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NEW ENGLISH THEATRE

VOL. X.

*Cato, Theodosius, Siege of Damascus,
Douglas, Zarah.*



Wm. Smith

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. Rivington & Sons, J. Doddsley, J. Lowndes,
J. Caston, W. Nicoll, S. Bladen, &c. &c. 1777.

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C A T O.

A

T R A G E D Y.

WRITTEN BY

MR. ADDISON.

Marked with the Variations in the

M A N A G E R's B O O K,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

Ecce Spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quàm ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas publicas erectum.

Sen. de Divin. Prov.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. RIVINGTON and SONS; W. STRAHAN;
W. OWEN and SON; T. LONGMAN; R. BALDWIN;
L. DAVIS; T. and W. LOWNDES; S. BLADON; R.
HORSFIELD; T. CADELL; J. ROBSON; G. ROBINSON;
W. NICOLL; B. LAW, and W. FLEXNEY.

M.DCC.LXXXIV.

The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas, as, in Line 15, Page 17.]

V E R S E S

To the AUTHOR of the

T R A G E D Y OF C A T O.

WHILE you the fierce divided *Britons* awe,
 And *Cato* with an equal virtue draw;
 While *Envy* is itself in wonder lost,
 And factions strive who shall applaud you most;
 Forgive the fond ambition of a friend,
 Who hopes himself, not you, to recommend:
 And joins th' applause which all the learn'd bestow
 On one, to whom a perfect work they owe.
 To my *light scenes I once inscrib'd your name,
 And impotently strove to borrow fame;
 Soon will that die, which adds thy name to mine:
 Let me, then, live, join'd a work of thine.

RICHARD STEELE.

* Tender Husband, dedicated to Mr. Addison.

THO' *Cato* shines in *Virgil's* epic song,
 Prescribing laws among th' *Elysian* throng;
 Though *Lucan's* verse, exalted by his name,
 O'er Gods themselves has rais'd the hero's fame:
 The *Roman* stage did ne'er his image see,
 Drawn at full length; a task reserv'd for thee.
 By thee we view the finish'd figure rise,
 And awful march before our ravish'd eyes;
 We hear his voice, asserting virtue's cause:
 His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
 Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
 And all the patriot in thy scene appears.

On *Tiber's* banks thy thought was first inspir'd ;
 'Twas there, to some indulgent grove retir'd,
Rome's ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,
 Thy happy Muse this manly work design'd :
 Or in a dream thou saw'st *Rome's* genius stand,
 And, leading *Cato* in his sacred hand,
 Point out th' immortal subject to thy lays,
 And ask this labour, to record his praise.

'Tis done—the hero lives, and charms our age !
 While nobler morals grace the *British* stage.
 Great *Shakespeare's* ghost, the solemn strain to bear,
 (Methinks I see the laurel'd shade appear !)
 Will hover o'er the scene, and wond'ring view
 His fav'rite *Brutus* rival'd thus by you.
 Such *Roman* greatness in such action shines,
 Such *Roman* eloquence adorn your lines,
 That sure the *Sibyls* books this year foretold,
 And in some mystic leaf was seen inroll'd,

- *Rome*, turn thy mournful eyes from *Africk's* shore,
- Nor in her sands thy *Cato's* tomb explore !
- When thrice six hundred times the circling sun
- His annual race shall through the zodiac run,
- An isle remote his monument shall rear,
- And ev'ry generous *Briton* pay a tear."

J. HUGHES.

WHAT do we see ! Is *Cato* then become
 A greater name in *Britain* than in *Rome* ?
 Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
 Though *Lucan*, *Horace*, *Virgil*, wrote before ?
 How will posterity this truth explain ?
 " *Cato* begins to live in *Anna's* reign :"
 The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
 Rise in your lines with more exalted charms ;
 Illustrious deeds in distant nations wrought,
 And virtues by departed heroes taught ;
 Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,
 Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame ;

To.

To your renown all ages you subdue,
And *Cæsar* fought, and *Cato* bled for you.

All Souls College, Oxon.

EDWARD YOUNGE.

'TIS nobly done thus to enrich the stage,
And raise the thoughts of a degen'rate age;
To shew how endless joys from freedom spring,
How life in bondage is a worthless thing.
The inborn greatness of your soul we view,
You tread the paths frequented by the few;
With so much strength you write and so much ease,
Virtue and sense! how durst you hope to please?
Yet crowds the sentiments of ev'ry line
Impartial clap'd, and own'd the work divine.
Ev'n the sour critics, who malicious came,
Eager to censure, and resolv'd to blame,
Finding the hero regularly rise,
Great while he lives, but greater when he dies,
Sullen approv'd, too obstinate to melt,
And sicken'd with the pleasures which they felt.
Not so the fair their passions secret kept,
Silent they heard, but as they heard, they wept;
When gloriously the blooming *Marcus* dy'd,
And *Cato* told the Gods, *I'm satisfied*.

See! how your lays the *British* youth inflame!
They long to shoot and ripen into fame,
Applauding theatres disturb their rest,
And unborn *Catos* heave in ev'ry breast;
Their nightly dreams, their daily thoughts repeat,
And pulses high with fancy'd glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the *Marathonian* spoils,
The young *Themistocles* vow'd equal toils;
Did then his schemes of future honours draw
From the long triumphs which with tears he saw.

How shall I your unrival'd worth proclaim,
Lost in the spreading circle of your fame!
We saw you the great *William's* praise rehearse,
And paint *Britannia's* joys in *Roman* verse.

We heard at distance, soft enchanting strains,
 From blooming mountains, and *Italian* plains.
Virgil began in *English* dress to shine,
 His voice, his looks, his grandeur still divine:
 From him too soon unfriendly you withdrew,
 But brought the tuneful *Ovid* to our view.
 Then the delightful theme of ev'ry tongue,
 Th' immortal *Marlb'rough* was your darling song.
 From clime to clime the mighty victor flew,
 From clime to clime as swiftly you pursue.
 Still with the hero's glow'd the poet's flame,
 Still with his conquests you enlarg'd your fame.
 With boundless raptures here the muse could swell,
 And on your *Rosamond* for ever dwell:
 'There opening sweets, and ev'ry fragrant flow'r
 Luxuriant smile, a never fading bow'r!
 Next, human follies kindly to expose,
 You change from numbers, but not sink in prose:
 Whether in visionary scenes you play,
 Refine our tastes, or laugh our crimes away.
 Now, by the buskin'd muse you shine confess'd,
 'The patriot kindles in the poet's breast.
 Such energy of sense might pleasure raise,
 'Tho' unembellish'd with the charms of phrase:
 Such charms of phrase would with success be crown'd,
 'Tho' nonsense flow'd in the melodious sound.
 'The chastest virgin needs no blushes fear,
 'The learn'd themselves, not uninstructed, hear.
 'The libertine, in pleasures us'd to roll,
 And idly sport with an immortal soul,
 Here comes, and by the virtuous heathen taught,
 Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful thought.

Whene'er you traverse vast *Numidia's* plains,
 What sluggish *Briton* in his isle remains?
 When *Juba* seeks the tiger with delight,
 We beat the thicket, and provoke the fight;
 By the description warm'd, we fondly sweat,
 And in the chilling east wind pant with heat.
 What eyes behold not, how the stream refines,
 'Till by degrees the floating mirror shines?

While

While hurricanes *in circling eddies play*,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away,
 We shrink with horror, and confess our fear,
 And all the sudden sounding ruin hear.
 When purple robes, distain'd with blood, deceive,
 And make poor *Marcia* beautifully grieve;
 When she her secret thoughts no more conceals,
 Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals;
 Well may the prince exult with noble pride,
 Not for his *Libyan* crown, but *Roman* bride.

But I in vain on single features dwell,
 While all the parts of the fair piece excel.
 So rich the store, so dubious is the feast,
 We know not which to pass, or which to taste.
 The shining incidents so justly fall,
 We may the whole new scenes of transport call.
 Thus jewellers confound our wand'ring eyes,
 And with variety of gems surprize:
 Here *sapphires*, here the *Sardian* stone is seen,
 The topaz yellow, and the jasper green.
 The costly brilliant there, confus'dly bright,
 From num'rous surfaces darts trembling light:
 The diff'rent colours mingle in a blaze,
 Silent we stand, unable where to praise,
 In pleasure sweetly lost ten thousand ways.

*Trinity-College,
 Cambridge.*

L. EUSDEN.

TOO long hath love engross'd *Britannia's* stage,
 And sung to softness all our tragic rage:
 By that alone did empires fall or rise,
 And fate depended on a fair one's eyes:
 The sweet infection, mix'd with dang'rous art,
 Debas'd our manhood, while it sooth'd the heart.
 You scorn to raise a grief yourself must blame,
 Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame;
 A patriot's fall must justly melt the mind,
 And tears flow nobly, shed for all mankind.

How do our souls with gen'rous pleasure glow!
 Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
 When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight
 Of all his suff'rings, venerably great;
Rome's poor remains still shelt'ring by his side,
 With conscious virtue, and becoming pride.

The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
 His sap exhausted, and his branches bare;
 'Midst storms and earthquakes he maintains his state,
 Fixt deep in earth, and fasten'd by his weight:
 His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
 And his old trunk projects an awful shade.

Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
 Our patriots sadden at his glorious woes,
 Awhile they let the world's great bus'ness wait,
 Anxious for *Rome*, and sigh for *Cato's* fate.
 Here taught how ancient heroes rose to fame,
 Our *Britons* crowd, and catch the *Roman* flame:
 Where states and senates well might lend an ear,
 And kings and priests without a blush appear.

France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,
 Now first pays homage to her rival's stage;
 Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit,
 Alike to *British* arms, and *British* wit:
 No more she'll wonder, (forc'd to do us right,)
 Who think like *Romans*, could like *Romans* fight.

Thy *Oxford* smiles this glorious work to see,
 And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.
 The senates, consuls, and the Gods of *Rome*,
 Like old acquaintance at their native home,
 In thee we find: each deed, each word express'd,
 And ev'ry thought that swell'd a *Roman* breast.
 We trace each hint that could thy soul inspire,
 With *Virgil's* judgment, and with *Lucan's* fire:
 We know thy worth, and give us leave to boast,
 We most admire, because we know thee most.

Queen's-College,
Oxon.

THO. TICKELL.

SIR,

S I R,

WHEN your gen'rous labour first I view'd,
 And *Cato's* hands in his own blood embu'd,
 That scene of death so terrible appears,
 My soul could only thank you with her tears.
 Yet with such wondrous art your skilful hand
 Does all the passions of the soul command,
 That ev'n my grief to praise and wonder turn'd,
 And envy'd the great death which first I mourn'd.

What pen, but yours, could draw the doubtful strife
 Of honour struggling with the love of life?
 Describe the patriot, obstinately good,
 As hov'ring o'er eternity he stood:
 The wide, th' unbounded ocean lay before
 His piercing sight, and Heav'n the distant shore,
 Secure of endless bliss, with fearless eyes,
 He grasps the dagger, and its point defies,
 And rushes out of life to snatch the glorious prize.

How would old *Rome* rejoice to hear you tell
 How just her patriot liv'd, how great he fell!
 Recount his wondrous probity and truth,
 And form new *Jubas* in the *British* youth.
 Their gen'rous souls, when he resigns his breath,
 Are pleas'd with ruin, and in love with death;
 And when her conqu'ring sword *Britannia* draws,
 Resolve to perish, or defend her cause.
 Now first on *Albion's* theatre we see
 A perfect image of what man should be;
 The glorious character is now express'd,
 Of virtue dwelling in a human breast,
 Drawn at full length by your immortal lines,
 In *Cato's* soul, as in her Heav'n, she shines.

All Souls College, *DIGBY COTES.*
Oxon.

Left with the Printer by an unknown Hand.

NOW we may speak, since *Cato* speaks no more ;
 'Tis praise at length, 'twas rapture all before ;
 When crouded theatres with *Io*'s rung,
 Sent to the skies, from whence thy genius sprung ;
 Ev'n civil rage a-while in thine was lost,
 And factions strove but to applaud thee most ;
 Nor could enjoyment pall our longing taste,
 But ev'ry night was dearer than the last.

As when old *Rome*, in a malignant hour
 Depriv'd of some returning conqueror,
 Her debt of triumph to the dead discharg'd,
 For fame, for treasure, and her bounds enlarg'd ;
 And while his godlike figure mov'd along,
 Alternate passions fir'd th' adoring throng ;
 Tears flow'd from ev'ry eye, and shouts from ev'ry
 tongue :

So in thy pompous lines has *Cato* far'd,
 Grac'd with an ample, though a late reward :
 A greater victor we in him revere ;
 A nobler triumph crowns his image here.

With wonder, as with pleasure, we survey
 A theme so scanty wrought into a play ;
 So vast a pile on such foundations plac'd :
 Like *Ammon*'s temple rear'd on *Libya*'s waste :
 Behold its glowing paint ! its easy weight !
 Its nice proportions ! and stupendous height !
 How chaste the conduct ! how divine the rage !
 A *Roman* worthy on a *Grecian* stage !

But where shall *Cato*'s praise begin or end ;
 Inclined to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
 The firmest patriot, and the gentlest friend ?
 How great his genius when the traitor crowd
 Ready to strike the blow their fury vow'd ;
 Quell'd by his look, and list'ning to his lore,
 Learn, like his passions, to rebel no more !

When,

When, lavish of his boiling blood, to prove
 The cure of slavish life, and slighted love,
 Brave *Marcus* new in early death appears,
 While *Cato* counts his wounds, and not his years;
 Who checking private grief, the public mourns,
 Commands the pity he so greatly scorns.
 But when he strikes (to crown his gen'rous part)
 That honest, staunch, impracticable heart;
 No tears, no sobs pursue his panting breath;
 The dying *Roman* shames the pomp of death.

O sacred freedom, which the powers bestow
 To season blessings, and to soften woe;
 Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
 The toil of ages, and the crown of wars:
 If, taught by thee, the poet's wit has flow'd
 In strains as precious as his hero's blood;
 Preserve those strains, an everlasting charm
 To keep that blood, and thy remembrance warm;
 Be this thy guardian image still secure,
 In vain shall force invade, or fraud allure;
 Our great *Palladium* shall perform its part,
 Fix'd and enshrined in ev'ry *British* heart.

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd;
 And the true poet is a public good.
 This *Britain* feels, while, by your lines inspir'd,
 Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
 In *Rome* had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
 Inflam'd her senate, and upheld her laws;
 Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
 And giv'n the just success to *Cato's* sword;
 O'er *Cæsar's* arms your genius had prevail'd;
 And the muse triumph'd where the patriot fail'd.

AMB. PHILLIPS.

P R O L O G U E.

*To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
 To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
 For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream through every age;
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The hero's glory or the virgin's love;
 In pitying love we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
 He bids our breasts with ancient ardour rise,
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes,
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and God-like Cato was:
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys;
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state!
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
 Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
 Who bears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
 Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state,
 As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
 The triumph'd ceas'd—tears gush'd from every eye,
 The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
 And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.*

*Britons attend: Be worth like this approv'd,
 And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
 With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd.*

*Our scenes precariously subsist too long
On French translation and Italian song,
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage,
Such Plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

	M	E	N.	AT COVENT GARDEN.
Cato,	—	—	—	Mr. SHERIDAN.
Lucius,	}	Senators,	—	Mr. L'ESTRANGE.
Sempronius,			—	Mr. CLARKE.
Juba, <i>Prince of Numidia,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Syphax, <i>General of the Numidians,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. HULL.
Portius,	}	<i>Sons of Cato,</i>	—	Mr. AIKIN.
Marcus,			—	Mr. LEWIS.
Decius, <i>Ambassador from Cæsar,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. FEARON.

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

W O M E N.

Marcia, <i>Daughter to Cato,</i>	—	—	Mrs. HARTLEY.
Lucia, <i>Daughter to Lucius,</i>	—	—	Mrs. JACKSON.

SCENE, *A large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica.*

C A T O.

A C T I.

Enter Portius and Marcus.

Por. **T**HE dawn is over-cast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of *Cato* and of *Rome* — our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war;
And close the scene of blood. Already *Cæsar*
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havock does ambition make
Among your works!

Marc. Thy steady temper, *Portius*,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud and *Cæsar*,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortur'd, ev'n to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: ev'ry time he's nam'd
Pharsalia rises to my view! — I see
Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field,
Strew'd with *Rome's* citizens, and drench'd in slaughter,
His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood!
O *Portius*! is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of Heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

Por. Believe me, *Marcus*, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envy'd;
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,

Break

Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
 His suff'rings shine, and spread a glory round him;
 Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
 Of honour, virtue, liberty, and *Rome*.
 His sword ne'er fell, but on the guilty head;
 Oppression, tyranny, and pow'r usurp'd,
 Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

Marc. Who knows not this? But what can *Cato* do
 Against a world, a base, degen'rate world,
 That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to *Cæsar*?
 Pent up in *Utica*, he vainly forms
 A poor epitome of *Roman* greatness,
 And, cover'd with *Numidian* guards, directs
 A feeble army, and an empty senate,
 Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
 By Heav'n, such virtues, join'd with such success,
 Distracts my very soul: our father's fortune
 Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Por. Remember what our father oft has told us:
 The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,
 Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
 Our understanding traces them in vain,
 Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
 Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
 Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Marc. These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
 O *Portius*, didst thou taste but half the griefs
 That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.
 Passion unpitied, and successless love,
 Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
 My other griefs. Were but my *Lucia* kind—

Por. Thou seest not that thy brother is thy rival;
 But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [Aside.]
 Now, *Marcus*, now thy virtue's on the proof:
 Put forth thy utmost strength, work ev'ry nerve,
 And call up all thy father in thy soul:
 To quell the tyrant, love, and guard thy heart
 On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
 Would be a conquest worthy *Cato's* son.

Marc. *Portius*, the counsel which I cannot take,
 Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.

Bid

Bid me for honour plunge into a war
 Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
 Then shalt thou see that *Marcus* is not slow
 To follow glory, and confess his father.
 Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
 In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness;
 'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
 Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulse,
 I feel it here: my resolution melts—

Por. Behold young *Juba*, the *Numidian* prince,
 With how much care he forms himself to glory,
 And breaks the fierceness of his native temper,
 To copy out our father's bright example.
 He loves our sister *Marcia*, greatly loves her;
 'His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it;'—
 But still the smother'd fondness burns within him;
 'When most it swells, and labours for a vent,'
 The sense of honour, and desire of fame
 Drive the big passion back into his heart.
 What! shall an *African*, shall *Juba's* heir,
 Reproach great *Cato's* son, and shew the world
 A virtue wanting in a *Roman* soul!

Marc. Portius, no more! your words leave stings behind 'em.

Whene'er did *Juba*, or did *Portius*, shew
 A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
 And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

Por. Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well;
 Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
 It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

Marc. A brother's suff'rings claim a brother's pity.

Por. Heav'n knows I pity thee. Behold my eyes
 Ev'n whilst I speak—do they not swim in tears?
 Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

Marc. Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
 Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?

Por. O *Marcus*! did I know the way to ease
 Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,

Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marc. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!
 Pardon

Pardon a weak, distemper'd soul, that swells
 With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
 The sport of passions. But *Sempronius* comes :
 He must not find this softness hanging on me. [*Ex. Mar.*

Enter Sempronius.

Sem. Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
 Than executed. What means *Portius* here ?
 I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
 And speak a language foreign to my heart. [*Aside.*
 Good-morrow, *Portius* ; let us once embrace,
 Once more embrace, while yet we both are free.
 To-morrow, should we thus express our friendship,
 Each might receive a slave into his arms.
 This sun, perhaps, this morning sun's the last,
 That e'er shall rise on *Roman* liberty.

Por. My father has this morning call'd together
 To this poor hall, his little *Roman* senate,
 (The leavings of *Pharsalia*) to consult
 If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
 That bears down *Rome*, and all her gods before it,
 Or must at length give up the world to *Cæsar*.

Sem. Not all the pomp and majesty of *Rome*
 Can raise her senate more than *Cato's* presence.
 His virtues render our assembly awful,
 They strike with something like religious fear,
 And make ev'n *Cæsar* tremble at the head
 Of armies flush'd with conquest. O my *Portius*,
 Could I but call that wond'rous man my father,
 Would but thy sister *Marcia* be propitious
 To thy friend's vows, I might be blest'd indeed !

Por. Alas, *Sempronius* ! wouldst thou talk of love
 To *Marcia*, whilst her father's life's in danger ;
 Thou might'st as well court the pale, trembling vestal,
 When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

Sem. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
 The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my
 The world has all its eyes on *Cato's* son ; [*Portius* ;
 Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
 And shews thee in the fairest point of light,
 To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.

Por.

Por. Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring here
On this important hour—I'll straight away,
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate, to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldiers drooping courage
With love of freedom, and contempt of life;
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's *Roman* in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, *Sempronius*, we'll deserve it. [Exit.

Sem. Curse on the stripling! how he apes his fire!
Ambitiously sententious—But I wonder
Old *Syphax* comes not: his *Numidian* genius
Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spur'd,
And ev'ry moment quicken'd to the course.
—*Cato* has us'd me ill: he has refus'd
His daughter *Marcia* to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruin'd cause,
Are bars to my ambition. *Cæsar's* favour,
'That show'rs down greatness on his friends, will raise me
'To *Rome's* first honours. If I give up *Cato*,
I claim, in my reward, his captive daughter.
But *Syphax* comes——

Enter *Syphax*.

Sy. Sempronius, all is ready;
I've founded my *Numidians*, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of *Cato's* discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.

Semp. Believe me, *Syphax*, there's no time to waste;
Ev'n whilst we speak our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us ev'ry moment.
Alas! thou know'st not *Cæsar's* active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war. In vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all; victorious in his march,
The *Alps* and *Pyreneans* sink before him;
'Through winds and waves, and storms he works his way,
Impatient for the battle; one day more

Will

Will set the victor thund'ring at our gates.
 But, tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young *Juba*!
 That still would recommend thee more to *Cæsar*,
 And challenge better terms.

Sy. Alas, he's lost!
 He's lost, *Sempronius*; all his thoughts are full
 Of *Cato's* virtues—But I'll try once more,
 (For ev'ry instant I expect him here)
 If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
 Of faith and honour, and I know not what,
 That have corrupted his *Numidian* temper,
 And struck th' infection into all his soul.

Sem. Be sure to press upon him ev'ry motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
 Would give up *Africk* into *Cæsar's* hands,
 And make him lord of half the burning zone.

Sy. But is it true, *Sempronius*, that your senate
 Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious;
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
 Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

Sem. Let me alone, good *Syphax*, I'll conceal
 My thoughts in passion, ('tis the surest way;)
 I'll bellow out for *Rome*, and for my country,
 And mouthe at *Cæsar*, 'till I shake the senate.
 Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
 A worn-out trick: would'st thou be thought in earnest,
 Cloath thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

Sy. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
 And teach the wily *African* deceit.

Sem. Once more be sure to try thy skill on *Juba*.
 Mean while I'll hasten to my *Roman* soldiers,
 In flame the mutiny, and underhand
 Blow up their discontents, 'till they break out
 Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on *Cato*.
 Remember, *Syphax*, we must work in haste:
 Oh, think what anxious moments pass between
 The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
 Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
 Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
 Destruction hangs on ev'ry word we speak,
 On ev'ry thought, 'till the concluding stroke

Deter-

Determines all, and closes our design.

[Exit.

Sy. I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason
This headstrong youth, and make him spurn at *Cato*.
The time is short; *Cæsar* comes rushing on us—
But hold! young *Juba* sees me, and approaches.

Enter *Juba*.

Jub. *Syphax*, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent.
Then tell me, *Syphax*, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

Sy. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart;
I have not yet so much the *Roman* in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms
Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of *Afric*,
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the *Roman* name?

Sy. Gods! where's the worth that sets these people up
Above her own *Numidia*'s tawny sons?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a *Roman* arm?
Who like our active *African* instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Laden with war? These, these are arts, my prince,
In which your *Zama* does not stoop to *Rome*.

Jub. These all are virtues of a meaner rank;
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A *Roman* soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude, unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man:
To cultivate the wild, licentious savage,
With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts;

The

The embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Sy. Patience, kind Heav'ns—excuse an old man's
warmth.

What are these wond'rous civilizing arts,
This *Roman* polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue:
In short to change us into other creatures
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

Jub. To strike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to *Cato*;
There may'st thou see to what a god-like height
The *Roman* virtues lift up mortal man,
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
' Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
' He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat,'
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Sy. Believe me, prince, there's not an *African*
That traverses our vast *Numidian* desarts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night,
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock 'till morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Jub. Thy prejudices, *Syphax*, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.

' But grant that others could with equal glory

' Look

' Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense,
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like *Cato* ?
' Heav'ns ! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
' He triumphs in the midst of all his suff'rings !'
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the Gods that throw the weight upon him !

Sy. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul ;
I think the *Romans* call it *Stoicism*.

Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of *Roman* virtue, and of *Cato's* cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand inglorious :
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On *Afric* sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
'To gorge the wolves and vultures of *Numidia*.

Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh ?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Sy. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills !

Jub. What wouldst thou have me do ?

Sy. Abandon *Cato*.

Jub. *Syphax*, I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.

Sy. Aye, there's the tie that binds you !
You long to call him father. *Marcia's* charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for *Cato*.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

Jub. *Syphax*, your zeal becomes importunate ;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large ; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

Sy. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead ! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
' The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,'
Which you drew from him in your last farewell ?
Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim-full of tears) then sighing, cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son !——His grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

Jub.

Jub. Alas! thy story melts away my soul;
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him?

Sy. By laying up his counsels in your heart.

Jub. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions;
Then, *Syphax*, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

Sy. Alas! my prince, I'd guide you to your safety.

Jub. I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me how?

Sy. Fly from the fate that follows *Cæsar's* foes.

Jub. My father scorn'd to do it.

