in them, their Fathers name.*

*C  
His Name was, while he liu'd, aboue all envie;  
And beeing dead, without it. O that man!  
If there were seedes of the old vertue left,  
They liu'd in him.*

*E  
He had the fruicts, Arruntius,*

*More then the seedes: Sabinus, and myselfe  
 Had meanes to know him, within; and can report him:  
 We were his followers, (he would call us Friends.)  
 He was a Man most like to vertue; In all,  
 And every action, nearer to the Gods,  
 Then Men, in nature; Of a body as fayre  
 As was his mind; and no lesse reuerend  
 In face, then fame: He could so vse his state,  
 Temp'ring his greatnesse, with his grauitie,  
 As it auoided all selfe-love in him,  
 And spight in others. What his Funeralls lack'd  
 In Images, and Pompe, they had supplied  
 With honourable sorrow, Souldiers sadnesse,  
 A kind of silent mourning, such, as Men  
 (Who know no teares, but from their Captiues,) vse  
 To shew in so great Losses.*

*K*

*I thought once,  
 Considering their Formes, Age, Manner of deathes,  
 The neernesse of the places, where they fell,  
 To have paralell'd him with great Alexander:  
 For both were of best feature, of high race,  
 Year'd but to thirty, and, in forrayne lands,  
 By their owne people, alike made away,*

*F*

*I know not, for his death, how you might wrest it:  
 But, for his life, it did as much disdain  
 Comparison, with that voluptuous rash,  
 Giddy, and drunken Macedon's, as mine  
 Doth with my Bondmans. All the good, in him,  
 (His Valour, and his Fortune) he made his;  
 But he had other touches of late Romanes,  
 That more did speake him: Pompei's dignity,  
 The innocence of Cato, Cæsar's spirit,  
 Wise Brutus temp'rance, and every vertue,  
 Which, parted vnto others, gaue them Name,  
 Flow'd mixt in him. He was the soule of goodnesse;  
 And all our praises of him are like streames  
 Drawne from a spring, that still rise full, and leaue  
 The part remaining greatest.*

*C*

*I am sure  
 He was too great for us, and that they knew  
 Who did remooue him hence.*



*F*

*When men grow fast  
Honor'd, and lou'd, There is a trick in state  
(which Iealous princes never faile to vse)  
How to decline that growth, with fayre pretext,  
And honourable coulours of Emploiment,  
Eyther by Embassy, the War, or such,  
To shift them forth into another ayre,  
Where they may purge, and lessen; So was he:  
And had his Secon'ds there, sent by Tiberius,  
And his more subtile Damme, to discontent him;  
To breede, and cherish mutinies; detract  
His greatest Actions; give audacious check  
To his Commands; and worke to put him out  
In open act of Treason. All which snares  
When his wise cares preuented, a fine poison  
Was thought on, to mature their practises.*

*K*

*Here comes Seianus.*

*E*

*Now obserue the stoupes,  
The bendings, and the falls.*

*C*

*Most creeping base!*

*A*

*I note them well, No more. Say you.*

*P*

*My Lord,  
There is a Gentleman of Rome would buy --*

*A*

*How cal you him you talk'd with?*

*P*

*Please your Lordsh.  
It is EVDEMVS, the Phisitian  
To Liuia, Drusu's wife.*

*A*  
*On with your suit.*  
*Would buy you said.*

*P*  
*A Tribunes place, my Lord.*

*A*  
*What will he give?*

*P*  
*Fiftie Sestertia,*

*A*  
*Liulia's Phisitian say you, is that fellow?*

*P*  
*It is my Lord; your Lordships answe're?*

*A*  
*To what?*

*P*  
*The place, my Lord. it is for a Gentleman,*  
*Your Lordship will well like of, when you see him;*  
*And one, you may make yours, by the graunt.*

*A*  
*Well, let him bring his monie, and his name.*

*P*  
*Thank your lordship. He shall my Lord.*

*A*  
*Come hither.*  
*Know you this same Eudemus? Is he learn'd?*

*P*  
*Reputed so, my Lord: and of deepe practise.*

A

*Bring him in, to me, in the Gallerie;  
And take you cause, to leaue us there, together:  
I would confer with him about a Griefe. -- On?*

C

*So, yet! Another? yet? o desperate state  
Of grou'ling Honor! Seest thou this, o Sunne,  
And do we see thee after? Methinks, day  
Should loose his light, when men do loose their shames,  
And, for the emptie circumstance of life,  
Betray their cause of liuing.*

E

*Nothing so.  
Seianus can repayre, if Ioue should ruine.  
He is the now Court-God; And well applied  
With sacrifice of Knees, of Crookes, and Cringe,  
He will do more then all the house of Heau'n  
Can, for a thousand Hecatombes. it is he  
Makes us our day, or night; Hell, and Elisium  
Are in his looke: We talke of Rhadamanth,  
Furies, and fire-brands; But it is his frowne  
That is all these, where, on the aduerse part,  
His smile is more, then ever (yet) Poets fain'd  
Of blisse, and shades, Nectar --*

C

*A seruing boy.  
I knew him, at Caiu's trencher, when for hire,  
He prostituted his abused bodie  
To that great Gourmond, fat Apicius;  
And was the noted Pathike of the time.*

F

*And, now, the second face of the whole world.  
The partner of the empire, hath his image  
Rear'd equall with Tiberius, borne in Ensignes;  
Command's, disposes every dignity,  
Centurions, Tribunes, Heads of Prouinces,  
Prætors, and Consuls, all that heretofore  
Romes generall suffrage gaue, is now his sale.  
The gaine, or rather Spoile of all the earth  
One, and his house, receiues.*

*E*

*He hath of late  
Made him a strength too, strangely, by reducing  
All the Prætorian bands into one Campe,  
Which he command's: pretending, that the souldier  
By liuing loose, and scattered, fell to riot;  
And that if any sodaine Enterprise  
Should be attempted, their vnited strength  
Would be farre more, then seuer'd; and their life  
More strict, if from the City more remou'd,*

*F*

*Where, now, he builds, what kind of Fort's he please,  
Is hard to court the Souldier, by his name,  
Woes, feasts the chiefest men of Action,  
Whose wants, not loves, compell them to be his.  
And, though he never were liberall by kind,  
Yet, to his owne darke endes, he is most profuse,  
Lauish, and letting flie, he care not what  
To his Ambition.*

*C*

*Yet, hath he ambition?  
Is there that step in state can make him higher?  
Or more? or any thing he is, but lesse?*

*E*

*Nothing, but Emp'rour.*

*C*

*The Name Tiberius  
I hope, will keepe; however he hath fore-gone  
The dignity, and power.*

*E*

*Sure, while he liues.*

*C*

*And dead, it comes to Drusus. Should he faile,  
To the braue Issue of Germanicus;  
And they are three; Too many (ha?) for him  
To have a plot upon?*

*F*

*I do not know  
The heart of his disseignes; but, sure, their face  
Lookes farther then the present.*

*C*

*By the Gods,  
If I could gesse he had but such a thought  
My sword should cleaue him downe from head to heart,  
But I would find it out: and with my hand  
I would hurle his panting braine about the ayre,  
In mites, as small as Atomi, to vndoe  
The knotted bed --*

*E*

*You are obseru'd, Arruntius.*

*C*

*Death! I dare tell him so; and all his Spies:  
You Sir, I would, do you looke? and you.*

*E*

*Forbeare.*

*P*

*Here, he will instant be; Let us walke a turne.  
You are in a muse, Eudemus?*

*I*

*Not I, Sir.  
I wonder he should marke me out so! well,  
Ioue, and Apollo forme it for the best.*

*P*

*Your Fortune is made vnto you now, Eudemus,  
If you can but lay hold upon the meanes;  
Do but obserue his humour, and -- beleue it --  
He is the noblest Romane, where he takes --  
Here comes his Lordship.*

*A*

*Now, good Satrius.*

*P*

*This is the Gentleman, my Lord.*

*A*

*Is this?*

*Give me your hand, we must be more acquainted.*

*Report, Sir, hath spoke out your art, and learning:*

*And I am glad I have so needfull cause,*

*(Howeuer in itselpe painefull, and hard)*

*To make me knowne to so great vertue. Looke,*

*Who is that? Satrius -- I have a grieffe, Sir*

*That will desire your helpe. Your name is Eudemus?*

*I*

*Yes.*

*A*

*Sir?*

*I*

*It is my Lord.*

*A*

*I heare, you are*

*Phisitian to Liuia, the Princesse?*

*I*

*I minister vnto her, my good Lord.*

*A*

*You minister to a royall Lady, then.*

*I*

*She is, my Lord; and faire.*

*A*

*That is vnderstood*

*Of all their sexe, who are, or would be so;*

*And those, that would be, Phisick soone can make them:*

*For those that are, their Beauties feare no coullors.*

*I*  
*Your Lordship is conceited.*

*A*  
*Sir you know it.*  
*And can (if neede be) read a learned Lecture,*  
*What more of Ladies, besides Liuia,*  
*Have you your Patients?*

*I*  
*Many, my good Lord.*  
*The great Augusta, Vrgulania,*  
*Mutilia Prisca, and Plancina, diuers --*

*A*  
*And, all these tell you the particulars*  
*Of every seuerall grieffe? how first it grew,*  
*And then encreasd, what Action caused that;*  
*What Passion that: and answere to each point*  
*That you will put them?*

*I*  
*Else, my Lord, we know not*  
*How to prescribe the Remedies.*

*A*  
*Goe to,*  
*You are a subtill Nation, you Physitians!*  
*And growne the only Cabinets, in Court,*  
*To Ladies priuacies. Faith; which of these*  
*Is the most pleasant Lady, in her physick?*  
*Come, you are modest now.*

*I*  
*It is fit, my Lord.*

*A*  
*Why Sir, I do not aske you of their vrines,*  
*Whose smels most violet? or whose seige is best?*  
*Or who makes hardest faces on the stoole?*  
*Which Lady sleepes with her owne face a nights?*  
*Which puts her teeth off, with her clothes, in Court?*  
*Or, which her haire? which her complexion?*

*And, in which boxe she puts it? These were Questions  
That might, perhaps, have put your grauity  
To some defence of blush. But I enquir'd,  
Which was the wittiest? meriest? wantonnest?  
Harmelesse Intergatories, but conceipts.  
Methinkes, Augusta should be most peruerse,  
And froward in her fit?*

*I  
She is so, my Lord.*

*A  
I knew it. And Mutilia the most iocund?*

*I  
It is very true, my Lord.*

*A  
And, why would you  
Conceale this from me, now? Come, what is Liuia?  
I know, she is quick, and quaintly spirited,  
And will have strange thoughts, when she is at leasure;  
She tells them all to you?*

*I  
My noblest Lord,  
He breaths not in the Empire, or the Earth,  
Whom I would be ambitious to serue  
(In any act, that may preserue mine honor)  
Before your Lord-ship.*

*A  
Sir you can loose no honor,  
By trusting ought to me. The coursest Act  
Done to my seruice, I can so requite,  
As all the world shall stile it honorable:  
``Your idle, vertuous Definitions  
Keepe honor poore, and are as scorn'd, as vaine:  
Those deeds breath honor, that do suck in gaine."''*

*I  
But, good my Lord, if I should thus betray  
The counsels of my Patient, and a Ladyes  
Of her high place, and worth; what might your Lordship,*



*(Who presently are to trust me with your owne)  
Iudge of my faith?*

*A*

*Only the best, I sweare.  
Say now, that I should vtter you my grieffe;  
And with it, the true cause; that it were Love;  
And love to Liuia: you should tell her this?  
Should she suspect your faith? I would you could  
Tell me as much from her; see, if my braine  
Could be turn'd iealous.*

*I*

*Happily, my Lord,  
I could, in time, tell you as much, and more;  
So I might safely promise but the first  
To her from you:*

*A*

*As safely, my Eudemus,  
(I now dare call thee so) as I have put  
The secret into thee.*

*I*

*My Lord --*

*A*

*Protest not.  
Thy lookes are vowes to me, vse onely speed,  
And but affect her with Seianus love,  
Thou art a man, made, to make Consuls. goe.*

*I*

*My Lord, I will promise you a priuate meeting  
This day, together.*

*A*

*Canst thou?*

*I*

*Yes.*

A  
*The place?*

I  
*My Gardens. whether I shall fetch your Lordship.*

A  
*Let me adore my Æsculapius.  
Why, this indeed is Physick: and outspeakes  
The knowledge of cheape drugs, or any vse  
Can be made out of it, more comforting  
Then all your Opiates, Iulebes, Apozemes,  
Magistrall Sirrupes, or -- Be gone, my Friend,  
Not barely stiled, but created so;  
Expect things, greater then thy largest hopes,  
To ouertake thee. Fortune, shall be taught  
To know how ill she hath deseru'd thus long,  
To come behind thy wishes. Goe, and speed;  
`Ambition makes more trusty slaues, then Need.'  
These fellowes, by the fauor of their Arte,  
Have, still, the meanes to tempt, oftymes, the power,  
If Liuia will be now corrupted, then  
Thou hast the way, Seianus to worke out  
His secrets, who (thou knowest) endures thee not,  
Her husband Drusus: and to worke against them.  
Prosper it, Pallas, thou, that betterst wit;  
For Venus hath the smallest share in it.*

B  
*We not endure these flatteries; Let him stand  
Our Empire, Ensignes, Axes, Roddes, and State  
Take not away our humane Nature from us:  
Looke up, on us, and fall before the Gods.*

A  
*How like a God speakes Cæsar!*

C  
*There, obserue.  
He can indure that second, that is no Flatterie.  
O what is it, proud Slime will not beleue  
Of his owne worth, to heare it equall prais'd  
Thus with the Gods?*

K

*He did not heare it, sir.*

*C*

*He did not? Tut, he must not, we think meanely.  
It is your most courtly, knowne confederacie,  
To have your priuate Parasite redeeme  
What he, in publique subtilty, will loose  
To making him a name.*

*V*

*Right mighty Lord.*

*B*

*We must make up our eares, 'gainst these assaults  
Of charming tongues; we pray you vse no more  
These contumelies to us: Stile not us  
Or Lord, or mighty; who professe ourselfe  
The seruant of the Senate, and are proud  
To enioy them, our good, iust, and fauouring Lords.*

*K*

*Rarely dissembled.*

*C*

*Princelike, to the life.*

*F*

*``When power, that may command, so much descends,  
Their bondage, whome it stoupes to, it intends.''*

*B*

*Whence are these Letters?*

*V*

*From the Senate.*

*B*

*So.  
Whence these?*

*J*

*From thence too.*

*B*

*Are they sitting now?*

*J*

*They stay thy answer, Cæsar.*

*E*

*If this Man*

*Had but a mind, allied vnto his wordes.*

*How blist a fate were it to us, and Rome?*

*We could not think that state, for which to change,*

*Although the ayme were our old Liberty:*

*The Ghosts of those that fell for that, would greeue*

*Their bodies liu'd not, now, againe to serue.*

*``Men are deceiu'd, who think there can be thrall*

*Beneath a vertuous Prince. Wish'd liberty*

*Never lovelier lookes, then vnder such a crowne."'*

*But, when his Grace is merely but lip-good,*

*And, that no longer, then he aires himselfe*

*Abroad in publique, there, to seeme to shun*

*The stroakes, and stripes of Flatterers, which within*

*Are lechery vnto him, and so feed*

*His brutish sense, with their afflicting sound,*

*As (dead to vertue) he permits himselfe*

*Be carried like a pitcher, by the eares,*

*To every act of vice; this is a case*

*Deserues our feare, and doth presage the nigh,*

*And close approach of Bloud, and Tyranny.*

*``Flattery is Midwife vnto Princes rage:*

*And nothing sooner, doth helpe forth a Tyranne,*

*Then that, and whisperers grace, who have the time,*

*The place, the power, to make all men Offenders."'*

*C*

*He should be told this; and be bid dissemble*

*With fooles, and blind men: We that know the euill,*

*Should hunt the Pallace-rattes, or give them bane;*

*Fright hence these worse then Rauens, that deuoure*

*The quick, where they but pray upon the dead:*

*He shall be told it.*

*F*

*Stay, Arruntius,*

*We must abide our opportunitie:*

*And practise what is fit, as what is needefull.  
``It is not safe to enforce a Soueraigne's eare:  
Princes heare well, if they at all will heare.''*

*C*

*Ha? Say you so? well. In the meanetime, Ioue,  
(Say not, but I do call upon thee now.)  
Of all wild beasts, preserue me from a Tyranne;  
And of all tame, a Flatterer.*

*E*

*It is well prai'd.*

*B*

*Returne the Lords this voice, we are their Creature:  
And it is fit, a good, and honest Prince,  
Whom they, out of their bounty, have instructed  
With so dilate, and absolute a power,  
Should owe the office of it, to their seruice;  
And good of all, and every Citizen.  
Nor shall it ever repent us, to have wish'd  
The Senate iust, and fauo'ring Lords vnto us,  
``Since their free loves do yeeld no lesse defence  
To a Princes state, then his owne innocence.''  
Say then, there can be nothing in their thought  
Shall want to please us, that hath pleased them;  
Our suffrage rather shall preuent, then stay  
Behind their wills: it is Empire, to obey  
Where such, so great, so graue, so good determine.  
Yet, for the sute of Spaine, to erect a Temple  
In honour of our Mother, and ourselfe,  
We must (with pardon of the Senate) not  
Assent therto. Their Lordships may obiect  
Our not denying the same late request  
Vnto the Asian Cities; We desire  
That our defence, for suffering that, be knowne  
In these briefe reasons, with our after purpose.  
Since Deified Augustus hindred not  
A Temple to be built, at Pergamum,  
In honour of himselfe, and sacred Rome,  
We, that have all his deedes, and words obseru'd  
Ever, in place of lawes, the rather follow'd  
That pleasing precedent, because, with ours,  
The Senates reuerence also, there, was ioyn'd.  
But, as to have once receiu'd it, may deserue  
The gayne of pardon, so, to be ador'd  
With the continew'd stile, and note of Gods,  
Through all the Prouinces, were wild ambition,*

*And no lesse pride: Yea, even Augustus Name  
Would early vanish, should it be prophan'd  
With such promiscuous flatteries. For our part,  
We here protest it, and are couetous  
Posterity should know it, we are mortall;  
And, can but deedes of me: it were glory inough,  
Could we be truely a Prince. And they shall adde  
Abounding grace, vnto our memory,  
That shall report us worthy our Fore-fathers,  
Carefull of your affaires, constant in daungers,  
And not affraid of any priuate frowne  
For publike good. These things shall be to us  
Temples, and Statues, reared in your mindes,  
The fayrest, and most during Imag'rie;  
For those of stone, or brasse, if they become  
Odious in iudgement of posterity,  
Are more contemn'd, as dying sepulchers,  
Then ta<sup>^</sup>ne for liuing monuments. We then  
Make here our suite, alike to gods, and Men,  
The one, vntill the period of our race,  
To inspire us with a free, and quiet mind,  
Discerning both diuine, and humane Lawes;  
The other, to vouchsafe us after death,  
An honourable mention, and fayre praise,  
To accompany our Actions, and our Name:  
`The rest of Greatnesse Princes may command,  
And (therefore) may neglect; Only, a long,  
A lasting, high, and happy Memory  
They should, without beeing satisfied, pursue.  
Contempt of fame begets contempt of vertue."*

V  
*Rare!*

P  
*Most diuine.*

A  
*The Oracles are ceas'd,  
That onely Cæsar, with their tongue, might speake.*

C  
*Let me be gone, most felt, and open this!*

K  
*Stay.*

C

*What? to heare more cunning, and fine words,  
With their sound flatter'd, ere their sense be meant?*

B

*Their choise of Antium, there to place the guift  
Vow'd to the Goddesse, for our Mothers health,  
We will the Senate know, we fayrely like;  
As also of their grant to Lepidus,  
For his repaying the Æmilian place,  
And restauration of those Monuments;  
Their Grace too in confining of Silanus,  
To the other Is'le Cithera at the sute  
Of his religious Sister, much commends  
Their policie, so tempred with their mercy.  
But, for the honors, which they have decreed  
To our Seianus, to aduance his statue  
In Pompei's Theatre (whose ruining fire  
His vigilance, and labor kept restraind  
In that one Losse) they have therein out-gone  
Their owne great wisdomes, by their skilful choice  
And placing of their bounties, on a man,  
Whose merit more adornes the dignity,  
Then that can him: and gives a benefit  
In taking, greater then it can receiue.  
Blush not, Seianus, thou great aide of Rome,  
Associate of our labors, our chiefe Helper,  
Let us not force thy simple modestie  
With offering at thy praise, for more we cannot,  
Since there is no voice can take it. No man, here,  
Receiue our speaches, as Hyperbole's,  
For we are farre from flat'ring our friend,  
(Let enuie know) as from the need to flatter.  
Nor let them aske the causes of our praise;  
``Princes have still their grounds rear'd with themselues,  
Aboue the poore lowe flats of common men,  
And, who will search the reasons of their Acts,  
Must stand on equall bases.'' Lead, away.  
Our loves vnto the Senate.*

C

*Cæsar.*

F

*Peace.*

*K*

*Great Pompei's Theatre was never ruin'd  
Till now, that proud Seianus hath a statue  
Rear'd on his ashes.*

*C*

*Place the shame of Souldiers,  
Aboue the best of Generalls? crack the world:  
And bruise the name of Romanes into dust,  
Ere we behold it.*

*E*

*Check your passion;  
Lord Drusus tarries.*

*V*

*Is my Father mad?  
Wearie of life, and rule, Lords? thus to heaue  
An Idol up with praise? make him his mate?  
His riuall in the Empire?*

*C*

*O good Prince!*

*V*

*Allow him statues? titles? honors? such  
As he himselfe refuseth?*

*C*

*Braue, braue Drusus!*

*V*

*``The first ascents to soueraignty are hard  
But, entred once, there never wants or meanes,  
Or ministers, to helpe the Aspirer on.''*

*C*

*True, gallant Drusus.*

*V*

*We must shortly pray*



*To Modesty, that he will rest contented*

C

*Aye, where he is, and not write Emp'rour.*

A

*There is your Bill, and yours; Bring you your man:  
I have mou'd for you too, Latiaris.*

V

*What?*

*Is your vast Greatnesse growne so blindly bold,  
That you will ouer us?*

A

*Why then give way.*

V

*Give way, Colossus? Do you list? Aduance you?  
Take that.*

C

*Good! Braue! Excellent braue Prince!*

V

*Nay come, approach. What? stand you? at gaze?  
It looks too full of death, for thy cold spirit.  
Auoide mine eye, dull. Camell, or my sword  
Shall make thy brau'ry fitter for a graue,  
Then for a triumph. I will aduance a statue  
Of your owne bulke; but it shall be on the Crosse,  
Where I will naile your pride, at breadth, and length,  
And crack those sinewes, which are yet but stretch'd  
With your swolne Fortunes rage.*

C

*A noble Prince!*

X

*A Castor, a Castor, a Castor, &c.*

A

*He that, with such wrong mou'd, can beare it through  
With patience, and an even mind,  
To turne it back. ``Wrath, couer'd, carries fate:  
Revenge is lost, if I professe my hate.''  
What was my practise late, I will now pursue  
As my fell Iustice; This hath stild it new.  
MV% CHORVS.*

## Act 2

A

*Phisitian, thou art worthy of a Province,  
For the great fauors done vnto our loves;  
And, but that greatest Liuia beares a part  
In the requitall of thy Seruices,  
I should alone, despaire of ought, like meanes,  
To give them worthy satisfaction.*

R

*Eudemus, (I will see it) shall receiue  
A fit, and full reward, for his large merit.  
But, for this potion, we intend to Drusus,  
(No more our Husband, now) whom shall we choose  
As the most apt, and abled Instrument,  
To minister it to him?*

I

*I say, Lygdus:*

A

*Lygdus? what is he?*

R

*An Eunuch Drusus loves.*

I

*Aye, and his Cup-bearer.*

A

*Name not a second.  
If Drusus love him, and he have that place,  
We cannot think a fitter.*

*I  
True, my Lord,  
For free Accesses, and Trust are two maine aydes.*

*A  
Skilfull Phisitian!*

*R  
But he must be wrought  
To the vndertaking, with some labour'd Arte.*

*A  
Is he ambitious?*

*R  
No.*

*A  
Or couetous?*

*R  
Neither.*

*I  
Yet, Gold is a good generall Charme.*

*A  
What is he then?*

*R  
Faith only wanton, light.*

*A  
How! Is he young? and faire?*

I

*A delicate youth.*

A

*Send him to me, I will worke him. Royall Lady,  
Though I have lou'd you long, and with that height  
Of Zeale, and duety, (like the Fire, which more  
It mountes, it trembles) thinking nought could adde  
Vnto the feruor, which your eye had kindled;  
Yet, now I see your wisdome, iudgement, strength,  
Quicknesse, and will, to apprehend the meanes  
To your owne good, and Greatnesse, I protest  
Myselfe through rarefied, and turn'd all flame  
In your affection. Such a spirit as yours,  
Was not created for the idle Second  
To a poore flash, as Drusus; but to shine  
Bright, as the Moone, among the lesser lights,  
And share the sou'raignty of all the world.  
Then Liuia triumphs in her proper spheare,  
When she, and her Seianus shall diuide  
The name of Cæsar, and Augusta's starre  
Be dimm'd with glory of a brighter beame;  
When Aggrippina's fires are quite extinct,  
And the scarce-seene Tiberius borrowes all  
His litle light from us, whole folded armes  
Shall make one perfect Orbe. Who is that? Eudemus,  
Looke, it is not Drusus? Lady, do not feare.*

R

*Not I, my Lord. My feare, and love of him  
Left me at once.*

A

*Illustrious Lady! stay.*

I

*I will tell his Lordship.*

A

*Who is it, Eudemus?*

I

*One of your Lordships seruants, brings you word  
The Emp'rour hath sent for you.*

A

*O! where is he?*

*With your faire leaue, deare Princesse. I will but aske  
A question, and returne.*

I

*Fortunate Princesse!*

*How are you blest in the fruition  
Of this vnæquall man, this Soule of Rome,  
The Empires life, and voyce of Cæsars world!*

R

*So blessed, my Eudemus, as to know  
The blisse I have, with what I ought to owe  
The meanes that wrought it. How do I looke today?*

I

*Excellent cleare, beleuee it. This same Fucus  
Was well laid on.*

R

*Methinkes, it is here not white.*

I

*Lend me your Scarlet, Lady. it is the Sunne  
Hath giu'n some little taint vnto the Ceruse,  
You should have vs'd of the white oyle I gaue you.  
Seianus, for your love? his very name  
Commaundeth aboue Cupid, or his shafts --*

R

*(Nay, now you have made it worse,*

I

*I will help it straight.)  
And, but pronounc'd, is a sufficient Charme  
Against all rumor; and of absolute power  
To satisfie for any Ladyes honor,*

R

*(What do you now, Eudemus?*

*I*

*Make a light Fucus,  
To touch you o<sup>^</sup>re withall.) Honor'd Seianus!  
What Act (though never so strange, and insolent)  
But that addition will at least beare out,  
If it do not expiate?*

*R*

*Here good Phisitian.*

*I*

*I like this studie to preserue the love  
Of such a man, that comes not every houre  
To greeete the world. (It is now well, Lady, you should  
Vse of the Dentifrice, I prescrib'd you, too,  
To cleare your teeth, and the prepar'd Pomatum,  
To smoth the skin;) A Lady cannot be  
Too curious of her forme, that still would hould  
The heart of such a person, made her captiue,  
As you have his: who to endear him more  
In your cleare eye, hath put away his Wife,  
The Trouble of his bed, and your delights,  
Fayre Apicata, and made spacious roome  
To your new pleasures.*

*R*

*Have not we return'd  
That, with our hate of Drusus, and discouery  
Of all his counsels?*

*I*

*Yes, and wisely, Lady,  
The ages that succede, and stand far of  
To gaze at your high prudence, shall admire  
And reckon it an act, without your Sexe,  
It hath that rare appearance. Some will think  
Your fortune could not yeeld a deeper sound,  
Then mixt with Drusus; But, when they shall heare  
That, and the thunder of Seianus meete,  
Seianus, whose high name doth strike the starres,  
And rings about the concaue, great Seianus,  
Whose glories, stile, and titles are himselfe,  
The often iterating of Seianus:  
They then will loose their thoughts, and be asham'd  
To take acquaintance of them.*

A

*I must make  
A rude departure, Lady. Cæsar sends  
With all his haste both of command, and prayer.  
Be resolute in our plot; you have my soule,  
As certaine yours, as it is my bodies.  
And wise Physitian, so prepare the poison  
As you may lay the subtile operation  
Upon some naturall disease of his.  
Your eunuch send to me. I kisse your handes  
Glory of Ladies, and commend my love  
To your best faith, and memory.*

R

*My Lord,  
I shall but change your words. Farewell. Yet, this  
Remember for your heed, he loves you not;  
You know what I have told you? His dissignes  
Are full of grudge, and danger: we must vse  
More then a common speed.*

A

*Excellent Lady,  
How you do fire my bloud!*

R

*Well, you must goe?  
``The thoughts be best, are least set forth to shew.''*

I

*When will you take some phisicke, Lady?*

R

*When  
I shall, Eudemus: But let Drusus drug  
Be first prepard.*

I

*Were Lygdus made, that is done;  
I have it ready. And tomorrow morning,  
I will send you a perfume, first to resolute  
And procure sweat, and then prepare a Bath  
To cense, and cleare the Cutis; against when,  
I will have an excellent new Fucus made,*

*Resistiue 'gainst the sunne, the raine, or wind,  
Which you shall lay on with a breath, or oyle,  
As you best like, and last some fourteen howres,  
This change came timely, Lady, for your health;  
And the restoring your complexion,  
Which Drusus choller had almost burnt up;  
Wherein your Fortune hath præscrib'd you better  
Then Art could do.*

**R**

*Thankes good Phisitian,  
I will vse my fortune (you shall see) with reuerence.  
Is my coach readie?*

**I**

*It attends your highnesse.*

**A**

*If this be not Revenge, when I have done  
And made it perfect, let Ægyptian slaues,  
Parthians, and bare-foote Hebrewes brand my face,  
And print my body full of Iniuries.  
Thou lost thyselfe, child Drusus, when thou thought'st  
Thou could'st out-skip my vengeance; or out-stand  
The power I had to crush thee into Aire:  
Thy Follies now shall tast what kind of man  
They have prouok'd, and this thy Fathers house  
Crack in the flame of my incensed rage  
Whose fury shall admit no shame, or meane.  
Adultery? it is the lightest Ill,  
I will commit. A race of wicked acts  
Shall flow out of my anger, and ore-spread  
The worlds wide face, which no posterity  
Shall ever approoue, nor yet keepe silent; Things  
That for their cunning, close, and cruell marke,  
Thy Father would wish his: and shall (perhaps)  
Carrie the empty name but we the prize.  
On then, my Soule, and start not in thy course;  
Though Heau'n drop sulphure, and Hell belch out fire,  
Laugh at the idle terrors: Tell proud Ioue,  
Betweene his power, and thine, there is no oddes.  
It was only feare, first, in the world made Gods.*

**B**

*Is yet Seianus come?*



*A*

*He is here drea^d Cæsar.*

*B*

*Let all depart that chamber, and the next:  
Sit downe my Comfort. When the master Prince  
Of all the world, Seianus, saith, he feares;  
Is it not fatall?*

*A*

*Yes, to those are fear'd.*

*B*

*And not to him?*

*A*

*Not if he wisely turne  
That part of fate he holdeth, first on them.*

*B*

*That nature, bloud, and lawes of kind forbid.*

*A*

*Do pollicie, and state forbid it?*

*B*

*No.*

*A*

*The rest of poore respects, then, let goe by;  
``State is inough to make the act iust, them guilty.*

*B*

*Long hate pursues such acts.*

*A*

*Whom hatred frights  
Let him not dreame on sou'raignty.*

*B*

*Are rites  
Of faith, love, pietie, to be trod downe?  
Forgotten? and made vaine?*

*A  
All for a Crowne.  
The Prince, who shames a Tyrannes name to beare,  
Shall never dare do anything, but feares  
All the Command of Sceptres quite doth perish  
If it begin religious thoughts to cherish:  
Whole Empires fall swaid by those nice respects;  
It is the licence of darke deeds protects  
Even states most hated, when no lawes resist  
The sword, but that it acteth what it list.*

*B  
Yet so we may do all things cruelly,  
Not safely:*

*A  
Yes, and do them thoroughly."*

*B  
Knowes yet, Seianus, whom we point at?*

*A  
Aye,  
Or else my thought, my sense, or both do erre:  
It is Agrippina?*

*B  
She; and her proud race.*

*A  
Proud? dangerous, Cæsar. For in them apace  
The fathers spirit shootes up. Germanicus  
Liues in their lookes, their gate, their forme, to vpbraide us  
With his close death, if not revenge the same.*

*B  
The act is not known.*

A

*Not prou'd. ``But whispring fame  
Knowledge, and prooffe doth to the iealous give,  
Who, then to fayle, would their owne thought beleue:  
It is not safe, the Children draw long breath,  
That are prouoked by a Parents death.*

B

*It is as daungerous, to make them hence,  
If nothing but their birth be their offence."*

A

*Stay, till they strike at Cæsar: then their crime  
Will be inough, but late, and out of time  
For him to punish.*

B

*Do they purpose it?*

A

*You know sir. ``Thunder speakes not till it hit.  
Be not secure: None swiftilier are opprest,  
Then they, whome confidence betraies to rest:  
Let not your daring make your danger such,  
All power is to be fear'd, where it is too much."  
The Youth's are (of themselues) hot, violent,  
Ful of great thought; and that male-spirited Dame,  
Their Mother, slacks no meanes to put them on,  
By large allowance, popular presentings,  
Encrease of traine, and state, suing for titles,  
Hath them commended with like prayers, like vowes,  
To the same Gods, with Cæsar: Daies and nights  
She spends in banquets, and ambitious feastes  
For the Nobility; where Caius Silius,  
Titius Sabinus, old Arruntius,  
Asinius Gallus, Furnius, Regulus,  
And others, of that discontented list,  
Are the prime Guests. There, and to these she tels  
Whose Niece she was, whose Daughter, and whose Wife,  
And then must they compare her with Augusta,  
Aye and prefer her too, commend her forme,  
Extoll her fructfulnesse; at which a showre  
Falls for the memory of Germanicus,  
Which they blow ouer straight, with windy praise,  
And puffing hopes of her aspiring Sons;  
Who, with these howrely ticklings, grow so pleas'd,  
And wantonly conceipted of themselues,*

*As, now, they stick not to beleue they are such,  
As these do give them out: and would be thought  
(More then competitors) immediate Heyres.  
Whilst to their thirst of rule they winne the Rout  
(That is still the friend of nouelty) with hope  
Of future freedome, which on every change,  
That greedily, though emptily, expects.  
``Caesar, it is age in all things breeds neglects,  
And Princes, that will keepe ould dignitie,  
Must not admit too youthfull Heyres stand by;  
Not their owne Issue: but so darkely set  
As shadowes are in picture, to give height  
And lustre to themselues."*

**B**

*We will command  
Their ranke thoughts downe, and with a stricter hand  
Then we have yet put forth, their traines must bate,  
Their titles, feasts, and factions.*

**A**

*Or your State,  
But how Sir will you worke?*

**B**

*Confine them.*

**A**

*No.  
They are too great, and that too faint a blowe,  
To give them now: it would have seru'd at first,  
When, with the weakest touch, their knot had burst.  
But, now, your care must be, not to detect  
The smallest chord, or line of your suspect,  
For such, who know the weight of Princes feare,  
Will, when they finde themselues discover'd, reare  
Their Forces, like seene Snakes, that else would lie  
Rould in their circles close: ``Nought is more high,  
Daring, or desperate, then Offenders found;  
Where guilt is, rage, and courage both abound."  
The course must be, to let them still swell up,  
Riot, and surfet on blind Fortunes cup;  
Give them more place, more dignities, more stile,  
Call them to Court, to Senate: in the while,  
Take from their strength some one or twaine, or more  
Of the maine Fautors; (It will fright the store.)  
And, by some by-occasion. Thus, with slight*

*You shall disarme them first, and they (in night  
Of their ambition) not perceiue the Traine  
Till, in the Engine, they are caught, and slaine.*

**B**

*We would not kill, if we knew how to saue;  
"Yet, then a Throne, it is cheaper give a Graue."  
Is there no way to bind them by deserts?*

**A**

*"Sir, Wolues do change their haire, but not their hearts.  
While thus your thought vnto a meane is tied,  
You neither dare inough, nor do prouide.  
All modestie is fond; and chiefly where  
The Subiect is no lesse compeld to beare,  
Then praise his Sou'raignes Acts."*

**B**

*We can no longer  
Keepe on our masque to thee, our deare Seianus;  
Thy thoughts are ours, in all, and we but proou'd  
Their voice, in our dissignes, which by assenting  
Hath more confirm'd us, then if heartning Ioue  
Had, from his hundred statues, bid us strike,  
And at the stroake clickt all his marble Thumb's.  
But, who shall first be strooke?*

**A**

*First, Caius Silius;  
He is the most of marke, and most of danger:  
In powre, and reputation equall strong,  
Hauing commanded an imperiall armie  
Seauen yeares together, vanquish'd Sacrouir  
In Germanie, and thence obtain'd to weare  
The ornaments triumphall. His steepe fall,  
By how much it doth give the weightier crack,  
Will send more wounding terror to the rest,  
Command them stand aloofe, and give more way  
To our surprising of the principall.*

**B**

*But what Sabinus?*

**A**

*Let him growe a while,*

*His fate is not yet ripe: we must not pluck  
At all together, least we catch ourselues.  
And there is Arruntius too, he only talkes.  
But Sosia, Silius wife, would be wound in  
Now, for she hath a Fury in her brest  
More, then Hell ever knew; and would be sent  
Thither in time. Then is there one Cremutius Cordus,  
A writing fellow, they have got  
To gather Notes of the præcedent times,  
And make them into Annal's; a most tart  
And bitter spirit (I heare) who, vnder coulor  
Of praying those, doth taxe the present state,  
Censures the men, the actions, leaues no trick,  
No practise vn-examind, paralells  
The times, the gouernments; a profest Champion  
For the old liberty:*

**B**

*A perishing wretch.  
As if there were that Chaos bred in things,  
That Lawes, and Liberty would not rather choose  
To be quite broken, and ta<sup>^</sup>ne hence by us,  
Then have the staine to be preseru'd by such.  
Have we the meanes, to make these guilty, first?*

**A**

*Trust that to me; let Cæsar, by his power,  
But cause a formall meeting of the Senate,  
I will have matter, and Accusers ready.*

**B**

*But how? let us consult.*

**A**

*We shall mispend  
The time of action. ``Councells are vnfit  
In businesse, where all rest is more pernicious  
Then rashnesse can be. Acts of this close kinde  
Thriue more by execution, then aduise:  
There is no lingring in that worke begonne,  
Which cannot praised be, vntill through done."*

**B**

*Our Edict shall forthwith, command a Court.  
While I can liue, I will præuent Earths fury;  
Emoi danontos gaia mikdeto piri.*

V  
*My Lord Seianus?*

A  
*Iulius Postumus,  
Come with my wish! what newes from Agrippina's,*

V  
*Faith none. They all lock up themselues, of late;  
Or talke in character: I have not seene  
A company so chang'd. Except they had  
Intelligence by Augury of our practise.*