Sy. And therefore dy'd.

Jub. Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

Sy. Rather say your love.

Jub. *Syphax*, I've promis'd to preserve my temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

Sy. Believe me, prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force.

Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of *Zama's* royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks;
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the *North*.

Jub. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous *Marcia* tow'rs above her sex:
True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!),
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners; *Cato's* soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles

Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtue.

Sy. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
But on my knees I beg you would consider——

Jub. Hah! *Syphax*, is't not she?—She moves this
way:

And with her *Lucia*, *Lucius*'s fair daughter.

My heart beats thick—I pr'ythee, *Syphax*, leave me.

Sy. Ten thousand curses fasten on 'em both!

Now will this woman, with a single glance,
Undo what I've been lab'ring all this while.

[*Exit Syphax.*]

Enter Marcia and Lucia.

Jub. Hail, charming maid! how does thy beauty
smooth

The face of war, and make ev'n horror smile!

At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;

I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,

And for a while forget th' approach of *Cæsar*.

Mar. I should be griev'd, young prince, to think my
presence

Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to arms,

While warm with slaughter, our victorious foe

Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Jub. O *Marcia*, let me hope thy kind concerns

And gentle wishes follow me to battle!

The thought will give new vigour to my arm,

Add strength and weight to my descending sword,

And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

Mar. My pray'rs and wishes always shall attend

The friends of *Rome*, the glorious cause of virtue,

And men approv'd of by the gods and *Cato*.

Jub. That *Juba* may deserve thy pious cares,

I'll gaze for ever on thy god-like father,

Transplanting, one by one, into my life,

His bright perfections, 'till I shine like him.

Mar. My father never at a time like this,

Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste

Such precious moments.

Jub. Thy reproofs are just,

Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops,

B

And

And fire their languid souls with *Cato's* virtue.
 If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
 The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
 And dreadful pomp; then will I think on thee,
 O lovely maid! then will I think on thee.
 And in the shock of charging hosts, remember
 What glorious deeds should grace the man, who hopes
 For *Marcia's* love. [Exit Juba.]

Luc. *Marcia*, you're too severe:
 How cou'd you chide the young good-natur'd prince,
 And drive him from you with so stern an air.
 A prince that loves and doats on you to death?
Mar. 'Tis therefore, *Lucia*, that I chide him from me.
 His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul,
 Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
 I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
 And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

Mar. How, *Lucia*! wouldst thou have me sink away
 In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
 When ev'ry moment *Cato's* life's at stake?
Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
 And aims his thunder at my father's head.
 Should not the sad occasion swallow up
 My other cares, 'and draw them all into it?'

Luc. Why have not I this constancy of mind,
 Who have so many griefs to try its force!
 Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
 Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
 And sunk me ev'n below my own weak sex:
 Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

Mar. *Lucia*, disburthen all thy cares on me,
 And let me share thy most retir'd distress.
 Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
 They're *Marcia's* brothers, and the sons of *Cato*.

Mar. They both behold thee with their sister's eyes,
 And often have reveal'd their passion to me.

'But tell me, whose address thou fav'rest most?

'I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

'*Luc.* Which is it *Marcia* wishes for?

‘ *Mar.* For neither——

‘ And yet for both—The youths have equal share

‘ In *Marcia*’s wishes, and divide their sister:’

But tell me which of them is *Lucia*’s choice?

‘ *Luc. Marcia*, they both are high in my esteem,

‘ But in my love—Why wilt thou make me name him!

‘ Thou know’st it is a blind and foolish passion,

‘ Pleas’d and disgusted with it knows not what—

‘ *Mar.* O *Lucia*, I’m perplex’d, Oh, tell me which

‘ I must hereafter call my happy brother?’

Luc. Suppose ’twere *Portius*, could you blame my choice?

——O *Portius*, thou hast stol’n away my soul!

‘ With what a graceful tenderness he loves!

‘ And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!

‘ Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness,

‘ Dwell ever on his tongue, and smoothe his thoughts.’

Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints

Have so much earnestness and passion in them,

I hear him with a secret kind of horror,

And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Mar. Alas, poor youth! ‘ how canst thou throw him from thee?

‘ *Lucia*, thou know’st not half the love he bears thee?

‘ Whene’er he speaks of thee, his heart’s in flames,

‘ He sends out all his soul in ev’ry word,

‘ And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.

‘ Unhappy youth!’ How will thy coldness raise

Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!

I dread the consequence.

Luc. You seem to plead

Against your brother *Portius*.

Mar. Heav’n forbid!

Had *Portius* been the unsuccessful lover,

The same compassion would have fall’n on him.

Luc. Was ever virgin love distressed like mine!

Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,

As if he mourn’d his rival’s ill success,

Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,

Nor shew which way it turns. So much he fears!

The sad effects that it will have on *Marcus*.

‘ *Mar.* He knows too well how easily he’s fir’d,
 ‘ And wou’d not plunge his brother in despair,
 ‘ But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

‘ *Luc.* Alas, too late I find myself involv’d
 ‘ In endless griefs, and labyrinths of woe,
 ‘ Born to afflict my *Marcia*’s family,
 ‘ And sow dissention in the hearts of brothers.
 ‘ Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.’

Mar. Let us not, *Lucia*, aggravate our sorrows,
 But to the gods submit th’ event of things.
 Our lives, discolour’d with our present woes,
 May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
 Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
 Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines,
 ‘Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
 Reflects each flow’r that on the border grows,
 And a new heav’n in its fair bosom shows. [Exeunt.

A C T II.

SCENE, the Senate. *Lucius, Sempronius, and
 Senators.*

Sem. **R**OME still survives in this assembled senate!
 Let us remember we are *Cato*’s friends,
 And act like men who claim that glorious title.

Luc. *Cato* will soon be here, and open to us
 Th’ occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!

[A sound of trumpets.

May all the guardian gods of *Rome* direct him!

Enter Cato.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council;
Cæsar’s approach has summon’d us together,
 And *Rome* attends her fate from our resolves.
 How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
 Success still follows him, and backs his crimes;
Pharsalia gave him *Rome*, *Egypt* has since
 Receiv’d his yoke, and the whole *Nile* is *Cæsar*’s.

Why

Why should I mention *Juba's* overthrow,
 And *Scipio's* death? *Numidia's* burning sands
 Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
 What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
 And envies us even *Lybia's* sultry deserts.
 Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they still fix'd
 To hold it out and fight it to the last?
 Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought
 By time, and ill success, to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

Sem. My voice is still for war.
 Gods! can a *Roman* senate long debate
 Which of the two to choose, slav'ry or death?
 No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
 And at the head of our remaining troops,
 Attack the foe, break through the thick array
 Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
 Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis *Rome* demands your help;
 Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
 Or share their fate! the corps of half her senate
 Manure the fields of *Thessaly*, while we
 Sit here deliberating in cold debates,
 If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
 Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of *Pharsalia*
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
 Great *Pompey's* shade complains that we are slow;
 And *Scipio's* ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us.

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
 Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
 True fortitude is seen in great exploits
 That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides,
 All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
 Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
 In *Rome's* defence intrusted to our care?
 Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
 Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
 We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
 To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Luc. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
 Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
 With widows and with orphans : *Scythia* mourns
 Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
 Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of *Rome* :
 'Tis time to sheathe the sword, and spare mankind.
 It is not *Cæsar*, but the gods, my fathers,
 The gods declare against us, and repel
 Our vain attempts. ' To urge the foe to battle,
 ' (Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
 ' Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
 ' And not to rest in Heav'n's determination.'
 Already have we shewn our love to *Rome*,
 Now let us shew submission to the gods.
 We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
 But free the commonwealth ; when this end fails,
 Arms have no farther use. Our country's cause,
 That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,
 And bids us not delight in *Roman* blood
 Unprofitably shed. What men could do,
 Is done already : Heav'n and earth will witness,
 If *Rome* must fall, that we are innocent.

' *Sem.* This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour, oft
 ' Conceal a traitor——something whispers me
 ' All is not right—*Cato*, beware of *Lucius*.

[*Aside to Cato.*]

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident ;
 Immod'rate valour swells into a fault ;
 And fear admitted into public councils
 Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
 Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
 Are grown thus desp'rate ; we have bulwarks round us ;
 Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
 In *Afric's* heat, and season'd to the sun ;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
 Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
 While there is hope, do not distrust the gods :
 But wait at least 'till *Cæsar's* near approach
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
 To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.

Why

Why should *Rome* fall a moment ere her time?
 No, let us draw her term of freedom out
 In its full length, and spin it to the last,
 So shall we gain still one day's liberty:
 And let me perish, but in *Cato's* judgment,
 A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
 Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Mar. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,
 Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arriv'd
 From *Cæsar's* camp, and with him comes old *Decius*,
 The *Roman* knight; he carries in his looks
 Impatience, and demands to speak with *Cato*.

Cato. By your permission, fathers——bid him enter.

[*Exit Marcus.*]

Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
 Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to *Cæsar*.
 His message may determine our resolves.

Enter Decius.

Dec. *Cæsar* sends health to *Cato*——

Cato. Cou'd he send it

To *Cato's* slaughter'd friends it would be welcome.
 Are not your orders to address the senate?

Dec. My business is with *Cato*; *Cæsar* sees
 The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of *Rome*.
 Wou'd he save *Cato*, bid him spare his country.
 Tell your dictator this; and tell him, *Cato*
 Disdains a life, which he has power to offer.

Dec. *Rome* and her senators submit to *Cæsar*;
 Her gen'als and her consuls are no more,
 Who check'd his conquests, and deny'd his triumphs.
 Why will not *Cato* be this *Cæsar's* friend?

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urg'd forbid it.

Dec. *Cato*, I've orders to expostulate,
 And reason with you, as from friend to friend:
 Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
 And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it;
 Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
 Do but comply, and make your peace with *Cæsar*,

Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on *Cato*,
As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more:

I must not think of life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life.
Let him but know the price of *Cato's* friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a *Roman* senate.
Bid him do this, and *Cato* is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

Cato. Nay, more, tho' *Cato's* voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this, becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style, like this, becomes a *Roman*.

Dec. What is a *Roman*, that is *Cæsar's* foe?

Cato. Greater than *Cæsar*: he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, *Cato*, you're in *Utica*,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of *Rome* to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that, who drives us hither;
'Tis *Cæsar's* sword has made *Rome's* senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Did'st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Shou'd never buy me to be like that *Cæsar*.

Dec. Does *Cato* send this answer back to *Cæsar*,
For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:

Prefump-

Presumptuous man! the gods take care of *Cato*.
 Wou'd *Cæsar* shew the greatness of his soul,
 Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
 And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r;
 By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
 You are a man, you rush on your destruction.
 But I have done. When I relate hereafter
 The tale of this unhappy embassy,
 All *Rome* will be in tears. [Exit *Decius*.

Sem. *Cato*, we thank thee.
 The mighty genius of immortal *Rome*
 Speaks in thy voice; thy soul breathes liberty.
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
 And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

Luc. The senate owns its gratitude to *Cato*,
 Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
 And guards our lives while he neglects his own.

Sem. *Sempronius* gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
 'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
 From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;
 'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
 Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
 Oh, could my dying hand but lodge a sword
 In *Cæsar*'s bosom, and revenge my country!
 By Heav'n's I could enjoy the pangs of death,
 And smile in agony.

Luc. Others, perhaps,
 May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
 Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

Sem. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
 In lukewarm patriots.

Cato. Come; no more, *Sempronius*,
 All here are friends to *Rome*, and to each other.
 Let us not weaken still the weaker side
 By our divisions.

Sem. *Cato*, my resentments
 Are sacrific'd to *Rome*—I stand reprov'd.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

Luc. *Cato*, we all go into your opinion,

B 5 *Cæsar's*

Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

Sem. We ought to hold it out 'till death; but, *Cato*,
My private voice is drown'd amidst the senate's.

Cato. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, *Roman* bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That Heav'n may say it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell—The young *Numidian* prince
Comes forward; and expects to know our counsels.

[*Exeunt senators.*]

Enter Juba.

Juba, the *Roman* senate has resolv'd,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on *Cæsar*.

Jub. The resolution fits a *Roman* senate.
But, *Cato*, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when some days before his death
He order'd me to march for *Utica*,
(Alas! I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, my son, said he,
Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be *Cato's* friend; he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds; do but observe him well,
'Thoult shun misfortunes, or thoult learn to bear 'em.

Cato. *Juba*, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But Heav'n thought otherwise,

Jub. My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face in *Cato's* great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

Jub. My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The kings of *Afric* fought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the *Nile*,
In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun;

Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of *Zama*.

Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

Juba. I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to *Cato*.

Had we not better leave this *Utica*,

To arm *Numidia* in our cause, and court

Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends ;

Did they know *Cato*, our remotest kings

Would pour embattled multitudes about him ;

Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,

Doubling the native horror of the war,

And making death more grim.

Cato. And can'st thou think

Cato will fly before the sword of *Cæsar* !

Reduc'd, like *Hannibal*, to seek relief

From court to court, and wander up and down

A vagabond in *Afric* ?

Jub. *Cato*, perhaps

I'm too officious ; but my forward cares

Wou'd fain preserve a life of so much value.

My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue

Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

Cato. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.

But know, young prince, that valour soars above

What the world calls misfortune and affliction.

These are not ills ; else would they never fall

On Heav'n's first fav'rites and the best of men.

The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,

That give mankind occasion to exert

Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice

Virtues which shun the day, and lie conceal'd

In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

Jub. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st ; I pant for
virtue ;

And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

Cato. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,

Laborious virtues all ? Learn them from *Cato* :

Success and fortune must thou learn from *Cæsar*.

Jub. The best good fortune that can fall on *Juba*,

The whole success at which my heart aspires,
Depends on *Cato*.

Cato. What does *Juba* say?

Thy words confound me.

Jub. I would fain retract them,
Give 'em me back again: they aim'd at nothing.

Cato. Tell me thy wish, young prince; make not my
A stranger to thy thoughts. [ear

Jub. Oh! they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

Cato. What can *Juba* ask
That *Cato* will refuse?

Jub. I fear to name it,
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.

Cato. What would'st thou say?

Jub. *Cato*, thou hast a daughter.

Cato. Adieu, young prince; I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem. Remember
'The hand of fate is over us, and Heav'n
Exacts severity from all our thoughts.
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death. [Exit

Enter Syphax.

Sy. How's this, my prince! What, cover'd with con-
You look as if yon stern philosopher [fusion?
Had just now chid you.

Jub. *Syphax*, I'm undone!

Sy. I know it well.

Jub. *Cato* thinks meanly of me.

Sy. And so will all mankind.

Jub. I've open'd to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for *Marcia*.

Sy. *Cato*'s a proper person to intrust
A love-tale with!

Jub. Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart. Was ever wretch like *Juba*?

Sy. Alas, my prince, how are you chang'd of late!
I've known young *Juba* rise before the sun,
To beat the thicket where the tyger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,

When

When first you rous'd him to the chace ! I've seen you,
 Ev'n in the *Lybian* dog-days, hunt him down,
 'Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
 Of fangs and claws, and, stooping from your horse,
 Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

Jub. Pr'ythee, no more.

Sy. How would the old king smile
 To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
 And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders !

Jub. *Syphax*, this old man's talk (tho' honey flow'd
 In ev'ry word) wou'd now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and *Marcia* lost for ever.

Sy. Young prince, I yet could give you good advice,
Marcia might still be yours.

Jub. What say'st thou, *Syphax* ?
 By Heav'n's, thou turn'st me all into attention.

Sy. *Marcia* might still be yours.

Jub. As how, dear *Syphax* ?

Sy. *Juba* commands *Numidia's* hardy troops,
 Mounted on steeds unus'd to the restraint
 Of curbs or bits, and fleetier than the winds.
 Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
 And bear her off.

Jub. Can such dishonest thoughts
 Rise up in man ? Would'st thou seduce my youth
 To do an act that would destroy my honour ?

Sy. Gods, I could tear my hair to hear you talk !
 Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
 That draws in raw and unexperienc'd men
 To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

Jub. Would'st thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian ?

Sy. The boasted ancestors of these great men,
 Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians.
 This dread of nations, this almighty *Rome*,
 That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
 All under Heav'n, was founded on a rape ;
 Your *Scipios*, *Cæsars*, *Pompeys*, and your *Catos*,
 (The gods on earth) are all the spurious brood
 Of violated maids, of ravish'd *Sabines*.

Jub. *Syphax*, I fear that hoary head of thine
 Abounds too much in our *Numidian* wiles.

Sy.

Sy. Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world.
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throes and swellings of a *Roman* soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

Jub. If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious;
May *Juba* ever live in ignorance!

Sy. Go, go; you're young.

Jub. Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! Thour't a traitor,
A false old traitor.

Sy. I have gone too far. [Aside.]

Jub. *Cato* shall know the baseness of thy soul.

Sy. I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [Aside.]
Young prince, behold these locks, that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

Jub. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

Sy. Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
—Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! [Aside.]

Jub. Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that *Numidia's* crown
Hangs doubtful yet whose head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?

Sy. Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?
Does not old *Syphax* follow you to war?
What are his aims? Why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
His wrinkled brows? What is it he aspires to?
Is it not this? to shed the flow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood in your defence?

Jub. *Syphax*, no more! I would not hear you talk.

Sy. Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to *Juba*,
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb;
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

Jub. Thou know'st the way too well into my heart.
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

Sy. What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd

To

To do an action which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love, at any price.

Jub. Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty.

Sy. And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor.

Jub. Sure thou mistak'st; I did not call thee so.

Sy. You did, indeed, my prince, you call'd me traitor.
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to *Cato*.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to *Cato*?
That *Syphax* loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay, more, his honour, in your service.

Jub. *Syphax*, I know thou lov'st me; but indeed
Thy zeal for *Juba* carry'd thee too far.

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

Sy. By Heav'n's,
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me!
Alas! I've hitherto been us'd to think
A blind officious zeal to serve my king
The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people who preserve their honour
By the same duties that oblige their prince.

Jub. *Syphax*, thou now begin'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations,
For breach of public vows. Our *Punic* faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.

Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

Sy. Believe me, prince, you make old *Syphax* weep,
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by *Cato*'s lectures.

Jub. *Syphax*, thy hand; we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age;
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

Sy.

Sy. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
My joy grows burdensome, I shan't support it.

Jub. *Syphax*, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In *Cato's* thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers. [*Exit.*]

Sy. Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both—A false old traitor!—
These words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine.—

Enter Sempronius.

All hail, *Sempronius*!

Well, *Cato's* senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege before it yields.

Sem. *Syphax*, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd
'To *Cato*, by a messenger from *Cæsar*.
Shou'd they submit ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in the gen'ral undistinguish'd ruin.

Sy. But how stands *Cato*?

Sem. Thou hast seen mount *Atlas*:
Whilst storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height:
Such is that haughty man; his tow'ring soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on *Cæsar*.

Sy. But what's this messenger?

Sem. I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That *Syphax* and *Sempronius* are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is *Juba* fix'd?

Sy. Yes—but it is to *Cato*.

I've try'd the force of every reason on him,
Sooth'd and carefs'd; been angry, sooth'd again;
Laid safety, life, and int'rest in his sight.
But all are vain, he scorns them all for *Cato*.

Sem.

Sem. Come, 'tis no matter; we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.

Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy *Juba's* cause, and wishest *Marcia* mine.

Sy. May she be thine as fast as thou would'st have her.

Sem. *Syphax*, I love that woman; tho' I curse
Her and myself, yet, spite of me, I love her.

Sy. Make *Cato* sure, and give up *Utica*,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.

But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

Sem. All, all his ready,
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers;
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.

Sy. Mean while I'll draw up my *Numidian* troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms.
And as I see occasion, favour thee.

I laugh to think how your unshaken *Cato*
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.

So, where our wide *Numidian* wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend.
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies.

[*Exeunt.* }

A C T III.

Enter Marcus and Portius.

Marc. **T**HANKS to my stars, I have not rang'd about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend ;
Nature first pointed out my *Portius* to me,
And early taught me, by her sacred force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit,
Till what was instinct, grew up into friendship.

Por. *Marcus*, the friendships of the world are oft
Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure ;
Ours has severest virtue for his basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

Marc. *Portius*, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness,
Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side.
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

Por. When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.

Marc. Alas ! thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul
That pants and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time :
Believe me, *Portius*, in my *Lucia's* absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden ;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone ; while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

Por. What can thy *Portius* do to give thee help ?

Marc. *Portius*, thou oft enjoy'st the fair-one's presence ;
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heat of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.

Tell

Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
 And fades away, and withers in his bloom ;
 That he forgets his sleep, and loaths his food,
 That youth, and health, and war are joyless to him :
 Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
 And all the torments that thou see'st me suffer.

Por. *Marcus*, I beg thee give me not an office
 That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes,
 And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
 To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows ?

Por. *Marcus*, thou can'st not ask what I'd refuse.
 But here, believe me, I've a thousand reasons——

Marc. I know thou'lt say my passion's out of season,
 That *Cato's* great example and misfortunes
 Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.
 But what's all this to one that loves like me ?
 O *Portius*, *Portius*, from my soul I wish
 Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love !
 Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.

Por. What should I do ! If I disclose my passion
 Our friendship's at an end ; if I conceal it,
 The world will call me false to a friend and brother.

[*Aside.*

Marc. But see where *Lucia*, at her wonted hour,
 Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
 Enjoys the noon-day breeze ! Observe her, *Portius* ;
 That face, that shape, those eyes, that heav'n of beauty !
 Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.

Por. She sees us, and advances ——

Marc. I'll withdraw,
 And leave you for a while. Remember, *Portius*,
 Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

[*Exit.*

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Did not I see your brother *Marcus* here ?
 Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence ?

Por. O *Lucia*, language is too faint to shew
 His rage of love ; it preys upon his life ;
 He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies :
 ' His passions and his virtues lie confus'd,
 ' And mixt together in so wild a tumult,

' That

• That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
 • Heavens! would one think 'twere possible for love
 • To make such ravage in a noble soul.'

O *Lucia*! I'm distress'd; my heart bleeds for him:
 Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
 A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
 And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smil'st upon me:

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock
 Of love and friendship? Think betimes, my *Portius*,
 Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
 Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
 Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

Por. Alas, poor youth! What dost thou think, my
 His gen'rous, open, undesigning heart [Lucia?
 Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him;
 Then do not strike him dead with a denial;
 But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
 With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
 Perhaps when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
 And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us——

Luc. No, *Portius*, no; I see thy sister's tears,
 Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
 In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves:

And, *Portius*, here I swear, to Heav'n I swear,
 To Heav'n and all the powers that judge mankind,
 Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
 While such a cloud of mischiefs hangs about us,
 But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
 From all my thoughts as far—as I am able.

Por. What hast thou said! I'm thunder-struck—recall
 Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

Luc. Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
 The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in Heav'n.
 May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
 On perjur'd heads o'erwhelm me, if I break it.

Por. Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,
 Like one just blasted by a stroke from Heav'n,
 Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
 In dreadful looks; a monument of wrath!

• *Luc.* At length I've acted my severest part,
 • I feel the woman breaking in upon me,

• And

' And melt about my heart ; my tears will flow.
 ' But oh, I'll think no more ! the hand of fate
 ' Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.
 ' *Por.* Hard-hearted cruel maid !
 ' *Luc.* Oh, stop those sounds,
 ' Those killing sounds ! Why dost thou frown upon me ?
 ' My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
 ' And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
 ' The gods forbid us to indulge our loves ;
 ' But oh ! I cannot bear thy hate, and live.
 ' *Por.* Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force.
 ' I've been deluded, led into a dream
 ' Of fancy'd bliss. O *Lucia*, cruel maid !
 ' Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
 ' In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do ?
 ' Quick let us part ! Perdition's in thy presence,
 ' And horror dwells about thee !—Ha ! she faints ?
 ' Wretch that I am, what has my rashness done !
 ' *Lucia*, thou injur'd innocence ! thou best
 ' And loveliest of thy sex ! awake, my *Lucia*,
 ' Or *Portius* rushes on his sword to join thee.
 ' —Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
 ' They shut not out society in death—
 ' But ah ! she moves, life wanders up and down
 ' Through all her face, and lights up ev'ry charm.
 ' *Luc.* O *Portius*, was this well—to frown on her
 ' That lives upon thy smiles ? To call in doubt
 ' The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
 ' That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd ?
 ' —What do I say ? my half-recover'd sense
 ' Forgets the vow in which my soul is bound.
 ' Destruction stands betwixt us ; we must part.
 ' *Por.* Name not the word, my frightened thoughts run
 ' And startle into madness at the sound.' [back,
 ' *Luc.* 'What wouldst thou have me do ? Consider well
 ' The train of ills our love would draw behind it.'
 Think, *Portius*, think thou seest thy dying brother
 Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
 Storming at Heav'n and thee ! Thy awful fire
 Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause,
 That robs him of his son : poor *Marcia* trembles,

Then

Then tears her hair, and frantic in her griefs,
Calls out on *Lucia*. What could *Lucia* answer,
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?

Por. To my confusion, and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
‘ The mist that hung about my mind, clears up;
‘ And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
‘ Has planted round thee, thou appear’st more fair,
‘ More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
‘ Loveliest of women! Heav’n is in thy soul;
‘ Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
‘ Bright’ning each other: thou art all divine.’

Luc. *Portius*, no more; thy words shoot thro’ my
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love, [heart,
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? Why swells thy soul with for-
It softens me too much—farewel, my *Portius*; [row?
Farewel, tho’ death is in the word,—for ever!

Por. Stay, *Lucia*, stay! What dost thou say? For ever?

Luc. Have I not sworn? If, *Portius*, thy success
Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewel—
Oh, how shall I repeat the word! for ever.

Por. ‘ Thus o’er the dying lamp th’ unsteady flame
‘ Hangs quiv’ring on a point, leaps off by fits,
‘ And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.’

—Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o’er thee,
And can’t get loose.

Luc. If the firm *Portius* shakes
To hear of parting, think what *Lucia* suffers!