A  
*When were you there?*

V  
*Last night.*

A  
*And what ghests found you?*

V  
*Sabinus, Silius, (the old list,) Arruntius,  
Furnius, and Gallus.*

A  
*Would not these talke?*

V  
*Little.  
And yet we offered choyse of argument.  
Satrius was with me.*

A  
*Well: it is guilt inough  
Their often meeting. You forgot to extoll  
The hospitable Lady?*

V

*No, that trick  
Was well put home, and had succeeded too,  
But that Sabinus cougth a caution out;  
For she began to swell:*

A

*And, may she burst.  
Iulius, I woue have you goe instantly,  
Vnto the Pallace of the great Augusta,  
And, by your kindest friend, get swift accesse;  
Acquaint her, with these meetings. Tell the words  
You brought me (the other day) of Silius,  
Adde somewhat to them. make her vnderstand  
The danger of Sabinus, and the Times,  
Out of his closenesse. Give Arruntius, wordes  
Of malice against Cæsar; so, to Gallus:  
But (aboue all) to Agrippina. Say,  
(As you may truely) that her nfinite Pride,  
Propt with the hopes of her too-fruictfull wombe,  
With popular studies gapes for sou'raigntie;  
And threatens Cæsar. Pray Augusta, then,  
That for her owne, great Cæsars, and the publique  
Safety, she be pleasd to vrge these dangers.  
Cæsar is too secure, (he must be told,  
And best he will take it from a Mothers tongue.)  
Alasse! What is it for us to sound, to explore,  
To watch, oppose plot practise, or preuent,  
If he, for whome it is so strongly labour'd,  
Shall, out of greatnesse, and free spirit, be  
Supinely negligent? Our Citty is now  
Deuided as in time of the ciuill Warre  
And Men forbear not to declare themselues  
Of Agrippina's party. Every day,  
The Faction multiplies; and will do more  
If not resisted: You can best enlarge it  
As you finde audience. Noble Postumus,  
Commend me to your Prisca; and pray her  
She will solícite this great businesse  
To earnest, and most present execution,  
With all her vtmost credit with Augusta.*

V

*I shall not faile in my instructions.*

A

*This second (from his Mother) will well vrge  
Our late dissigne, and spur on Cæsars rage:*



*Which else might grow remisse. ``The way, to put  
A Prince in blood, is to present the shapes  
Of daungers, greater then they are (like late,  
Or early shadowes) and, sometimes, to faine  
Where there are none, onely, to make him feare;  
His Feare will make him cruell: And once entred,  
He doth not easily learne to stop, or spare  
Where he may doubt." This have I made my rule,  
To thrust Tiberius into Tyranny,  
And make him toile, to turne aside those blocks,  
Which I alone, could not remooue with safety.  
Drusus once gone, Germanicus three sons  
Would clog my way; whose guards have too much faith  
To be corrupted: and their Mother knowne  
Of too-too vnreproou'd a chastitie,  
To be attempted, as light Liuia was.  
Worke then my Art on Cæsar's feares, as they  
On those they feare, till all my lets be clear'd:  
And he in ruines of his House, and hate  
Of all his Subiects, bury his owne state:  
When, with my peace, and safety, I will rise,  
By making him the publike Sacrifice.*

*P*  
*They are growne exceeding circumspect, and wary.*

*V*  
*They have us in the wind: And yet Arruntius  
Cannot containe himselfe.*

*P*  
*Tut. he is not yet  
Look'd after, there are others more desir'd,  
That are more silent.*

*V*  
*Here he comes. Away.*

*F*  
*How is it, that these Beagles haunt the house  
Of Agrippina?*

*C*  
*O they hunt, they hunt.  
There is some Game here lodg'd, which they must rouse,*

*To make the great ones sport.*

*K*

*Did you obserue  
How they inueigh'd gainst Cæsar?*

*C*

*Aye, baytes, baytes,  
For us to bite at, would I have my flesh  
Torne by the publique hooke, these qualified Hangmen  
Should be my companie.*

*F*

*Here comes another.*

*C*

*Aye, there is a man, Afer the Oratour,  
One, that hath phrases, figures, and fine flowers,  
To strew his Rethorique with, and doth make hast  
To get him note, or name, by any offer  
Where Bloud, or Gaine be obiects; steepes his words,  
When he would kill, in artificiall teares:  
The Crocodile of Tyber, him I love,  
That man is mine. He hath my heart, and voice,  
When I could curse, he, he.*

*F*

*Contemne the Slaues,  
``Their present liues will be their future graues.``*

*E*

*May it please your Highnes not forget yourselfe,  
I dare not, with my manners, to attempt  
Your trouble farder.*

*L*

*Farewell. noble Silius.*

*E*

*Most royall Princesse.*

*L*

*Sosia staies with us?*

*E*

*She is your seruant, and doth owe your grace  
An honest, but vnprofitable love.*

*L*

*How can that be, when there is no gaine, but vertu's?*

*E*

*You take the morall, not the politique sense.  
I meant, as she is bold, and free of speech,  
Earnest to vtter what her zealous thought  
Trauailes withall, in honour of your house;  
Which Act, as it is simply borne in her,  
Pertakes of love, and honesty, but may,  
By the ouer often and vnseason'd vse,  
Turne to your losse, and danger: For your state  
Is waited on by enuies, as by eyes;  
And every second guest, your tables take,  
Is a fee'd Spie, to obserue who goes, who comes,  
What conference you have, with whome, where, when,  
What the discourse is, what the lookes, the thoughts  
Of every person there, they do extract,  
And make into a substance.*

*C*

*Heare me, Silius,  
Were all Tiberius body stuck with eyes,  
And every wall, and hanging in my house  
Transparent, as this Lawne I weare, or ayre;  
Yea, had Seianus both his eares as long  
As to my inmost closet: I would hate  
To whisper any thought, or change an act,  
To be made Iuno's Riual. ``Vertues forces  
Shew ever noblest in conspicuous courses."*

*E*

*It is great, and brauely spoken, like the spirit  
Of Agrippina: yet your Highnesse knowes,  
``There is nor losse, nor shame in prouidence:  
Few can, what all should do, beware inough."  
You may perceiue with what officious face,  
Satrius, and Natta, Afer, and the rest  
Visite your house, of late, to enquire the secrets;  
And with what bold, and priuiledg'd arte, they raile*

*Against Augusta, yea, and at Tiberius,  
Tell trickes of Liuia, and Seianus, all  
To excite, and call your indignation on,  
That they might heare it at more liberty.*

*L*  
*You are too suspitious, Silius.*

*E*  
*Pray the Gods*  
*I be so Agrippina: But I feare*  
*Some subtile practise. They, that durst to strike*  
*As so example^sse, and vn-blam'd a life,*  
*As, that of the renown'd Germanicus,*  
*Will not sit downe, with that exploit alone:*  
*``He threatens many, that hath iniurd one.''*

*V*  
*It were best rip forth their tongues, seare out their eyes,*  
*When next they come.*

*W*  
*A fit reward for spies.*

*V*  
*Heare you the rumour?*

*L*  
*What?*

*V*  
*Drusus is dying:*

*L*  
*Dying?*

*V*  
*That is strang!*

*L*  
*You were with him yesternight.*

V

*One met Eudemus, the Physitian,  
Sent for, but now: who thinks he cannot liue.*

E

*Thinks? if it be arriu'd at that, he knowes,  
Or none.*

L

*This is quick! what should be his disease?*

E

*Poison, poyson.*

L

*How, Silius!*

V

*What is that?*

E

*Nay, nothing. There was (late) a certaine blow  
Giu'n of the face.*

V

*Aye, to Seianus?*

E

*True.*

V

*And what of that?*

E

*I am glad I gaue it not.*

V

*But, there is somewhat else?*

*E*

*Yes, priuate meetings,  
With a great Lady, at a Phisitians,  
And, a Wife turn'd away.*

*V*

*Ha!*

*E*

*Toyes, meere toyes:  
What wisdom is now in the streetes? in the common mouth?*

*V*

*Feares, whisp'rings, tumults, noyse, I know not what:  
They say, the Senate sit.*

*E*

*I will tether, straight;  
And see what is in the Forge.*

*L*

*Good Silius do.  
Sosia, and I will in. Haste you, my Lords,*

*E*

*To visite the sick Prince: Tender your loves,  
And sorrowes to the people. This Seianus  
(Trust my diuining soule) hath plots on all:  
``No Tree, that stops his prospect, but must fall."  
MV% CHORVS.*

### Act 3

*A*

*It is only you must vrge against him, Varro,  
Nor I, nor Cæsar may appeare therein,  
Except in your defence, who are the Consul,  
And vnder colour of late enmity*

*Betweene your Father, and his, may better do it,  
As free from all suspition of a practise.  
Here be your Notes, what points to touch at; Read:  
Be cunning in them. Afer has them too.*

V

*But is he summon'd?*

A

*No. it was debated  
By Cæsar, and concluded as most fit  
To take him vnprepar'd.*

M

*And prosecute  
All vnder name of Treason.*

V

*I conceiue.*

F

*Drusus being dead, Cæsar will not be here.*

V

*What should the businesse of this Senate be?*

C

*That can my subtle whisperers tell you: We,  
That are the good–dull–noble Lookers on,  
Are only call'd to keepe the Marble warme.  
What should we do with those deepe mysteries,  
Proper to these fine heads? let them alone.  
Our ignorance may, perchance, helpe us be sau'd  
From Whips, and Furies.*

V

*See, see, see, their action?*

C

*Aye, now their heads do trauaile, now they worke;  
Their Faces runne like shittles, they are weauing  
Some curious cobweb to catch Flies.*

*F*  
*Obserue,*  
*They take their places.*

*C*  
*What so low?*

*V*  
*O yes,*  
*They must be seene to flatter Cæsar's griefe*  
*Though but in sitting.*  
*Bid us silence.*  
*Silence.*  
*FATHERS CONSCRIPT may this our present meeting*  
*Turne faire, and fortunate to the COMMONWEALTH.*

*A*  
*See, Silius enters.*

*E*  
*Haile graue Fathers.*

*V*  
*Stand.*  
*Silius, forbear thy place.*

*X*  
*How!*

*V*  
*Silius, stand forth,*  
*The Consul hath to charge thee.*  
*Roome for Cæsar.*

*C*  
*Is he come too? nay then expect a trick.*

*F*  
*Silius accusd? sure he will answer nobly.*



*B*

*We stand amazed, Fathers, to behold  
This generall deiectiō. Wherefore sit  
ROMES Consuls thus dissolu'd, as they had lost  
All the remembrance both of stile, and place?  
It not becomes. No woes are of fit waight,  
To make the honor of the Empire stoupe:  
Though I, in my peculiar selfe, may meete  
Iust reprehension, that so sodainely,  
And, in so fresh a griefe, would greete the Senate.  
When priuate tongues, of Kinsmen, and Allies,  
(Inspir'd with comforts) loathly are endur'd,  
The face of men not seene, and scarce the day,  
To thousands, that communicate our losse.  
Nor can I argue these of weaknesse; since  
They take but naturall wayes: yet I must seeke  
For stronger aides, and those faire helps draw out  
From warme embraces of the Common-wealth.  
Our mother, great Augusta, is strooke with time.  
Ourselfe imprest with aged Characters,  
Drusus is gone, his Children young, and Babes,  
Our aimes must now reflect on those, that may  
Give timely succour to these present Ills,  
And are our only glad-suruiuing hopes,  
The noble issue of Germanicus,  
Nero, and Drusus: Might it please the Consul  
Honor them in, (They both attend without.)  
I would present them to the Senates care;  
And raise those springs of ioy, that should exhaust  
These flouds of sorrow, in your drowned eyes.*

*C*

*By Ioue, I am not Oedipus inough,  
To vnderstand this Sphynx.*

*F*

*The Princes come.*

*B*

*Approach you noble Nero, noble Drusus,  
These Princes Fathers, when their Parent died,  
I gaue vnto their Vncle, with this praier,  
That, though he had proper Issue of his owne,  
He would no lesse bring up, and foster these,  
Then that selfe-bloud; and by that act confirme  
Their worthes to him, and to posteritie:  
Drusus ta<sup>^</sup>ne hence, I turne my prayers to you,*

*And, before our Countrey, and our Gods, beseech  
You take, and rule, Augustus nephewes sons,  
Sprung of the noblest Auncestors; and so  
Accomplish both my dutie, and your owne.  
Nero, and Drusus, these shall be to you  
In place of Parents, these your Fathers, These,  
And not vnfitly: For you are so borne,  
As all your Good, or Ill is the Common-wealths.  
Receyue them, you strong Guardians; And blest Gods,  
Make all their actions answere to their blouds:  
Let their great Titles find encrease by them,  
Not they by Titles: Set them as in place,  
So in example, aboue all the Romanes;  
And may they know no Riuals, but themselues.  
Let Fortune give them nothing; but attend  
Upon their vertue: and that still come forth  
Greater then Hope, and better then their Fame.  
Releiu me, Fathers, with your generall voyce.*

*X*

*May all the Gods consent to Cæsar's wish,  
And adde to any honors, that may crowne  
The hopefull Issue of Germanicus.*

*B*

*We thanke you, Reuerend Fathers, in their right.*

*C*

*If this were true now! but the space, the space  
Betweene the brest, and lips -- Tiberius heart  
Lies a thought farder then another Mans.*

*B*

*My Comforts are so flowing in my Ioyes,  
As, in them, all my streames of greife are lost,  
No lesse then are Land-waters in the Sea,  
Or showres in Riuers; though their Cause was such,  
As might have sprinkled even the Gods with teares:  
Yet since the greater doth embrace the lesse  
We coueteously obey*

*C*

*(Well acted, Cæsar.)*

*B*

*And, now I am the happy witness made  
Of your so much desir'd affections  
To this great Issue, I could wish, the Fates  
Would here set peacefull period to my dayes;  
Howeuer, to my Labours, I intreat  
(And beg it of this Senate) some fit ease:*

*C*

*(Laugh Fathers, laugh: have you no spleenes about you?)*

*B*

*The Burden is too heauy, I susteine  
On my vnwilling shoulders; and I pray  
It may be taken off, and re-confer'd  
Upon the Consuls, or some other Romane,  
More able, and more worthy:*

*C*

*(Laugh on, still.*

*F*

*Why, this doth render all the rest suspected!*

*V*

*It poysons all.*

*C*

*O, do you tast it then?*

*F*

*It takes away my fayth to anything  
He shall hereafter speake.*

*C*

*Aye, to pray that,  
Which would be to his head as hot as Thunder,  
Gayn'st which he weares that Charme) should but the Court  
Receyue him at his word.*

*V*

*Heare.*

*B*

*For myselfe,  
I know my weaknesse, and so little couet  
(Like some gone past) the weight that will oppresse me,  
As my ambition is the counter-poynt.*

*C*

*(Finely mainteind; good still.)*

*A*

*But Rome, whose bloud,  
Whose nerues, whose life, whose very frame relyes  
On Cæsar's strength, no lesse then Heau'n on Atlas.  
Cannot admit it but with generall ruine.*

*C*

*Ah! are you there, to bring him off?)*

*A*

*Let Cæsar,  
No more then vrge a point so contrary  
To Cæsars greatnesse, the greiu'd Senates vowes,  
Or Romes necessity.*

*V*

*(He comes about.*

*C*

*More nimble then Vertumnus.)*

*B*

*For the Publique,  
I may be drawne to shew, I can neglect  
All priuate aymes; though I affect my Rest:  
But, If the Senate still command me serue,  
I must be glad to practise my obedience.*

*C*

*(You must, and will Sir. We do know it.)*

*X*

*Cæsar.*

*Liue long, and happy, great, and royall Cæsar,  
The Gods preserue thee, and thy Modesty,  
Thy Wisdome, and thy Innocence.*

*C*

*(where is it?  
The Prayer is made before the Subiect.)*

*X*

*Guard  
His Meekenesse, Ioue, his Piety, his Care,  
His Bounty --*

*C*

*And his Subtelty, I will put in:  
Yet he will keepe that himselfe, without the Gods.  
All prayer's are vayne for him.*

*B*

*We will not hold  
Your patience, Fathers, with long answere; but  
Shall still contend to be, what you desire,  
And worke to satisfie so great a hope.  
Proceede to your affaires.*

*C*

*Now, Silius, guard thee;  
The Curtin is drawing. Afer aduanceth.*

*V*

*Silence.*

*M*

*Cite Caius Silius.*

*V*

*Caius Silius.*

*E*

*Here.*

*M*

*The triumph that thou hadst in Germany  
For thy late victorie on Sacrouir,  
Thou hast enioyd so freely, Caius Silius,  
As no man it enuy'd thee; nor would Cæsar,  
Or Rome admit, that thou wert then defrauded  
Of any honours, thy deserts could claime;  
In the faire seruice of the Common wealth:  
But now, if, after all their Loves, and Graces,  
(Thy actions, and their courses beeing discouer'd)  
It shall appeare to Cæsar, and this Senate,  
Thou has defil'd those Glories, with thy crimes --*

*E*

*Crimes?*

*M*

*Patience, Silius.*

*E*

*Tell thy Moile of patience,  
I am a Romane. What are my crimes? Proclaime them.  
Am I too rich? too honest for the Times?  
Have I or Treasure, Iewels, Land, or Howses  
That some Informer gapes for? Is my strength  
Too much to be admitted? Or my knowledge?  
These now are crimes.*

*M*

*Nay Silius, if the Name  
Of crime so touch thee, with what impotence  
Wilt thou endure the Matter to be search'd?*

*E*

*I tell thee, Afer, with more scorne, then feare:  
Employ your mercenary Tongue, and Art.  
Where is my Accuser?*

*V*

*Here.*

*C*

*Varro? The Consul?*

*Is he thrust in?*

V

*It is I accuse thee, Silius.  
Against the Maiestie of Rome, and Cæsar,  
I do pronounce thee here a guilty cause,  
First, of beginning, and occasioning,  
Next, drawing out the warre in Gallia,  
For which thou late triumph'st; dissembling long  
That Sacrouir to be an enemy,  
Onely to make thy Entertainment more,  
Whilst thou, and thy wife Sosia poll'd the Prouince;  
Wherein, with sordide-base desire of gaine,  
Thou hast discredited thy Actions worth  
And been a Traitor to the state.*

E

*Thou liest.*

C

*I thanke thee Silius, speake so still, and often.*

V

*If I not proue it Cæsar, but iniustly  
Have call'd him into tryall, here I bind  
Myselpe to suffer, what I claime 'gainst him;  
And yeeld, to have what I have spoke, confirm'd  
By iudgement of the Court, and all good men.*

E

*Cæsar, I craue to have my cause defer'd,  
Till this mans Consul-ship be out,*

B

*We cannot,  
Nor may we graunt it.*

E

*Why? shall he designe  
My day of triall? is he my accuser?  
And must he be my iudge?*

B

*It hath been vsuall,  
And is a right, that custome hath allow'd  
The Magistrate, to call forth priuate men;  
And to appoint their Day: Which Priuiledge  
We may not in the Consul see infring'd,  
By whose deepe watches, and industrious care  
It is so labor'd, as the Common-wealth  
Receiue no losse, by any oblique course.*

*E  
Cæsar, thy fraud is worse then violence.*

*B  
Silius mistake us not, we dare not vse  
The credit of the Consul, to thy wrong,  
But onely do preserue his place, and power,  
So farre as it concernes the dignity,  
And honour of the State.*

*C  
Beleeue him Silius.*

*N  
Why so he may Arruntius.*

*C  
I say so.  
And he may choose too.*

*B  
By the Capitoll,  
And all our Gods, but that the dear Republick,  
Our sacred Lawes, and iust Authority  
Are interest'd therein, I should be silent.*

*M  
Please Cæsar to give way vnto his tryall.  
He shall have iustice.*

*E  
Nay, I shall have Law;  
Shall I not Afer? speake.*



*M*

*Would you have more?*

*E*

*No my well-spoken Man, I would no more;  
Nor lesse: might I inioy it naturall,  
Not taught to speake vnto your present endes,  
Free from thine, his, and all your vnkind handling,  
Furious enforcing, most vniust presuming,  
Malicious, and manifold applying,  
Foule wresting, and impossible construction.*