Por. ’Tis true, unruffled and serene, I’ve met
The common accidents of life, but here
Such an unlook’d-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

Luc. What dost thou say? Not part!
Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made?
Are there not heav’ns, and gods, that thunder o’er us?
—But see thy brother *Marcus* bends this way:
I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewel,
Farewel, and know thou wrong’st me, if thou think’st
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine. [Exit. *Lucia*.
Enter

Enter Marcus.

Marc. *Portius*, what hopes? How stands she? Am I
To life or death? [doom'd

Por. What wouldst thou have me say?

Marc. What means this pensive posture? Thou ap-
Like one amaz'd and terrify'd. [pear'st

Por. I've reason.

Marc. Thy down-cast looks, and thy disorder'd
Tell me my fate. I ask not the success [thoughts,
My cause has found.

Por. I'm griev'd I undertook it.

Marc. What! does the barbarous maid insult my heart,
My aching heart, and triumph in my pains?
That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!

Por. Away, you're too suspicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

Marc. Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion, when 'tis void of love?
Fool that I was to choose so cold a friend
To urge my cause!—Compassionates my pains!
Pr'ythee what art, what rhet'ric didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon?—She pities me!
To one that asks the warm returns of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death—

Por. *Marcus*, no more; have I deserv'd this treatment?

Marc. What have I said! O *Portius*, Oh! forgive me;
A soul exasperated in ills falls out
With ev'ry thing, its friend, itself—but hah!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarm?

Por. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

Marc. Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!

Lucia, thou hast undone me; thy disdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.

Por. Quick, let us hence. Who knows if *Cato's* life
Stands sure? O *Marcus*, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Sempronius, with the Leaders of the Mutiny.

Sem. At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up [high,
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on *Cato's* head.

Mean while I'll herd among his friends, and seem
One of the number, that whate'er arrive,
My friends, and fellow-soldiers may be safe. [Exit.

1st Lead. We are all safe, *Sempronius* is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as *Cato*.

But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat down, and bind him fast.
This day will end our toils, and give us rest:
Fear nothing, for *Sempronius* is our friend,

*Re-enter Sempronius, with Cato, Lucius, Portius,
and Marcus.*

Cato. Where are these bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

Sem. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd. [Aside.

Cato. Perfidious men! And will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for *Rome*,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fir'd with such motives, you do well to join
With *Cato's* foes, and follow *Cæsar's* banners.
Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd asp's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day? Why could not *Cato* fall
Without your guilt! Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than *Cato*?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence!

Sem.

Sem. By Heav'n's they droop!
Confusion to the villains; all is lost. [*Aside.*]

Cato. Have you forgotten *Libya's* burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in ev'ry step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?

Sem. If some penurious source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to *Cato*,
Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him?
Did he not lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust? Did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats?

Cato. Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain
You could not undergo the toil of war, [*to Cæsar,*
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.

Luc. See, *Cato*, see the unhappy men; they weep!
Fear and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in ev'ry look, and plead for mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

Sem. *Cato*, commit these wretches to my care:
First let 'em each be broken on the rack,
Then with what life remains, impal'd and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake,
There let 'em hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and see their fellow traitors
Stuck on a fork, and black'ning in the sun.

Luc. *Sempronius*, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?

Sem. How! wouldst thou clear rebellion?
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders
That would imbrue their hands in *Cato's* blood.

Cato. Forbear, *Sempronius*!—see they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men;

Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.

Lucius, the base degen'rate age requires
Severity, and justice in its rigour:

This awes an impious, bold offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.

When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside.

Sem. *Cato*, I execute thy will with pleasure.

Cato. Meanwhile we'll sacrifice to liberty.

Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,

The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down,

From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,

(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood:)

Oh, let it never perish in your hands!

But piously transmit it to your children.

Do thou, great liberty, inspire our souls,

And make our lives in thy possession happy,

Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

[*Exeunt Cato, &c.*]

1st Leader. *Sempronius*, you have acted like yourself.

One would have thought you had been half in earnest.

Sem. Villain, stand off, base, grov'ling, worthless
wretches,

Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

2d. Lead. Nay, now you carry it too far, *Sempronius*;

Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.

Sem. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume

To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,

They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,

They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.

Here, take these factious monsters, drag 'em forth

To sudden death.

1st Lead. Nay, since it comes to this——

Sem. Dispatch 'em quick, but first pluck out their
tongues,

Left with their dying breath they sow sedition.

[*Exeunt Guards, with the Leaders.*]

Enter Syphax.

Sy. Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive:
Still there remains an after-game to play;

My

My troops are mounted ; their *Numidian* steeds
 Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert :
 Let but *Sempronius* head us in our flight,
 We'll force the gate where *Marcus* keeps his guard,
 And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
 A day will bring us into *Cæsar's* camp.

Sem. Confusion ! I have fail'd of half my purpose ;
Marcia, the charming *Marcia's* left behind !

Sy. How ! will *Sempronius* turn a woman's slave ?

Sem. Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
 Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.

Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
 And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion :
 When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

Sy. Well said ! that's spoken like thyself, *Sempronius*.
 What hinders, then, but that thou find her out,
 And hurry her away by manly force.

Sem. But how to gain admission ? For access
 Is given to none but *Juba*, and her brothers.

Sy. Thou shalt have *Juba's* dress, and *Juba's* guards,
 The doors will open when *Numidia's* prince
 Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

Sem. Heav'ns, what a thought is there ! *Marcia's* my
 How will my bosom swell with anxious joy, [own !
 When I behold her struggling in my arms,
 With glowing beauty, and disorder'd charms,
 While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
 Pant in her breast, and vary in her face !
 So *Pluto*, seiz'd of *Proserpine*, convey'd
 To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
 There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
 Nor envy'd *Jove* his sunshine and his skies. [Exeunt.

A C T IV.

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. **N**OW tell me, *Marcia*, tell me from thy soul,
 If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
 To suffer greater ills than *Lucia* suffers ?

C 2

Mar.

Mar. O *Lucia*, *Lucia*, might my big swollen heart,
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow;
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

Luc. I know thou'rt doom'd alike to be belov'd
By *Juba*, and thy father's friend *Sempronius* :
But which of these has power to charm like *Portius* !

Mar. Still I must beg thee not to name *Sempronius*,
Lucia, I like not that loud boist'rous man ;

Juba to all the brav'ry of a hero
Adds softest love and more than female sweetness ;
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of womankind, but *Marcia*, happy.

Luc. And why not, *Marcia* ? Come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

Mar. While *Cato* lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

Luc. But should this father give you to *Sempronius* ?

Mar. I dare not think he will : but if he should—
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures ?
I hear the sound of feet ! They march this way !
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger :
When love once pleads admission to our hearts
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast)

The woman that deliberates is lost. [Exeunt.

Enter *Sempronius*, dressed like *Juba*, with *Numidian*
Guards.

Sem. The deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to her co-
Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it [vert.
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.

Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.

— How will the young *Numidian* rave to see
His mistress lost ! If aught could glad my soul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,

'T would be to torture that young, gay barbarian.

— But hark, what noise ! Death to my hopes ! 'tis he,
'Tis *Juba*'s self ! there is but one way left—

He must be murder'd, and a passage cut

Through

Through those his guards—Hah, dastards, do you tremble!—

Or act like men, or by yon azure Heaven—

Enter Juba.

Jub. What do I see? Who's this, that dares usurp
The guards and habit of *Numidia's* prince?

Sem. One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth!

Jub. What can this mean? *Sempronius*?

Sem. My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

Jub. Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous
man. [*They fight, Sem. falls. His guards surrender.*]

Sem. Curse on my stars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand, disfigur'd in a vile

Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?

Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!

Oh, for a peal of thunder that would make

Earth, sea, and air, and Heav'n, and *Cato* tremble! [*Dies.*]

Jub. With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quiv'ring on the ground!

Hence let us carry off those slaves to *Cato*,

That we may there at length unravel all

This dark design, this mystery of fate.

[*Exit Juba, with prisoners, &c.*]

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,

It throbs with fear, and aches at every found.

O *Marcia*, should thy brothers for my sake!—

I die away with horror at the thought.

Mar. See, *Lucia*, see! here's blood! here's blood
and murder!

Hah! a *Numidian*! Heav'n preserve the prince!

The face lies muffled up within the garment,

But, hah! death to my sight! a diadem,

And royal robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!

' *Juba*, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd

' A virgin's heart,' *Juba* lies dead before us!

Luc. Now, *Marcia*, now call up to thy assistance

Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind,

Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.

Mar. *Lucia*, look there, and wonder at my patience ;
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted !

Luc. What can I think or say to give thee comfort ?

Mar. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills ;
Behold a fight that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter Juba listening.

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair ;
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

Jub. What do I hear ? And was the false *Sempronius*
That best of men ? Oh, had I fall'n like him,
And cou'd have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy.

Luc. Here will I stand companion in thy woes,
' And help thee with my tears ; when I behold
' A loss like thine, I half forget my own.'

Mar. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.
' This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
' Has nothing left to make poor *Marcia* happy.

Jub. I'm on the rack ! was he so near her heart ?

Mar. Oh, he was all made up of love and charms !
' Whatever maid could wish, or man admire :
' Delight of every eye ; when he appear'd,
' A secret pleasure gladden'd all that saw him ;
' But when talk'd, the proudest *Roman* blush'd
' To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.

Jub. I shall run mad ——

Mar. O *Juba* ! *Juba* ! *Juba* ! *[Aside.*

Jub. What means that voice ? Did she not call on
Juba ?

Mar. ' Why do I think on what he was ! he's dead !
' He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.'

Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst his agonies, remember'd *Marcia*,
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel !

Alas ! he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and *Juba* !

Jub. Where am I ? Do I live ? or am indeed
What *Marcia* thinks ? All is *Elysium* round me ! *[Aside.*

Mar. Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men,
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid
A last embrace, while thus ——

Jub.

Jub. See, *Marcia*, see [Throwing himself before her.
 'The happy *Juba* lives! He lives to catch
 'That dear embrace, and to return it too
 With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

Mar. With pleasure and amaze I stand transported!
 'Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
 If thou art *Juba*, who lies there?

Jub. A wretch;
 Disguis'd like *Juba* on a curs'd design.
 'The tale is long, nor have I heard it out:
 'Thy father knows it all.' I could not bear
 To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
 But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee;
 I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
 Am rapt with joy to see my *Marcia's* tears.

Mar. I've been surpris'd in an unguarded hour,
 But must not now go back; the love that lay
 Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
 Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre.
 I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

'*Jub.* I'm lost in extasy; and dost thou love,
 'Thou charming maid——

'*Mar.* And dost thou live to ask it?

'*Jub.* This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving,
 'Such life as *Juba* never felt it 'till now!

'*Mar.* Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
 'I did know myself how much I lov'd thee.

'*Jub.* O fortunate mistake!

'*Mar.* O happy *Marcia*!

Jub. My joy, my best belov'd, my only wish!
 How shall I speak the transport of my soul!

Mar. *Lucia*, thy arm. 'Oh, let me rest upon it!
 'The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,
 'Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
 'It quite o'ercomes me.' Lead to my apartment.—
 O prince! I blush to think what I have said,
 But fate has wrested the confession from me;
 Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour.
 Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
 And make the gods propitious to our love.

[*Exeunt Mar. and Luc.*

Jub. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
 Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
 Thy past unkindness: I absolve my stars.
 What tho' *Numidia* add her conquer'd towns
 And provinces to swell the victor's triumph,
Juba will never at his fate repine:
 Let *Cæsar* have the world, if *Marcia's* mine.

[Exit.

A march at a distance.

Enter Cato and Lucius.

Luc. I stand astonish'd! What, the bold *Sempronius*,
 That still broke foremost thro' the crowd of patriots,
 As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
 And virtuous even to madness—

Cato. Trust me, *Lucius*,
 Our civil discords have produc'd such crimes,
 Such monstrous crimes, I am surpriz'd at nothing.
 —O *Lucius*, I am sick of this bad world!
 The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter Portius.

But see where *Portius* comes: what means this haste?
 Why are thy looks thus chang'd?

Por. My heart is griev'd,
 I bring such news as will afflict my father.

Cato. Has *Cæsar* shed more Roman blood?

Por. Not so.

The traitor *Jyphax*, as within the square
 He exercis'd his troops, the signal given,
 Flew off at once with his *Numidian* horse.
 To the south gate, where *Marcus* holds the watch;
 I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain:
 He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
 He would not stay and perish like *Sempronius*.

Cato. Perfidious man! But haste, my son, and see
 Thy brother *Marcus* acts a Roman's part. [Exit *Por.*

—*Lucius*, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
 Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
 Is *Cæsar's*! *Cato* has no business in it.

Luc. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
 The world will still demand her *Cato's* presence.
 In pity to mankind submit to *Cæsar*,
 And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

Cato.

Cato. Would *Lucius* have me live to swell the number
Of *Cæsar's* slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of *Rome*, and own a tyrant?

Luc. The victor never will impose on *Cato*
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are *Cæsar's*.

Cato. Curse on his virtues! th' y've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treason——
But see young *Juba*; the good youth appears,
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects!

Luc. Alas, poor prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter Juba.

Jub. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, *Cato*.

Cato. What's thy crime?

Jub. I'm a *Numidian*.

Cato. And a brave one, too. Thou hast a *Roman* soul.

Jub. Hast thou not heard of my false countrymen?

Cato. Alas, young prince! falshood and fraud shoot up
in ev'ry foil,

The product of all climes—*Rome* has its *Cæsars*.

Jub. 'Tis generous thus to comfort the distress'd.

Cato. 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserv'd:
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

Jub. What shall I answer thee? 'My ravish'd heart
'O'erflows with secret joy:' I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O *Cato*, than *Numidia's* empire.

Enter Portius.

Por. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother *Marcus*——

Cato. Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? Has he giv'n way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

Por. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,

Till obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Opprest with multitudes, he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfy'd.

Por. Nor did he fall before

His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of *Syphax*.

Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor

Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

Cato. Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty.

—*Portius*, when I am dead, be sure you place

His urn near mine.

Por. Long may they keep asunder!

Luc. O *Cato*, arm thy soul with all its patience;

See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches!

The citizens and senators, alarm'd,

Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato, meeting the corpse.

Cato. Welcome, my son! Here lay him down, my friends,

Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure

The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.

—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!

Who would not be that youth? What pity is it

That we can die but once, to serve our country!

—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?

I shou'd have blush'd if *Cato's* house had stood

Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.

—*Portius*, behold thy brother, and remember

Thy life is not thy own, when *Rome* demands it.

Jub. Was ever man like this!

[*Aside.*]

Cato. Alas, my friends,

Why mourn you thus! let not a private loss

Afflict your hearts: 'Tis *Rome* requires our tears,

The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,

The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,

That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,

And set the nations free, *Rome* is no more.

O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

Jub. Behold that upright man! *Rome* fills his eyes

With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead son. [*Aside.*]

Cato. Whate'er the *Roman* virtue has subdu'd,

The sun's whole course, the day and year are *Cæsar's*;

For him the self-devoted *Decii* dy'd,

The

The *Fabii* fell, and the great *Scipios* conquer'd;
 Ev'n *Pompey* fought for *Cæsar*. O my friends!
 How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
 The *Roman* empire, fall'n! O curst ambition!
 Fall'n into *Cæsar*'s hands? Our great forefathers
 Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

Jub. While *Cato* lives *Cæsar* will blush to see
 Mankind enslav'd, and be asham'd of empire.

Cato. *Cæsar* asham'd! Has he not seen *Pharsalia*!

Luc. *Cato*, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.

Cato. Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger,
 Heav'n will not leave me in the victor's hand.

Cæsar shall never say he conquer'd *Cato*.

But O my friends, your safety fills my heart
 With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
 Rise in my soul! How shall I save my friends?

'Tis now, O *Cæsar*, I begin to fear thee.

Luc. *Cæsar* has mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
 Whate'er was done against him, *Cato* did it.

Add, if you please, that I request it of him,

'That I myself, with tears, request it of him,'

The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.

Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.

Shou'd I advise thee to regain *Numidia*,

Or seek the conqueror?—

Jub. If I forsake thee

Whilst I have life, may Heav'n abandon *Juba*!

Cato. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
 Will one day make thee great; at *Rome* hereafter,

'Twill be no crime to have been *Cato*'s friend.

Portius, draw near: my son, thou oft hast seen

Thy fire engag'd in a corrupted state,

Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me

Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success;

Let me advise thee to retreat betimes

To thy paternal seat, the *Sabine* field.

Where the great *Censor* toil'd with his own hands,

And all our frugal ancestors were blest'd

In humble virtues, and a rural life;

There live retir'd, pray for the peace of *Rome*;

Content thyself to be obscurely good.

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

Por. I hope my father does not recommend
A life to *Portius*, that he scorns himself.

Cato. Farewel, my friends! If there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know there are ships prepar'd by my command,
(Their sails already op'ning to the winds)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewel!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where *Cæsar* never shall approach us more.

[*Pointing to his dead son.*]

There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Tho' still by faction, vice, and fortune crost,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

*Cato solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's
book on the Immortality of the Soul.*

A drawn sword on the table by him.

IT must be so—*Plato*, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter—
And intimates eternity to man:
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,

Through

Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a power above
 (And that there is all nature cries aloud,
 Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when! or where—this world was made for *Cæsar*.
 I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
 My bane and antidote are both before me,
 This in a moment brings me to an-end;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
 What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
 This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
 Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
 Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
 That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
 Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
 An off'ring fit for Heav'n. Let guilt or fear
 Disturb man's rest, *Cato* knows neither of 'em,
 Indiff'rent in his choice to sleep or die.

Enter Portius.

But, hah! how's this, my son? Why this intrusion?
 Were not my orders that I would be private?
 Why am I disobey'd?

Por. Alas, my father!

What means this sword, this instrument of death?
 Let me convey it hence.

Cato. Rash youth, forbear!

Por. Oh, let the pray'rs, th' intreaties of your friends,
 Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you!

Cato.

Cato. Wouldst thou betray me? Wouldst thou give me up,

A slave, a captive into *Cæsar's* hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!—

Por. Look not thus sternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, *Cæsar*, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue; thy gath'ring fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up ev'ry port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes——

Por. O sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him, O my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeas'd,
Oh, be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

[*Embracing him.*]

Weep not, my son, all will be well again;
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour *Cato*, and preserve his children.

Por. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

Cato. *Portius*, thou may'st rely upon my conduct;
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embark'd,
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep. [Exit.]

Por. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.

Enter Marcia.

O *Marcia*, O my sister, still there's hope!
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me hence





Dodd del.

Published June, 14. 1777. by T. Lowndes & Partners.

Wells sc.

M^{rs} HARTLEY in the Character of MARCIA.

*O ye immortal Powers that guard the just,
Watch round his Couch, and soften his repose.*

With orders that bespeak a mind compos'd,
And studious for the safety of his friends.

Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers. [Exit.

Mar. O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues!
And shew mankind that goodness is your care.

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Where is your father, *Marcia*, where is *Cato*?

Mar. *Lucia*, speak low, he is retir'd to rest.

Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

Luc. Alas! I tremble when I think on *Cato*?
In every view; in every thought, I tremble!
Cato is stern and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

Mar. Though stern and awful to the foes of *Rome*,
He is all goodness, *Lucia*, always mild,
'Compassionate and gentle to his friends!
'Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,'
The kindest father I have ever found him,
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his consent alone can make us bless'd.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplex'd, distress.
The cruel hand of fate that has destroy'd
Thy brother *Marcus*, whom we both lament—

Mar. And ever shall lament, unhappy youth!

Luc. Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows *Cato's* thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of *Portius*,
Or how he has determin'd of thyself?

Mar. Let him but live, commit the rest to heav'n.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O *Marcia*, I have seen thy god-like father;
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him:

I saw

I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He smil'd, and cry'd, *Cæsar*, thou can'st not hurt me.

Mar. His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.

' *Luc.* *Lucia*, why all this grief, these floods of
sorrow?

' Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe
' While *Cato* lives—his presence will protect us.'

Enter Juba.

Jub. *Lucius*, the horsemen are return'd from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march;
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar, the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

Luc. *Marcia*, 'tis time we should awake thy father.
Cæsar is still dispos'd to give us terms.
And waits at distance 'till he hears from *Cato*.

Enter Portius.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? Methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thine eyes.

Por. As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arriv'd
From *Pompey's* son, who through the realms of *Spain*
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were *Cato* at their head once more might *Rome*
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But, hark! what means that groan! Oh, give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence. [Exit.

Luc. *Cato*, amidst his slumbers, thinks on *Rome*,
And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country. Hah! a second groan—
Heav'n guard us all!—

Mar. Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps; 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound.—

Re-enter Portius.

Por. O fight of woe!

O *Marcia*, what we fear'd is come to pass!

Cato is fall'n upon his sword.—

Luc. O *Portius*,

Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale

And let us guess the rest.

Por. I've rais'd him up,

And plac'd him in his chair, where pale and faint,

He gasps for breath, and as his life flows from him,

Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,

Obsequious to his order, bear him hither.

Mar. O Heav'n! assist me in this dreadful hour,

To pay the last sad duties to my father.

Jub. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O *Cæsar*!

Luc. Now is *Rome* fall'n indeed!

[*Cato brought on in a chair.*]

Cato. Here set me down—

Portius, come near me—Are my friends embark'd?

Can any thing be thought of for their service?

Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

—O *Lucius*, art thou here?—Thou art too good—

Let this our friendship live between our children,

Make *Portius* happy in thy daughter *Lucia*.

Alas! poor man, he weeps!—*Marcia*, my daughter—

Oh, bend me forward!—*Juba* loves thee, *Marcia*.

A senator of *Rome*, while *Rome* surviv'd,

Would not have match'd his daughter with a king,

But *Cæsar*'s arms have thrown down all distinction;

Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a *Roman*—

—I'm sick to death—Oh, when shall I get loose

From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow!

And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in

On my departing soul. Alas, I fear

I've been too hasty. O ye powers, that search

The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,

If I have done amiss, impute it not!—

The best may err, but you are good, and—Oh! [*Dies.*]

Luc. There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd

A *Roman* breast; O *Cato*! O my friend!

Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.

But

But let us bear this awful corpse to *Cæsar*,
 And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
 A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
 What dire effects from civil discord flow.
 'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
 And gives up *Rome* a prey to *Roman* arms,
 Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
 And robs the guilty world of *Cato's* life.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E.

WHAT odd fantastic things we women do?

Who wou'd not listen when young lovers woo!

But die a maid, yet have the choice of two!

Ladies are often cruel to their cost:

To give you pain, themselves they punish most.

Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;

Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.

Wou'd you revenge such rash resolves—you may

Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say,

We hate you when you're easily said nay.

How needless, if you knew us, were your fears?

Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.

Our hearts are form'd as you yourselves would chuse,

Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:

We give to merit, and to wealth we sell:

He sighs with most success that settles well.

The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix:

'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.

Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue

Those lively lessons we have learnt from you.

Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,

But wicked wealth usurps the pow'r of charms.

What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,

To swell in show, and be a wretch in state.

At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;

Ew'n churches are no sanctuaries now:

Their golden idols all your vows receive,

She is no goddess that has nought to give.

Oh, may once more the happy age appear,

When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere:

When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,

And courts less coveted than groves and springs:

Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,

And constancy feel transport in its chains:

Sighs

*Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal :
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time ;
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And ev'ry Lucia find a Cato's son.*

F I N I S.

T H E O D O S I U S :

O R, T H E

F O R C E O F L O V E.

A

T R A G E D Y.

W R I T T E N B Y

N A T H A N I E L L E E, Gent.

Marked with the Variations in the

M A N A G E R ' s B O O K,

A T T H E

T h e a t r e - R o y a l i n D r u r y - L a n e.

Nec minus periculum ex magna fama quam ex mala.

TACIT.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. LONGMAN, T. LOWNDES, R. WARE,
S. BLADON, T. CASLON, C. CORBETT, and
WHEILDON and Co.

M.DCC.LXXVII.

The Reader is desired to observe, that the passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas ; as in the three first Lines of Page 6.

P R O L O G U E.

*W*IT long oppress'd, and fill'd at last with rage,
 Thus, in a sullen mood, rebukes the age:
 What loads of fame do modern heroes bear,
 For an inglorious, long, and lazy war!
 Who for some skirmish, or a safe retreat,
 (Not to be dragg'd to battle) are call'd great.
 But, oh! what do ambitious statesmen gain,
 Who into private chests all nations drain?
 What sums of gold they board, is daily known
 To all men's cost, and sometimes to their own.
 Your lawyer too, that like an O yes, hawls,
 That drowns the market bigglers in the stalls,
 That seem begot, conceiv'd, and born in bravols,
 Yet thrives: he and his croud get what they please,
 Swarming all term-time through the Strand like bees,
 They buzz at Westminster, and lie for fees.
 The godly, too, their ways of getting have;
 But none so much as your fanatic knave:
 Wisely the wealthiest livings they refuse,
 Who by the fattest bishopricks would lose;
 Who with short hair, large ears, and small blue bard,
 True rogues! their own, not God's elect, command.
 Let pigs, then, be prophanè; but broths allow'd;
 Possets, and christian caudles, may be good
 Meet-helps, to reinforce a brother's brood:
 Therefore each female saint be doth advise,
 With groans, and hums, and ha's, and goggling eyes,
 To rub him down, and make the spirit rise;
 While, with his zeal, transported from the ground,
 He mounts, and sanctifies the sisters round.
 On poets only no kind star e'er smil'd:
 Curst fate has damn'd 'em, ev'ry mother's child;
 Therefore he warns his brothers of the stage,
 To write no more for an ungrateful age.
 Think what penurious masters you have serv'd;
 Tasso ran mad, and noble Spenser starv'd.
 Turn then, whoe'er thou art that canst write well,
 Thy ink to gall, and in lampoons excel:
 Forswear all honesty, traduce the great,
 Grow impudent, and rail against the state;
 Bursting with spleen, abroad thy pasquils send,
 And chuse some libel-spreader for thy friend.
 The wit and want of Timon point thy mind,
 And for thy satire-sub'ect chuse mankind.