*M*

*He raues, he raues.*

*E*

*Thou durst not tell me so,  
Had'st thou not Cæsars warrant. I can see  
Whose power condemnes me.*

*V*

*This betrays his spirit.  
This doth inough declare him what he is.*

*E*

*What am I? speake.*

*V*

*An enemie to the State.*

*E*

*Because I am an enemie to thee,  
And such corrupted Ministers of the State,  
That here art made a present instrument  
To gratifie it with thine owne disgrace.*

*A*

*This, to the Consull, is most insolent!  
And impious!*

*E*

*Aye, take part. Reueale yourselues.  
 Alasse, I sent not your confed'racies?  
 Your plots, and combinations? I not know  
 Minion Seianus hates me; and that all  
 This boast of Law, and Law, is but a forme,  
 A net of Vulcanes filing, a mere ingine,  
 To take that life by a pretext of Iustice,  
 Which you pursue in malice? I want braine,  
 Or nostrill to perswade me, that your endes,  
 And purposes are made to what they are,  
 Before my answer? O you equall Gods,  
 Whose iustice not a world of wolfe-turnd men  
 Shall make me to accuse, (however prouoke)  
 Have I for this so oft engag'd myselfe?  
 Stoode in the heate, and feruor of a fight,  
 When Phbus sooner hath forsooke the day  
 Then I the field? Against the blew-ey'd Gaules?  
 And crisped Germanes? when our Roman Eagles  
 Have fann'd the fire, with their labouring winges,  
 And no blow dealt, that left not death behind it:  
 When I have charg'd, alone, into the troopes  
 Of curl'd Sicambrians, routed them, and came  
 Not off, with backward ensignes of a slaue,  
 But forward markes, wounds on my brest, and face,  
 Were meant to thee O Cæsar, and thy Rome?  
 And have I this returne? did I, for this,  
 Performe so noble, and so braue defeate,  
 On Sacrouir, (O Ioue, let it become me  
 To boast my deedes, when he, whom they concerne,  
 Shall thus forget them.)*

*M*

*Silius, Silius,  
 These are the common customes of thy blood,  
 When it is high with wine, as now with rage:  
 This well agrees, with that intemperate vant,  
 Thou lately mad'st at Agrippinas Table,  
 That when all other of the Troopes were prone  
 To fall into rebellion, onely thine  
 Remain'd in their Obedience. Thou wert he,  
 That sau'dst the Empire; which had then been lost,  
 Had but thy Legions, there, rebell'd, or mutine'd.  
 Thy Vertue met, and fronted every perill.  
 Thou gau'st to Cæsar, and to Rome their surety.  
 Their Name, their Strength, their Spirit, and their State,  
 Their Beeing was a Donatiue from thee.*

*C*

*Well worded, and most like an Orator.*

**B**  
*Is this true, Silius?*

**E**  
*Saue thy question, Cæsar.  
Thy Spie, of famous credit, hath affirmd it.*

**C**  
*Excellent Romane!*

**F**  
*He doth answer stoutly.*

**A**  
*If this be so, there needes no farder cause  
Of crime against him.*

**V**  
*What can more impeach  
The royall dignity, and state of Cæsar,  
Then to be vrged with a benefit  
He cannot pay?*

**N**  
*In this, all Cæsars fortune  
Is made vnequall to the courtesie.*

**J**  
*His meanes are cleane destroy'd, that should requite.*

**V**  
*Nothing is great inough for Silius merit.*

**C**  
*Gallus of that side too?*

**E**  
*Come, do not hunt,  
And labour so about for circumstance,*

*To make him guilty, whom you have fore-dom'd:  
Take shorter wayes, I will meete your purposes.  
The wordes were mine; and more I now will say:  
Since I have done thee that great seruice, Cæsar,  
Thou still hast fear'd me; and, in place of grace,  
Return'd me hatred: so soone, all best Turnes,  
With Princes, do conuert to iniuries  
In estimation, when they greater rise,  
Then can be answer'd: Benefits, with you,  
Are of no longer pleasure, then you can  
With ease restore them; that transcended once,  
Your studies are not how to thanke, but kill.  
It is your nature, to have all men Slaues  
To you, but you acknowledging to none.  
The meanes that make your greatnesse must not come  
In mention of it; if it do, it takes  
So much away, you think: and that which help'd,  
Shall soonest perish, if it stand in eye,  
Where it may front, or but vpbraid the high.*

*N*  
*Suffer him speake no more.*

*V*  
*Note but his spirit.*

*M*  
*This shewes him in the rest.*

*J*  
*Let him be censur'd.*

*A*  
*He hath spoke inough to proue him Cæsars foe.*

*N*  
*His thoughts looke through his words.*

*A*  
*A Censure.*

*E*  
*Stay,*

*Stay most officious Senate, I shall streight,  
Delude thy fury Silius hath not plac'd  
His guards within him, against Fortunes spight,  
So weakely, but he can escape your gripe  
That are but hands of Fortune: She herselfe  
When Vertue doth oppose, must loose her threates.  
All that can happen in Humanity,  
The frowne of Cæsar, proud Seianus hatred,  
Base Varro's spleene, and Afers bloudying tongue,  
The Senates seruile flattery, and these  
Mustred to kill, I am fortified against;  
And can looke downe upon: they are beneath me.  
It is not Life whereof I stand enamour'd:  
Nor shall my End make me accuse my Fate.  
The Coward, and the Valiant man must fall,  
Onely the cause, and manner how, discernes them:  
Which then are gladdest, when they cost us dearest.  
Romanes, if any here be in this Senate,  
Would know to mock Tiberius Tyranny,  
Looke upon Silius, and so learne to die.*

V

*O desperate Act!*

C

*An honourable hand!*

B

*Looke, is he dead?*

F

*It was nobly strooke, and home.*

C

*My thought did prompt him to it. Farewell Silius.  
Be famous ever for thy great example.*

B

*We are not pleas'd, in this sad accident,  
That thus hath stalled, and abus'd our mercy,  
Intended to preserue thee noble Romane:  
And to preuent thy hopes.*

C

*Excellent Wolfe!  
Now he is full, he howles.*

*A  
Cæsar doth wrong  
His dignity, and safety, thus to mourne  
The deseru'd end of so profest a traytor,  
And doth, by this his lenity, instruct  
Others as factious, to the like offence.*

*B  
The confiscation meerely of his state  
Had been inough.*

*C  
O, that was gap'd for then?*

*V  
Remoue the Body.*

*A  
Let Citation  
Goe out for Sosia.*

*V  
Let her be proscib'd.  
And for the goods, I think it fit that halfe  
Goe to the treasure, halfe vnto the Children.*

*H  
With leaue of Cæsar, I would think, that Fourth  
The which the Law doth cast on the Informers,  
Should be inough; the rest goe to the Children:  
Wherein the Prince shall shew humanity  
And bounty, not to force them by their want  
(Which in their Parents trespasse they deseru'd)  
To take ill courses.*

*B  
It shall please us.*

*C*

*Aye,  
Out of necessity. This Lepidus  
Is graue and honest, and I have obseru'd  
A moderation still in all his Censures.*

*F  
And bending to the better -- Stay, who is this?  
Cremutius Cordus? what? is he brought in?*

*C  
More bloud vnto the banquet? Noble Cordus,  
I wish thee good: Be as thy writings, free,  
And honest.*

*B  
What is he?*

*A  
For the Annal's, Cæsar.*

*V  
Cremutius Cordus.*

*K  
Here.*

*V  
Satrius Secundus,  
Pinnarius Natta, you are his Accusers.*

*C  
Two of Seianus Bloud-hounds, whom he breeds  
With humane flesh, to bay at Citizens.*

*M  
Stand forth before the Senate, and confront him.*

*P  
I do accuse thee here, Cremutius Cordus,  
To be a man factious, and daungerous.  
A sower of sedition in the State,*

*A turbulent, and discontented spirit,  
Which I will prooue from thine owne writings, here,  
The Annal's thou last publish'd; where thou bit'st  
The present Age, and with a vipers tooth,  
Being a Member of it, darst that Ill  
Which never yet degenerous Bastard did  
Upon his Parent.*

V

*To this I subscribe;  
And, forth a world of more particulars,  
Instance in only one. Comparing Men,  
And Times, thou praysest Brutus, and affirm'st  
That Cassius was the last of all the Romanes.*

N

*How! what are we then?*

V

*What is Cæsar? nothing?*

M

*My Lords, this strikes at every Romans priuate,  
In whom raignes gentry, and estate of spirit,  
To have a Brutus brought in paralell,  
A Parricide, and Enimie of his countrie,  
Rank'd, and preferr'd to any reall worth  
That Rome now holdes. This is most strangely inuectiue.  
Most full of spight, and insolent vpbraiding.  
Nor is it the Time alone is here dispris'd,  
But the whole man of Time, yea Cæsar's selfe  
Brought in disualew; and he aym'd at most  
By oblique glaunce of his licentious pen?  
Cæsar, if Cassius were the last of Romanes,  
Thou hast no name.*

B

*Let us heare him answere. Silence.*

K

*So innocent I am of fact, my Lords,  
As but my words are argu'd; yet those words  
Not reaching eyther Prince, or Princes parent,  
The which your Law of Treason comprehendes.  
Brutus, and Cassius, I am charg'd, to have praysd.*



Whose deedes, when many more, besides myselfe,  
 Have writt, not one hath mention'd without honor.  
 Great Titus Liuius, great for eloquence,  
 And fayth, amongst us, in his Historie,  
 With so great prayes Pompey did extoll,  
 As oft Augustus call'd him a Pompeian:  
 Yet this not hurt their friendship. In his Booke  
 He often names Scipio, Afranius,  
 Yea the same Cassius, and this Brutus too,  
 As worthi'st men; not Theeues, and Parricides,  
 Which notes upon their fames, are now imposd.  
 Asinius Pollio's writings quite throughout  
 Give them a noble memory; So Messala  
 Renowm'd his Generall Cassius: yet both these  
 Liu'd with Augustus, full of wealth, and honors.  
 To Cicero's booke, where Cato was heau'd up  
 Æquall with heau'n, what else did Cæsar answer,  
 Being then Dictator, but with a penn'd Oration,  
 As if before the Iudges? Do but see  
 Antonius Letters; Read but Brutus pleadings,  
 What vile reproach they hold against Augustus,  
 False I confesse, but with much bitterness.  
 The Epigram's of Bibaculus, and Catullus,  
 Are read, full stuf with spight of both the Cæsars;  
 Yet Deified Iulius, and no lesse Augustus,  
 Both bore them, and contemn'd them: (I not know  
 Promptly to speake it, whether done with more  
 Temper, or wisdom) ``For such Obloquies  
 If they despised be, they die suppress,  
 But, if with rage acknowledg'd, they are confest.''

The Greekes I slip, whose licence not alone,  
 Bus also Lust did scape vnpunished:  
 Or where some one (by chance) exception tooke,  
 He words with words reueng'd. But, in my worke,  
 What could be aim'd more free, or farder of  
 From the Times scandale, then to write of those,  
 Whom Death from grace, or hatred had exempted?  
 Did I, with Brutus, and with Cassius,  
 Arm'd, and possessd of the Philippi fields,  
 Incense the people in the ciuill cause,  
 With dangerous speaches? or do they, being slaine  
 Seuenty yeares since, as by their Images  
 (Which not the Conquerour hath defac'd) appeares,  
 Retaine that guilty memory, with Writers?  
 ``Posterity paies every man his honour.''

Nor shall their want, though I condemned am,  
 That will not only Cassius well approue,  
 And of great Brutus honour mindefull be,  
 But that will, also, mention make of me.

*C*

*Freely, and nobly spoken.*

*F*

*With good temper,  
I like him, that he is not moou'd with passion.*

*C*

*He puts them to their whisper.*

*B*

*Take him hence,  
We shall determine of him at next sitting.*

*N*

*Meane time, give order that his bookes be burn'd.  
To the Ædiles.*

*A*

*You have well aduisd.*

*M*

*It fits not such licentious things should liue  
To upbraid the Age.*

*C*

*If the Age were good, they might.*

*J*

*Let them be burnt.*

*V*

*All sought, and burnt. Today.  
The Court is up, Lictors resume the Fasces.*

*C*

*Let them be burnt? o how ridiculous  
Appeares the Senate's brainlesse diligence  
Who think they can, with present power, extinguish  
The memorie of all succeeding times.*

*F*

*It is true, when (contrary) the punishment  
Of wit, doth make the authority encrease.  
Nor do they ought, that vse this cruelty  
Of interdiction, and this rage of burning;  
But purchase to themselues rebuke, and shame,  
And to the Writers an eternall name.*

*H*

*It is an argument the Times are sore,  
When vertue cannot safely be aduanc'd;  
Nor vice reprovu'd.*

*C*

*Aye, noble Lepidus.  
Augustus well foresaw what we should suffer,  
Vnder Tiberius, when he did pronounce  
The Roman race most wretched, that should liue  
Betweene so slowe iawes, and so long a bruising.*

*B*

*This Businesse hath succeeded well, Seianus:  
And quite remou'd all Iealousie of practise  
'Gainst Agrippina, and our Nephewes. Now,  
We must bethinke us how to plant our Ingines  
For the other paire, Sabinus, and Arruntius,  
And Gallus too; (however he flatter us,)  
His heart we know.*

*A*

*Give it some respite, Cæsar.  
Time shall mature, and bring to perfect crowne,  
What we with so good Vultures have begun:  
Sabinus shall be next.*

*B*

*Rather Arruntius.*

*A*

*By any meanes, preserue him. His franke tongue  
Being lent the raines, will take away all thought  
Of malice, in your course against the rest.  
We must keepe him to stalke with.*

*B*

*Dearest head,  
To thy most fortunate designe I yeeld it.*

*A*

*Sir -- I have been so long traind up in grace,  
First with your Father, great Augustus, since,  
To your most happy bounties so inur'd,  
As I not sooner would commit my hopes  
Or wishes to the Gods, then to your Eares.  
Nor have ever, yet, been couetous  
Of ouerbright, and dazling honors, rather  
To watch, and trauell in great Cæsar's safety,  
With the most common Souldier.*

*B*

*It is confest.*

*A*

*The only Gaine, and which I count most faire  
Of all my fortunes, is that mighty Cæsar  
Hath thought me worthy his alliance. Hence  
Beginne my hopes.*

*B*

*H'mh?*

*A*

*I have heard, Augustus  
In the bestowing of his Daughter, thought  
But even of Gentlemen of Rome. If so,  
(I know not how to hope so great a fauour)  
But if a Husband should be sought for Liuia,  
And I be had in minde, as Cæsars friend,  
I would but vse the glory of the Kindred,  
It should not make me slothfull, or lesse caring  
For Cæsars state, it were inough to me  
It did confirme, and strengthen my weake house,  
Against the--now--vnæquall opposition  
Of Agrippina; And for deare Reguard  
Vnto my children, this I wish: Myselfe  
Have no ambition farder, then to end  
My dayes in seruice of so deare a prince.*

B

*We cannot but commend thy piety  
 Most-lou'd Seianus, in acknowledging  
 Those, bounties; which we faintly, such, remember.  
 But to thy suite. The rest of mortall men,  
 In all their drifts, and counsels, pursue profit:  
 Princes, alone, are of a different sort,  
 Directing their maine Actions still to fame.  
 We therefore will take time to think, and answer.  
 For Liuia, she can best, herselfe, resolute  
 If she will marry after Drusus, or  
 Continue in the Famely; besides  
 She hath a Mother, and a Grandame yet,  
 Whose neerer counsels she may guide her by:  
 But I will simply deale. That Enmity,  
 Thou fearest in Agrippina, would burne more,  
 If Liuias marriage should (as it were in parts)  
 Deuide the imperiall house; an Æmulation  
 Betweene the women might breake forth; and Discord  
 Ruine the Sons, and Nephues, on both hands.  
 What if it cause some present difference?  
 Thou art not safe, Seianus, if thou proue it.  
 Canst thou beleue, that Liuia, who was wife  
 To Caius Cæsar, then to Drusus, now  
 Will be contented to grow old with thee,  
 Borne but a priuate Gentleman of Rome?  
 And raise thee with her losse, if not her shame?  
 Or say, that I should wish it, canst thou think  
 The Senate, or the People (who have seene  
 Her Brother, Father, and our Ancestours,  
 In highest place of Empire) will endure it?  
 The State thou hold'st already, is in talke;  
 Men murmure at thy greatnesse; and the Nobles  
 Sticke not, in publick, to vpbraide thy climbing  
 About our Fathers fauours, or thy Scale:  
 And dare accuse me, from their hate to thee.  
 Be wise, deare Friend. We would not hide these things  
 For Friendships deare respect. Nor will we stand  
 Aduerse to thine, or Liuia's designements.  
 What we had purpos'd to thee, in our thought,  
 And with what neare degrees of Love to bind thee,  
 And make thee æquall to us, for the present  
 We will forbear to speake. Only thus much  
 Beleue, our lou'd Seianus, we not know  
 That height in Bloud, or Honour, which thy vertue,  
 And mind to us, may not aspire with merit;  
 And this we will publish, on all watch'd occasion  
 The Senate, or the People shall present.*

A

*I am restor'd, and to my sense againe,  
Which had lost in this so blinding suite.  
Cæsar hath taught me better to refuse,  
Then I knew how to aske. How pleaseth Cæsar  
To imbrace my late aduise, for leauing Rome?*

**B**

*We are resolu'd.*

**A**

*Here are some Motiues more  
Which I have thought on since, may more confirme.*

**B**

*Carefull Seianus! we will straight peruse them:  
Goe forward in our maine dissigne, and prosper.*

**A**

*If those but take, I shall. Dull, heauie Cæsar!  
Wouldst thou tell me, thy Favours were made Crimes?  
And that my Fortunes were esteem'd thy faults?  
That thou, for me, wert hated? and not think  
I would with winged hast preuent that change,  
When thou mightst winne all to thyselfe againe,  
By forfeiture of me? Did those fond words  
Flie swifter from thy lippes, then this my Braine,  
This sparkling Forge, created me an Armor  
To encounter Chance, and thee? Well, read my Charmes,  
And may they lay that hold upon thy senses,  
As thou hadst snuft up Hemlocke, or ta<sup>n</sup>e downe  
The iuice of Poppy, and of Mandrakes. Sleepe,  
Voluptuous Cæsar, and Security  
Seize on thy stupide powers, and leaue them dead  
To Publique Cares, awake but to thy Lusts.  
The strength of which makes thy libidinous Soule  
Itch to leaue Rome; and I have thrust it on:  
With blaming of the City businesse,  
The multitude of suites, the confluence  
Of suitors, then their importunacies,  
The manifold distractions he must suffer,  
Besides ill rumors, enuies, and reproches,  
All which, a quiet and retired life,  
(Larded with ease, and pleasure) did auoid;  
And yet, for any weighty, and great affaire,  
The fittest place to give the soundest Counsels.  
By this, shall I remoue him both from thought,  
And knowledge of his owne most deare affaires;*

*Draw all dispatches through my priuate hands;  
 Know his designements, and pursue mine owne;  
 Make mine owne strengths, by giuing suites, and places;  
 Conferring dignities, and offices:  
 And these that hate me now, wanting accesse  
 To him, will make their enuie none, or lesse,  
 For when they see me Arbiter of all,  
 They must obserue; or else, with Cæsar, fall.*

**B**

*To marry Liuia? will no lesse, Seianus,  
 Content thy aymes? no lower obiect? well?  
 Thou knowst how thou art wrought into our trust;  
 Wouen in our dissigne; and thinkst, we must  
 Now vse thee, whatsoe^re thy proiects are:  
 It is true. But yet with caution, and fit care.  
 And, now we better think, who is there, within?*