Dramatis Personæ,

M E N.		AT DRURY-LANE.
Theodosius,	—	Mr. BRERETON.
Varanès,	—	Mr. BARRY.
Marcian,	—	Mr. AICKIN.
Lucius,	—	Mr. KEEN.
Atticus, <i>Chief Priest</i> ,	—	Mr. J. AICKIN.
Leontine, —	—	Mr. HURST.
Aranthes,	—	Mr. DAVIES.

W O M E N.

Pulcheria,	—	Miss SHERRY.
Athenais,	—	Mrs. BARRY.

Attendants, Chorus.

SCENE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

THEODOSIUS.

A C T I.

SCENE, *a stately temple, which represents the Christian religion, as in its first magnificence; being but lately established at Rome and Constantinople. The side-scenes shew the horrid tortures, with which the Roman tyrants persecuted the church: and the flat scene, which is the limit of the prospect, discovers an altar richly adorned; before it Constantine, supposed, kneels, with commanders about him, gazing at a bloody cross in the air; which being encompassed with many angels, offers itself to view, with these words distinctly written; In hoc signo vinces. Instruments are heard, and many attendants: the ministers at divine service walk busily up and down, till Atticus, the chief of all the priests, and successor of St. Chrysostom, in rich robes, comes forward with the philosopher Leontine; the waiters in ranks bowing all the way before him.*

A Chorus heard at a distance.

PRepare, prepare! the-rites begin;
Let none unhallow'd enter in;
The temple with new glory shines;
Adorn the altars, wash the shrines,
And purge the place from sin.

Attic. O *Leontine!* was ever morn like this,
Since the celestial incarnation dawn'd?
I think no day, since that, such glory gave
To christian altars, as this morning brings.

Leon. Great successor of holy *Chrysostom*,

' Who now triumphs above a faint of honour,
 ' Next in degree to those bright sons of Heav'n;
 ' Who never fell nor stain'd their orient beams.'
 What shall I answer? How shall I approach you,
 Since my conversion, which your breath inspir'd?

Attic. To see this day, the emperor of the east
 Leaves all the pleasures that the earth can yield,
 ' That nature can bestow, or art invent;
 ' In his life's spring, and bloom of gaudy years
 ' Confin'd to narrow rooms, and gloomy walks,
 ' Fasting and exercises of devotion,
 ' Which from his bed at midnight must awake him,'
 To undergo the penance of a cloister;
 Methinks, O *Leontine*! 'tis something more
 Than yet philosophy could ever reach.

Leon. True, *Atticus*; you have amaz'd my reason.

Attic. Yet more. To our religion's lasting honour,
Mariana and *Flawilla*, two young virgins,
 Imperial born, cast in the fairest mould
 That e'er the hands of beauty form'd for woman;
 ' The mirrors of our court, where chastity
 ' And innocence might copy spotless lustre;
 To-day, with *Theodosius*, leave the world.

Leon. Methinks, at such a glorious resignation,
 Th' angelic orders should at once descend,
 ' In all the paint and drapery of Heav'n;
 ' With charming voices and with lulling strings,'
 To give full grace to such triumphant zeal.

Attic. No, *Leontine*: I fear there is a fault;
 For, when I last confess'd the emperor,
 ' Whether disgust and melancholy blood,
 ' From restless passions, urg'd not this divorce:'
 He only answer'd me with sighs and blushes.
 'Tis sure, his soul is of the tend'rest make;
 Therefore I'll tax him strictly: but, my friend,
 Why should I give his character to you,
 Who, when his father sent him into *Persia*,
 Were by that mighty monarch then appointed
 To breed him with his son, the prince *Varanes*?

Leon. And what will raise your admiration, is,
 That two such diff'rent tempers should agree.
 You know that *Theodosius* is compos'd

Of all the softness that should make a woman :
 Judgment, almost like fear, foreruns his actions ;
 And he will poise an injury so long,
 As if he had rather pardon than revenge it.
 But the young *Persian* prince, quite opposite,
 So fiery fierce, that those who view him nearly,
 May see his haughty soul still mounting in his face :
 Yet did I study these so diff'rent tempers,
 Till I at last had form'd a perfect union,
 ' As if two souls did but inform one body :'
 A friendship that may challenge all the world,
 And, at the proof, be matchless.

Attic. I long to read

This gallant prince, who, as you have inform'd me,
 Comes from his father's court to see our emperor.

Leon. So he intended, till he came to *Athens*,
 And at my homely board beheld my daughter ;
 Where, as fate order'd, she, who never saw
 The glories of a court, ' bred up to books,
 ' In closets, like a sybil ; she, I say,
 ' (Long since from *Persia* brought by me to *Athens*)'
 Unskill'd in charms, but those which nature gave her,
 Wounded this scornful prince. In short he forc'd me
 To wait him thither, with deep protestations,
 That moment that bereft him of the sight
 Of *Athenais*, gave him certain death.
 But see, my daughter, honour'd with his presence.

[*They retire.*]

Enter Varanes and Athenais.

Var. 'Tis strange, O *Athenais* ! wond'rous all !
 Wond'rous the shrines, and wonderful the altars.
 The martyrs, tho' but drawn in painted flames,
 Amaze me with the image of their sufferings :
 Saints canoniz'd, that dar'd with *Roman* tyrants ;
 Hermits that liv'd in caves, and fed with angels.
 By *Orosmales*, it is wond'rous all ?
 That bloody cross, in yonder azure sky,
 Above the head of kneeling *Constantine*,
 Inscrib'd about with golden characters,
 Thou shalt o'ercome in this : if it be true,
 I say again, by Heav'n, 'tis wond'rous strange.

Athen. O prince ! if thus imagination stirs you,
 A fancy rais'd from figures in dead walls,

How would the sacred breath of *Atticus*
Inspire your breast, purge all your dross away,
And drive this *Athenais* from your soul,

'To make a virgin room, whom yet the mold
'Of your rude fancy cannot comprehend'.

Var. What says my fair! Drive *Athenais* from me!

'Start me not into frenzy, lest I rail

'At all religion, and fall out with Heav'n:'

And what is she, alas! that would supplant thee?

Were she the mistress of the world, as fair

As winter stars, or summer setting suns,

And thou set by in nature's plainest dress,

With that chaste modest look, when first I saw thee

'The heirs of a poor philosopher; [Records ready.

I swear, by all I wish, by all I love, to flourish.]

Glory and thee, I would not lose a thought,

Nor cast an eye that way, but rush to thee,

To these lov'd arms, and lose myself for ever.

Athen. Forbear, my lord.

Var. O cruel *Athenais*!

Why dost thou put me off, who pine to death?

And thrust me from thee, when I should approach thee?

Can there be aught in this? Curse then thy birth-right,

Thy glorious titles, and ill-suited greatness,

Since *Athenais* scorns thee: take again

Your ill-tim'd honours; take 'em, take 'em, gods,

And change me to some humble villager,

If so at last, for toils at scorching noon,

In mowing meadows, or in reaping fields,

At night she will but crown me with a smile,

Or reach the bounty of her hand to bless me.

Athen. When princes speak, their subjects should be

Yet, with humility, I would demand, [silent:

Wherein appears my scorn, or my aversion?

Have I not for your sake abandon'd home.

Where I had vow'd to spend my calmer days?

But you, perhaps imagine it but little

For a poor maid to follow you abroad,

Especially the daughter of old *Leontine*;

Yet I must tell you, prince——

Var. I cannot bear

Those frowns: I have offended, but forgive me;

For who, O *Athenais*! that is toss'd

With

With such tempestuous tides of love as I,
Can steer a steady course? Retire, my fair.

[*Recorders flourish.*]

Hark! the solemnities are now beginning,
And *Theodosius* comes. Hide, hide thy charms;
If to his clouded eyes such day should break,
The royal youth, who doats to death for love,
I fear, would forfeit all his vows to Heav'n,
And fix upon the world, thy world of beauty. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Theodosius, leading Marina and Flavilla, all three
dressed in white, followed by Pulcheria.

Theo. Farewel, *Pulcheria*; and, I pray, no more;
For all thy kind complaints are lost upon me.
Have I not sworn the world and I must part?
Fate has proclaim'd it: therefore weep no more;
'Wound not the tend'rest part of *Theodosius*,
'My yielding soul, that would expire in calms;
Wound me not with thy tears, and I will tell thee,
Yet, ere I take my last farewel for ever,
The cause of all my sufferings: O my sister!
A bleeding heart, the stings of pointed love,
What constitution, soft as mine, can bear?

Pulch. My lord, my emperor, my dearest brother,
Why, all this while, did you conceal it from me?

Theo. Because I was ashamed to own my weakness:
'I knew thy sharper wit, and stricter wisdom
'Would dart reproofs which I could not endure.'
Draw near, O *Atticus*! and mark me well;
For never yet did my complaining spirit
Unlade this weighty secret on him,
Nor groan a syllable of her oppression.

Attic. Concealment was a fault; but speak at large,
Make bare the wound, and I will pour in balm.

Theo. 'Tis folly all, and fondness—O remembrance!
Why dost thou open thus my wound again,
And from my heart call down those warmer drops
That make me die with shame? Hear, then, *Pulcheria*:
Some few preceding days before I left
The *Persian* court, hunting one morning early,
I lost myself and all the company,
Still wand'ring on, as fortune would direct me,
I past a rivulet, and lighted in

The sweetest solitude I ever saw;
 When strait, as if enchantment had been there,
 Two charming voices drew me, till I came
 Where divers arbours overlook'd the river.
 Upon the osier bank two women sat,
 Who, when their song was ended, talk'd to one,
 Who bathing stood far in the crystal stream:
 But, Oh, what thought can paint that fair perfection,
 Or give a glimpse of such a naked glory!
 Not sea-born *Venus*, in the courts beneath,
 When the green nymphs first kiss'd her coral lips,
 All polish'd, fair, and wash'd with orient beauty,
 Could in my dazzling fancy, match her brightness
Attic. Think where you are.

Theo. O sir, you must forgive me.
 The chaste enthusiastic form appears
 As when I saw her; yet, I swear, *Pulcheria*,
 Had cold *Diana* been a looker on,
 She must have prais'd the virtues of the virgin.
 'The satyrs could not grin,' for she was veiled:
 From her naked bosom,
 Down to her knees, the nymph was wrapp'd in lawn:
 But, Oh, for me, for me, that was too much!
 'Her legs, her arms, her hands, her neck, her breasts,
 'So nicely shap'd, so matchless in their lustre;
 Such all-perfection, that I took whole draughts
 Of killing love, and ever since have languish'd
 With ling'ring surfeits of her fatal beauty:
 'Alas, too fatal sure!' — O *Atticus*!
 Forgive me! for my story now is done.
 The nymph was dress'd, and with her two companions,
 Having descry'd me, shriek'd, and fled away,
 Leaving me motionless, till *Leontine*,
 Th' instructor of my youth, by chance came in,
 And wak'd me from the wonder that entranc'd me.

Attic. Behold, my lord, the man whom you have nam'd
 The harbinger of prince *Varanes* here.

Enter Leontine.

Theo. O *Leontine*! ten thousand welcomes meet thee;
 Thou foster father of my tender youth,
 'Who rear'd the plant, and prun'd it with such care;
 'How

• How shall I look upon thee, who am fall'n
 • From all the principles of manlier reason,
 • By thee infus'd, to more than woman's weakness !'
 Now, by the majesty divine, that awes
 This sacred place, I swear, you must not kneel :
 And tell me, for I have a thousand things
 To ask thee, where, where is my godlike friend ?
 Is he arriv'd, and shall I see his face,
 Before I'm cloister'd from the world for ever ?

Leon. He comes, my lord, with all th'expecting joys
 Of a young promis'd lover. From his eyes
 Big hopes look forth, and boiling fancy forms
 Nothing but *Theodosius* still before him ;
 His thought, his ev'ry word is *Theodosius*.

Theo. Yet *Leontine*, yet answer me once more :
 With tremblings I demand thee.
 Say—hast thou seen, Oh ! has that heav'nly form
 Appear'd to thee again ?—Behold, he's dumb :
 Proceed, then, to the solemn last farewell ;
 Never was man so willing and prepar'd.

Enter Varanes, Arantes, and Attendants.

Var. Where is my friend ? O where is my belov'd,
 My *Theodosius* ? Point him out, ye gods,
 That I may press him dead betwixt my arms,
 Devour him thus with over-hasty joys,
 That languish at his breast, quite out of breath,
 And cannot utter more.

Theo. Thou mightiest pleasure,
 And greatest blessing that kind Heav'n could send
 To glad my parting soul, a thousand welcomes !
 Oh, when I look on thee, new starts of glory
 Spring in my breast, and with a backward bound
 I run the race of lusty youth again.

Var. By Heav'n it joys me too, when I remember
 Our thousand pastimes, when we borrow'd names,
Alcides I, and thou my dearest *Theseus* ;
 When thro' the woods we chas'd the foaming boar,
 With hounds that open'd like *Thessalian* bulls,
 Like tigers flu'd, and sanded as the shore,
 With ears and chests that dash'd the morning dew ;
 Driv'n with the sport, as ships are toss'd in storms,

We ran like hinds, and matchless was our course;
 Now sweeping o'er the limit of a hill;
 Now with a full career come thund'ring down
 The precipice, and sweat along the vale. [clouds

Theo. O glorious time! and when the gath'ring
 Have call'd us home, say, did we rest, my brother?
 When on the stage, to the admiring court,
 We strove to represent *Alcides'* fury,
 In all that raging heat, and pomp of madness,
 With which the stately *Seneca* adorn'd him;
 So lively drawn, and painted with such horror,
 That we were forc'd to give it o'er, so loud
 The virgins shriek'd, so fast they dy'd away.

Var. My *Theodosius* still; 'tis my lov'd brother!
 And by the gods, we'll see those times again!
 Why, then, has rumour wrong'd thee, that reported
 Christian enthusiasm had charm'd thee from us;
 That, drawn by priests, and work'd by melancholy,
 Thou hadst laid the golden reins of empire down,
 And sworn thyself a votary for ever.

Theo. 'Tis almost true, and had not you arriv'd,
 The solemn business had by this been ended.
 This I have made the empress of the east,
 My elder sister; these with me retire,
 Devoted to the pow'r whom we adore.

Var. What pow'r is that, that merits such oblations?
 I thought the sun more great and glorious
 Than any that e'er mingled with the gods;
 Yet ev'n to him, my father never offer'd
 More than a hecatomb of bulls and horses.
 Now, by those golden beams that glad the world,
 I swear, it is too much; for one of these,
 But half so bright, our god would drive no more;
 He'd leave the darken'd globe, and in some cave
 Enjoy such charms for ever.

Attic. My lord, forbear;
 Such language does not suit with our devotions.
 Nothing prophane must dare to murmur here,
 Nor stain the hallow'd beauties of the place.
 Yet thus far we must yield, the emperor
 Is not enough prepar'd to leave the world.

Var.

Var. Thus low, most rev'rend of this sacred place,
 I bow for pardon, and am half converted,
 By your permission, that my *Theodosius*
 Return to my embraces. O my brother!
 Why dost thou droop? There will be time enough
 For pray'r and fasting and religious vows;
 Let us enjoy, while yet thou art my own,
 All the magnificence of eastern courts.
 I hate to walk a lazy life away:
 Let's run the race which fate has set before us,
 And post to the dark goal.

Theo. Cruel destiny!

' Why am not I thus too? O my *Varanes*!
 ' Why are these costly dishes set before me?
 ' Why do these sounds of pleasure strike my ears?
 ' Why are these joys brought to my sick remembrance,
 ' Who have no appetite; but am, to sense,
 ' From head to foot, all a dead palsy o'er?

Var. Fear not, my friend, all shall be well
 ' Again; for I have thousand ways, and thousand sto-
 ' To raise thee up to pleasure. We'll unlock [ries
 ' Our fastest secrets, shed upon each other
 ' Our tenderest cares, and quite unbar those doors
 ' Which shall be shut to all mankind beside.'

Attic. Silence and rev'rence are the temple's dues:
 Therefore, while we pursue the sacred rites,
 Be these observ'd, or quit the awful place.
 ' Imperial sisters, now twin-stars of Heav'n,
 ' Answer the successor of *Chrysostom*,
 ' Without least reservation answer me,
 ' By those harmonious rules I charg'd ye learn.'

Atticus sings.

Attic. Canst thou, *Marina*, leave the world,
 The world that is devotion's bane:
 Where crowns are tost, and sceptres hurl'd,
 Where lust and proud ambition reign?

' 2 Priest.

‘ 2 *Priest*. Can you your costly robes forbear,
 ‘ To live with us in poor attire?
 ‘ Can you from courts to cells repair,
 ‘ To sing at midnight in our choir?’

‘ 3 *Priest*. Can you forget your golden beds,
 ‘ Where you might sleep beyond the morn,
 ‘ On matts to lay your royal heads,
 ‘ And have your beauteous tresses shorn?’

‘ *Attic*. Can you resolve to fast all day,
 ‘ And weep and groan to be forgiv’n?
 ‘ Can you in broken slumbers pray,
 ‘ And by affliction merit heav’n?’

Chor. Say, votaries, can this be done?
 While we the grace divine implore,
 The world has lost, the battle’s won,
 And sin shall never charm ye more.

Marina } The gate to bliss does open stand,
sings. } And all my penance is in view;
 The world, upon the other hand,
 Cries out, Oh, do not bid adieu!
 ‘ Yet, sacred Sir, in these extremes,
 ‘ Where pomp and pride their glories tell;
 ‘ Where youth and beauty are the themes,
 ‘ And plead their moving cause so well;
 If aught that’s vain my thoughts possess,
 Or any passions govern here,
 But what divinity may bless,
 Oh, may I never enter there!

Flavilla } ‘ What can pomp or glory do,
sings. } ‘ Or what can human charms persuade?
 ‘ That mind that has a heav’n in view,
 ‘ How can it be by earth betray’d?
 ‘ No monarch full of youth and fame,
 ‘ The joy of eyes, and nature’s pride,
 ‘ Should once my thoughts from heaven reclaim,
 ‘ Though now he woo’d me for his bride.’

Halte,

Haste, then, Oh, haste, and take us in,
 For ever lock religion's door;
 Secure us from the charms of sin,
 And let us see the world no more.

Atticus } Hark, hark! behold the heav'nly choir:
sings. } They cleave the air in bright attire;
 And see, his lute each angel brings,
 And, hark! divinely thus he sings:
 To the powers divine all glory be given,
 By men upon earth, and angels in Heaven.

[*Scene shuts, and all the Priests, with Marina and Flavilla disappear.*]

Pulch. For ever gone! for ever parted from me!
 O *Theodosius*! till this cruel moment,
 I never knew how tenderly I lov'd 'em;
 But on this everlasting separation,
 Methinks my soul has left me, and my time
 Of dissolution points me to the grave.

Theo. O my *Varanes*! does not now thy temper
 Bate something of its fire? Dost thou not melt
 In mere compassion of my sister's fate,
 And cool thyself with one relenting thought?

Var. Yes my dar'd soul rolls inward; melancholy,
 Which I ne'er felt before, now comes upon me,
 And I begin to loath all human greatness:
 Oh, sigh not, then, nor thy hard fate deplore;
 For 'tis resolv'd we will be kings no more:
 We'll fly all courts, and love shall be our guide:
 Love, that's more worth than all the world beside.
 Princes are barr'd the liberty to roam;
 'The fetter'd mind still languishes at home:
 In golden bands she treads the thoughtful round:
 Bus'ness and cares eternally abound;
 And when for air the goddesses would unbind,
 She's clogg'd with sceptres, and to crowns confin'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE, *the Palace.*

Enter Pulcheria, Julia, and Attendants.

Pulch. THESE packets for the emperor *Honorius* :
Be swift, let th' agent haste to *Rome*—
I hear, my *Julia*, that our general
Is from the *Goths* return'd with conquest home.

Jul. He is. To-day I saw him in the presence,
Sharp to the courtiers, as he ever was,
Because they went not with him to the wars :
To you he bows, and sues to kiss your hand.

Pulch. He shall, my dearest *Julia* : oft I've told thee
The secret of my soul : if e'er I marry,
Marcian's my husband ; he's a man, my *Julia*,
Whom I've studied long, and found him perfect ;
Old *Rome*, at every glance, looks through his eyes,
And kindles the beholders. Some sharp atoms
Run through his frame, which I could wish were out ;
He sickens at the softness of the emp'ror,
And speaks too freely of our female court,
Then sighs, comparing it with what *Rome* was.

Enter Marcian and Lucius.

Ha ! who are these that dare prophane this place
With more than barb'rous insolence ?

Marc. At your feet,
Behold, I cast the scourge of these offenders,
And kneel to kiss your hand.

Pulch. Put up your sword ;
And, ere I bid you welcome from the wars,
Be sure you clear your honour of this rudeness,
Or, *Marcian*, leave the court.

Marc. Thus, then, madam :
The emperor receiv'd me with affection,
Embrac'd me for my conquests, and retir'd ;
When on a sudden, all the gilded flies
That buz about the court, came flutt'ring round me ;
This, with affected cringes, and minc'd words,
Begs me to tell my tale of victories ;

Which

Which done, he thanks me, slips behind his fellow,
Whispers him in the ear, then smiles and listens;
While I relate my story once again :

A third comes in, and asks me the same favour ;
Whereon they laugh, while I, still ignorant,
Go on; but one behind, more impudent,
Strikes on my shoulder, then they laugh'd outright;
But then, I, guessing the abuse too late,
Return'd my knight behind a box o' th' ear,
Then drew, and briefly told them they were rascals :
They, laughing still, cry'd out, the general's musty ;
Whereon I drove 'em, madam, as you saw.
This is, in short, the truth ; I leave the judgment
To your own justice : if I have done ill,
Sentence me, and I'll leave the court for ever.

Pulch. First, you are welcome, *Marcian*, from the wars;
And still, whene'er occasion calls for arms,
Heav'n send the emperor a general,
Renown'd as *Marcian* ! As to what is past,
I think the world will rather praise than censure
Pulcheria, when she pardons you the action.

Marc. Gods, gods, and thou great founder of old *Rome* !
What is become of all that mighty spirit,
That rais'd our empire to a pitch so high ?
' Where is it pent ? What but almighty power
' Could thus confine it, that but some few atoms
' Now run through all the East and Occident ?'

Pulch. Speak calmly, *Marcian*——

Marc. Who can be temperate,
That thinks as I do, madam ? Why, here's a fellow ;
I have seen him fight against a troop of *Vandals*
In your defence, as if he lov'd to bleed :
' Come to my arms, my dear ! thou canst not talk,
' But hast a soul above the proudest of 'em.
' O madam ! when he has been all over blood,
' And hack'd with wounds that seem'd to mouth his
 praises,
' I have seen him smile still as he push'd death from him,
' And with his actions rally distant fate.

' *Pulch.* He has a noble form.'

Marc. Yet ev'n this man,
That fought so bravely in his country's cause,

This

This excellent man, this morning, in the presence,
 Did I see wrong'd before the emperor,
 Scorn'd and despis'd, because he could not cringe,
 Nor plant his feet as some of them could do.

' One said his cloaths were not well made, and damn'd
 ' His taylor—Another said he look'd
 ' As if he had not lost his maidenhead.'

If things are suffer'd to be thus, down all
 Authority, pre-eminence, degree, and virtue;
 Let *Rome* be never mention'd; no, i' th' name
 Of all the gods, be she forgotten ever!

Effeminate *Perfians*, and the *Lydian* softness
 Make all your fights: *Marcian* shall out no more;
 For, by my arms, it makes a woman of me,
 And my swol'n eyes run o'er, to think this worth,
 This fuller honour than the whole court holds,
 Should be ridiculous to knaves and fools;

' Should starve for want of what is necessary
 ' To life's convenience, when luxurious bawds
 ' Are so o'er-grown with fat, and cramm'd with riot,
 ' That they can hardly walk without an engine.'

Pulch. Why did not you inform the emperor?

Marc. Because he will not hear me. Alas, good man,
 He flies from this bad world; and still when wars
 And dangers come, he runs to his devotions,
 To your new thing, I know not what you call it,
 Which *Constantine* began.

Pulch. How, *Marcian*! are not you
 Of that religion which the emp'ror owns?

Marc. No, madam; if you'll see my honest thought,
 I am not of their principle that take
 A wrong; so far from bearing with a foe,
 I would strike first, like old *Rome*. ' I would forth,
 ' Elbow the neighbouring nations round about,
 ' Invade, enlarge my empire to the bounds
 ' Of the too narrow universe. Yes, I own
 ' That I despise your holy innovations.
 ' I'm for the *Roman* gods, for funeral piles,
 ' For mounting eagles, and the fancied greatness
 ' Of our forefathers.' Methinks my heated spirit
 Could utter things worth losing of my head.

Pulch. Speak freely, *Marcian*, for I know thee honest.

Marc.

Marc. O madam! long, long may the emp'ror live!
 But I must say his gentle disposition,
 Suits not, alas! the oriental sway:
 ' Bid him but look on *Pharamond*; O gods!
 ' Awake him with the image of that spirit,
 ' Which, like a pyramid revers'd, is grown
 ' Ev'n from a point, to the most dreadful greatness.
 ' His very name already shakes the world;
 ' And still in person heading his fierce squadrons,
 ' Like the first *Cæsar* o'er the hardy *Gauls*,
 ' He seems another thunder-bolt of war.'