**V**

*Cæsar?*

**B**

*To leaue our iourney off, were sinne  
 Gainst our decree'd delights; and would appeare  
 Doubt: or (what lesse becomes a Prince) low feare.  
 Yet, doubt hath law; and feares have their excuse,  
 Where Princes states plead necessary vse;  
 As ours doth now: more in Seianus pride,  
 Then all fell Agrippina's hates beside:  
 ``They are the dreadfull Enemies, we raise  
 With fauors, and make dangerous, with praise;  
 The Iniur'd by us may have will alike,  
 But it is the Favourite hath the power, to strike:  
 And Furie ever boyles more high, and strong,  
 Heat with Ambition, then Revenge of wrong.  
 It is then a part of supreame skill, to grace  
 No man too much; but hold a certaine space  
 Betweene the ascenders Rise, and thine owne Flat,  
 Least, when all Rounds be reach'd, his ayme be that.''   
 It is thought. Is Macro in the Pallace? See:  
 If not, goe, seeke him, to come to us. He  
 Must be the Organ, we must worke by now:  
 Though none lesse apt for trust: ``Neede doth allow  
 What choise would not.'' I have heard, that Aconite  
 Being timely taken, hath a healing might  
 Against the Scorpions stroake; the prooffe we will give:  
 That, while two poysons wrastle, we may liue.  
 He hath a spirit too working, to be vs'd*

*But to the encounter of his like; Excusd  
Are wiser Sou'raignes then, that raise one ill  
Against another, and both safely kill:  
``The Prince, that feedes great Natures, they will sway him;  
Who nourisheth a Lion, must obay him.''  
Macro, we sent for you.*

*D  
I heard so, Cæsar.*

*B  
(Leaue us a while!) When you shall know, good Macro,  
The causes of our sending, and the endes;  
You then will hearken nearer: and be pleas'd  
You stand so high, both in our choise, and trust.*

*D  
The humblest place in Cæsars choyse, or trust,  
May make glad Macro proud; without ambition,  
Saue to do Cæsar seruice:*

*B  
Leaue our Courtings.  
We are in purpose, Macro, to depart  
The City for a time, and see Campania;  
Not for our pleasures, but to dedicate  
A paire of Temples, one, to Iupiter  
At Capua; The other at Nola, to Augustus:  
In which great worke, perhaps, our stay will be  
Beyond our will produc't. Now, since we are  
Not ignorant, what danger may be borne  
Out of our shortest absence, in a State  
So subiect vnto enuie, and embroild  
With hate, and faction; we have thought on thee,  
(Amongst a field of Romanes,) worthiest Macro,  
To be our Eye, and Eare; to keepe strict watch  
On Agrippina, Nero, Drusus; Aye,  
And on Seianus: Not, that we distrust  
His Loyalty, or do repent one Grace,  
Of all that heape, we have conferd on him:  
(For that were to disparage our Election,  
And call that Iudgement now in doubt, which then  
Seem'd as vnquestion'd as an Oracle,)  
``But, Greatnesse hath his Cankers. Wormes, and Moaths,  
Breed out of too much humor, in the things  
Which after they consume, transferring quite  
The substance of their Makers, into themselues.''*



*Macro is sharpe, and apprehends: Besides,  
 I know him subtle, close, wise, and well-read  
 In Man, and his large Nature; He hath studied  
 Affections, passions, knows their springs, their ends,  
 Which way, and whether they will worke: it is prooffe  
 Inough, of his great merit, that we trust him.  
 Then, to a point; (because our conference  
 Cannot be long without suspition)  
 Here, Macro, we assigne thee, both to spie,  
 Informe, and chastice; Think, and vse thy meanes,  
 Thy ministers, what, where, on whom thou wilt;  
 Explore, plot, practise: All thou doost in this,  
 Shall be, as if the Senate, or the Lawes  
 Had giu'n it priuiledge, and thou thence stil'd  
 The Sauour both of Cæsar, and of Rome.  
 We will not take thy answer, but in Act:  
 Whereto, as thou proceed'st, we hope to heare  
 By trusted Messengers: If it be enquir'd,  
 Wherefore we call'd you; Say, you have in charge  
 To see our Chariots ready, and our Horse:  
 Be still our lou'd, and (shortly) honor'd Macro.*

*D*

*I will not aske, why Cæsar bids do this:  
 But ioy that he bids me. ``It is the blisse  
 Of Courts, to be imploy'd; No matter, how':  
 A Princes power makes all his actions, Vertue.  
 We, whom he workes by, are dumbe Instruments,  
 To do, but not enquire: His great intents  
 Are to be seru'd, not search'd. Yet, as that Bow  
 Is most in hand, whose owner best doth know  
 To affect his aymes, so let that States-man hope  
 Most vse, most prise, can hit his Princes scope.  
 Nor must he looke at what, or whom to strike,  
 But loose at all; Each marke must be alike.  
 Were it to plot against the same, the life  
 Of one, with whom I twin'd; remoue a Wife  
 From my warme side, as lou'd, as is the ayre;  
 Practise away each Parent; draw mine Heire  
 In compasse, though but one; worke all my Kin  
 To swift perdition; leaue no vntraine'd engin,  
 For Friendship, or for Innocence; nay make  
 The Gods all guilty; I would vndertake  
 This, being impos'd me, both with gaine, and ease:  
 ``The way to rise, is to obey and please,  
 He that will thriue in State, he must neglect  
 The troden paths, that Truth and Right respect;  
 And proue new, wilder wayes: For Vertue, there,  
 Is not that narrow thing, she is elsewhere.  
 Mens Fortune there is Vertue; Reason, their Will:*

*Their Licence, Law; and their Obseruance, Skill.  
Occasion is their foile; Conscience, their staine;  
Profit, their lustre: and what else is, vaine."*  
*If then it be the Lust of Cæsars power,  
To have raisd Seianus up, and in an houre  
Ore turne him, tumbling, downe, from height of all;  
We are his ready Engine: And his Fall  
May be our Rise. ``It is no vncouth thing  
To see fresh Buildings from old Ruines spring."*  
MV% CHORVS.

## Act 4

V

*You must have patience, royall Agrippina.*

L

*I must have vengeance, first: and that were Nectar  
Vnto my famish'd spirits. O my Fortune,  
Let it be sodaine thou prepar'st against me;  
Strike all my powers of vnderstanding blind,  
And ignorant of Destinie to come:  
Let me not feare, that cannot hope.*

V

*Deare Princesse,  
These Tyrannies on yourselfe are worse then Cæsar's.*

L

*Is this the happinesse of being borne Great?  
Still to be aim'd at? Still to be suspected?  
To liue the subiect of all iealousies?  
At least the colour made, if not the ground  
To every painted danger? who would not  
Choose once to fall, then thus to hang forever?*

V

*You might be safe, if you would --*

L

*What, my Gallus?*

*Be lewd Seianus Strumpet? Or the Baud  
 To Cæsars lusts, he now is gone to practise?  
 ``Not these are safe, where nothing is.'' Yourselfe,  
 While thus you stand but by me, are not safe.  
 Was Silius safe? or the good Sosia safe?  
 Or was my Neice, deare Claudia Pulchra safe?  
 Or innocent Furnius? They that latest have  
 (By being made guilty) added reputation  
 To Afers Eloquence? O foolish Friends,  
 Could not so fresh example warne your loves,  
 But you must buy my Fauors, with that losse  
 Vnto yourselues: And, when you might perceiue  
 That Cæsars Cause of raging must forsake him,  
 Before his Will? Away, good Gallus, leaue me.  
 Here to be seene, in Daunger; to speake, Treason:  
 To do me least obseruance, is call'd Faction.  
 You are vnhappy in me, and I in all.  
 Where are my Sons? Nero? and Drusus? We  
 Are they be shot at; Let us fall apart:  
 Not, in our ruines, sepulchre our Friends.  
 Or shall we do some Action, like Offence,  
 To mocke their studies, that would make us faulty?  
 And frustrate Practise, by preuenting it?  
 The Daunger is like: For, what they can contriue,  
 They will make good. ``No innocence is safe,  
 When Power contests. Nor can they trespasse more,  
 Whose only Being was all crime, before.''*

V

*You heare, Seianus is come back from Cæsar?  
 No. How? Disgrac'd?  
 More graced now, then ever.  
 By what mischance?  
 A Fortune, like inough  
 Once to be bad.  
 But turnd too good, to both.  
 What was it?  
 Tiberius sitting at his meat,  
 In a Farme house, they call Spelunca, sited  
 By the Sea-side, among the Fundane Hills,  
 Within a naturall Caue, part of the Grot  
 (About the entry) fell, and ouer-whelm'd  
 Some of the Wayters; Others ran away:  
 Onely Seianus, with his knees, hands, face,  
 Ore-hanging Cæsar, did oppose himselfe  
 To the remaining ruines, and was found  
 In that so labouring posture, by the Souldiers  
 That came to succour him. With which aduenture,  
 He hath so fixt himselfe in Cæsar's trust,  
 As Thunder cannot mooue him, and is come*

*With all the height of Cæsars praise, to Rome.*

*L*

*And power, to turne those ruines all on us;  
And bury whole posterities beneath them.  
Nero, and Drusus, and Caligula,  
Your places are the next, and therefore most  
In their offence. Think on your birth, and blood,  
Awake your spirits, meete their violence,  
``It is Princely, when a Tyranne doth oppose;  
And is a fortune sent to exercise  
Your vertue, as the wind doth try strong trees:  
Who by vexation grow more sound, and firme."  
After your Fathers Fall, and Vnckles Fate,  
What can you hope, but all the change of stroake  
That Force, or Slight can give? then stand vpright;  
And though you do not act, yet suffer nobly:  
Be worthy of my wombe, and take strong cheare;  
``What we do know will come, we should not fear."*

*D*

*Return'd so soone? Renew'd in trust, and grace?  
Is Cæsar then so weake? Or hath the Place  
But wrought this alteration, with the ayre;  
And he, on next remoue, will all repaire?  
Macro, thou are ingag'd: and what before  
Was publique, now, must be thy priuate, more.  
The weale of Cæsar, fitnessse did imply;  
But thine owne Fate confers necessity  
On thy employment: ``And the Thoughts borne nearest  
Vnto ourselues, moue swiftest still, and dearest."  
If he recouer, thou art lost: yea, all  
The weight of preparation to his Fall  
Will turne on thee, and crush thee. Therefore, strike  
Before he settle, to preuent the like  
Upon thyselfe: ``He doth his vantage know,  
That makes it home, and gives the formost blowe."*

*J*

*It is a service, Lord Seianus will  
See well requited, and accept of nobly.  
Here place yourselues, betweene the Roofe, and Seeling,  
And when I bring him to his words of daunger,  
Reueale youselues, and take him.*

*V*

*Is he come?*

*J*

*I will now goe fetch him.*

*V*

*With good speed. I long  
To merit from the State, in such an Action.  
I hope, it will obtaine the Consulship  
For one of us.  
We cannot think of lesse,  
To bring in one, so dangerous as Sabinus.  
He was a Follower of Germanicus,  
And still is an Obseruer of his wife,  
And children, though they be declin'd in grace;  
A dayly Visitant, keeps them company  
In priuate, and in publique; and is noted  
To be the onely Client, of the House:  
Pray Ioue, he will be free to Latiaris.  
He is alli'd to him, and doth trust him well.  
And he will requite his trust?  
To do an Office  
So gratefull to the State, I know no man  
But would straine nearer bands, then kindred.  
List,  
I heare them come.  
Shift to our Holes, with silence.*

*J*

*It is a noble Constancie you shew  
To this afflicted House: that not like others,  
(The Friends of Season) you do follow Fortune,  
And in the Winter of their Fate, forsake  
The Place, whose Glories warm'd you. You are iust,  
And worthy such a princely Patrones love.  
As was the worlds-renownd Germanicus:  
Whose ample merit when I call to thought,  
And see his Wife, and Issue obiects made  
To so much enuie, iealousy, and hate,  
It makes me ready to accuse the Gods  
Of negligence, as Men of tyranny.*

*F*

*They must be patient, so must we.*

*J*

*O Ioue.*

*What will become of us, or of the Times,  
When, to be high, or noble, are made crimes?  
When Land, and Treasure are most dangerous faults?*

*F*

*Nay when our Table, yea our Bed assaults  
Our peace, and safety? when our Writings are,  
By any enuious Instruments (that dare  
Apply them to the guilty) made to speake  
What they will have, to fit their tyrannous wreake?  
When Ignorance is scarcely Innocence:  
And Knowledge made a Capitall Offence?  
When not so much, but the bare empty shade  
Of Liberty, is reft us? and we made,  
The prey to greedy Vultures, and vile Spies,  
That first transfixe us with their murdering eyes?*

*J*

*Methinks, the Genius of the Romane Race  
Should not be so extinct, but that bright Flame  
Of Liberty might be reuiud againe,  
(Which no good Man but with his life, should loose)  
And we not sit like spent, and patient Fooles  
Still puffing in the darke, at one poore coale,  
Held on by hope, till the last sparke is out.  
The Cause is publique, and the Honor, Name,  
The Immortality of every soule  
That is not Bastard, or a Slaue in Rome,  
Therein concernd: Whereto, if men would change  
The wearid Arme, and for the weighty Shield  
So long sustaind, employ the facile Sword,  
We might have some assurance of our vowes.  
This Asses fortitude doth tire us all.  
It must be actiue valour must redeeme  
Our losse, or none. The Rock, and our hard Steele  
Should meete, to enforce those glorious fires againe,  
Whose splendour chear'd the world, and heare gauē life  
No lesse then doth the Sunne's.*

*F*

*It were better stay,  
In lasting darknesse, and despaire of Day.  
"No ill should force the Subiect vndertake  
Against the Soueraigne; more then Hell should make  
The Gods do wrong. A good Man should and must  
Sit rather downe with losse, then rise vniust."  
Though, when the Romanes first did yeeld themselues  
To one mans power, they did not meane their Liues*

*Their Fortunes, and their Liberties, should be  
His absolute spoile, as purchasd by the Sword.*

*J*

*Why we are worse, if the Slaues, and bond  
To Cæsars Slaue, be such, the proud Seianus?  
He that is All, does all, gives Cæsar leaue  
To hide his vlcerous, and anointed Face,  
With his bald Crowne at Rhodes, while he here stalkes  
Upon the heads of Romanes, and their Princes,  
Familiarly to Empire.*

*F*

*Now you touch  
A point indeed, wherein he shewes his Art,  
As well as Power.*

*J*

*And villanie in both.  
Do you obserue where Liuia lodges? How  
Drusus came dead? What men have bin cut off?*

*F*

*Yes, those are things remoou'd: I nearer look't,  
Into his later practise, where he stands  
Declar'd a Master in his Mystery.  
First, ere Tiberius went, he wrought his feare,  
To think that Agrippina sought his Death.  
Then put those doubts in her; sent her oft word,  
Vnder the show of Friendship, to beware  
Of Cæsar, for he laid to poyson her:  
Draue them to frownes, to mutuall ieaalousies,  
Which, now, in visible hatred are burst out.  
Since, he hath had his hired Instruments  
To worke on Nero, and to heaue him up;  
To tell him Cæsar's old; That all the People,  
Yea, all the Army have their eies on him;  
That both do long to have him vndertake  
Something of worth, to give the world a hope;  
Bids him to court their grace; the easie Youth  
Perhaps gives eare, which straight he writes to Cæsar;  
And with this comment: See yon'd dangerous Boy,  
Note but the practise of the Mother, there,  
She is tying him, for purposes at hand,  
With Men of sword. Here is Cæsar put in fright  
Gainst Son, and Mother. Yet, he leaues not thus;  
The second brother Drusus (a fierce nature,*

*And fitter for his snares, because ambitious,  
And full of enuie) him he clasp's, and huggs,  
Poysons with praise, tels him what hearts he weares,  
How bright he stands in popular expectance;  
That Rome doth suffer with him, in the wrong  
His Mother does him by preferring Nero;  
Thus sets he them asunder, each 'gainst other  
Proiects the course, that serues him to condemne,  
Keepes in opinion of a Friend to all,  
And all driues on to ruine.*

*J  
Cæsar sleepes,  
And nods at this?*

*F  
Would he might ever sleepe,  
Bogg'd in his filthy Lusts.*

*V  
Treason to Cæsar.  
Lay hands upon the Traytor, Latiaris,  
Or take the name thyselpe.*

*J  
I am for Cæsar.*

*F  
Am I then catch'd?*

*V  
How think you sir? you are.*

*F  
Spies of this head! so white! so full of yeares!  
Well, my most reuerend Monsters, you may liue  
To see yourselues thus snar'd.*

*V  
Away with him.*

*J*



*Hale him away.*

V

*To be a Spie for Traytors,  
Is honorable vigilance.*

F

*You do well,  
My most officious Instruments of State;  
Men of all vses: Drag me hence away.  
The Yeare is well begunne, and I fall fit,  
To be an Offring to Seianus. Goe.*

V

*Couer him with his garments, hide his Face.*

F

*It shall not neede. Forbeare your rude assault,  
``The fault is not shamefull Villany makes a fault.''*

D

*Sir, but obserue how thicke your Dangers meete  
In his cleare drifts. Your Mother and your Brothers  
Now cited to the Senate. Their Friend Gallus  
Feasted today by Cæsar, since committed.  
Sabinus here we met, hurried to Fetters.  
The Senators all strooke with feare, and silence.  
Saue those, whose hopes depend not on good meanes,  
But force their priuate prey, from publique spoile.  
And you must know, if here you stay, your State  
Is sure to be the subiect of his hate,  
As now the obiect.*

V

*What would you aduise me?*

D

*To goe for Capreæ presently: and there  
Give up yourselfe, entirely, to your Vncle.  
Tell Cæsar, (since your Mother is accusd  
To flie for succours to Augustus Statue,  
And to the Army, with your Brethren,) You  
Have rather chose to place your aydes in him,  
Then liue suspected; or in hourelly feare*

*To be thrust out, by bold Seianu's Plots:  
Which, you shall confidently vrge, to be  
Most full of perill to the State, and Cæsar,  
As being laid to his peculiar ends,  
And not to be let runne, with commune safety.  
All which (upon the second) I will make plaine,  
And Both shall love, and trust with Cæsar gaine.*

V

*Away then, let us prepare us for our iourney.*

C

*Still, do'st thou suffer Heau'n? will no flame,  
No heate of sinne make thy iust wrath to boile  
In thy distemp' red bosome, and ore-flow  
The pitchy blazes of impietie  
Kindled beneath thy throne? Still canst thou sleepe,  
Patient, while Vice doth make an antique face  
At thy dra^d power; and blow dust, and smoake  
Into thy nostrils? Ioue, will nothing wake thee?  
Must vile Seianus pull thee by the beard,  
Ere thou wilt open thy black-lidded eye,  
And looke him dead? Well. Snore on, dreaming Gods:  
And let this last of that proud Giant-race,  
Heaue mountaine upon mountaine, 'gainst your state --  
Be good vnto me, Fortune, and you Powers  
Whom I, expostulating, have profan'd;  
I see (what is æquall with a Prodigie)  
A great, a noble Romane, and an honest,  
Liue an old man. O, Marcus Lepidus,  
When is our turne to bleed? Thyselve, and I  
(Without our boast) are a'most all the few  
Left to be honest, in these impious Times.*

H

*What we are left to be, we will be, Lucius,  
Though Tyranny did stare, as wide as Death,  
To fright us from it.*

C

*It hath so, on Sabinus!*

H

*I saw him now drawne from the Gemonies,  
And (what increasd the direnesse of the fact)  
His faithfull Dog (vpbraiding all us Romanes)*

*Never forsooke the corp's, but, seeing it throwne  
Into the streame, leaped in, and drownd with it:*

*C*

*O Act! to be enui'd him, of us men.  
We are the next the Hooke laies hold on, Marcus:  
What are thy Artes (good Patriot, teach them me)  
That have preseru'd thy hayres, to this white die,  
And kept so reuerend, and so deare a head,  
Safe, on his comely shoulders?*

*H*

*Arts, Arruntius?  
None, but the plaine, and passiue fortitude,  
To suffer, and be silent; never stretch  
These armes, against the Torrent; liue at home,  
With my owne thoughts, and innocence about me,  
Not tempting the Wolues iawes: these are my Artes.*

*C*

*I would beginne to study them, if I thought  
They would secure me. May I pray to Ioue,  
In secret, and be safe? Aye, or aloud?  
With open wishes? So I do not mention  
Tiberius, or Seianus? Yes, I must,  
If I speake out. it is hard that. May I think,  
And not be rackt? What daunger is it to dreame?  
Talke in ones sleepe? or cough? who knowes the Law?  
May I shake my heard, without a Comment? Say  
It raynes, or it holds up, and not be throwne  
Upon the Gemonies? These now are things,  
Whereon mens Fortune, yea their Fate depends.  
Nothing hath priuiledge 'gainst the violent eare.  
No Place, no Day, no Hower (we see) is free  
(Not our religious, and most sacred Times)  
From some one kind of cruelty: All matter,  
Nay all occasion pleaseth. Madmens rage,  
The idlenesse of Dronkerds, Womens nothing,  
Iesters simplicity, all, all is good  
That can be catch'd at. Nor is now the euent  
Of any Person, or for any Crime,  
To be expected; for, it is alwaies one:  
Death, with some little difference of Place,  
Or Time -- what is this? Prince Nero? Guarded?*

*Q*

*On Lictors, keepe your way: My Lords, forbear.*

*On paine of Cæsars wrath, no man attempt  
Speech with the prisoner.*

V

*Noble Friends, be safe:  
To loose yourselues for wordes, were as vaine hazard,  
As vnto me small comfort: Fare, you well.  
Would all Rome's suffrings in my Fate did dwell.*

Q

*Lictors, Away.*

H

*Where goes he, Laco?*

Q

*Sir.  
He is banish'd into Pontia, by the Senate.*

C

*Do I see? and heare? and feele? May I trust Sense?  
Or doth my Phant'sy forme it?*

H

*Where is his Brother?*

Q

*Drusus is prisoner in the Palace.*

C

*Ha?  
I smell it now: it is ranke. Where is Agrippina?*

Q

*The Princesse is confin'd, to Pandataria.*

C

*Bolts, Vulcan; Bolts for Ioue: Phbus, thy Bow;  
Sterne Mars, thy Sword; and blew-eyd Maid thy Speare;  
Thy Club, Alcides: All the Armorie  
Of heauen is too little -- Ha? to guard*

*The Gods, I meant. Fine, rare dispatch! This same  
Was swiftly borne! confin'd? imprison'd? banish'd?  
Most tripartite! The cause, Sir?*

*Q*  
*Treason.*

*C*  
*O?*  
*The Complement of all Accusings? that  
Will hit, when all else failes.*

*H*  
*This turne is strange!*  
*But yesterday, the People would not heare*  
*Far lesse obiected, but cry'd, Cæsars Letters*  
*Were false, and forg'd; That all these Plotts were Malice:*  
*And that the ruine of the Princes House*  
*Was practis'd 'gainst his knowledge. Where are now*  
*Their voices? now, that they behold his Heyres*  
*Lock'd up, disgrac'd, led into exile?*

*C*  
*Hush'd.*  
*Drown'd in their bellies. Wild Seianus breath*  
*Hath, like a Whirle-wind, scatterd that poore dust,*  
*With this rude blast. We will talke no treason, Sir,*  
*If that be it you stand for? Fare you well.*  
*We have no neede of Horse-leaches. Good Spie,*  
*Now you are spi'd, be gone.*

*H*  
*I feare, you wrong him.*  
*He has the voice to be an honest Romane.*

*C*  
*And trusted to this office? Lepidus,*  
*I would sooner trust Greeke-Sinon, then a Man*  
*Our State emploies. He is gone: and being gone,*  
*I dare tell you (whome I dare better trust)*  
*That our Night-ey'd Tiberius doth not see*  
*His Minions driftes; Or, if he do, He is not*  
*So errant subtill, as we Fooles do take him:*  
*To breed a Mungrill up, in his owne House,*  
*With his owne Blood, and (if the good Gods please)*

*As his owne Throate, traine him, to take a leape.  
I do not beg it, Heav'n: but, if the Fates  
Graunt it these eyes, they must not winke.*

*H  
They must  
Not see it, Lucius.*

*C  
Who should let them?*

*H  
Zeale,  
And Duty; with the thought, He is our Prince.*

*C  
He is our Monster: forfeited to vice  
So far, as no rack'd vertue can redeeme him.  
His loathed person fouler then all crimes:  
An Emprour, onely in his lusts. Retir'd  
(From all regard of his owne fame, or Rome's)  
Into an obscure Iland; where he liues  
(Acting his Tragedies with a Comick face)  
Amidst his rout of Chaldee's: spending howres,  
Daies, weekes, and monthes in the vnkind abuse  
Of graue Astrologie, to the bane of men,  
Casting the Scope of mens Natiuities,  
And hauing found ought worthy in their Fortune,  
Kill, or precipitate them in the Sea,  
And boast, he can mock Fate. Nay, muse not; these  
Are far from endes of euill, scarce degrees.  
He hath his Slaughter-house, at Capreæ;  
Where he doth study Murder, as an Art:  
And they are dearest in his grace, that can  
Deuise the deepest tortures. Thether, too,  
He hath his Boyes, and beauteous Girles ta<sup>^</sup>ne up  
Out of our noblest Houses, the best form'd,  
Best nurtur'd, and most modest: what is their Good  
Serues to prouoke his Bad. Some are allur'd  
Some threatned; Others, (by their friends detaind)  
Are rauish'd hence, like Captiues, and, in sight  
Of their most grieued Parents, dealt away  
Vnto his Spintries, Sellaries, and Slaues,  
Masters of strange, and new-commented lusts,  
For which wise Nature hath not left a Name.  
To this (what most strikes us, and bleeding Rome,)  
He is, with all his craft, become the Ward*

*To his owne Vassall, a stale Catamite:  
Whome he (upon our low, and suffering neckes)  
Hath rays'd from excrement, to side the Gods,  
And have his proper Sacrifice in Rome:  
Which Ioue beholds, and yet will sooner riue  
A senslesse Oke with thunder, then his Trunck.*

*Q  
These Letters make men doubtfull what to expect,  
Whether his comming, or his death.*

*R  
Troth, both:  
And which comes soonest, thanke the Gods for.*

*C  
List,  
Their talke is Cæsar, I would heare all voyces.)*

*V  
One day, he is well; and will returne to Rome:  
The next day, sick; and knowes not when to hope it.*

*Q  
True, and today, one of Seianus Friends  
Honor'd by speciall writ; and on the morrow  
Another punish'd --*

*V  
By more speciall writ.  
This man receiues his praises of Seianus,  
A second but slight mention; A third none:  
A fourth rebukes. And thus he leaues the Senate  
Diuided and suspended, all vncertaine.*

*Q  
These forked tricks, I vnderstand them not.  
Would he would tell us whome he loves, or hates,  
That we might follow, without feare, or doubt.*

*C  
Good Heliotrope! Is this your honest man?  
Let him be yours so still. He is my Knaue.)*

V

*I cannot tell, Seianus still goes on,  
And mounts we see: New Statues are aduanc'd,  
Fresh leaues of Titles, large Incriptions read,  
His Fortune sworne by, himselfe new gone out  
Cæsars Colleague, in the fifth Consulship,  
More Altars smoake to him then all the Gods:  
What would we more?*

C

*(That the deare smoake would choake him.)*

Q

*But there are Letters come (they say) even now,  
Which do forbid that last.*

V

*Do you heare so?*

Q

*Yes.*

R

*By Castor, that is the worst*

C

*(By Pollux, best.)*

V

*I did not like the signe, when Regulus  
(Whome all we know no freind vnto Seianus)  
Did, by Tiberius so precise command,  
Succeed a Fellow in the Consulship:  
It boded somewhat.*

R

*Not a moate. His Partner,  
Fulcinius Trio, is his owne; and sure.  
Here comes Terentius. He can give us more.*



*H*

*I will never beleue, but Cæsar hath some sent  
Of bold Seianus footing. These crosse points  
Of varying Letters, and opposing Consuls,  
Mixing his honors, and his punishments,  
Fayning now ill, now well, raying Seianus,  
And then depressing him, (as now of late  
In all reports we have it) cannot be  
Empty of practise: it is Tiberius Art.  
For (having found his Favourite growne too great,  
And, with his greatnesse, strong, that all the Souldiers  
Are, with their Leaders, made at his deuotion,  
That almost all the Senate are his Creatures,  
Or hold on him their maine dependances,  
Either for benefit, or hope, or feare.  
And that himselfe hath lost much of his owne,  
By parting vnto him, and by the increase  
Of his ranke Lusts, and Rages, quite disarm'd  
Himselfe of love, or other publique meanes,  
To dare an open Contestation)  
His Subtilty hath chose this doubling line,  
To hold him even in; not so to feare him,  
As wholly put him out: and yet give checke  
Vnto his farder boldnesse. In meane time,  
By his employments, makes him odious  
Vnto the staggering Rout, whose aide (in fine)  
He hopes to vse, as sure, who (when they sway)  
Beare downe, oreturnde all Obiects in their way.*

*C*

*You may be a Linceus, Lepidus: yet I  
See no such cause, but that a politique Tyranne  
(Who can so well disguise it) should have tane  
A neeter way; fain'd honest, and come home  
To cut his Throat, by Law.*

*H*

*Aye, ``but his Feare  
Would neere be masqu'd, all-be his Vices were."*

*R*

*His Lordship then is still in grace?*

*G*

*Assure you,  
Never in more, eyther of grace, or power.*

*R*

*The Gods are wise, and iust.*

*C*

*The Fiendes they are.*

*To suffer thee belye them?*

*G*

*I have here*

*His last, and present Letters, where he writes him*

*The Partner of his Cares and his Seianus --*

*Q*

*But is that true, it is prohibited*

*To sacrifice vnto him?*

*G*

*Some such thing*

*Cæsar makes scruple of, but forbids it not;*

*No more then to himselfe: sayes, he could wish*

*It were forborne to all.*

*Q*

*Is it no other?*

*G*

*No other, on my trust. For your more surety*

*Here is that Letter too.*

*C*

*(How easily,*

*Do wretched men beleeeue what they would have!*

*Lookes this like Plot?*

*H*

*Noble Arruntius, stay.)*

*Q*

*He names him here without his Titles.*

*H*  
*(Note.*

*C*  
*Yes, and come of your notable Foole. I will.)*

*Q*  
*No other, then Seianus.*

*R*  
*That is but hast*  
*In him that writes. Here he gives large amends.*

*V*  
*And with his own hand written?*

*R*  
*Yes.*

*Q*  
*Indeed?*

*G*  
*Beleeue it, Gentlemen, Seianus brest*  
*Never receiu'd more full contentments in,*  
*Then at this present.*

*R*  
*Takes he well the escape*  
*Of young Caligula, with Macro?*

*G*  
*Faith,*  
*At the first ayre, it somewhat mated him.*

*H*  
*(Observe you?*

*C*  
*Nothing. Riddles. Till I see*

*Seianus strooke, no sound therof strikes me.)*

*R*

*I like it not. I muse he would not attempt  
Somewhat against him in the Consulship  
Seeing the people 'ginne to fauour him.*

*G*

*He doth repent it, now; but He has employd  
Pagonianus after him: and he holds  
That correspondence, there, with all that are  
Neare about Cæsar, as no thought can passe  
Without his knowledge, thence, in act to front him.*

*R*

*I gratulate the newes.*

*D*

*But how comes Macro  
So in trust, and fauour, with Caligula?*

*R*

*O Sir, he has a Wife; and the young Prince  
An appetite: He can looke up, and spie  
Flies in the roofe, when there are Fleas in bed;  
And hath a learned Nose to assure his sleepes.  
Who, to be fauor'd of the rising Sunne,  
Would not lend little of his waning Moone?  
It is the saf'st Ambition. Noble Terentius.*

*G*

*The night growes fast upon us. At your seruice.  
MV% CHORVS.*

## Act 5

*A*

*Swell, swell my ioyes: and faint not to declare  
Yourselues, as ample, as your causes are.  
I did not liue, till now; This my first houre,*

*Wherein I see my thoughts reach'd by my power:  
But this, and grip my wishes. Great, and high  
The world knowes onely two, that is Rome, and I.  
My Roofe receiues me not; it is aire I tread:  
And, at each step, I feele my aduanced head  
Knock out a starre in Heau'n. Rear'd to this height.  
All my desires seeme modest, poore, and sleight,  
That did before sound impudent: ``It is Place,  
Not Bloud, discernes the Noble, and the Base."  
Is there not something more, then to be Cæsar?  
Must we rest there? it yrkes, to have come so far,  
To be so neare a stay. Caligula,  
Would thou stood'st stiffe, and many in our way.  
Windes loose their strength, when they do empty fly,  
Vnmet of woods or buildings; Great fires dye  
That want their matter to withstand them: So  
It is our griefe, and will be our losse, to know  
Our power shall want opposites; vnlesse  
The Gods, by mixing in the cause, would blesse  
Our Fortune with their conquest. That were worth  
Seianus strife, durst Fates but bring it forth.*

G

*Safety, to great Seianus.*

A

*Now, Terentius?*

G

*Heares not my Lord the wonder?*

A

*Speake it, No.*

G

*I meete it violent in the peoples mouths,  
Who runne, in routes, to Pompey's Theatre,  
To view your Statue: which, they say, sends forth  
A smoake, as from a furnace, black, and dreadfull,*

A

*Some traitor hath put fire in: you, goe see.  
And let the head be taken off, to looke  
What it is. Some Slaue hath practis'd an imposture  
To stirre the people. How now? why returne you?*

P

*The Head, my Lord, already is ta<sup>^</sup>ne off,  
I saw it: and, at op'ning, there leap't out  
A great, and monstrous Serpent.*

A

*Monstrous! why?  
Had it a beard? and hornes? no heart? a tongue  
Forked as flattery? look'd it of the hue,  
To such as liue in great mens bosomes? was  
The spirit of it Macro's?*

V

*May it please  
The most diuine Seianus, in my daies  
(And by his sacred Fortune I affirme it)  
I have not seene a more extended, growne,  
Foule, spotted, venomous, ougly --*

A

*O the Fates!  
What a wild muster's here of attributes,  
To expresse a Worme, a Snake?*

G

*But how that should  
Come there, my Lord?*

A

*What! and you too, Terentius?  
I think you meane to make it a Prodigie  
In your reporting?*

G

*Can the wise Seianus  
Think Heau'n hath meant it lesse?*

A

*O Superstition!  
Why, then the falling of our bed, that brake  
This morning, burd'ned with the populous weight  
Of our expecting Clients to salute us,*

*Or running of the Cat, betwixt our legges,  
As we set foorth vnto the Capitoll,  
Were Prodigies;*

G

*I think them omenous:*

*And, would they had not hap'ned. As, today,  
The fate of some your seruants; who, diuerting  
Their way, not able, for the throng, to follow,  
Slip't downe the Gemonies, and brake their neckes:  
Besides, in taking your last Augury,  
No prosperous Bird appear'd, but croaking Rauens  
Flag'd up and downe: and from the Sacrifice  
Flew to the Prison, where they sate, all night,  
Beating the ayre with their obstreperous beakes.  
I dare not counsell, but I could entreat  
That great Seianus would attempt the Gods,  
Once more, with Sacrifice.*

A

*What excellent fooles*

*Religion makes of men? Beleeue Terentius.  
(If these were daungers, as I shame to think them)  
The Gods could change the certaine course of Fate?  
Or, if they could, they would (now, in a moment)  
For a Beiuies fat, or lesse, be brib'd to inuert  
Those long Decrees? Then think the Gods, like Flies,  
Are to be taken with the steame of flesh,  
Or bloud, diffus'd about their Altars: think  
Their power as cheape, as I esteeme it small.  
Of all the throng, that fill the Olimpian hall,  
And (without pittie) lade poore Atlas back,  
I know not that one Deity, but Fortune;  
To whome, I would throw up, in begging smoake,  
One. grane of Incense: or whose eare I would buy  
With thus much oyle. Her I, indeed, adore;  
And keepe her gratefull Image in my house,  
Sometimes belonging to a Roman King,  
But, now call'd mine, as by the better stile:  
To her, I care not, if (for satisfying  
Your scrupu'lous phant'sies) I goe offer. Bid  
Our priest prepare us Honie, Milke, and Poppie,  
His masculine Odours, and night vestments: Say,  
Our Rites are instant, which perform'd, you will see  
How vaine, and worthy laughter, your Feares be.*

N

*Pomponius! whether in such speed?*

**R**  
*I goe  
To give my Lord Seianus notice --*

**N**  
*What?*

**R**  
*Of Macro.*

**N**  
*Is he come?*

**R**  
*Entr'd but now  
The house of Regulus.*

**N**  
*The opposite Consul?*

**R**  
*Some halfe houre since.*

**N**  
*And by night too? Stay Sir  
I will beare you companie.*

**R**  
*Along, then --*

**D**  
*It is Cæsars will, to have a frequent Senate.  
And therefore must your Edict lay deepe mulct  
On such as shall be absent.*

**V**  
*So it doth,  
Beare it my fellow Consul to ascribe.*



*D*

*And tell him it must early be proclaim'd;  
The place, Apollo's Temple.*

*V*

*That is remembred.*

*D*

*And at what howre?*

*V*

*Yes.*

*D*

*You do forget  
To send one for the Prouost of the watch?*

*V*

*I have not: here he comes.*

*D*

*Gracinus Laco,  
You are a friend most welcome: By, and by,  
I will speake with you. (You must procure this List  
Of the Prætorian Cohorts, with the names  
Of the Centurions, and their Tribunes.*

*V*

*Aye.)*

*D*

*I bring you letters, and a health from Cæsar.*

*Q*

*Sir both come well.*

*D*

*(And heare you, with your note  
Which are the eminent Men, and most of Action.*

V

*That shall be done you too).*

D

*Most worthy Laco,  
Cæsar salutes you, (Consull! death, and furies!  
Gone now?) the Argument will please you, Sir.  
(Hough! Regulus? The anger of the Gods  
Follow your diligent legges, and ouer'take them;  
In likenesse of the Goute.) o, good my Lord,  
We lackt you present; I would pray you send  
Another to Fulcinus Trio straight,  
To tell him, you will come, and speake with him:  
(The matter we will devise) to stay him, there,  
While I, with Laco, do suruay the watch.  
What are your strengths, Gracianus?*

Q

*Seauen Cohorts.*

D

*You see, what Cæsar writes: and ( -- gone againe?  
He has sure a veine of Mercurie in his feete)  
Knew you, what store of the Prætorian Souldiers  
Seianus holds, about him for his guard?*

Q

*I cannot the iust number: But, I think,  
Three Centuries.*

D

*Three? good.*

Q

*At most, not foure.*

D

*And who be those Centurions?*

Q

*That the Consul  
Can best deliuer you.*

*D*

*(When he is away,  
Spight, on his nimble industry.) Gracinus,  
You find what place you hold, there, in the Trust  
Of royall Cæsar?*

*Q*

*Aye, and I am --*

*D*

*Sir,  
The Honors, there propos'd, are but beginnings  
Of his great fauours.*

*Q*

*They are more --*

*D*

*I heard him  
When he did study, what to adde --*

*Q*

*My life,  
And all I hold --*

*D*

*You were his owne first choise;  
Which doth confirme as much, as you can speake:  
And will (if we succeed) make more -- Your guardes  
Are seauen Cohorts, you say?*

*Q*

*Yes.*

*D*

*Those we must  
Hold still in readines, and vndischarg'd.*

*Q*

*I vnderstand so much. But how it can --*

*D*

*Be done without suspition, you will obiect?*

*V*

*What is that?*

*Q*

*The keeping of the Watch in armes,  
When morning comes.*

*D*

*The Senate shall be met, and set  
So early, in the Temple, as all marke  
Of that will be auoided.*