Pulch. I oft have have blâm'd my brother most for this,
 That to my hand he leavs the state affairs;
 And how that sounds, you know——

Marc. Forgive me, madam;
 I think that all the greatness of your sex,
Rome's Clelia, and the fam'd *Semiramis*,
 ' With all the *Amazonian* valour too,'
 Meet in *Pulcheria*; yet, I say, forgive me,
 If with reluctance I behold a woman
 Sit at the empire's helm, and steer the world.

Pulch. I stand rebuk'd——

Marc. ' Mark but the growing *French*;
 ' The most auspicious omen of their greatness
 ' That I can guess, is their late Salique law,
 ' Bless'd by their priests, the *Salii*, and pronounc'd
 ' To stand for ever; which excludes all women
 ' From the imperial crown.' But, Oh! I speak
 The least of all those infinite grievances,
 Which make the subjects murmur: in the army,
 Tho' I proceeded still like *Hannibal*,
 And punish'd every mutineer with death;
 Yet, Oh! it stabb'd me through and through the soul
 To pass the wretches doom, because I knew
 With justice they complain'd; for hard they fought,
 And with their blood earn'd that forbidden bread,
 Which some at court, and great ones, tho' unnam'd,
 Cast to their hounds, while the poor soldiers starv'd——

Pulch. Your pity, too, in mournful fellowship,
 No doubt might sooth their murmurs.

Marc. Yes, it did;
 That I might put them once again in heart,

I said,

I said, 'twas true, the emp'ror was to blame,
 Who dealt too coldly with his faithful servants,
 And paid their great arrears by second-hands:
 I promis'd too, when we return'd to court,
 Things should be mended——
 But how, O gods, forgive my blood this transport,
 To the eternal shame of female counsels,
 And to the blast of *Theodosius*' name,
 Whom never warlike chronicle shall mention,
 ' Oh, let me speak with a *Roman* spirit!
 We were receiv'd like undone prodigals,
 By curs'd ungrateful stewards, with cold looks,
 Who yet got all by those poor wretches ruin,
 ' Like malefactors at the hands of justice.
 ' I blush, I almost weep with bursting rage:
 ' If thus receiv'd, how paid our long arrears?
 ' Why, as intrusted misers pay the rights
 ' Of helpless widows, or the orphan's tears.
 ' O soldier! for to thee, to thee I speak it,
 ' Bawds for the drudgery of citizens wives,
 ' Would better pay debilitated stallions.'
 Madam, I've said, perhaps, too much: if so,
 It matter not; for he who lies, like me,
 On the hard ground, is sure to fall no further.

Pulch. I've given you patient hearing, honest *Marcian*,
 And, as far as I can see into your temper,
 ' I speak my serious judgment in cold blood,
 ' With strictest consultation on the matter.'
 I think this seeming plain and honest *Marcian*,
 An exquisite and most notorious traitor.

Marc. Ha! traitor!

Pulch. Yes, a most notorious traitor. [world,

' *Marc.* Your grandfather, whose frown could awe the
 ' Would not have call'd me so——or if he had——

' *Pulch.* You would have taken it'——But to the
 bus'ness;

Was't not enough, O Heav'n thou know'st, too much!
 At first to own yourself an infidel,
 A bold contemner, ev'n to blasphemy,
 Of that religion which we all profess,
 For which your heart's best blood can ne'er suffice,
 But you must dare, with a seditious army,

Thus

Thus to conspire against the emperor?
 I mention not your impudence to me,
 Taxing the folly of my government
 Ev'n to my face; such an irreverence,
 As sure no barb'rous *Vandal* would have urg'd;
 Besides your libelling all the court, as if
 You had engross'd the whole world's honesty,
 And flatt'ers, fools, and sycophants, and knaves,
 Such was your language, did inhabit there.

Marc. You wrest my honest meaning, by the gods
 You do; 'and if you thus go on, I feel
 'My struggling spirit will no longer bear it.'

Pulch. I thought the meaning of all rational men
 Should still be gather'd out of their discourse;
 Nor are you so imprudent, without thinking,
 To vent such words, tho' now you fain would hide it.
 You find the guilt, and baulk the accusation.
 But think not you shall 'scape so easily:
 Once more I do confront you as a traitor;
 And, as I am entrusted with full pow'r,
 Divest you, in the name of *Theodosius*,
 Of all your offices, commissions, honours;
 Command you leave the court within three days,
 Loyal, plain-dealing, honest *Marcian*.

Marc. Gods! gods!

Pulch. 'What now? Ha! does the traitor murmur?
 'If in three days—mark me—'tis I that doom thee—
 'Rash, inconsiderate man, a wretch beneath
 'The torments I could execute upon thee!'
 If after three days space thou'rt found in court,
 Thou dy'st; thy head, thy head shall pay the forfeit.
 'Now rage, now rail, and curse the court;
 'Saucily dare t' abuse the best of princes,
 'And let thy lawless tongue lash all it can;
 'Do, like a madman, rave; deplore thy fortune,
 'While pages laugh at thee.' Then haste to th' army,
 Grow popular, and lead the multitude;
 Preach up thy wrongs, and drive the giddy beast
 To kick at *Cæsar*. Nay, if thou weep'st, I'm gone.
O Julia! if I stay, I shall weep too.
 Yet 'tis but just that I the heart should see
 Of him who once must lord it over me.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt Pulch. and Julia.*

Luc.

Luc. Why do you droop, sir?—Come, no more o'this :
You are, and shall be still our general.

Say but the word, I'll fill the *Hippodrome*
With squadrons that shall make the emp'ror tremble ;
We'll fire the court about his ears.

Methinks, like *Junius Brutus*, I have watch'd
An opportunity, and now it comes :
Few words and I are friends ; but, noble *Marcian*,
If yet thou are not more than general,
Ere dead of night, say *Lucius* is a coward.

Marc. I charge thee, in the name of all the gods,
Come back : I charge thee, by the name of friend.
All's well, and I rejoice I am no general.
But, hush ! within three days we must be gone ;
And then, my friend, farewell to ceremony !
We'll fly to some far distant, lonely village,
Forget our former state, and breed with slaves ;
And when night comes,
With bodies coarsely fill'd, and vacant souls,
Sleep like the labour'd hinds, and never think ;
For if I think again, I shall go mad.

Enter Leontine and Athenais.

Therefore, no thought. But see, we're interrupted.
O court ! O emperor !—Yet let death threaten ;
I'll find a time ; 'till then, be still, my soul——

' No general now ; a member of thy country,
' But most corrupt : therefore to be cut off ;
' Loyal, plain-dealing, honest *Marcian* ;
' A slave, a traitor ! O ye eternal gods !'— [*Exeunt.*

Leon. So, *Athenais*, now our compliment
To the young *Persian* prince is at an end :
What then remains, but that we take our leave,
And bid him everlastingly farewell ;

Athen. My lord !

Leon. I say that decency requires
We should be gone ; nor can you stay with honour.

Athen. Most true, my lord.

Leon. The court is now at peace,
The emp'ror's sisters are retir'd for ever,
And he himself compos'd : what hinders then,
But that we bid adieu to prince *Varanes* ?

Athen. Ah, sir ! why will you break my heart ?

Leon. I would not.

Thou art the only comfort of my age:

Like an old tree, I stand amongst the storms;

Thou art the only limb that I have left me; [*She kneels.*

My dear green branch! And how I prize thee, child,
Heav'n only knows. Why dost thou kneel and weep?

Athen. Because you are so good, and will, I hope,
Forgive my fault, who first occasion'd it.

Leon. I charg'd thee to receive and hear the prince.

Athen. You did, and, O my lord, I heard too much,
Too much, I fear, for my eternal quiet!

Leon. Rise, *Athenais*; credit him who bears
More years than thou: *Varanes* has deceiv'd thee.

Athen. How do we differ then? You judge the prince
Impious and base; while I take Heav'n to witness,
I think him the most virtuous of men:

Therefore, take heed, my lord, how you accuse him
Before you make the trial. Alas, *Varanes*!

If thou art false, there's no such thing on earth
As solid goodness, or substantial honour.

A thousand times, my lord, he has sworn to give me
(And I believe his oaths) his crown and empire,
That day I make him master of my heart.

Leon. That day he'll make thee mistress of his power,
Which carries a foul name among the vulgar.

No, *Athenais*, let me see thee dead,
Borne a pale corpse, and gently laid in earth;
So I may say, she's chaste, and dy'd a virgin,
Rather than view thee with these wounded eyes,
Seated upon the throne of *Isdigerdes*,

The blast of common tongues, the nobles scorn,
Thy father's curse, that is, the prince's whore.

Athen. O horrid supposition! how I detest it!
Be witness, Heav'n, that sees my secret thoughts!

' Have I for this, my lord, been taught by you

' The nicest justice, and severest virtue;

' To fear no death, to know no end of life,

' And with long search discern the highest good?

' No, *Athenais*: when the day beholds thee

' So scandalously rais'd, pride cast thee down,

' The scorn of honour, and the people's prey!'

No, cruel *Leontine*, not to redeem

That

That aged head from the descending ax,
 Not tho' I saw thy trembling body rack'd,
 Thy wrinkles all about thee fill'd with blood,
 Would I for empire, to the man I love,
 Be made the object of unlawful pleasure.

Leon. Oh, greatly said! And by the blood which
 Which runs as rich as any *Athens* holds, [warms me,
 It would improve the virtue of the world,
 If ev'ry day a thousand votaries,
 And thousand virgins, came from far to hear thee!

Athen. Look down, ye pow'rs, take notice, we obey
 The rigid principles ye have infus'd;
 Yet, O my noble father! to convince you,
 Since you will have it so, propose a marriage;
 Tho' with the thought I'm cover'd o'er with blushes;
 Not that I doubt the prince? that were to doubt
 The Heav'ns themselves. I know he is all truth:
 But modesty———

The virgin's troublesome and constant guest,
 That, that alone forbids———

Leon. I wish to Heav'n
 There prove no greater bar to my relief.
 Behold the prince. I will retire a while,
 And, when occasion calls, come to thy aid. [*Ex. Leon.*

Enter Varanes and Arantes.

Var. To fix her on the throne, to me seems little.
 Were I a god, yet would I raise her higher;
 This is the nature of thy prince. But, Oh!
 As to the world, thy judgment soars above me,
 And I am dar'd, with this gigantic honour;
 Glory forbids her prospect to a crown,
 Nor must she gaze that way: my haughty soul,
 That day when she ascends the throne of *Cyrus*,
 Will leave my body pale, and to the stars
 Retire in blushes, and quite lost for ever.

Aran. What do you purpose then?

Var. I know not what.

But see, she comes, the glory of my arms,
 The only bus'ness of my instant thought,
 My soul's best joy, and all my true repose.
 I swear I cannot bear these strange desires,
 These strong impulses, which will shortly leave me
 Dead at thy feet———

Athen.

Athen. What have you found, my lord,
In me so harsh or cruel, that you fear
To speak your griefs?

Var. First, let me kneel and swear,
And on thy hand seal my religious vow;
Strait let the breath of gods blow me from earth,
Swept from the book of fame, forgotten ever,
If I prefer thee not, O *Athenais*!
To all the *Persian* greatness.

Athen. I believe you;
For I have heard you swear as much before.

Var. Hast thou? Oh, why then did I swear again?
But that my love knew nothing worthier of thee,
And could no better way express my passion.

Athen. O rise, my lord!—

Var. I will do every thing
Which *Athenais* bids: if there be more
In nature to convince thee of my love,
Whisper it, Oh, some god! into my ear,
And on her breast, thus to her list'ning soul,
I'll breathe the inspiration. Wilt thou not speak?
What, but one sigh, no more! can that suffice
For all my vast expence of prodigal love?

O *Athenais*! what shall I say or do,

To gain the thing I wish?

Athen. What's that, my lord?

Var. Thus to approach thee still; thus to behold
Yet there is more—— [thee——

Athen. My lord, I dare not hear you.

Var. Why dost thou frown at what thou dost not know?
'Tis an imagination which ne'er pierc'd thee;
Yet, as 'tis ravishing, 'tis full of honour.

Athen. I must not doubt you, sir; but, Oh! I tremble
To think, if *Isdigerdes* should behold you, [ble
Should hear you thus protesting to a maid
Of no degree, but virtue, in the world——

Var. No more of this, no more; for I disdain
All pomp when thou art by. Far be the noise
Of kings and courts from us, whose gentle souls
Our kinder stars have steer'd another way.
Free as the forest-birds we'll pair together,
Without rememb'ring who our fathers were;

Fly to the arbours, grotts, and flowery meads,
 And in soft murmurs interchange our souls;
 Together drink the chrystal of the stream,
 Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields;
 And when the golden ev'ning calls us home,
 Wing to our downy nest, and sleep till morn. [me,

Athen. Ah, prince, no more! forbear, forbear to charm
 Since I am doom'd to leave you, sir, for ever.

Var. Hold, *Athenais*——

Athen. I know your royal temper,
 And that high honour reigns within your breast,
 Which would disdain to waste so many hours
 With one of humble blood compar'd to you;
 Unless strong passion sway'd your thoughts to love her:
 Therefore receive, O prince! and take it kindly,
 For none on earth but you could win it from me,
 Receive the gift of my eternal love:
 'Tis all I can bestow, nor is it little;
 For sure a heart so coldly chaste as mine,
 No charms but yours, my lord, could e'er have warm'd.

Var. Well have you made amends by this last comfort,
 For the cold dart you shot at me before.
 For this last goodness, O my *Athenais*!
 (For now, methinks, I ought to call you mine)
 I empty all my soul in thanks before you.

Yet, Oh, one fear remains! like death it chills me;
 Why my relenting love did talk of parting! [sworn

Athen. Look there, and cease your wonder: I have
 T' obey my father, and he calls me hence——

Enter Leontine.

Var. Ha, *Leontine*! by which of all my actions
 Have I so deeply injur'd thee, to merit
 The smartest wound revenge could form to end me?

Leon. Answer me now, O prince! for virtue prompts
 And honesty will dally now no longer. [me,

What can the end of all this passion be?
 Glory requires the strict account, and asks
 What you intend at last to *Athenais*?

Var. How, *Leontine*!

Leon. You saw her, sir, at *Athens*, said you lov'd her,
 I charg'd her humbly to receive the honour,
 And hear your passion. Has she not, sir, obey'd me?

Var.

Var. She has; I thank the gods; but whither would'st

Leon. Having resolv'd to visit *Theodosius*, [thou?

You swore you would not go without my daughter;

Whereon I gave command that she should follow.

Var. Yes, *Leontine*, my old remembrancer,
Most learn'd of all philosophers, you did.

Leon. Thus long she has attended; you have seen her,
Sounded her virtues, and her imperfections;

Therefore, dread sir, forgive this bolder charge

Which honour sounds; and now let me demand you—

Var. Now help, *Aranthes*, or I'm dash'd for ever.

Aran. Whatever happens, sir, disdain the marriage.

Leon. Can your high thoughts so far forget themselves,
T'admit this humble virgin for your bride?

Var. Ha!

Athen. He blushes, gods, and stammers at the question!

Leon. Why do you walk, and chafe yourself my lord?
The business is not much.

Var. How, *Leontine*!

Not much! I know that she deserves a crown;

Yet 'tis to reason much, tho' not to love.

And sure the world would blush to see the daughter

Of a philosopher upon the throne of *Cyrus*.

Athen. Undone for ever!

Leon. Is this your answer, sir?

Var. Why dost thou urge me thus, and push me to
The very brink of glory? Where, alas!

I look, and tremble at the vast descent;

Yet, even there, to the vast bottom, down

My rash adventurer, love, would have me leap,

And grasp my *Athenais* with my ruin.

Leon. 'Tis well, my lord——

Var. Why dost thou then provoke me!

I thought that *Persia's* court had store of honour

To satisfy the height of thy ambition.

Besides, old man, my love is too well grown,

To want a tutor for his good behaviour:

What he will do, he of himself will do,

And not be taught by you——

Leon. I know he will not;

Fond tears away! I know, I know he will not;

But he would buy, with his old man's preferment,
My daughter's shame.

Var. Away, I say! my soul disdains the motion.

Leon. The motion of a marriage; yes, I see it:
Your angry looks, and haughty words, betray it:
I found it at the first. I thank you, sir,
You have at last rewarded your old tutor
For all his cares, his watchings, services.
Yet, let me tell you, sir, this humble maid,
This daughter of a poor philosopher,
Shall, if she please, be seated on a throne
As high as that of the immortal *Cyrus*.

Var. I think that age, and deep philosophy,
Have crack'd thy brain: Farewel, old *Leontine*;
Retire to rest; and when this brawling humour
Is rock'd asleep, I'll meet my *Athenais*,
And clear the accounts of love, which thou hast blotted.
[Exit.

Leon. Old *Leontine*! perhaps I'm mad indeed.
But hold, my heart, and let that solid virtue,
Which I so long ador'd, still keep the reins.
O *Athenais*! But I will not chide thee:
Fate is in all our actions; and, methinks,
At least a father judges so, it has
Rebuk'd thee smartly for thy easiness:
'There is a kind of mournful eloquence
In thy dumb grief, which shames all clam'rous sorrow.

Athen. 'Alas, my breast is full of death; methinks
'I fear ev'n you——

'*Leon.* Why shouldst thou fear thy father?

'*Athen.* Because you have the figure of a man!
Is there, O speak, a possibility
To be forgiv'n?

Leon. Thy father does forgive thee,
And honour will; but on this hard condition,
Never to see him more——

Athen. See him! O Heavens!

Leon. Unless it be, my daughter, to upbraid him:
Not though he should repent, and strait return,
Nay, proffer thee his crown——No more of that.
Honour too cries, revenge, revenge thy wrongs,
Revenge thyself, revenge thy injur'd father.

For

For 'tis revenge so wise, so glorious too,
As all the world shall praise——

Athen. Oh, give me leave;

For yet I am all tenderness: the woman,
The weak, the mild, the fond, the coward woman,
Dares not look forth; but runs about my breast,
And visits all the warmer mansions there,
Where she so oft has harbour'd false *Varanes*!
Cruel *Varanes*! false, forsworn *Varanes*!

Leon. Is this forgetting him? Is this the course
Which honour bids thee take?

Athen. Ah, sir, allow

A little time for love to make his way:
Hardly he won the place, and many sighs,
And many tears, and thousand oaths it cost him.
And, Oh! I find he will not be dislodg'd
Without a groan at parting hence for ever.
No, no! he vows he will not yet be 'ras'd
Without whole floods of grief at his farewell
Which thus I sacrifice: and, Oh! I swear,
Had he prov'd true, I would as easily
Have empty'd all my blood, and dy'd to serve him,
As now I shed these drops, or vent these sighs,
To shew how well, how perfectly I lov'd him.

Leon. No woman, sure, but thou, so low in fortune,
Therefore the nobler is thy fair example,
Would thus have griev'd, because a prince ador'd her;
Nor will it be believ'd in after-times,
That there was ever such a maid in being:
Yet do I still advise, preserve thy virtue;
And since he does disdain thee for his bride,
Scorn thou to be——

Athen. Hold, sir, Oh, hold, forbear;

For my nice soul abhors the very sound:
Yet with the shame of that, and the desire
Of an immortal name, I am inspir'd!
All kinder thoughts are fled for ever from me;
All tenderness, as if I ne'er had lov'd,
Has left my bosom colder than the grave.

Leon. O *Athenais*! on; 'tis bright before thee,
Pursue the track, and thou shalt be a star.

Athen. O *Leontine*, I swear, my noble father,

That I will starve e'er once forego my virtue :
 And thus let's join to contradict the world :
 That empire could not tempt a poor old man
 To sell his prince the honour of his daughter :
 And she too match'd the spirit of her father ;
 Tho' humbly born, and yet more humbly bred,
 She for her fame refus'd a royal bed ;
 Who, though she lov'd, yet did put off the hour,
 Nor could her virtue be betray'd by pow'r.
 Patterns like these will guilty courts improve,
 And teach the fair to blush at conscious love.
 ' Then let all maids for honour come in view,]
 ' If any maid can more for glory do.' [Exeunt.

A C T III.

Enter Varanes and Arantes.

Var. COME to my arms, my faithful, dear *Arantes*,
 Soft counsellor, companion of my youth ;
 If I had longer been alone, most sure,
 With the distraction that surrounds my heart,
 My hand would have rebell'd against its master,
 And done a murder here.

' *Aran.* The gods forbid !

' *Var.* I swear I press thee with as hearty joy,
 ' As ever fearful bride embrac'd her man,
 ' When from a dream of death she wak'd, and found
 ' Her lover safe and sleeping by her side.'

Aran. The cause, my lord ?

Var. Early thou know'st last night I went to rest :
 But long, my friend, ere slumber clos'd my eyes,
 Long was the combat fought 'twixt love and glory ;
 The fever of my passion burnt me up ;
 My pangs grew stronger, and my rack was doubled :
 ' My bed was all afloat with the cold drops
 ' That mortal pain wrang from my labouring limbs,
 ' My groans more deep than others dying gasps ;'
 Therefore I charge thee, haste to her apartment ;

' I do

' I do conjure thee, tell her, tell her all
 ' My fears can urge, or fondness can invent.
 ' Tell her how I repent, say any thing;
 ' For any thing I'll do to quench my fires ;'
 Say, I will marry her now on the instant :
 Say all that I would say ; yet in the end
 My love shall make it more than gods can utter.

Aran. My lord, both *Leontine* and she are gone
 From their apartment——

Var. Ha ! gone, say'st thou ! whither ?

Aran. That was my whole employment all this day.
 But, sir, I grieve to speak it, they have left
 No track behind for care to find 'em out :
 Nor is it possible——

Var. It is, it shall ;
 I'll struggle with impossibilities
 To find my *Athenais* : not the walls
 Of *Athens*, nor of *Thebes*, shall hide her from me.
 I'll bring the force of all my father's arms,
 And lay 'em waste, but I'll redeem my love.
 O *Leontine* ! morose old *Leontine* !

Thou mere philosopher ! O cruel sage,
 Who, for one hasty word, one chol'ric doubt,
 Hast turn'd the scale : though in the sacred balance
 My life, my glory, and my empire hung !

Aran. Most sure, my lord, they are retir'd to *Athens*.
 I will send post to-night——

Var. No, no, *Aranthes* :
 Prepare my chariots : for I'll go in person.
 I swear, till now, till I began to fear
 Some other might enjoy my *Athenais*,
 I swear I did not know how much I lov'd her.
 But let's away : I'll to the emperor ;
 Thou to the hasty management of my bus'ness :
 ' Prepare ; to-day I'll go, to-day I'll find her :
 ' No more ; I'll take my leave of *Theodosius*,
 ' And meet thee on the *Hippodrome*. Away :'
 Let the wild hurry of the master's love
 Make quick thy apprehension : haste, and leave me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Pulcheria, Atticus, Leontine; votaries leading Athenais in procession, after her baptism, to be confirmed.

Atticus sings.

' O *Chrysothom* ! look down and see,
' An off'ring worthy Heav'n and thee !
' So rich the victim, bright and fair,
' That she on earth appears a star :
' *Chor.* ' *Eudofia* is the virgin's name,
' And after-times shall sing her fame.

' *Atticus* Lead her votaries, lead her in,
' Her holy birth does now begin.

' *1st Votary.* In humble weeds, but clean array,
' Your hours shall sweetly pass away,
' And when the rites divine are past,
' To pleasant gardens you shall haste.

' *2d Votary.* Where many a flow'ry bed we have,
' That emblem still to each a grave ;
' And when within the stream we look,
' With tears we use to swell the brook :
' But, Oh, when in the liquid glass,
' Our Heav'n appears, we sigh to pass ;
' *Chor.* For Heav'n alone we are design'd,
' And all things bring our Heav'n to mind.'

Athen. O princess ! O most worthy of the world.
That is submitted by its emperor [Kneels.
To your most wise and providential sway !
What *Greek* or *Roman* eloquence can paint
The rapture and devotion of my soul !
I am adopted yours ; you are my goddess,
That have new form'd, new moulded my conceptions,
' And by the platform of a work divine,
' New fram'd, new built me to your own desires ;
' Thrown all the lumber of my passions out,
' And made my heart a mansion of perfection !
' Clean as an anchorite's grot or votary's cell,
' And spotless as the glories of his steps
' Whom we far oft adore.'

Pulch. Rise, *Eudofia*,
And let me fold my christian in my arms :
With this dear pledge of an eternal love,

I seal

I seal thee, O *Eudofia*! mine for ever.
 Accept, best charge, the vows of my affection :
 For, by the sacred friendship that I give thee,
 I think that Heav'n by miracle did send thee,
 To ease my cares, to help me in my counsels,
 To be my sister, partner in my bed,
 And equally, through my whole course of life,
 To be the better part of thy *Pulcheria*,
 And share my griefs and joys.

Athen. No, madam, no ;

Excuse the cares that this sad wretch must bring you :

'Oh, rather let me leave the world for ever ;'

Or, if I must partake your royal secrets,

'If you resolve to load me with such honour,'

Let it be far from cities, far from courts,

Where I may fly all human conversation ;

Where I may never see, nor hear, nor name,

Nor think, nor dream, O Heav'n ! if possible,

Of mankind more.

Pulch. What now ! in tears, *Eudofia*?

Athen. Far from the guilt of palaces, Oh, send me !

'Drive me, Oh, drive me from the traitor man !

'So I might 'scape that monster, let me dwell

'In lions haunts, or in some tiger's den :

'Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd rock,

'That bellies out, just dropping in the ocean :—

'Bury me in the hollow of its womb,

'Where, starving on my cold and flinty bed,

'I may from far, with giddy apprehension,

'See infinite fathoms down the rumbling deep ;

'Yet not e'en there, in that vast whirl of death,

'Can there be found so terrible a ruin,

'As man, false man, smiling, destructive man.'

Pulch. Then thou hast lov'd, *Eudofia*. O my sister !