*V*

*If we need,  
We have commission, to possesse the Pallace;  
Enlarge Prince Drusus, and make him our Chiefe:*

*D*

*(That Secret would have burn't his reuerend mouth,  
Had he not spit it out, now:) By the Gods,  
You carrie things too -- Let me borrow a man,  
Or two, to beare these -- That of freeing Drusus,  
Cæsar projected as the last, and vtmost;  
Not else to be remembred.*

*V*

*Here are seruants.*

*D*

*These to Arruntius, These to Lepidus,  
This beare to Cotta, This to Latiaris.  
If they demaund you of me, say, I have ta<sup>^</sup>ne  
Fresh horse, and am departed. You (my Lord)  
To your Colleague; and be you sure, to hold him  
With long narration, of the new fresh fauours,  
Meant to Seianus, his great Patron; I  
With trusted Laco, here, are for the guards:  
Then, to diuide. ``For, Night hath many eyes,  
Whereof, though most do sleepe, yet some are Spies."'*

V

*Be All Profane Far Hence; Fly, fly far off:  
Be absent far; Far Hence Be All Profane. These sound, while the Flamen washeth.*

*We have been faulty, but repent us now;  
And bring pure Hands, pure Vestments, and pure Minds:  
Pure Vessels.*

*And pure Offerings.*

*Ghyrlonds pure.*

*Bestow your Ghyrlonds: and (with reuerence) place*

*The Veruin on the Altar.*

*Favor Your Tongves.*

*Great mother Fortvne, Queene of humane state,*

*Rectresse of Action, Arbitresse of Fate,*

*To whom all sway, all power, all empire bowes,*

*Be present, and propitious to our vowes.*

*Favor it With Your Tongves.*

*Be present, and propitious to our vowes.*

*While they sound againe, the Flamen takes of the Honey, with his finger, and tasts; then ministers to all the rest; so of the Milke, in an earthen vessell, he deales about; which done he sprinkleth, upon the Altar, Milke; then imposeth*

X

*Accept our Offring, and be pleas'd great Goddesses.*

G

*See, see the Image stirres.*

P

*And turnes away.*

V

*Fortune auerts her face.*

*Auert you Gods*

*The prodigie. Still! Some pious Rite*

*We have neglected. Yet! Heau'n, be appeas'd.*

*And be all tokens false, or void, that speake*

*Thy present wrath.*

A

*Be thou dumbe, scrupu'lous Priest:*

*And gather up thyselfe, with these thy wares,*

*Which I, in spight of the blind Mistresse, or*

*Thy iugling mystery, Religion, throw*

*Thus, scorned on the earth. Nay, hold thy looke  
Auerted, till I woe thee turne againe;  
And thou shalt stand, to all posterity,  
The eternall game, and laughter, with thy neck  
Writh'd to thy taile, like a ridiculous Cat:  
Auoid these fumes, these superstitious Lights,  
And all these coos'ning Ceremonies; You.  
Your pure, and spiced conscience. I, the Slaue,  
And Mocke of Fooles, (Scorne on my worthy head,  
That have been titled, and ador'd a God,  
Yea, sacrific'd vnto, myselfe, in Rome,  
No lesse then Ioue: And I be brought, to do  
A peeuish Giglot rites? Perhaps, the thought,  
And shame of that made Fortune turne her face,  
Knowing herselfe the lesser Deity,  
And but my Seruant: bashfull Queene if so,  
Seianus thanks thy modesty. Who is that?*

*R  
His Fortune suffers, till he heares my newes:  
I have wayted here too long. Macro, my Lord --*

*A  
Speake lower, and withdraw.*

*G  
Are these things true?*

*V  
Thousands are gazing at it, in the streetes.*

*A  
What is that?*

*F  
Minutius tells us here, my Lord,  
That, a new Head being set upon your Statue.  
A Rope is since found wreath'd about it; And,  
But now, a fiery Meteor, in the forme  
Of a great ball, was seene to roule along  
The troubled ayre, where yet it hangs, vnperfect,  
The amazing wonder of the Multitude.*

*A*

*No more. That Macro is come, is more then all.*

**G**

*Is Macro come?*

**R**

*I saw him.*

**G**

*Where? with whom?*

**R**

*With Regulus.*

**A**

*Terentius,*

**G**

*My Lord?*

**A**

*Send for the Tribunes, we will straight have up  
More of the Souldiers, for our guard. Minutius,  
We pray you goe for Cotta, Latiaris,  
Trio the Consull, or what Senatours  
You know are sure, and ours. You, my good Natta,  
For Laco, Prouost of the watch. Now, Satrius,  
The Time of prooffe comes on. Arme all our Seruants,  
And without tumult. You Pomponius,  
Hold some good Correspondence, with the Consul,  
Attempt him, noble Friend. These things beginne  
To looke like dangers, now, worthy my Fates.  
Fortune, I see thy worst: ``Let doubtfull states,  
And things vncertaine hang upon thy will:  
Me surest Death shall render certaine still."  
Yet, why is, now, my thought turn'd toward death,  
Whom Fates have let goe on, so farre, in breath,  
Vncheck'd, or vnreproou'd? I, that did helpe  
To fell the lofty Cedar of the world,  
Germanicus; that, at one stroake, cut downe  
Drusus, that vpright Elme; wither'd his Vine;  
Laid Silius, and Sabinus, two strong Oakes,  
Flat on the earth; besides those other shrubs,  
Cordus, and Sosia, Claudia Pulchra,*

*Furnius, and Gallus, which I have grub'd up;  
And since, have set my Axe so strong, and deepe,  
Into the roote of spreading Agrippine,  
Lopt off, and scatterd her proud branches, Nero,  
Drusus; and Caius too, although replanted:  
If you will, Destinies, that, after all,  
I faint, now ere I touch my period;  
You are but cruell: and I already have done  
Things great inough. All Rome, hath been my Slaue;  
The Senate sate an idle Looker on,  
And Witnesse of my power; when I have blush'd,  
More, to command, then it to suffer: All  
The Fathers have sate ready, and prepar'd,  
To give me Empire, Temples, or their Throates,  
When I would aske them; And, what crownes the top,  
Rome, Senate, People, all the World have seene  
Ioue, but my æquall; Cæsar, but my Second.  
`It is then your malice, Fates, who (but your owne)  
Enuye and feare to have any power long knowne.'*

*G*

*Stay here: I will give his Lordship, you are come.*

*V*

*Marcus Terentius, pray you tell my Lord,  
Here is Cotta, and Latiaris.*

*G*

*Sir I shall.*

*N*

*My Letter is the very same with yours;  
Onely requires me to be present there,  
And give my voice, to strengthen his dissigne:*

*J*

*Names he not what it is?*

*N*

*No, not to you.*

*J*

*It is strange, and singular doubtfull!*



*N*

*So it is!*

*It may be all is left to Lord Seianus.*

*V*

*Gentlemen, where is my Lord?*

*X*

*We waite him here.*

*N*

*The Prouost Laco? what is the newes?*

*J*

*My Lord --*

*A*

*Now, My right deare, noble and trusted Friends;  
How much I am a Captiue to your kindnesse!  
Most worthy Cotta, Latiaris, Laco,  
Your valiant hands; and Gentlemen, your Loves.  
I wish I could deuide myselfe vnto you;  
Or that it lay, within our narrow powers,  
To satisfie for so enlarged bounty.  
Gracinus, we must pray you hold your Guards  
Vnquit, when Morning comes. Saw you the Consull?*

*V*

*Trio will presently be here my Lord;*

*N*

*They are but giuing order for the Edict,  
To warne the Senate.*

*A*

*How! the Senate?*

*J*

*Yes.*

*This morning, in Apollo's Temple.*

*N*

*We*

*Are charg'd, by Letter, to be there my Lord.*

*A*

*By Letter? pray you let us see.*

*J*

*Knows not his Lordsh?*

*N*

*It seemes so.*

*A*

*A Senate warn'd? without my knowledge?  
And on this sodaine? Senators by Letters  
Required to be there? Who brought these?*

*N*

*Macro.*

*A*

*Mine enemy. And when?*

*N*

*This midnight.*

*A*

*Time,  
With every other circumstance, doth give  
It hath some streine of Engin in it. How now?*

*P*

*My Lord, Sertorius Macro is without,  
Alone, and prayes to have priuate conference  
In businesse, of high nature, with your Lordship,  
He say's to me; and which regards you much.*

*A*

*Let him come here.*

*P*

*Better, my Lord, withdraw,  
You will betray what store, and strength of friends  
Are now about you; which he comes to spie.*

*A*

*Is he not arm'd?*

*P*

*We will search him.*

*A*

*No, but take,  
And lead him to some roome, where you, conceald,  
May keepe a guard upon us. Noble Laco,  
You are our trust; And, till our owne Cohorts  
Can be brought up, your Strengths must be our Guard,  
Now good Minutius, honour'd Latiaris,  
Most worthy, and my most vnwearied Friends;  
I returne instantly.*

*J*

*Most worthy Lord!*

*N*

*His Lordship is turn'd instant kind, methinks,  
I have not obseru'd it in him, heretofore.*

*V*

*It is true, and it becomes him nobly.*

*I*

*Am rap't withall.  
By Mars, he has my liues,  
(Were they a million) for this onely grace.*

*Q*

*Aye, and to name a man?*

*J*

*As he did me!*

V  
*And me!*

J  
*Who would not spend his Life and Fortunes,  
To purchase but the looke of such a Lord?*

Q  
*He, that would nor be Lords foole, nor the Worlds.*

A  
*Macro! most welcome, as most coueted friend,  
Let me enjoy my longings. When arriu'd you?*

D  
*About the noone of Night.*

A  
*Satrius, give leaue.*

D  
*I have been since I came, with both the Consul's,  
On a particular dissigne from Cæsar.*

A  
*How fares it with our great, and royall Master?*

D  
*Right plentifully well; As, with a Prince,  
That still holds out the great proportion  
Of his large fauours, where his iudgement hath  
Made once diuine election: like the God,  
That wants not, nor is wearied to bestow  
Where merit meetes his bounty, as it doth  
In you, already the most happy, and ere  
The sunne shall climbe the South, most high Seianus.  
Let not my Lord be amus'd. For to this end  
Was I by Cæsar sent for, to the Isle,  
Which speciall caution to conceale my iourney;  
And, thence, had my dispatch as priuately  
Againe to Rome; charg'd to come here by night;  
And, onely to the Consuls, make narration*

*Of his great purpose: that the benefit  
Might come more full, and striking, by how much  
It was lesse loo'kd for, or aspir'd by you;  
Or least informed to the common Thought.*

A

*What may this be? Part of myselfe, deare Macro,  
If good, speake out: and share with your Seianus.*

D

*If bad, I should forever loath myselfe  
To be the messenger to so good a Lord.  
I do exceed my Instructions, to acquaint  
Your Lordship with thus much; but it is my venture  
On your retentiue wisdom: and, because  
I would not iealous scruple should molest  
Or rack your peace of thought. For I assure  
My noble Lord, no Senator yet knowes  
The businesse meant: though All, by seuerall Letters,  
Are warned to be there, and give their voyces,  
Onely to adde vnto the state, and grace  
Of what is purpos'd.*

A

*You take pleasure, Macro,  
Like a coy Wench, in torturing your Lover.  
What can be worth this suffering?*

D

*That which followes,  
The Tribuniciall Dignity, and Power:  
Both which Seianus is to have this day  
Conferd upon him, and by publique Senate.*

A

*Fortune, be mine againe; Thou hast satisfied  
For thy suspected loyalty.*

D

*My Lord,  
I have no longer time, the day approacheth,  
And I must back to Cæsar.*

A

*Where is Caligula?*

*D*

*That I forgot to tell your Lordship. Why,  
He lingers yonder about Capreæ,  
Disgrac'd; Tiberius hath not seene him yet:  
He needes would thrust himselfe to goe with me,  
Against my wish, or will, but I have quitted  
His forward trouble, with as tardy note  
As my Neglect, or Silence could bestow.  
Your Lordship cannot now command me ought,  
Because, I take no knowledge that I sawe you,  
But I shall boast to liue to serue your Lordship  
And so take leaue.*

*A*

*Honest, and worthy Macro,  
Your Love, and Friendship. Who is there? Satrius,  
Attend my honourable friend forth. O!  
How vaine, and vile a passion is this Feare?  
What base, vncomly things it makes men do?  
Suspect their noblest friends, (as I did this)  
Flatter poore enemies, intreat their seruants,  
Stoupe, court, and catch at the beneuolence  
Of Creatures, vnto whom (within this howre)  
I would not have vouchsaf'd a quarter-looke,  
Or peice of face? By you, that Fooles call Gods,  
Hang all the Skie with your prodigious Signes,  
Fill earth with Monsters, drop the Scorpion, downe,  
Out of the Zodiack, or the fiercer Lion,  
Shake off the loos'ned Globe from her long henge,  
Roule all the World in darkenesse, and let loose  
The intraged Winds to turne up Groues and Townes;  
When I do feare againe, let me be strooke  
With forked fire, and vn timerly die:  
``Who feares, is worthy of Calamity.''*

*R*

*Is not my Lord here?*

*G*

*Sir, he will be straight.*

*N*

*What newes Fulcinius Trio?*

V

*Good, good tidings.  
But, keepe it to yourselfe. My Lord Seianus  
Is to receiue this day, in open Senate,  
The Tribuniciall dignity.*

N

*Is it true?*

V

*No words; not to your thought: but Sir beleuee it.*

J

*What saies the Consul?*

N

*(Speake it not againe,)  
He tells me, that today my Lord (Seianus) --*

V

*(I must entreat you Cotta, on your honor  
Not to reueale it.*

N

*On my life, Sir)*

J

*Say.*

N

*Is to receiue the Tribuniciall power;  
But, as you are an honorable man,  
Let me coniure you, not to vtter it:  
For it is trusted to me, with that bond.*

J

*I am Harpocrates.*

G

*Can you assure it?*

**R**

*The Consul told it me, but keepe it close.*

**V**

*Lord Latiaris, what is the newes?*

**J**

*I will tell you,  
But you must sweare to keepe it secret. --*

**A**

*I knew the Fates had on their distaffe left  
More of our thread, then so.*

**V**

*Hayle greate Seianus.  
Haile the most honor'd,*

**N**

*Happy,*

**J**

*High Seianus.*

**A**

*Do you bring Prodigies too?*

**V**

*May all Presage  
Turne to those faire effects, whereof we bring  
Your Lordship newes.  
May it please my Lord withdraw.*

**A**

*Yes. I will speake with you, anone.*

**G**

*My Lord  
What is your pleasure for the Tribunes?*



A

*Why*

*Let them be thank't, and sent away.*

V

*My Lord --*

Q

*Wilt please your Lo: to command me --*

A

*No.*

*You are troublesome.*

V

*The mood is chang'd.*

*Not speak?*

*Nor looke?*

Q

*Aye. ``He is wise, will make him friendes  
Of such, who never love, but for their Endes.''*

C

*Aye, goe, make hast; Take heede you be not last  
To tender your ALL HAYLE, in the wide hall  
Of huge Seianus: Runne, a Lictors pace;  
Stay not to put your Roabes on; But, away,  
With the pale troubled ensignes of great Friendship  
Stamp't in your face. Now, Marcus Lepidus,  
You still beleeeue your former Augurie?  
Seianus must goe downward? You perceiue  
His wane approaching fast?*

H

*Beleeue me, Lucius,  
I wonder at this Rising!*

C

*Aye, and that we  
Must give our suffrage to it? You will say*

*It is to make his fall more steepe, and greiuous?  
It may be so. But think it, they that can  
With idle wishes 'ssay to bring back time;  
`In cases desperate, all Hope is Crime.'  
See, see! what troupes of his officious Friendes  
Flock to salute my LORD! and start before  
My great, proud LORD, to get a LORD-like nod!  
Attend MY LORD vnto the Senate-house!  
Bring back MY LORD! like seruile Huishers, make  
Way for MY LORD! proclaime his Idoll LORD-ship,  
More then ten Criers, or sixe noyse of Trumpetts!  
Make leggs, kisse hands, and take a scatterd haire  
From my LORDS excellent shoulder. See, Sanquinius!  
With his slow belly, and his dropsy! Looke,  
What toyling haste he makes! yet, here is another,  
Retarded with the Goute, will be afore him!  
Get thee Liburnian Porters, thou grosse Foole,  
To beare thy obsequious fatnesse, like thy Peeres.  
They are mett. The Goute returnes, and his great Carriage.*

X

*Give way, make place; Roome for the Consul.*

P

*HAYLE,  
HAYLE great Seianus.*

V

*HAYLE my honor'd Lord.*

C

*We shall be markt anone for our not HAYLE.*

H

*That is allready done.*

C

*It is a note  
Of vpstart Greatnesse, to obserue, and watch  
For these poore trifles, which the noble mind  
Neglects, and scornes.*

H

*Aye, and they think themselues*

*Deepely dishonor'd, where they are omitted,  
As if they were necessityes, that helpt  
To the perfection of their Dignities:  
And hate the men, that but refraine them.*

*C*

*O*

*There is a farder cause of hate. Their breasts  
Are guilty, that we know their obscure springs,  
And base beginnings: Thence the anger growes. On. Follow.*

*D*

*When all are entred, shut the Temple doores;  
And bring your Guardes up to the Gate.*

*Q*

*I will.*

*D*

*If you shall heare Commotion in the Senate,  
Present yourselfe: and charge on any man  
Shall offer to come forth.*

*Q*

*I am instructed.*

*THE SENATE.*

*V*

*How well his Lordship lookes today!  
As if  
He had been borne, or made for this howers state.*

*N*

*Your fellow Consul is come about, methinkes?*

*V*

*Aye, he is wise.  
Seianus trusts him well.  
Seianus is a noble, bounteous Lord.  
He is so, and most valiant.*

*J*

*And most wise.*

V  
*He is every thing.*

J  
*Worthy of all, and more  
Then bounty can bestow.*

V  
*This Dignity  
Will make him worthy.*

R  
*Aboue Cæsar.*

V  
*Tut,  
Cæsar is but the Rector of an I'sle,  
He of the Empire.  
Now he will have power  
More to reward, then ever.*

N  
*Let us looke  
We be not slack in giuing him our voyces.*

J  
*Not I.*

V  
*Nor I.*

N  
*The readyer we seeme  
To propagate his Honors, will more bind  
His thought to ours.*

V  
*I think right, with your Lordship.  
It is the way to have us hold our Places.*

*Aye, and get more.*

*J*

*More Office, and more Titles.*

*R*

*I will not loose the part, I hope to share  
In these his Fortunes, for my Patrimony.*

*J*

*See how Arruntius sits, and Lepidus.*

*V*

*Let them alone, they will be markt anone.  
I will do, with others.  
So will I.  
And I.  
Men grow not in the State, but as they are planted  
Warne in his fauors.*

*N*

*Noble Seianus.*

*V*

*Honor'd Seianus.*

*J*

*Worthy and great Seianus.*

*C*

*Gods! how the Spunges open, and take in!  
And shut againe! Looke, looke! Is not he blest  
That gets a seate in eye-reach of him? more,  
That comes in eare, or tongue-reach? O but most,  
Can claw his subtle elbow, or with a buzze  
Flieblow his eares.*

*V*

*Proclaime the Senates peace;  
And give last summons by the Edict.  
Silence.  
In name of CAESAR, and the SENATE. SILENCE.*

**MEMMIVS REGVLVS. AND. FVLCINIVS.  
TRIO. CONSVL'S. THESE. PRESENT. KALENDES. OF IVNE. WITH.  
THE. FIRST. LIGHT. SHALL. HOLD. A. SENATE. IN. THE. TEMPLE. OF. APOLLO. PALATINE.  
ALL. THAT. ARE. FATHERS. AND.  
ARE. REGISTRED. FATHERS. THAT. HAVE. RIGHT. OF. ENTRING.  
THE. SENATE. WE. WARNE. OR. COMMAUND. YOU. BE. FREQUENTLY.  
PRESENT. TAKE. KNOWLEDGE. THE. BVSINESSE. IS. THE. COMMON.  
WEALTHES. WHOSOEVER. IS. ABSENT. HIS. FINE. OR. MVLCT.  
WILL. BE. TAKEN. HIS. EXCVSE. WILL. NOT. BE. TAKEN.**

*Note, who are absent, and record their names.*

**FATHERS CONSCRIPT. MAY WHAT I AM TO VTTER,  
TVRNE GOOD AND HAPPY FOR THE COMMON WEALTH.**

*And thou APOLLO, in whose holy House*

*We here are met, Inspire us all, with truth,*

*And liberty of Censure to our thought.*

*The Maiestie of great Tiberius Cæsar*

*Propounds to this graue Senate, the bestowing*

*Upon the man he loves, honour'd Seianus,*

*The tribuniciall dignity and powers,*

*Here are his Letters, signed with his signet:*

**WHAT PLEASETH NOW THE FATHERS TO BE DONE?**

**S**

*Read, read them, open, publicuely, Read them.*

**N**

*Cæsar hath honour'd his owne greatnesse much,*

*In thinking of this Act.*

**V**

*It was a thought*

*Happy, and worthy Cæsar.*

**J**

*And the Lord,*

*As worthy it, on whom it is directed.*

**V**

*Most worthy.*

*Rome did never boast the vertue*

*That could give Enuie bounds, but his: Seianus --*

*Honor'd, and noble.*

*Good, and great Seianus.*

**C**

*O most tame slavery, and fierce Flattery!*

**V**  
*Silence.*

**B**

TIBERIVS CAESAR TO THE SENATE GREETING. IF. YOU. CONSCRIPT. FATHERS. WITH. YOUR. CHILDREN. BE. IN. HEALTH. IT. IS. ABOUNDANTLY. WELL. WE. WITH. OUR. FRIENDS. HERE. ARE. SO. The care of the Common-wealth, howsoever we are remou'd in person, cannot be absent to our thought; although, oftentimes, even to Princes most present, the truth of their owne affaires is hid: then which, nothing falls out more miserable to a State, or makes the art of gouerning more difficult. But since it hath been our easefull happinesse to enioy both the aydes, and industrie of so vigilant a Senate, We professe to have been the more indulgent to our pleasures, not as beeing carelesse of our office, but rather secure of the necessity. Neither do these common Rumors of many, and infamous Libels published against our retirement, at all afflict us; beeing borne more out of mens ignorance, then their malice: and will, neglected, finde their owne graue quickly, whereas too sensible acknowledg'd, it would make their obloquie ours. Nor do we desire their Authors (though found) be censur'd, since in a free State (as ours) all men ought to enioy both their mindes, and tongues free.