Still nearer to my heart, so much the dearer :—

Because our fates are like, and, hand in hand,

Our fortunes lead us thro' the maze of life :

I'm glad that thou hast lov'd ; nay, lov'd with danger ;

Since thou hast 'scap'd the ruin.—'Methinks, it lightens

'The weight of my calamities, that thou

'(In all things else so perfect and divine)

'Art yet a-kin to my infirmity,'

‘ And bear’st thy part in love’s melodious ill.
 ‘ Love, that like bane perfum’d infects the mind,
 ‘ That sad delight that charms all woman-kind.’

Athen. Yes, madam, I confess that love has charm’d
 But never shall again. ‘ No, I renounce him; [me,
 ‘ Inspire me, all the wrongs of abus’d women,
 ‘ All you that have been cozen’d by false men;
 ‘ See what a strict example I will make:
 ‘ But for the perjuries of one I will revenge ye
 ‘ For all that’s past, that’s present, and to come.

Pulch. ‘ Oh, thou far more than the most masculine
 virtue!

‘ Where our *Astrea*, where, Oh, drowning brightness,
 ‘ Where hast thou been so long? Let me again
 ‘ Protest my admiration, and my love;
 ‘ Let me declare aloud, while thou art here,
 ‘ While such clear virtue shines within our circle,
 ‘ Vice shall no more appear within the palace,
 ‘ But hide her dazzl’d eyes, and this be call’d
 ‘ The holy court: ‘but,’ lo the emp’ror comes.

Beauty like thine may drive that far away,
 That has so long entranc’d his soul——My lord——

Enter Theodosius and Attendants.

Theo. If yet, alas! I might but hope to see her;
 But, Oh, forgive me, Heav’n, this wilder start,
 That thus would reach impossibility:

No, no, I never must behold her more;
 As well my *Atticus* might raise the dead,
 As *Leontine* should charm that form in view.

Pulch. My lord, I come to give your grief a cure,
 With purer flames to draw that cruel fire
 That tortur’d you so long——Behold this virgin——
 The daughter of your tutor *Leontine*.

‘ *Theo.* Ah!

‘ *Pulch.* She is your sister’s charge, and made a chris-
 ‘ And *Athenais* is *Eudofia* now, [tian,
 ‘ Be sure a fairer never grac’d religion,
 ‘ And for her virtue she transcends example.’

Theo. Oh, all you blest above, how can this be?
 Am I awake? Or is this possible? [Athen. kneels.

Pulch. She kneels, my lord. Will not you go and
 raise her?

Theo.

Theo. Nay, do thou raise her; for I'm rooted here:
 Yet if laborious love and melancholy
 Have not o'ercome me, and quite turn'd me mad,
 It must be she, that naked dazzling sweetness!
 The very figure of that morning star,
 That, dropping pearls, and shedding dewy beams,
 Fled from the greedy waves when I approach'd.
 Answer me, *Leontine*; am I distracted?
 Or is this true?—' By thee in all encounters
 ' I will be rul'd, in temperance and wildness,
 ' When reason clashes with extravagance.
 ' But speak'——

Leon. 'Tis true, my lord; this is my daughter,
 Whom I conceal'd in *Persia* from all eyes
 But yours, when chance directed you that way.

Theo. He says 'tis true: why then this heartless car-
 " *This lazy spirit.*" [riage?

' Oh, were I proof against the darts of love,
 ' And cold to beauty as the marble lover
 ' That lies, without a thought, upon his tomb;
 ' Would not this glorious dawn of life run through me,
 ' And waken death itself?' Why am I slow then?
 What hinders now, but that, in spite of rules,
 I burst through all the bands of death that hold me.

[*He kneels.*

And fly with such a haste to that appearance,
 As bury'd saints shall make at the last summons?

Athen. The emp'ror at my feet! O sir! forgive me;
 Drown me not thus with everlasting shame.
 Both Heav'n and earth must blush at such a view.
 Nor can I bear it longer——

Leon. My lord, she is unworthy——

Theo. Ha! what say'st thou, *Leontine*?

' Unworthy! O thou atheist to perfection!
 ' All that the blooming earth cou'd send forth fair;
 ' All that the gaudy Heavens cou'd drop down glorious!
 Unworthy, say'st thou! Wert thou not her father,
 I swear I would revenge—But haste, and tell me;
 For love like mine will bear no second thought;
 Can all the honours of the Orient,
 Thus sacrific'd with the most pure affection,
 With spotless thoughts, and languishing desires,

Obtain, O *Leontine* ! (the crown at last)
To thee I speak, thy daughter to my bride ?

Leon. My lord, the honour bears such estimation,
It calls the blood into my aged cheeks,
And quite o'erwhelms my daughter with confusion ;
Who, with her body prostrate on the earth,
Ought to adore you for the proffer'd glory.

Theo. Let me embrace and thank thee, O kind
Heav'n !

O *Atticus* ! *Pulcheria* ! O my father !
Was ever change like mine ? Run through the streets ?
' Who waits there ? ' Run, and, loud as fame can speak,
With trumpet sounds proclaim your emperor's joy.
' And, as of old, on the great festival
' Of her they call the mother of the gods,
' Let all work cease, at least an oaken garland
' Crown each *Plebeian* head ; let sprightly bowls
' Be dol'd about, and the tofs'd cymbals found ;
' Tell 'em their much lamented *Theodosius*
' By miracle is brought from death to life ;
' His melancholy's gone, and now once more
' He shall appear at the state's helm again ;
' Nor fear a wreck while this bright star directs us ;
' For while she shines, no sands, no cowering rocks
' Shall lie unseen, but I will cut my way
' Secure as *Neptune* thro' the highest stream,
' And to the port in safety steer the world.'

Athen. Alas, my lord, consider my extraction,
With all my other wants——

Theo. Peace, empress, peace !
No more the daughter of old *Leontine* ;
A christian now, and partner of the east.

Athen. My father has dispos'd me, you command me ;
What can I answer then, but my obedience ?

Theo. Attend her, dear *Pulcheria* ; and, Oh, tell her,
To-morrow, if she please, I will be happy.
Oh, why so long should I my joys delay ?

[*Exeunt Pulc. and Athen.*

Time, imp thy wings, let not thy minutes stay,
But to a moment change the tedious day.

' The day ! 'twill be an age before to-morrow :

' An age, a death, a vast eternity,

' Where we shall cold, and past enjoyment lie.'

Enter

Enter Varanes and Aranthos.

Var. O *Theodosius* !

Theo. Ha ! my brother here !

Why dost thou come to make my bliss run o'er ?

' What is there more to wish ? Fortune can find

' No flaw in such a glut of happiness,

' To let one misery in' — O my *Varanes* !

Thou that of late didst seem to walk on clouds,

Now give a loose, let go the slacken'd reins,

Let us drive down the precipice of joy,

As if that all the winds of Heav'n were for us.

Var. My lord, I'm glad to find the gale is turn'd ;

And give you joy of this auspicious fortune.

Plough on your way, with all your streamers out ;

With all your glorious flags and garlands ride

Triumphant on—And leave me to the waves,

The sands, the winds, the rocks, the sure destruction,

And ready gulphs that gape to swallow me.

Theo. It was thy hand that drew me from the grave,

Who had been dead by this time to ambition,

To crowns, to titles, and my slighted greatness.

But still, as if each work of thine deserv'd

The smile of Heav'n—Thy *Theodosius* met

With something dearer than his diadem,

With all that's worth a wish, that's worth a life ;

I met with that which made me leave the world.

Var. And I, Oh turn of chance ! Oh cursed fortune !

Have lost at once all that could make me happy.

' Oh, ye too partial pow'rs ! but now no more :

' The gods, my dear, my most-lov'd *Theodosius*,

' Double all those joys, that thou hast met, upon thee !

' For sure thou art most worthy, worthy more

' Than *Jove* in all his prodigality

' Can e'er bestow in blessings on mankind.'

And, Oh, methinks my soul is strangely mov'd,

Takes it the more unkindly of her stars,

That thou and I cannot be blest together :

For I must leave thee, friend ! this night must leave thee,

To go in doubtful search of what, perhaps,

I ne'er shall find ; if so my cruel fate

Has order'd it: why then farewell for ever :

For I shall never, never see thee more.

Theo.

Theo. How sensible my tender soul is grown
 Of what you utter! O my gallant friend!
 brother! O *Varanes*! do not judge
 By what I speak, for sighs will interrupt me:
 Judge by my tears, judge by these strict embraces,
 And by my last resolve: though I have met
 With what in silence I so long ador'd;
 Though in the rapture of protesting joys,
 I had set down to-morrow for my nuptials;
 'And *Atticus* to-night prepares the temple.'
 Yet, my *Varanes*, I will rob my soul
 Of all her health, of my imperial bride,
 And wander with thee in the search of that
 On which thy life depends——

Var. If this I suffer,
 Conclude me then begotten of a hind,
 And bred in wilds: no, *Theodosius*, no;
 I charge thee by our friendship, and conjure thee,
 By all the gods, to mention this no more.
 Perhaps, dear friend, I shall be sooner here
 Than you expect, or I myself imagine;
 What most I grieve is, that I cannot wait
 To see your nuptials: yet my soul is with you,
 And all my adorations to your bride.

Theo. What, my *Varanes*! will you be so cruel
 As not to see my bride before you go?
 Or are you angry at your rival's charms,
 Who has already ravish'd half my heart,
 That once was all your own?

Var. You know I am disorder'd!
 My melancholy will not suit her blest condition.

[Exit Theod.]

And the gods know; since thou, my *Athenais*,
 Art fled from these sick eyes, all other women
 To my pall'd soul seem like the ghost of beauty,
 And haunt my mem'ry with the loss of thee.

Enter Athenais, Theodosius leading her.

Theo. Behold, my lord, th' occasion of my joy.

Var. O ye immortal gods! *Arantes*! Oh!
 Look there, and wonder: ha! is't possible?

Athen. My lord, the emp'ror says you are his friend,
 He charges me to use my interest,

And

And beg of you to stay, at least so long
 As our espousals will be solem izing;
 I told him I was honour'd once to know you;
 But that so slightly, as I could not warrant
 The grant of any thing that I should ask you.—

Var. O heaven and earth! O *Athenais*! why,
 Why dost thou use me thus? Had I the world,
 Thou know'st it should be thine——

Athen. I know not that——

But yet, to make sure work, one half of it
 Is mine already, sir, without your giving.
 My lord, the prince is obstinate, his glory
 Scorns to be mov'd by the weak breath of woman:
 He is all hero, bent for higher views,
 Therefore 'tis noble, sir, to let him go:
 If not for him, my lord, yet for myself,

I must intreat the favour to retire. [*Exit. Athen. &c.*]

Var. Death and despair! Confusion! Hell and furies!

Theo. 'Heav'n guard thy health, and still preserve
 thy virtue,'

What should this mean? I fear the consequence,
 For 'tis too plain they know each other well.

Var. Undone, *Aranthes*! lost, undone for ever!

I see my doom, I read it with broad eyes,
 As plain as if I saw the book of fate:
 Yet I will muster all my spirits up,
 Digest my griefs, swallow the rising passions;
 Yes, I will stand the shock of all the gods
 Well as I can, and struggle for my life.

Theo. You muse, my lord; and if you'll give me leave
 To judge your thoughts, they seem employ'd at present
 About my bride—'I guess you know her too.'

Var. His bride! O gods, give me a moment's pa-
 I must confess, the sight of *Athenais*, [tience,
 Where I so little did expect to see her,
 So grac'd, and so adorn'd, did raise my wonder:
 But what exceeds all admiration, is,
 That you should talk of making her your bride;
 'Tis such a blind effect of monstrous fortune,
 That though I well remember you affirm'd it,
 I cannot yet believe——

Theo. Then now believe me:

By all the pow'rs divine I will espouse her.

Var.

Var. Ha! I shall leap the bounds. Come, come,
my lord,

By all these powers you nam'd, I say you must not.

Theo. I say, I will; and who shall bar my pleasure?
Yet more, I speak the judgment of my soul.
Weigh but with fortune merit in the balance,
And *Athenais* loses by the marriage.

Var. Relentless fates! malicious cruel pow'rs!
Oh, for what crime do you thus rack your creature?
Sir, I must tell you, this unkingly meanness
Suits the profession of an anchorite well;
But in an Oriental emperor
It gives offence; nor can you, without scandal,
Without the notion of a grov'ling spirit,
Espouse the daughter of old *Leontine*,
Whose utmost glory is to have been my tutor.

Theo. He has so well acquitted that employment,
Breeding you up to such a gallant height
Of full perfection, and imperial greatness,
That ev'n for this respect, if for no other,
I will esteem him worthy while I live.

Var. My lord, you'll pardon me a little freedom;
For I must boldly urge in such a cause,
Who ever flatters you, though ne'er so near
Related to your blood, should be suspected.

Theo. If friendship would admit a cold suspicion,
After what I have heard and seen to-day,
Of all mankind I should suspect *Varanes*.

Var. He has stung me to the heart; my groans will
choak me,

Unless my struggling passion gets a vent.
Out with it then—I can no more dissemble—
Yes, yes, my lord: since you reduce me to
The last necessity, I must confess it;
I must avow my flame for *Athenais*;
I am all fire, my passion eats me up,
It grows incorp'rate with my flesh and blood:
My pangs redouble; now they cleave my heart!
O *Athenais*! O *Eudisia*!—Oh!—

'Tho' plain as day I see my own destruction,
'Yet to my death, and, Oh, let all the gods
'Bear witness! still I swear I will adore thee!

Theo.

Theo. Alas, *Varanes!* which of us two the Heav'n's.
Have mark'd for death, is yet above the stars;
But, while we live, let us preserve our friendship
Sacred and just, as we have ever done.

This only mean in two such hard extremes
Remains for both: to-morrow you shall see her,
With all advantage, in her own apartment;
Take your own time, say all you can to gain her;
If you can win her, lead her into Persia;
If not, consent that I espouse her here.

Var. Still worse and worse! O *Theodosius!* Oh,
I cannot speak for sighs: my death is seal'd
By his last sweetness: had you been less good,
I might have hop'd. But now my doom's at hand.
Go then, and take her, take her to the temple:
The gods too give you joy! O *Athenais!*
Why does my image mock my foolish sorrow?
O *Theodosius*, do not see my tears:
Away, and leave me; leave me to the grave.

Theo. Farewel! let's leave the issue to the Heav'n's;
I will prepare your way with all that honour
Can urge in your behalf, tho' to my ruin. [*Ex. Theo.*]

Var. Oh, I could tear my limbs, and eat my flesh!
Fool that I was, fond, proud, vain-glorious fool!
Damn'd be all courts, and trebly damn'd ambition!
Blasted be thy remembrance! Curses on thee!
And plagues on plagues fall on those fools that seek thee!

Aran. Have comfort, sir——

Var. Away, and leave me, villain!
Traitor, who wrought me first to my destruction!——
Yet stay, and help, help me to curse my pride,
Help me to wish that I had ne'er been royal,
That I had never heard the name of Cyrus.
'That my first brawl in court had been my last.'
Oh, that I had been born some happy swain,
And never known a life so great, so vain!
Where I extremes might not be forc'd to choose,
And, blest with some mean wife, no crown could lose;
Where the dear partner of my little state,
With all her smiling offspring at the gate,
Blessing my labours, might my coming wait:

Where

Where in our humble beds all safe might lie,
 And not in cursed course for glory die.— [Exeunt.]

‘ S O N G .

‘ I.

- ‘ Hail to the myrtle shade,
- ‘ All hail to the nymphs of the fields ;
- ‘ Kings would not here invade
- ‘ Those pleasures that virtue yields.
- ‘ *Chor.* Beauty here opens her arms,
- ‘ To soften the languishing mind ;
- ‘ And Phillis unlocks her charms :
- ‘ Ah, Phillis ; ah, why so kind !

‘ H.

- ‘ Phillis, thou soul of love,
- ‘ Thou joy of the neighb’ring swains ;
- ‘ Phillis that crowns the grove,
- ‘ And Phillis that gilds the plains.
- ‘ *Chor.* Phillis, that ne’er had the skill,
- ‘ To paint and to patch and be fine ;
- ‘ Yet Phillis, whose eyes can kill,
- ‘ Whom nature had made divine.

‘ III.

- ‘ Phillis, whose charming song,
- ‘ Makes labour and pains a delight,
- ‘ Phillis that makes the day young,
- ‘ And shortens the live-long night.
- ‘ *Chor.* Phillis, whose lips like May,
- ‘ Still laughs at the sweets that they bring ;
- ‘ Where love never knows decay,
- ‘ But sets with eternal spring.’

A C T IV.

Enter Marcian, and Lucius at a distance.

Marc. **T**HE gen'ral of the Oriental armies,
 Was a commission large as fate could give.
 'Tis gone. 'Why, what care I? O fortune, fortune,
 'Thou laughing empress of this busy world,
 'Marcian defies thee now.'——
 Why, what a thing is a discarded favourite!
 'He, who but now, though longing to retire,
 'Cou'd not for busy waiters be alone,
 'Throng'd in his chamber, haunted to his closet
 'With a full croud, and an eternal court.'
 When once the favour of his prince is turn'd,
 Shunn'd as a ghost, the clouded man appears,
 And all the gaudy worshippers forsake him.
 'So fares it now with me, where'er I come,
 'As if I were another *Catiline*,
 'The courtiers rise, and no man will sit near me,
 'As if the plague were on me, all men fly me.'
 O *Lucius*! *Lucius*! if thou leav'st me too,
 I think, I think, I could not bear it;
 But like a slave, my spirit, broke with suff'ring,
 Should on these coward knees fall down, and beg
 Once to be great again——

Luc. Forbid it, Heaven,
 That e'er the noble *Marcian* condescend
 To ask of any, but th' immortal gods!
 Nay, I vow, if yet your spirit dare,
 Spite of the court, you shall be great as *Cæsar*.
 'Marc. No, *Lucius*, no; the gods repel that humour.
 'Yet since we are alone, and must e'er long
 'Leave this bad court, let us like veterans
 'Speak out——Thou say'st, alas! as great as *Cæsar*.
 'But where's his greatness? Where is his ambition?
 'If any sparks of virtue yet remain
 'In this poor figure of the *Roman* glory;
 'I say, if any be, how dim they shine,
 'Compar'd with what his great forefathers were.

'How

' How should he lighten then, or awe the world,
 ' Whose soul in courts is but a lambent fire ?
 ' And scarce, O *Rome* ! a glow-worm in the field,
 ' Soft, young, religious, godlike qualities,
 ' For one that should recover the lost empire,
 ' And wade thro' seas of blood, and walk o'er mountains
 ' Of slaughter'd bodies to immortal honour.'

Luc. Poor heart ! he pin'd awhile ago for love——

Marc. And for his mistress vow'd to leave the world ;
 But some new chance, it seems, has chang'd his mind.
 A marriage ! but to whom, or whence she came,
 None knows ; but yet a marriage is proclaim'd ;
 Pageants prepar'd ; the arches are adorn'd,
 ' The statues crown'd ; the *Hippodrome* does groan
 ' Beneath the burden of the mounted warriors.'

The theatre is open'd too, where he
 And the hot *Persian* mean to act their follies.
 Gods ! gods ! Is this the image of our *Cæsars* ?
 Is this the model of our *Romulus* ?

Oh, why so poorly have you stamp'd *Rome's* glory !
 ' Not *Rome's* but yours——Is this man fit to bear it ?
 ' This waxen portraiture of majesty,
 ' Which every warmer passion does melt down,
 ' And makes him fonder than a woman's longing.

Luc. Thus much I know, to the eternal shame
 Of the imperial blood ; this upstart empress,
 This fine new queen, is sprung from abject parents ;
 Nay, basely born ! But that's all one to him !
 He likes and loves, and therefore marries her.

Marc. Shall I not speak ? Shall I not tell him of it ?
 I feel this big-swoln throbbing *Roman* spirit
 Will burst, unless I utter what I ought.

Enter Pulcheria with a paper in her hand, and Julia.
Pulcheria here ! why she's the scourge of *Marcian* ;
 I tremble, too, whenever she approaches :

' And my heart dances an unusual measure,
 ' Spite of myself I blush, and cannot stir,
 ' While she is here'——What *Lucius*, can this mean ?
 ' 'Tis said, *Calphurnia* had the heart of *Cæsar*.
 ' *Augustus* doated on the subtle *Livia*,
 ' Why then should not I worship that fair angel ?
 ' Oh, didst thou mark her when her fury light'ned,

' She.

' She seem'd all goddesses ; nay her frowns became her ;
 ' There was a beauty in her very wildness.
 ' Were I a man, born great as our first founder,
 ' Sprung from the blood divine—but I am cast
 ' Beyond all possibility of hope.'

Pulch. Come hither, *Marcian*, read this paper o'er,
 And mark the strange neglect of *Theodosius*.

He signs whate'er I bring ; perhaps you've heard
 ' To-morrow he intends to wed a maid of *Athens*,
 New-made a christian, and new-nam'd *Eudisia*,
 Whom he more dearly prizes than his empire :
 Yet in this paper he hath set his hand,
 And seal'd it too with the imperial signet,
 That she shall lose her head to-morrow morning.

Marc. 'Tis not for me to judge ; yet this seems strange.

Pulch. I know he rather would commit a murder
 On his own person, than permit a vein
 Of her to bleed ; yet, *Marcian*, what might follow,
 If I were envious of this virgin's honour,
 By his rash passing whatsoe'er I offer——
 Without a view ? Ha ! but I had forgot :
Julia, let's haste from this infectious person——
 I had forgot that *Marcian* was a traitor :

' Yet, by the pow'rs divine, I swear 'tis pity,
 ' That one so form'd by nature for all honour,
 ' All titles, greatness, dignities imperial,
 ' The noblest person, and the bravest courage,
 ' Should not be honest. *Julia*, is't not pity ?
 O *Marcian*, *Marcian* ! I could weep to think
 Virtue should lose itself as thine has done.
 Repent, rash man, if yet 'tis not too late,
 And mend thy errors ; so farewell for ever,

[*Exeunt Pulch. and Jul.*]

Marc. Farewel for ever : No, madam, ere I go,
 I am resolv'd to speak, and you shall hear me ;
 Then, if you please, take off this traitor's head ;
 End my commission and my life together.

Luc. Perhaps you'll doubt of what I'm going to say ;
 But by your life, my lord, I think 'tis true :

Pulcheria loves this traitor ! ' Did you mark her ?

' At first she had forgot your banishment ;
 ' Makes you her counsellor, and tells her secrets.

' As

' As to a friend ; nay, leaves them in your hand,
 ' And says, 'tis pity that you are not honest !
 ' With such description of your gallantry
 ' As none but love could make ; then taking leave,
 ' Through the dark lashes of her darting eyes,
 Methought she shot her soul at ev'ry glance ;
 ' Still looking back, as if she had a mind
 ' That you should know she left her heart behind her,
Marc. Alas ; thou dost not know her, nor do I :
 Nor can the wit of all mankind conceive her.
 But let's away. This paper is of use.

Luc. I guess your purpose :
 He is a boy, and as a boy you'll use him :
 There is no other way.

Marc. Yes, if he be not
 Quite dead with sleep, for ever lost to honour,
Marcian with this shall rouse him. O my *Lucius* !
 Methinks the ghosts of the great *Theodosius*,
 And thund'ring *Constantine*, appear before me :
 They charge me as a soldier to chastise him,
 To lash him with keen words from lazy love,
 And shew him how they trod the paths of honour.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Theodosius lying on a couch, with two boys drest
 like Cupids, singing to him as he sleeps.*

' S O N G

' Happy day ! ah, happy day !
 ' That *Cæsar*'s beams did first display,
 ' So peaceful was the happy day.
 ' The gods themselves did all look down,
 ' The royal infant's birth to crown,
 ' So pleas'd they scarce did on the guilty frown.

Happy day ! ah, happy day !
 ' And, Oh, thrice happy hour !
 ' That made such goodness master of such pow'r :
 ' For thus the gods declare to men,
 ' No day like this shall ever come again.

' *Enter*

‘ *Enter Marcian with an order.*

‘ *Theo.* Ha, what rash thing art thou, who sett’st so
 ‘ A value on thy life, thus to presume [small
 ‘ Against the fatal orders I have given,
 ‘ Thus to entrench on *Cæsar’s* solitude,
 ‘ And urge me to thy ruin?

‘ *Marc.* Mighty *Cæsar*,
 ‘ I have transgress’d, and for my pardon bow
 ‘ To thee, as to the gods when I offend:
 ‘ Nor can I doubt your mercy, when you know
 ‘ The nature of my crime. I am commission’d
 ‘ From all the earth to give thee thanks and praises,
 ‘ Thou darling of mankind! whose conqu’ring arms
 ‘ Already drown the glory of great *Julius*,
 ‘ Whose deeper reach in laws and policy
 ‘ Makes wise *Augustus* envy thee in Heav’n;
 ‘ What mean the fates by such prodigious virtue?
 ‘ When scarce the manly down yet shades thy face,
 ‘ With conquest thus to over-run the world;
 ‘ And make barbarians tremble? O ye gods!
 ‘ Should destiny now end thee in thy bloom,
 ‘ Methinks I see thee mourn’d above the loss
 ‘ Of lov’d *Germanicus*, thy funerals,
 ‘ Like his, are solemniz’d with tears and blood.

‘ *Theo.* How, *Marcian*!

‘ *Marc.* Yes, the raging multitude,
 ‘ Like torrents, set no bound to their mad grief;
 ‘ Shave their wives heads, and tear off their own hair;
 ‘ With wild despair they bring their infants out
 ‘ To brawl their parents sorrow in the streets:
 ‘ Trade is no more, all courts of justice stopp’d;
 ‘ With stones they dash the windows of their temples,
 ‘ Pull down their altars, break their household gods;
 ‘ And still the universal groan is this,
 ‘ *Constantinople’s* lost, our empire’s ruin’d:
 ‘ Since he is gone, that father of his country;
 ‘ Since he is dead, O life, where is thy pleasure?
 ‘ O *Rome*! O conquer’d world, where is thy glory?

‘ *Theo.* I know thee well, thy custom and thy manners;
 ‘ Thou dost upbraid me; but no more of this,
 ‘ Not for thy life——

‘ *Marc.* What’s life without my honour?

' Could you transform yourself into a gorgon,
 ' Or make that beardless face like *Jupiter's*,
 ' I would be heard in spite of all your thunder.
 ' O pow'r of guilt! you fear to stand the test
 ' Which virtue brings; like sores your vices shake
 ' Before this *Roman*-healer; but, by the gods,
 ' Before I go, I'll rip the malady,
 ' And let the venom flow before your eyes.
 ' This is a debt to the great *Theodosius*,
 ' The grand-father of your illustrious blood:
 ' And then farewell for ever.

' *Theo.* Presuming *Marcian*!

' What canst thou urge against my innocence?
 ' Through the whole course of all my harmless youth,
 ' Ev'n to this hour, I cannot call to mind
 ' One wicked act which I have done to shame me.

' *Marc.* This may be true; yet if you give the sway
 ' To other hands, and your poor subjects suffer,
 ' Your negligence to them is as the cause.
 ' O *Theodosius*! credit me, who know
 ' The world, and hear how soldiers censure kings;
 ' In after-times, if thus you should go on,
 ' Your memory by warriors will be scorn'd,
 ' As much as *Nero* or *Caligula* loath'd,
 ' They will despise your sloth and backward ease,
 ' More than they hate the others cruelty.
 ' And what a thing, ye gods, is scorn or pity?
 ' Heap on me, Heav'n, the hate of all mankind;
 ' Load me with malice, envy, detestation;
 ' Let me be horrid to all apprehension,
 ' And the world shun me, so I 'scape but scorn.

' *Theo.* Pr'ythee no more.

' *Marc.* Nay, when the legions make comparisons,
 ' And say, thus cruel *Nero* once resolv'd
 ' On *Galba's* insurrection, for revenge,
 ' To give all *France* as plunder to the army,
 ' To poison the whole senate at a feast,
 ' To burn the city, turn the wild beasts out,
 ' Bears, lions, tigers, on the multitude;
 ' That so obstructing those that quench'd the fire,
 ' He might at once destroy rebellious *Rome*.

‘ *Theo.* Oh, cruelty! Why tell’st thou me of this?
 ‘ Am I of such a barb’rous bloody temper?

‘ *Marc.* Yet some will say, this shew’d he had a spirit,
 ‘ However fierce, avenging and pernicious,
 ‘ That favour’d of a *Roman*; but for you,
 ‘ What can your partial sycophants invent,
 ‘ To make you room among the emperors,
 ‘ Whose utmost is the smallest part of *Nero*,
 ‘ A petty player, one that can act a hero,
 ‘ And never be one? O ye immortal gods!
 ‘ Is this the old *Cæsarian* majesty?
 ‘ Now, in the name of our great *Romulus*,
 ‘ Why sing you not, and fiddle too, as he did;
 ‘ Why have you not, like *Nero*, a *Phenascus*,
 ‘ One to take care of your celestial voice?
 ‘ Lye on your back, my lord, and on your stomach
 ‘ Lay a thin plate of lead; abstain from fruits;
 ‘ And when the bus’ness of the stage is done,
 ‘ Retire with your loose friends, to costly banquets,
 ‘ While the lean army groans upon the ground.

‘ *Theo.* Leave me, I say, lest I chastise thee:
 ‘ Hence, begone, I say——

‘ *Marc.* Not till you have heard me out——
 ‘ Build too, like him, a palace lin’d with gold,
 ‘ As long and large as that of th’ *Esquiline*?
 ‘ Inclose a pool, too, in it, like the sea,
 ‘ And, at the empire’s cost, let navies meet;
 ‘ Adorn your starry chambers, too with gems;
 ‘ Contrive the plated cielings to turn round,
 ‘ With pipes to cast ambrosial oils upon you;
 ‘ Consume, with this prodigious vanity,
 ‘ In mere perfumes, and odorous distillations,
 ‘ Of sesterces, at once, four hundred millions;
 ‘ Let naked virgins wait you at your table,
 ‘ And wanton cupids dance and clap their wings.
 ‘ No matter what becomes of the poor soldiers,
 ‘ So they perform the drudgery they are fit for:
 ‘ Why let ’em starve for want of their arrears,
 ‘ Drop as they go, and lie, like dogs, in ditches.

‘ *Theo.* Come, you are a traitor——

‘ *Marc.* Go to, you are a boy——
 ‘ Or, by the gods——

C

‘ *Theo.*

‘ *Theo.* If arrogance like this,
 ‘ And to the emp’rors face, should ’scape unpunish’d,
 ‘ I’ll write myself a coward—die, then, villain,
 ‘ A death too glorious for so bad a man,
 ‘ By *Theodosius*’ hand.

[*They fight, Marcian disarms him, but is wounded.*

‘ *Marc.* Now, sir, where are you?
 ‘ What, in the name of all our *Roman* spirits,
 ‘ Now charms my hand from giving thee thy fate?
 ‘ Has he not cut me off from all my honours,
 ‘ Torn my commissions, sham’d me to the earth,
 ‘ Banish’d the court, a vagabond for ever?
 ‘ Does not the soldier hourly ask it from me,
 ‘ Sigh their own wrongs, and beg me to revenge ’em?
 ‘ What hinders now, but that I mount the throne,
 ‘ And make to that this purple youth my footstool?
 ‘ The armies court me, and my country’s cause;
 ‘ The injuries of *Rome* and *Greece* persuade me.
 ‘ Shew but this *Roman* blood which he has drawn,
 ‘ They’ll make me emperor whether I will or no;
 ‘ Did not, for less than this, the latter *Brutus*,
 ‘ Because he thought *Rome* wrong’d, in person head,
 ‘ Against his friend, a black conspiracy,
 ‘ And stab the majesty of all the world?

‘ *Theo.* Act as you please, I am within your power.

‘ *Marc.* Did not the former *Brutus*, for the crime
 ‘ Of *Sextus*, drive old *Tarquin* from his kingdom;
 ‘ And shall this prince too, by permitting others
 ‘ To act their wicked wills and lawless pleasures,
 ‘ Ravish from the empire its dear health,
 ‘ Well-being, happiness, and ancient glory,
 ‘ Go on in this dishonourable rest.
 ‘ Shall he, I say, dream on, while the starv’d troops
 ‘ Lie cold and waking in the winter camp;
 ‘ And, like pin’d birds, for want of sustenance,
 ‘ Feed on the haws and berries of the field?
 ‘ Oh, temper, temper me, ye gracious gods!
 ‘ Give to my hand forbearance, to my heart
 ‘ Its constant loyalty—I would but shake him,
 ‘ Rouze him a little from this death of honour,
 ‘ And shew him what he should be.

[*Aside.*

‘ *Theo.* You accuse me,

‘ As

' As if I were some monster most unheard of;
 ' First, as the ruin of the army; then
 ' Of taking your commission; but, by Heav'n,
 ' I swear, O *Marcian*! this I never did,
 ' Nor e'er intended it: nor say I this
 ' To alter thy stern usage; for with what
 ' Thou'lt said, and done, and brought to my remembrance,
 ' I grow already weary of my life.

' *Marc.* My lord, I take your word—you do not know
 ' The wounds which rage within your country's bowels;
 ' The horrid usage of the suff'ring foldier:
 ' But why will not our *Theodosius* know?
 ' If you intrust the government to others
 ' That act these crimes, who but yourself's to blame?
 ' Be witnesses, ye gods, of my plain dealing,
 ' Of *Marcian*'s honesty, howe'er degraded.
 ' I thank you for my banishment; but, alas!
 ' My loss is little to what soon will follow:
 ' Reflect but on yourself, and your own joys;
 ' Let not this lethargy for ever hold you.
 ' 'Twas rumour'd through the city that you lov'd,
 ' That your espousals should be solemniz'd;
 ' When, on a sudden, here, you send your orders
 ' That this bright favourite, the lov'd *Eudisia*,
 ' Should lose her head.

' *Theo.* O Heav'n and earth! What say'st thou,
 ' That I have seal'd the death of my *Eudisia*?

' *Marc.* 'Tis your own hand and signet: yet I swear,
 ' Tho' you have giv'n to female hands your sway,
 ' And therefore I as well as the whole army,
 ' For ever ought to curse all womankind,
 ' Yet when the virgin came, as she was doom'd,
 ' And on the scaffold, for that purpose rais'd,
 ' Without the walls appear'd before the army——

' *Theo.* What, on a scaffold? Ha! before the army?

' *Marc.* How quickly was the tide of fury turn'd
 ' To soft compassion and relenting tears: but when the
 ' Sever'd the brightest beauty of the earth [axe
 ' From that fair body, had you heard the groan,
 ' Which, like a peal of distant thunder, ran
 ' Through all the armed host, you would have thought
 ' By the immediate darkness that fell round us,

‘ Whole nature was concern’d at such a suff’ring,

‘ And all the gods were angry.

‘ *Theo.* O Pulcheria!

‘ Cruel, ambitious sister, this must be

‘ Thy doing! O support me, noble *Marcian*!

‘ Now, now’s the time, if thou dar’st strike; behold,

‘ I offer thee my breast; with my last breath

‘ I’ll thank thee too, if now thou draw’st my blood.

‘ Were I to live, thy counsel should direct me;

‘ But ’tis too late——— [He swoons.

‘ *Marc.* He faints! What, ho, there, *Lucius*!

‘ *Enter Lucius.*

‘ My lord, the emperor, *Eudofia* lives!

‘ She’s here, or will be in a minute, moment,

‘ Quick as a thought she calls you to the temple.

‘ O *Lucius*, help! —I’ve gone too far—but see,

‘ He breathes again—*Eudofia* has awak’d him.

‘ *Theo.* Did you not name *Eudofia*?

‘ *Marc.* Yes, she lives;

‘ I did but feign the story of her death,

‘ To find how near you plac’d her to your heart:

‘ And may the gods rain all their plagues upon me,

‘ If ever I rebuke you thus again:

‘ Yet ’tis most certain that you sign’d her death,

‘ Not knowing what the wife *Pulcheria* offer’d,

‘ Who left it in my hand to startle you:

‘ But, by my life and fame, I did not think

‘ It would have touch’d your life. O pardon me,

‘ Dear prince, my lord, my emp’ror, royal master!

‘ Droop not because I utter’d some rash words,

‘ And was a madman——by th’ immortal gods,

‘ I love you as my soul: whate’er I said,

‘ My thoughts were otherwise; believe these tears,

‘ Which do not use to flow; all shall be well:

‘ I swear that there are seeds in that sweet temper,

‘ T’ atone for all the crimes in this bad age.

‘ *Theo.* I thank thee—first, for my *Eudofia*’s life.

‘ What, but my love, could have call’d back that life,

‘ Which thou hast made me hate? And, Oh! methought

‘ ’Twas hard, dear *Marcian*, very hard from thee,

‘ From him I ever rev’renc’d as my father,

‘ To hear so harsh a message——But no more;

‘ We’re friends—thy hand—Nay, if thou wilt not rise,

' And let me fold my arms about thy neck,
 ' I'll not believe thy love—In this forgive me:
 ' First let me wed *Eudofia*, and we'll out;
 ' We will, my general, and make amends
 ' For all that's past—Glory and arms, ye call,
 ' And *Marcian* leads me on—
 ' *Marc.* Let me not rest, then—
 ' I spoufe her straight; I'll strike you at a heat;
 ' May this great humour get large growth within you,
 ' And be encourag'd by the embold'ning gods.
 ' Oh, what a sight will this be to the soldier!
 ' To see me bring you dress'd in shining armour,
 ' To head the shouting squadrons—O ye gods!
 ' Methinks I hear the echoing cries of joy,
 ' The sound of trumpets, and the beat of drums—
 ' I see each starving soldier bound from earth,
 ' As if some god by miracle had rais'd him,
 ' And, with beholding you, grow fat again.
 ' Nothing but gazing eyes, and opening mouths,
 ' Cheeks red with joy, and lifted hands about you;
 ' Some wiping the glad tears that trickle down
 ' With broken Io's, and with sobbing raptures,
 ' Crying, to arms! he's come, our emp'r'r's come
 ' To win the world!—Why, is not this far better
 ' Than lolling in a lady's lap, and sleeping,
 ' Fasting or praying? Come, come, you shall be merry;
 ' And for *Eudofia*, she is yours already;
 ' *Marcian* has said it, sir, she shall be yours.

' *Theo.* O *Marcian*! O my brother, father, all!
 ' Thou best of friends, most faithful counsellor,
 ' I'll find a match for thee too, ere I rest,
 ' To make thee love me; for when thou art with me,
 ' I'm strong and well, but when thou'rt gone, I'm
 ' nothing. [*Exeunt Marcian and Lucius.*]

Enter Athenais, meeting Theodosius.

Alas, *Eudofia*! tell me what to say;
 For my full heart can scarce bring forth a word
 Of that which I have sworn to see perform'd.

Athen. I'm perfectly obedient to your pleasure.

Theo. Well then, I come to tell thee, that *Varanes*,
 Of all mankind, is nearest to my heart.
 I love him, dear *Eudofia*; and to prove

That love on trial, all my blood's too little;
 Ev'n thee, if I were sure to die this moment,
 (As Heav'n alone can tell how far my fate
 Is off) O thou, my soul's most tender joy,
 With my last breath I would bequeath him thee. [him.]

Athen. Then you are pleas'd, my lord, to yield me to

Theo. No, my *Eudofia*, no, I will not yield thee
 While I have life; for worlds I will not yield thee:
 Yet, thus far I'm engag'd to let thee know,
 He loves thee, *Athenais*, more than ever;
 He languishes, despairs, and dies like me;
 And I have pass'd my word that he shall see thee.

Athen. Ah, sir! what have you done against yourself
 And me? — — —

' Why will you trust me, who am now afraid
 ' To trust myself? — Why do you leave me naked
 ' To an assault, who made proof my virtue
 ' With this sure guard, never to see him more.'
 For, Oh! with trembling agonies I speak it,
 I cannot see a prince whom once I lov'd,
 Bath'd in his grief, and gasping at my feet,
 ' In all the violent trances of despair,'
 Without a sorrow that perhaps may end me.

Theo. Oh, ye severer pow'rs! too cruel fate!
 Did ever love tread such a maze before?
 Yet, *Athenais*, still I trust thy virtue:
 But if thy bleeding heart cannot refrain,
 Give, give thyself away; yet still remember,
 That moment *Theodosius* is no more — — —

[Exit Theodosius.]

Athen. Now, glory, now, if ever thou didst work
 In woman's mind, assist me — ' Oh, my heart!
 ' Why dost thou throb, as if thou wert a breaking?
 ' Down, down, I say; think on thy injuries,
 ' Thy wrongs, thy wrongs? — 'Tis well — my eyes are dry,
 ' And all within my bosom now is still.'

Enter Varanes, leaning on Arantes.

Ha! is this he? Or is't *Varanes*' ghost?
 He looks as if he had bespoke his grave,
 Trembling and pale: I must not dare to view him:
 For, Oh, I feel his melancholy here,
 And fear I shall too soon partake his sickness.

Var.

Var. Thus to the angry gods, offending mortals,
 Made sensible, by some severe affliction,
 How all their crimes are register'd in Heav'n,
 ' In that nice court, where no rash word escapes,
 ' But ev'n extravagant thoughts are all set down :'
 Thus the poor penitents with fear approach
 The rev'rend shrines, and thus for mercy bow ; [*Kneels.*
 Thus melting too, they wash the hallow'd earth,
 And groan to be forgiven——
 O empress ! O *Eudofia* ! such you're now :
 These are your titles, and I must not dare
 Ever to call you *Athenais* more.

Athen. Rise, rise, my lord, let me intreat you, rise ;
 I will not hear you in that humble posture ;
 Rise, or I must withdraw——The world will blush
 For you and me, should it behold a prince,
 Sprung from immortal *Cyrus*, on his knees
 Before the daughter of a poor philosopher.

Var. 'Tis just, ye righteous gods, my doom is just ;
 Nor will I strive to deprecate her anger.
 If possible, I'll aggravate my crimes,
 That she may rage till she has broke my heart ;
 For all I now desire——and let the gods,
 ' Those cruel gods, that join to my undoing,
 ' Be witnesses to this unnatural wish,'
 Is to fall dead without a wound before her.

Athen. Oh, ye known sounds ! but I must steel my soul.
 [*Aside.*

' Methinks these robes, my *Delia*, are too heavy.'

Var. Not worth a word, a look, or one regard !
 ' Is then the nature of my fault so heinous,
 ' That when I come to take my eternal leave,
 ' You'll not vouchsafe to view me ? This is scorn
 ' Which the fair soul of gentle *Athenais*
 ' Would ne'er have harbour'd——
 ' Oh, for the sake of him, whom you, ere long,
 ' Shall hold as fast as now your wishes from him,'
 Give me a patient hearing ; for however
 I talk of death, and seem to loath my life,
 I would delib'rate with my fate a while,
 With snatching glances eye thee to the last,

Pause o'er a loss like that of *Athenais*,
And parley with my ruin.

Athen. Speak, my lord;
To hear you is the emperor's command,
And, for that cause, I readily obey.

Var. The emperor, the emperor's command!
And for that cause she readily obeys!
I thank you, Madam, that, on any terms,
You condescend to hear me——
Know, then, *Eudofia*; Ah, rather let me call thee
By the lov'd name of *Athenais* still!

' That name that I so often have invok'd,
' And which was once auspicious to my vows, —
' So oft at midnight sigh'd among the groves;
' The rivers murmur, and the echo's burden,
' Which every bird could sing, and wind did bear.
' By that dear name, I make this protestation,
' By all that's good on earth, or bless'd in Heav'n,'
I swear I love thee more, far more than ever.
With conscious blushes too, here, help me, gods;
Help me to tell her, tho' to my confusion,
And everlasting shame; yet I must tell her,
I lay the *Persian* crown before her feet.

Athen. My lord, I thank you; and t' express those
As nobly as you offer 'em, I return [thanks,
The gift you make; nor will I now upbraid you
With the example of the emperor;
Not but I know 'tis that that draws you on,
' Thus to descend beneath your majesty,
And swell the daughter of a poor philosopher
With hopes of being great.

Var. Ah, madam! Ah, you wrong me! by the gods,
I had repented, ere I knew the emp'rør——

Athen. You find, perhaps, too late, that *Athenais*,
However slighted for her birth and fortune,
Has something in her person and her virtue,
Worth the regard of emperors themselves:
And, to return the compliment you gave
My father, *Leontine*, that poor philosopher,
Whose utmost glory is t' have been your tutor,
I here protest, by virtue and by glory,
I swear, by Heav'n, and all the pow'rs divine,

Th' aban-

Th' abandon'd daughter of that poor old man
Shall ne'er be seated on the throne of *Cyrus*.

Var. Oh, death to all my hopes ! what hast thou sworn,
To turn me wild ? Ah, cursed throne of *Cyrus* !
Would thou hadst been o'erturn'd, and laid in dust ;
His crown too thunderstruck ; my father ; all
The *Persian* race, like poor *Darius*, ruin'd,
Blotted, and swept for ever from the world,
When first ambition blasted thy remembrance——

Athen. O Heav'n ! I had forgot the base affront
Offer'd by this proud man ; a wrong so great,
It is remov'd beyond all hope of mercy ;
He had design'd to bribe my father's virtue,
And by unlawful means——

Fly from my sight, lest I become a fury,
And break those rules of temp'rance I propos'd ;
Fly, fly, *Varanes* ! fly this sacred place,
Where virtue and religion are profess'd ;

' This city will not harbour infidels,
' Traitors to chastity, licentious princes :
' Begone, I say ; thou canst not here be safe ;'
Fly to imperial libertines abroad ;
In foreign courts thou'lt find a thousand beauties
That will comply for gold : for gold they'll weep,
For gold be fond, as *Athenais* was,
And charm thee still, as if they lov'd indeed.
' Thou'lt find enough companions too for riot ;
' Luxuriant all, and royal as thyself,
' Tho' thy loud vices should resound to Heav'n.
' Art thou not gone yet ?

' *Var.* No, I am charm'd to hear you.
' Oh ! from my soul I do confess myself
' The very blot of honour—I am more black
' Than thou, in all thy heat of just revenge,
' With all thy glorious eloquence, can make me.

' *Athen* Away, *Varanes* !

Var. Yes, madam, I am going——
Nay, by the gods, I do not ask thee pardon,
Nor, while I live, will I implore thy mercy ;
But, when I'm dead, if, as thou dost return
With happy *Theodosius* from the temple ;
If, as thou, go'st in triumph through the streets,

Thou chance to meet the cold *Varanes* there,
 Borne by his friends to his eternal home,
 Stop then, O *Athenais*! and behold me;
 Say, as thou hang'st about the emp'ror's neck,
 Alas, my lord! this sight is worth our pity.
 If to those pitying words thou add a tear,
 Or give one parting groan——if possible,
 If the good gods will grant my soul the freedom,
 I'll leave my shroud, and wake from death to thank thee.

Athen. He shakes my resolution from the bottom;
 My bleeding heart too speaks in his behalf,
 And says, my virtue has been too severe.

Var. Farewel, O empress! no *Athenais* now:
 I will not call thee by that tender name,
 Since cold despair begins to freeze my bosom,
 And all my pow'rs are now resolv'd on death.
 'Tis said, that from my youth I have been rash,
 'Choleric and hot; but let the gods now judge
 'By my last wish, if ever patient man
 'Did calmly bear so great a loss as mine.'
 Since 'tis so doom'd by fate, you must be wedded;
 For your own peace, when I am laid in earth,
 Forget that e'er *Varanes* had a being;
 Turn all your soul to *Theodosius*' bosom.
 Continue, gods, their days, and make them long;
Lucina, wait upon their fruitful *Hymen*,
 And many children, beauteous as the mother,
 And pious as the father, make 'em smile.

Athen. O Heav'ns!

Var. Farewel——I'll trouble you no more;
 The malady that's lodg'd within grows stronger:
 I feel the shock of my approaching fate;
 My heart too trembles at his distant march;
 Nor can I utter more, if you should ask me.
 Thy aim, *Aranthes*——Oh, farewell for ever!——

Athen. *Varanes*, stay; and ere you go for ever,
 Let me unfold my heart.

Var. O *Athenais*!

What further cruelty hast thou in store
 To add to what I suffer?

Athen. Since 'tis doom'd

That we must part, let's part as lovers should ;
As those that have lov'd long, and loved well.

Var. Art thou so good ! O *Athenais*, Oh !

Athen. First, from my soul, I pity and forgive you :
I pardon you that hasty little error,

Which yet has been the cause of both our ruins.

And let this sorrow witness for my heart,

How eagerly I wish it had not been ;

And since I cannot keep it, take it all ;

Take all the love, O prince ! I ever bore you :

' Or, if 'tis possible, I'll give you more ;

' Your noble carriage forces this confession :

' I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die for love !

' I am distracted with this world of passion.

Var. Gods ! cruel gods ! take notice, I forgive you.

Athen. Alas, my lord ! my weaker, tender sex

' Has not your manly patience, cannot curb

' This fury in ; therefore I let it loose ;

' Spite of my rigid duty, I will speak

' With all the dearth of a dying lover :'

Farewel, most lovely, and most lov'd of men——

Why comes this dying paleness o'er thy face ?

Why wander thus thy eyes ? Why dost thou bend,

As if the fatal weight of death were on thee ?

Var. Speak yet a little more ; for, by the gods,

And as I prize those blessed, happy moments,

I swear, O *Athenais* ! all is well.

Oh, never better !

Athen. I doubt thee, dear *Varanes* ;

Yet, if thou dy'st, I shall not long be from thee.

Once more, farewel, and take these last embraces.

Oh, I could crush him to my heart ! Farewel ;

And as a dying pledge of my last love,

Take this, which all thy pray'rs could never charm.

What have I done ? Oh, lead me, lead me, *Delia* !

Ah, prince, farewell ! angels protect and guard thee !

Var. Turn back, O *Athenais* ! and behold me ;

Hear my last words, and then farewell for ever.

Thou hast undone me more by this confession :

You say, you swear you love me more than ever ;

Yet I must see you marry'd to another :

Can there be any plague, or hell like this !

O *Athenais*! whither shall I turn me?
 You've brought me back to life: but, Oh! what life?
 To a life more terrible than thousand deaths.
 Like one that had been buried in a trance,
 With racking starts he wakes, and gazes round,
 Forc'd by despair, his whirling limbs to wound,
 ' And bellow like a spirit under ground ;'
 Still urg'd by fate to turn, to tofs, and rave,
 Tormented, dash'd, and broken in the grave.

}

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

*Athenais dress'd in imperial robes, and crown'd. A table,
 with a bowl of poison. Delia attending.*

Athen. A Midnight marriage! must I to the temple,
 Thus, at the murd'rer's hour? 'Tis wond'rous strange!

But so, thou say'st, my father has commanded;
 And that's a mighty reason.

Delia. The emp'ror, in compassion to the prince,
 Who would, perhaps, fly to extravagance,
 If he in public should resolve to espouse you,
 Contriv'd, by this close marriage, to deceive him.

Athen. "'Tis well; retire."

' Go fetch thy lute, and sing those lines I gave thee.'