**C**  
(The Lapwing, the Lapwing.)

**B**

Yet in things: which shall worthily, and more neare concerne the Maiesty of a Prince, we shall feare to be so vnnaturally cruell to our owne fame, as to neglect them. True it is, CONSCRIPT FATHERS, that we have raised Seianus, from obscure, and almost vnknowne Gentry,

**X**  
How! how!

**B**

to the highest, and most conspicuous point of greatnesse, and (we hope) deseruingly; yet not without daunger: it beeing a most bolde hazard in that Sou'raigne, who, by his particular love to one, dare aduenture the hatred of all his other subjects.

**C**  
This Touches, the blood turnes.

## Sejanus

**B**

But we affie in your Loves, and vnderstandings, and do no way suspect the merit of our Seianus to make our fauours offensiue to any.

**X**

O, good, good.

**B**

Though we could have wishd his Zeale had runne a calmer course against Agrippina, and our Nephues, howsoeuer the opennesse of their actions, declared them delinquents; and, that he would have remembred, no Innocence is so safe, but it reioyceth to stand in the sight of Mercie: The vse of which in us, he hath so quite taken away, toward them, by his loyall fury, as now our Clemencie would be thought but wearied Cruelty, if we should offer to exercise it.

**C**

I thanke him, there I look'd for it. A good Foxe!

**B**

Some there be, that would interpret this his publique Seuerity to be particular Ambition, and that vnder a prætext of Seruice to us, he doth but remooue his owne Lets; alleadging the strengths he hath made to himselfe, by the Prætorian souldiers, by his Faction in Court and Senate, by the Offices he holds himselfe, and conferres on others, his Popularity, and Dependences, his vrging (and almost driuing) us to this our vnwilling Retirement, and lastly, his aspiring to be our Sonneinlaw;

**X**

This is strange.

**C**

I shall anone beleeeue your Vultures, Marcus.

**B**

Your wisdomes, CONSCRIPT FATHERS, are able to examine, and censure these suggestions: but, were they left to our absolving voice, we durst pronounce them, as we think them, most malicious.

**X**



## Sejanus

O he has restor'd all, List.

**B**

Yet, are they offerd to be auerr'd, and on the liues of the Informers: What we should say, or rather what we should not say, Lords of the Senate, if this be true, our Gods, and Goddesse confound us if we know! Onely, we must think we have plac'd our benefits ill; and conclude, that in our choise, either we were wanting to the Gods, or the Gods to us.

**C**

The place growes hot, they shift.

**B**

We have not been couetous, HONORABLE FATHERS, to change; neither is it now, any new Lust that alters our affection, or old Loathing, but those needfull Iealousies of state, that warne wiser Princes, howrely, to prouide their safty, and do teach them how learned a thing it is to beware of the humblest Enemie: much more of those great ones, whom their owne employd fauours have made fit for their feares.

**V**

Away.  
Sit farder.

**N**

Let us remooue —

**C**

Gods! how the leaues drop off, this little winde!

**B**

we therefore desire that the Offices he holds, he first seized by the Senate; and himselfe suspended from all exercise of place, or power —

**V**

How!  
By your leaue.

**C**

Sejanus

Come Porcpisce (where is Haterius?  
His Gout keeps him most miserably constant.)  
Your dauncing shewes a tempest.

**A**  
Read no more.

**V**  
Lords of the Senate, hold your seates; read on.

**A**  
These Letters they are forg'd.

**V**  
A guard, sit still.

**C**  
Here is change.

**V**  
Bid silence, and read forward.  
Silence, --

**B**

and himselfe suspended from all excercise of place, or power, (but till due and mature tryall be made of his innocencie, which yet we can faintly apprehend the necessity, to doubt.) If CONSCRIPT FATHERS, to your more searching wisdomes, there shall appeare farther cause (or of farder proceeding, eyther to seyzure of Lands, Goods, or more -- ) it is not our power that shall limite your authoritie, or our fauour, that must corrupt your iustice; either were dishonourable in you, and both vncharitable to ourselfe. We would willingly be present with your Counsailes in this businesse, but the daunger of so potent a faction (if it should prooue so) forbiddes our attempt: except one of the Consuls would be intreated for our safety to vndertake the guard of us home, then we should most readily aduenture. In the meanetime, it shall not be fit for us to importune so iudicious a Senate, who know how much they hurt the innocent, that spare the guilty, and how gratefull a sacrifice, to the Gods, is the life of an ingratefull person. We reflect not in this on Seianus (notwithstanding if you keepe an eye upon him -- And there is Latiaris a Senatour, and Pinnarius Natta, two of his most trusted Ministers, and so profest, whom we desire not to have apprehended, but as the necessity of the cause exacts it.

**V**  
A guard on Latiaris.

*C*

O, the Spie!  
The reuerend Spie is caught, who pitties him?  
Reward sir for your seruice; now you have done  
Your property, you see what vse is made?  
Hang up the Instrument.

*A*

Give leaue.

*Q*

Stand, stand,  
He comes upon his death, that doth aduance  
An inch toward my point.

*A*

Have we no friend here?

*C*

Hush't. Where now are all the HAYLES, and acclamations?

*D*

Haile, to the Consuls, and this noble Senate.

*A*

Is Macro here? O, thou art lost, Seianus.

*D*

Sit still, and vnaffrighted, Reuerend Fathers.  
Macro, by Cæsars Grace, the new made Prouost,  
And now possess of the Prætorian bandes,  
(An honour late belongd to that proud man)  
Biddes you, be safe: and to your constant doome  
Of his deseruings, offers you the surety  
Of all the Souldiers, Tribunes, and Centurions  
Receiu'd in our command.

*V*

Seianus, Seianus.  
Stand forth, Seianus.

*A*

Am I call'd?

*D*

Aye, thou,  
Thou insolent monster, art bid stand.

*A*

Why, Macro,  
It hath been otherwise, betweene you, and I?  
This Court, that knowes us both, hath seene a difference,  
And can (if it be pleas'd to speake) confirme  
Whose insolence is most.

*D*

Come downe Typhaus,  
If mine be most, loe thus I make it more;  
Kick up thy heeles in ayre, teare off thy roabe,  
Play with thy beard, and nostrils: Thus it is fit  
(And no man take compassion of thy state)  
To vse the ingratefull viper, tread his braines  
Into the earth.

*V*

Forbeare.

*D*

If I could loose  
All my humanity now, it were well to torture  
So meriting a Traytor. Wherefore, Fathers,  
Sit you amaz'd, and silent? and not censure  
This wretch, who in the howre he first rebeld  
'Gainst Cæsars bounty, did condemne himselfe?  
P'hlegra, the field, where all the Sons of Earth  
Muster'd against the Gods, did never acknowledge  
So proud, and huge a monster:

*V*

Take him hence.  
And all the Gods guard Cæsar.  
Take him hence.  
Hence.

*N*

To the dungeon with him.

Sejanus

*V*

He deserues it.

*X*

Crowne all our dores with Bayes.

*V*

And let an Oxe  
With gilded hornes, and Gyrlonds, straight be led  
Vnto the Capitoll:  
And sacrific'd  
To Ioue, for Cæsars safety.  
All our Gods  
Be present still to Cæsar.

*N*

Phbus.

*V*

Mars.  
Diana.  
Pallas.

*X*

Iuno, Mercury,  
All guard him.

*D*

Forth, thou Prodigie of men.

*N*

Let all the traitors Titles be defac'd.

*V*

His Images, and Statues be puld downe.  
His Chariot wheelles be broken.

*C*

And the Legs  
Of the poore Horses, that deserued naught,

Let them be broken too.

*H*

O violent change,  
And whirle of mens affections!

*C*

Like, as both  
Their bulkes and soules were bound on Fortunes wheele,  
And must act onely with her motion.

*H*

Who would depend upon the popular ayre,  
Or voice of men, that have today beheld  
(That which if all the Gods had fore-declar'd  
Would not have been beleeu'd) SEIANVS fall?  
He, that this morne rose proudly, as the Sunne;  
And, breaking through a mist of Clients breath,  
Came on as gaz'd at, and admir'd, as he  
When superstitious Moores salute his light!  
That had our seruile Nobles waiting him  
As common-Groomes; and hanging on his looke,  
No lesse then humane Life on Desteny!  
That had mens knees as frequent, as the Gods;  
And Sacrifices, more, then Rome had Altars:  
And this man fall! Fall? Aye, without a looke,  
That durst appeare his friend: or lend so much  
Of vaine reliefe, to his chang'd state, as pitty!

*C*

They, that before like Gnats plaid in his Beames,  
And throng'd to circumscribe him, now not seene!  
Nor deigne to hold a common seate with him!  
Others, that waited him vnto the Senate,  
Now, inhumanely rauish him to prison!  
Whom (but this morne) they follow'd as their Lord,  
Guard through the streetes, bound like a fugitiue!  
Instead of wreaths, give fetters; stroakes for stoopes:  
Blind shame for Honors; and black taunts for Titles!  
Who would trust slippery Chance?

*H*

They, that would make  
Themselves her spoile; and foolishly forget,  
When she doth flatter, that she comes to prey:  
``Fortune, thou hadst no Deity, if men

Had wisdom: we have placed thee so high,  
By fond beleefe in thy felicity."  
SHOWTE WITHIN.

**X**

The Gods guard Cæsar. All the Gods guard Cæsar.

**D**

Now great Seianus, you that aw'd the State,  
And sought to bring the Nobles to your whip.  
That would be Cæsars Tutor, and dispose  
Of Dignities, and Offices, that had  
The publique head still bare to your dissignes,  
And made the generall voyce to Eccho yours,  
That look'd for Salutations, twelue score off,  
And would have Pyramid's, yea Temples rear'd  
To your huge Greatnesse: Now, you lie as flat,  
As was your pride aduanc'd.

**V**

Thanks to the Gods.

**X**

And praise to Macro, that hath saued Rome.  
Liberty, liberty, liberty. Lead on,  
And praise to Macro, that hath saued Rome.

**C**

I prophesie, out of this Senates flattery,  
That this new fellow, Macro, will become  
A greater Prodigie in Rome, then he  
That now is falne.

**G**

O you, whose mindes are good,  
And have not forc'd all mankind, from your brests;  
That yet have so much stock of vertue left,  
To pittie guilty states, when they are wretched:  
Lend your soft eares to heare, and eyes to weepe  
Deedes done by men, beyond the Acts of Furies.  
The eager Multitude, who never yet  
Knew why to love, or hate, but only pleas'd  
To expresse their rage of power, no sooner heard  
The murmure of Seianus in decline,  
But with that speed, and heate of appetite,

## Sejanus

With which they greedily deuoure the way  
To some great Sports, or a new Theatre;  
They fill'd the Capitoll, and Pompeis Circke:  
Where, like so many Mastiues, biting stones,  
As if his Statues now were sensitiue  
Of their wild fury, first they teare them downe:  
Then fastning ropes, drag them along the streetes,  
Crying in scorne, this, this was that rich head  
Was crown'd with Gyrlonds, and with Odours, This  
That was in Rome so reuerenced. Now  
The Furnace, and the Bellowes shall to worke  
The great Seianus crack, and peice, by peice,  
Drop in the Founders pit.

**H**

O popular Rage!

**G**

The whilst, the Senate, at the Temple of Concord,  
Make haste to meete againe, and thronging cry,  
Let us condemne him, tread him downe in water,  
While he doth lie upon the banke; Away:  
Where some, more tardy, crie vnto their bearers,  
He will be censur'd ere we come, runne Knaues,  
And vse that furious diligence, for feare  
Their Bond-men should informe against their slacknesse,  
And bring their quaking flesh vnto the hooke:  
The Rout, they follow with confused voyce  
Crying, they are glad, say they could never abide him;  
Enquire, what Man he was? what kind of Face?  
What Beard he had? what Nose? what Lips? protest,  
They ever did presage he would come to this:  
They never thought him wise, nor valiant: Aske  
After his Garments, when he dyes? what death?  
And not a Beast of all the Heard demands  
What was his Crime? or who were his Accusers?  
Vnder what prooffe, or testimony, he fell?  
There came (saies one) a huge, long, worded Letter  
From Capreæ against him. Did there so?  
O, they are satisfied, no more.

**H**

Alasse!  
They follow Fortune, and hate men condemn'd,  
Guilty, or not.

**C**



## Sejanus

But had Seianus thriu'd  
In his dissigne, and prosperously opprest  
The old Tiberius, then, in that same minute  
These very Raskalls, that now rage like Furies,  
Would have proclaim'd Seianus Emperour

**H**

But what hath follow'd?

**G**

Sentence, by the Senate;  
To loose his head: which was no sooner off,  
But that, and the vnfortunate trunk were seizd  
By the rude multitude; who not content  
With what the forward Iustice of the State  
Officiously had done, with violent rage  
Have rent it limbe, from limbe. A thousand heads,  
A thousand hands, ten thousand tongues, and voices  
Employd at once in seuerall actes of malice.  
Old Men not staid with Age, Virgins with shame,  
Late Wiues with losse of Husbands, Mothers of Children,  
Loosing all grieffe in ioy of his sad fall,  
Runne quite transported with their cruelty:  
These mounting at his head, these at his face,  
These digging out his eyes, those with his braine,  
Sprinkling themselues, their houses, and their friends:  
Others are met, have ravish'd thence an arme,  
And deale small pieces of the flesh for Fauors;  
These with a thigh; this hath cut off his hands;  
And this his feete; these fingers, and these toes;  
That hath his liuer; he his heart; there wants  
Nothing but roome for wrath, and place for hatred.  
What cannot oft be done, is now o<sup>^</sup>re done.  
The whole, and All of what was great Seianus.  
And next to Cæsar did possesse the world,  
Now torne, and scatterd, as he needs no graue,  
Each little dust couers a little part:  
So lies he nowhere, and yet often buried.

**C**

More of Seianus?

**O**

Yes.

**H**

What can be added?  
We know him dead.

*O*

Then there begin your pittie,  
There is inough behin'd, to melt even Rome,  
And Cæsar into teares: (though never Slaue  
Could yet so highly offend, but Tyranny  
In torturing him would make him worth lamenting.)  
A son, and daughter to the dead Seianus.  
(Of whom there is not now so much remaining  
As would give fastning to the Hang-mans hooke)  
Have they drawne forth for farder sacrifice;  
Whose tendernesse of knowledge, vnripe yeares,  
And childish silly Innocence was such;  
As scarce would lend them feeling of their danger:  
The Girle so simple, as she often askt,  
Where they would lead her? for what cause they dragd her?  
Cry'd, She would do no more. That she could take  
Warning with beating. And because our Lawes  
Admit no virgin immature to dye,  
The wittely, and strangly-cruell Macro  
Deliu'er'd her to be deflowr'd, and spoild,  
By the rude lust of the licentious Hang-man,  
Then, to be strangled with her harmelesse brother.

*H*

O Act, most worthy Hell, and lasting night,  
To hide it from the world!

*O*

Their bodies throwne  
Into the Gemonies, (I know not how  
Or by what accident returnd) the Mother,  
The expulsed Apicata, finds them there;  
Whom when she saw lie spread on the Degrees,  
After a world of Furie on herselfe,  
Tearing her haire, defacing of her face,  
Beating her brests, and wombe, kneeling amaz'd,  
Crying to heauen, then to them; at last,  
Her drowned voyce gate up aboue her woes:  
And with such black, and bitter execrations,  
(As might affright the Gods, and force the Sunne  
Runne backward to the East, nay, make the old  
Deformed Chaos rise againe to ore-whelme  
Them, us, and all the world) she fills the ayre;  
Vpbraids the Heauens with their partiall doomes,  
Defies their tyrannous powers, and demaunds

## Sejanus

What she, and those poore Innocents have transgress'd,  
That they must suffer such a share in vengeance,  
Whilst Liuia, Lygdus, and Eudemus liue.  
Who, (as she say's, and firmly vowes, to proue it  
To Cæsar, and the Senate) poyson'd Drusus?

**H**

Confederats with her husband?

**O**

Aye.

**H**

Strange Act!

**C**

And strangely open'd: what say's now my Monster,  
The Multitude? They reele now? do they not?

**O**

Their Gall is gone, and now they 'gin to weepe  
The mischief they have done.

**C**

I thanke them, Rogues!

**O**

Part are so stupide, or so flexible,  
As they beleue him innocent; All grieue:  
And some, whose hands yet reeke with his warme blood,  
And gripe the part which they did teare of him,  
Wish him collected, and created new.

**H**

How Fortune plies her sports, when she begins  
To practise them! pursues, continues, addes!  
Confounds, with varying her empassion'd moods!

**C**

Dost thou hope Fortune to redeeme thy crimes,  
To make amends, for thy ill placed fauours  
With these strange punishments? Forbeare, you Things,

## Sejanus

That stand upon the Pinnacles of State,  
To boast your slippery height; when you do fall,  
You pash yourselues in peices, never to rise,  
And he that lends you pittie, is not wise.

### **G**

Let this example moou the insolent man,  
Not to grow proud, and carelesse of the Gods:  
"It is an odious wisdome, to blaspheme,  
Much more to slighten, or deny their powers."  
For whom the Morning saw so great, and high,  
Thus low and little, 'fore the Even doth lie.

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