[*Exit Delia.*]

So, now I am alone; yet my soul shakes;
 For where this dreadful draught may carry me,
 The Heav'ns can only tell: yet I'm resolv'd
 To drink it off, in spite of consequence.
 Whisper him, Oh, some angel! what I'm doing;
 By sympathy of soul let him too tremble,
 To hear my wond'rous faith, my wond'rous love,
 ' Whose spirit, not content with an ovation
 ' Of ling'ring fate, with triumph thus resolv'd;
 ' Thus, in the rapid chariot of the soul,
 ' To mount and dare as never woman dar'd. [Drinks.
 ' 'Tis done—haste, *Delia*, haste—come, bring thy lute.
 ' And

' And sing my waftage to immortal joys.
 ' Methinks I can't but smile at my own bravery;
 ' Thus from my lowest fortune rais'd to empire,
 ' Crown'd and adorn'd, worshipp'd by half the earth,
 ' While a young monarch dies for my embraces:
 ' Yet now to wave the glories of the world'——
 O my *Varanes* ! tho' my birth's unequal,
 My virtue, sure, has richly recompens'd,
 And quite out-gone example !

' S O N G.

' Ah, cruel bloody fair !
 ' What canst thou now do more ?
 ' Alas, 'tis all too late
 ' *Philander* to restore !
 ' Why should the heavenly pow'rs persuade
 ' Poor mortals to believe,
 ' That they guard us here,
 ' And reward us there,
 ' Yet all our joys deceive ?
 ' Her poignard then she took,
 ' And held it in her hand ;
 ' And, with a dying look,
 ' Cry'd, thus I fate command :
 ' *Philander*, ah, my love ! I come
 ' To meet thy shade below ;
 ' Ah, I come ! she cry'd,
 ' With a wound so wide,
 ' There needs no second blow.
 ' In purple waves her blood
 ' Ran streaming down the floor ;
 ' Unmov'd she saw the flood,
 ' And bless'd her dying hour :
 ' *Philander*, ah, *Philander* ! still
 ' The bleeding *Phillis* cry'd ;
 ' She wept a while,
 ' And she forc'd a smile,
 ' Then clos'd her eyes and dy'd.'

Enter Pulcheria.

Pulch. How fares my dear *Eudofia* ! Ha ! thou look'st,
 Or else the tapers cheat my sight, like one

That's

That's fitter for thy tomb, than *Cæsar's* bed :
 A fatal sorrow dims thy shaded eyes,
 And, in despite of all thy ornaments,
 Thou seem'st to me the ghost of *Athenais*.

Athen. And what's the punishment, my dear *Pulcheria*,
 What torments are allotted those sad spirits,
 Who, groaning with the burden of despair,
 No longer will endure the cares of life,
 But boldly set themselves at liberty,
 ' Thro' the dark caves of death to wander on,
 ' Like wilder'd travellers without a guide,
 ' Eternal rovers in the gloomy maze,
 ' Where scarce the twilight of an infant moon,
 ' By a faint glimmer check'ring thro' the trees,
 ' Reflects to dismal view the walking ghosts,
 ' And never hope to reach the blessed fields ?'

Pulch. No more o' that ; *Atticus* shall resolve thee.
 But see, he waits thee from the emperor ;
 Thy father too attends.

Enter Leontine, Atticus, &c.

Leon. Come, *Athenais*—Ha ! what now, in tears ?
 Oh, fall of honour ! but, no more : I charge thee,
 I charge thee, as thou ever hop'st my blessing,
 Or fear'st my curse, to banish from thy soul
 All thoughts, if possible, the memory
 Of that ungrateful prince that has undone thee.
 Attend me to the temple on this instant,
 To make the emp'rour thine, this night to wed him,
 ' And lie within his arms.'

Athen. Yes, sir, I'll go——
 Let me but dry my eyes, and I will go ;
Eudofia, this unhappy bride, shall go :
 Thus, like a victim, crown'd, and doom'd to bleed,
 I'll wait you to the altar, wed the emp'rour ;
 ' And, if he pleases, lie within his arms.'

Leon. Thou art my child again.

Athen. But do not, sir, imagine, any charms
 Or threat'nings shall compel me
 Never to think of poor *Varanes* more :
 No, my *Varanes*, no——

While I have breath I will remember thee :
 To thee alone I will my thoughts confine,

And

And all my meditations shall be thine :

‘ The image of thy woes my soul shall fill ;
 ‘ Fate, and my end, and thy remembrance still.
 ‘ As in some poplar shade, the nightingale,
 ‘ With piercing moans, does her lost young bewail,
 ‘ Which the rough hind observing as they lay
 ‘ Warm in their downy nest, had stol’n away ;
 ‘ But she, in mournful sounds, does still complain,
 ‘ Sings all the night, tho’ all her songs are vain,
 ‘ And still renews her miserable strain.’

}

Yes, my *Varanes*, till my death comes on,
 Shall sad *Eudofia* thy dear loss bemoan.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Varanes.

Var. ’Tis night, dead night ; and weary nature lies
 So fast, as if she never were to rise :

No breath of wind now whispers thro’ the trees ;
 No noise at land, nor murmur in the seas :

‘ Lean wolves forget to howl at night’s pale noon ;

‘ No wakeful dogs bark at the silent moon,

‘ Nor bay the ghosts that glide with horror by,

‘ To view the caverns where their bodies lie :

‘ The ravens perch, and no presages give,

‘ Nor to the windows of the dying cleave :

‘ The owls forget to scream : no midnight sound

‘ Calls drowsy *Echq* from the hollow ground :

‘ In vaults the walking fires extinguish’d lie ;

‘ The stars, Heav’n’s centry, wink, and seem to die.’

Such universal silence spreads below,

Thro’ the vast shades where I am doom’d to go :

Nor shall I need a violence to wound ;

The storm is here, that drives me on the ground ;

Sure means to make the soul and body part,

A burning fever, and a broken heart.

What, *ho*, *Aranthes* !

Enter Arantes.

I sent thee to th’ apartment of *Athenais*.——

‘ I sent thee,’ did I not, ‘ to be admitted ?’

Aran. You did, my lord ; but, oh,

I fear to give you an account !

Var. Alas,

Aranthes ! I am got on t’other side

Of this bad world, and now am past all fear.

O ye

O ye avenging gods! is there a plague
 Among your hoarded bolts, and heaps of vengeance,
 Beyond the mighty loss of *Athenais*?
 'Tis contradiction—Speak then, speak, *Aranthes*;
 For all misfortune, if compar'd with that,
 Will make *Varanes* smile——

Aran. My lord, the empress,
 Crown'd, and adorn'd with the imperial robes,
 At this dead time of night, with silent pomp,
 As they design'd from all to keep it secret,
 But chiefly, sure, from you? I say, the empress
 Is now conducted by the general,
Atticus, and her father, to the temple,
 There to espouse the emp'ror *Theodosius*.

Var. Say'st thou? Is't certain? Ha!

Aran. Most certain, sir! I saw them in procession.

Var. Give me thy sword. Malicious fate! O fortune!
 O giddy chance! O turn of love and greatness!
 Marry'd—She has kept her promise now indeed;
 And, Oh! her pointed fame, and nice revenge,
 Have reach'd their end. No, my *Aranthes*, no;
 I will not stay the lazy execution
 Of a slow fever. Give me thy hand, and swear
 By all the love and duty that thou ow'st me,
 T' observe the last commands that I shall give thee:
 Stir not against my purpose, as thou fear'st
 My anger and disdain; nor dare t'oppose me
 With troublesome, unnecessary, formal reasons;
 For what my thought has doom'd, my hand shall seal.
 I charge thee, hold it stedfast to my heart,
 Fix'd as the fate that throws me on the point.
 Tho' I have liv'd a *Persian*, I will fall
 As fair, as fearless, and as full resolv'd,
 As any *Greek* or *Roman* of them all.

Aran. What you command is terrible, but sacred;
 And to atone for this too cruel duty,
 My lord, I'll follow you——

Var. I charge thee not:
 But, when I'm dead, take the attending slaves,
 And bear me, with my blood distilling down,
 Straight to the temple: lay me, O *Aranthes*!
 Lay my cold corse at *Athenais*' feet,

And

And say, Oh, why! why do my eyes run o'er?
 Say, with my latest gasp I groan'd for pardon.
 Just here, my friend, hold fast, and fix the sword;
 I feel the art'ry where the life blood lies;
 It heaves against the point—Now, O ye gods!
 If for the greatly wretched you have room,
 Prepare my place; for dauntless, lo, I come.
 The force of love thus makes the mortal wound,
 And *Athenais* sends me to the ground. [*Kills himself.*]

‘ S C E N E, *the outward part of the Temple.*

‘ *Enter Pulcheria and Julia at one door, Marcian and*

‘ *Lucius at another.*

‘ *Pulch.* Look, *Julia*, see, the pensive *Marcian* comes:

‘ ‘Tis to my wish; I must no longer lose him,
 ‘ Lest he should leave the court indeed. He looks
 ‘ As if some mighty secret work'd within him,
 ‘ And labour'd for a vent—Inspire me, woman!
 ‘ That what my soul desires above the world,
 ‘ May seem impos'd and forc'd on my affections.

‘ *Luc.* I say she loves you, and she stays to hear it
 ‘ From your own mouth—Now, in the name
 ‘ Of all the gods at once, my lord, why are you silent?
 ‘ Take heed, sir, mark your opportunity;
 ‘ For if the woman lays it in your way,
 ‘ And you o'ersee it, she is lost for ever.

‘ *Marc.* Madam, I come to take my eternal leave?
 ‘ Your doom has banish'd me, and I obey.
 ‘ The court and I shake hands, and now we part,
 ‘ Never to see each other more; the court
 ‘ Where I was born, and bred a gentleman;
 ‘ No more, till your illustrious bounty rais'd me,
 ‘ And drew the earth-born vapour to the clouds;
 ‘ But, as the gods ordain'd it, I have lost,
 ‘ I know not how, through ignorance, your grace;
 ‘ And now the exhalation of my glory
 ‘ Is quite consum'd, and vanish'd into air.

‘ *Pulch.* Proceed, sir.

‘ *Marc.* Yet let those gods that doom'd me to displease
 ‘ Be witnesses how much I honour you—— [you,
 ‘ Thus worshipping, I swear, by your bright self,
 ‘ I leave this infamous court with more content

‘ Than

- ‘ Than fools and flatt’ers seek it: but, O Heav’n!
- ‘ I cannot go, if still your hate pursues me;
- ‘ Yes, I declare, it is impossible
- ‘ To go to banishment without your pardon.
- ‘ *Pulch.* You have it, *Marcian*: is there ought beside,
- ‘ That you would speak; for I am free to hear [ders,
- ‘ *Marc.* Since I shall never see you more, what hin-
- ‘ But my last words should here protest the truth?
- ‘ Know then, imperial princess, matchless woman,
- ‘ Since first you cast your eyes upon my meanness,
- ‘ Ev’n till you rais’d me to my envy’d height,
- ‘ I have in secret lov’d you——

‘ *Pulch.* Is this *Marcian*?

- ‘ *Marc.* You frown: but I am still prepar’d for all:
- ‘ I say I lov’d you, and I love you still,
- ‘ More than my life, and equal to my glory.
- ‘ Methinks, the warring spirit that inspires
- ‘ This frame, the very genius of old *Rome*,
- ‘ That makes me talk without the fear of death,
- ‘ And drives my daring soul to acts of honour,
- ‘ Flames in your eyes; our thoughts, too, are akin,
- ‘ Ambitious, fierce, and burn alike for glory.
- ‘ Now, by the gods, I lov’d you in your fury,
- ‘ In all the thunder that quite riv’d my hopes,
- ‘ I lov’d you most, ev’n when you did destroy me.
- ‘ Madam, I’ve spoke my heart, and could say more,
- ‘ But that I see it grieves you; your high blood
- ‘ Frets at the arrogance and saucy pride
- ‘ Of this bold vagabond—May the gods forgive me—
- ‘ Farewel—a worthier general may succeed me;
- ‘ But none more faithful to the emp’ror’s interest,
- ‘ Than him you’re pleas’d to call the traitor *Marcian*.

‘ *Pulch.* Come back; you’ve subtilly play’d your part,
indeed:

- ‘ For first, the emp’ror, whom you lately school’d,
- ‘ Restores you your commission; next, commands you,
- ‘ As you’re a subject, not to leave the court;
- ‘ Next, but O Heav’n! which way shall I express
- ‘ His cruel pleasure; he that is so mild
- ‘ In all things else, yet obstinate in this,
- ‘ Spite of my tears, my birth, and my disdain,
- ‘ Commands me, as I dread his high displeasure,
- ‘ O *Marcian*! to receive you as my husband.

‘ *Marc.*

‘ *Marc.* Ha, *Lucius!* what, what does my fate intend?

‘ *Luc.* Pursue her, sir; ’tis as I said; she yields,

‘ And rages that you follow her no faster.

‘ *Pulch.* Is then, at last, my great authority,

‘ And my intrusted pow’r, declin’d to this?

‘ Yet, Oh, my fate! what way can I avoid it?

‘ He charg’d me, straight to wait him to the temple,

‘ And there resolve, O *Marcian!* on this marriage.

‘ Now, generous soldier, as your truly noble,

‘ Oh, help me forth, lost in this labyrinth;

‘ Help me to loose this more than Gordian knot,

‘ And make me and yourself for ever happy.

‘ *Marc.* Madam, I’ll speak as briefly as I can,

‘ And as a soldier ought; the only way

‘ To help this knot, is yet to tie it faster.

‘ Since, then, the emp’rer has resolv’d you mine,

‘ For which I will for ever thank the gods,

‘ And make this holiday throughout my life,

‘ I take him at his word, and claim his promise;

‘ The empire of the world shall not redeem you.

‘ Nay, weep not, madam: though my outside’s rough,

‘ Yet, by those eyes, your soldier has a heart,

‘ Compassionate and tender as a virgin’s;

‘ Ev’n now it bleeds to see those falling sorrows;

‘ Perhaps this grief may move the emperor

‘ To a repentance: come, then, to the trial;

‘ For, by my arms, my life, and dearer honour,

‘ If you go back, when giv’n me by his hand,

‘ In distant wars my fate I will deplore,

‘ And *Marcian’s* name shall ne’er be heard of more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, the Temple.

Theodosius, Athenais, Atticus, *joining their hands*—
Marcian, Pulcheria, Lucius, Julia, Delia, and Le-
ontine.

Attic. The more than Gordian knot is ty’d,
 Which Death’s strong arm shall ne’er divide;
 For when to blifs ye wafte are,
 Your spirits shall be wedded there.
 Waters are lost, and fires will die;
 But love alone can fate defy.

Enter

Enter Arantes, with the body of Varanes.

Aran. Where is the empress? Where shall I find *Eu-*
By fate I'm sent to tell that cruel beauty, [doſia?
She has rob'd the world of fame; her eyes have giv'n
A blast to the big blossom of the war:
Behold him there, nipp'd in his flow'ry morn,
Compell'd to break his promise of a day,
A day that conquest would have made her boast:
Behold her laurel wither'd to the root,
Canker'd and kill'd by *Athenais'* scorn.

Athen. Dead, dead, *Varanes!*

Theo. 'O ye eternal pow'rs

'That guide the world! why do you shock our reason
'With acts like these, that lay our thoughts in dust?
'Forgive me, Heav'n, this start, or elevate
'Imagination more, and make it nothing.'
Alas, alas, *Varanes!* But, speak, *Arantes,*
The manner of his fate; 'groans choak my words——
'But speak, and we will answer thee with tears.'

Aran. His fever would, no doubt, by this, have done,
What, some few minutes past, his sword perform'd.
He heard from me your progress to the temple,
How you design'd, at midnight to deceive him
By a clandestine marriage: but, my lord,
Had you beheld his racks at my relation;
Or had your empress seen him in those torments,
When from his dying eyes, swol'n to the brim,
The big round drops roll'd down his manly face;
When from his hollow'd breast, a murm'ring croud
Of groans rush'd forth, and echo'd, All is well;
Then, had you seen him, O ye cruel gods!
Rush on the sword I held against his breast,
And dye it to the hilts, with these last words——
Bear me to *Athenais*——

Athen. Give me way, my lord;
I have most strictly kept my promise with you:
I am your bride, and you can ask no more;
Or, if you did, I'm past the pow'r to give——
But here, Oh, here! on his cold bloody breast,
Thus let me breathe my last. [mean?

Theo. O empress! what, what can this transport
Are these our nuptials; these my promis'd joys?

Athen.

Athen. Forgive me, fir, this last respect I pay
 These sad remains—And, O thou mighty spirit!
 If yet thou art not mingled with the stars,
 Look down, and hear the wretched *Athenais*,
 When thou shalt know, before I gave consent
 To this indecent marriage, I had taken
 Into my veins a cold and deadly draught,
 ‘ Which soon would render me, alas! unfit
 ‘ For the warm joys of an imperial lover,
 ‘ And make me ever thine, yet keep my word
 ‘ With *Theodosius*.’ Wilt thou not forgive me?—

Theo. Poison’d, to free thee from the emperor!
 O *Athenais*, thou hast done a deed
 That tears my heart! ‘ What have I done against thee,
 ‘ That thou shouldst brand me thus with infamy,
 ‘ And everlasting shame? Thou might’st have made
 ‘ Thy choice, without this cruel act of death.
 ‘ I left thee to thy will, and in requital,
 ‘ Thou hast murder’d all my fame.’

Athen. O pardon me!
 I lay my dying body at your feet,
 And beg, my lord, with my last sighs intreat you,
 T’impute the fault, if ’tis a fault, to love,
 And the ingratitude of *Athenais*
 To her too cruel stars: remember, too,
 I begg’d you would not let me see the prince,
 Prefaging what has happen’d; yet my word,
 As to our nuptials, was inviolable.

Theo. Ha! she is going!—‘ see, her languishing eyes
 ‘ Draw in their beams!’ the sleep of death is on her.

Athen. ‘ Farewel, my lord.’ Alas, alas, *Varanes*:
 T’embrace thee now is not immodesty;
 Or, if it were, I think my bleeding heart
 Would make me criminal in death to clasp thee,
 ‘ Break all the tender niceties of honour,
 ‘ To fold thee thus, and warm thee into life;
 ‘ For, Oh, what man, like him, could woman move!’
 O prince belov’d! O spirit most divine!
 Thus by my death I give thee all my love,
 And seal my soul and body ever thine——

[Dies.

Theo. O *Marcian*! O *Pulcheria*! did not the pow’r
 Whom we adore plant all his thunder bolts

Against

Against self-murderers, I would perish too:
But, as I am, I swear to leave the empire.
To thee, my sister, I bequeath the world;
And yet, a gift more great, the gallant *Marcian*.
On, then, my friend, now shew thy *Roman* spirit!
As to her sex fair *Athenais* was,
Be thou to thine a pattern of true honour.
Thus we'll atone for all the present crimes,
That yet it may be said, in after times,
No age with such examples could compare,
So great, so good, so virtuous, and so fair.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E.

THREE happy they, that never wrote before ;
 How pleas'd and bold they quit the safer shore !
 Like some new captives of the city bands,
 That, with big looks, in Finsbury commands :
 Swell'd with huge ale, he cries, beat, beat the drum ;
 Pox o' the French king ! Uds-bud, let him come :
 Give me ten thousand ea-coats, and alloo !
 We'll firke his Crequi and his Condé too.
 Thus the young scribblers mankind's sense disdain ;
 For ignorance is sure to make 'em vain ;
 But, far from vanity, or dang'rous pride,
 Our cautious poet courts you to his side ;
 For why should you be scorn'd, to whom are due
 All the good days that ever authors knew ?
 If ever gay, 'tis you that make 'em fine :
 The pit and boxes make the poet dine,
 And he scarce drinks but of the critics wine.
 Old writers should not for vain glory strive,
 But, like old mistresses, think how to thrive ;
 Be'fond of ev'ry thing their keepers say,
 At least, till they can live without a play ;
 Like one who knows the trade, and has been bit ;
 She doats and fawns upon her wealthy cit,
 And swears she loves him, merely for his wit.
 Another, more untaught than a Walloon,
 Antic and ugly, like an old baboon.
 She swears, is an accomplish'd beau-garçon :
 Turns with all winds, and sails with all desires ;
 All hearts in city, town, and court, she fires ;
 Young callow lords, lean knights, and driv'ling squires.
 She in resistless flatt'ry finds her ends,
 Gives thanks for fools, and makes ye all her friends.
 So should wise poets sooth an awkward age ;
 For they are prostitutes upon the stage.
 To stand on points were foolish and ill-bred,
 As for a lady to be nice in bed :
 Your wills alone must their performance measure,
 And you may turn 'em ev'ry way for pleasure.

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OF
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A
T R A G E D Y.

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M.DCC.LXXVII.

☞ The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatre are here preserved, and marked with single inverted Commas ; as at Line 26 to 29, in Page 13.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
EARL COWPER.

My LORD,

MY obligations to your Lordship are so great and singular, so much exceeding all acknowledgment, and yet so highly demanding all that I can ever make, that nothing has been a greater uneasiness to me than to think that I have not publicly owned them sooner. The honour of having been admitted to your Lordship's acquaintance and conversation, and the pleasure I have sometimes had of sharing in your private hours and retirement from the town, were a happiness sufficient of itself to require from me the utmost returns of gratitude. But your Lordship was soon pleased to add to this, your generous care of providing for one who had given you no solicitation; and before I could ask, or even expected it, to honour me with an employment, which, though valuable on other accounts, be-

came most so to me, by the single circumstance of its placing me near your Lordship. But I am not to bound my acknowledgments here: When your Lordship withdrew from public business, your care of me did not cease, till you had recommended me to your successor, the present Lord Chancellor. So that my having since had the felicity to be continued in the same employment, under a patron to whom I have many obligations, and who has particularly shewn a pleasure in encouraging the lovers of learning and arts, is an additional obligation, for which I am originally indebted to your Lordship.

And yet I have said nothing as I ought of your Lordship's favours, unless I could describe a thousand agreeable circumstances which attend and heighten them. To give is an act of power common to the great; but to double any gift by the manner of bestowing it, is an art known only to the most elegant minds, and a pleasure tasted by none but persons of the most refined humanity.

As for the Tragedy I now humbly dedicate to your Lordship, part of it was written in the neighbourhood of your Lordship's pleasant seat in the country; where it had the good fortune to grow up under your early approbation and encouragement; and I persuade myself it will now be received

ceived by your Lordship with that indulgence, the exercise of which is natural to you, and is not the least of those distinguishing virtues by which you have gained an unsought popularity, and without either study or design have made yourself one of the most beloved persons of the age in which you live. Here, my LORD, I have a large subject before me, if I were capable of pursuing it, and if I were not acquainted with your Lordship's particular delicacy, by which you are not more careful to deserve the greatest praises, than you are nice in receiving even the least. I shall therefore only presume to add, that I am, with the greatest zeal,

My L O R D,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

Most dutiful, and

Devoted humble servant,

Feb. 6, 1719-20.

JOHN HUGHES.

INTRODUCTION.

THE time of the following action is about two years after Mahomet's death, under the next succeeding Caliph, Abubeker. The Saracen Caliphs were supreme both in spiritual and temporal affairs; and Abubeker, following the steps of Mahomet, had made a considerable progress in propagating his new superstition by the sword. He had sent a numerous army into Syria, under the command of Caled, a bold and bloody Arabian, who had conquered several towns. The spirit of enthusiasm, newly poured forth among them, acted in its utmost vigour; and the persuasion, that they who turned their backs in fight were accursed of God, and that they who fell in battle passed immediately into Paradise, made them an overmatch for all the forces, which the Grecian Emperor Heraclius could send against them. It was a very important period of time, and the eyes of the whole world were fixed with terror on these successful savages, who committed all their barbarities under the name of religion; and soon after, by extending their conquests over the Grecian empire, and thro' Persia and Egypt, laid the foundation of that mighty empire of the Saracens, which lasted for several centuries; to which the Turks of later years succeeded.

The Saracens were now sat down before Damascus, the capital city of Syria, when the action of this Tragedy begins. This was about the year of our Lord 634. All who have written of those times represent the state of Christianity in great confusion, very much corrupted, and divided with controversies and disputes, which, together with an universal depravity of manners, and the decay of good policy and ancient discipline in the empire, gave a mighty advantage to Mahomet and his followers, and prepared the way for their amazing success.

P R O-

P R O L O G U E.

*O*F T has the Muse here try'd her magic arts,
To raise your fancies, and engage your hearts.

*When o'er this little spot she shakes her wand,
Towns, cities, nations, rise at her command:
And armies march obedient to her call,
New states are form'd, and ancient empires fall.
To vary your instruction and delight,
Past ages roll renew'd before your sight.
His awful form the Greek and Roman wears,
Wak'd from his slumber of two thousand years:
And man's whole race, restor'd to joy and pain,
Act all their little greatness o'er again.*

*No common woes to-night we set to view;
Important is the time, the story new.
Our opening scenes shall to your sight disclose
How spiritual Dragooning first arose;
Claims drawn from Heav'n by a Barbarian Lord,
And Faith first propagated by the sword.
In rocky Araby this post began,
And swiftly o'er the neighbour country ran:
By faction weaken'd, and disunion broke,
Degenerate provinces admit the yoke.
Nor stopp'd their progress, till resistless grown,
Th' enthusiasts made all Asia's world their own.*

*Britons, be warn'd; let e'en your pleasures here
Convey some moral to th' attentive ear.
Beware lest blessings long possess displease;
Nor grow supine with liberty and ease.
Your country's glory be your constant aim,
Her safety all is yours; think yours her fame.
Unite at home—forego intestine jars;
Then scorn the rumours of religious wars;
Speak loud in thunder from your guarded shores,
And tell the continent, the sea is yours.
Speak on,—and say, by war, you'll peace maintain,
Till brightest years; reserv'd for GEORGE's reign,
Advance, and shine in their appointed round;
Arts then shall flourish, plenteous joys abound,
And, cheer'd by him, each loyal Muse shall sing,
The happiest island, and the greatest KING.*

Dramatis Personæ.

CHRISTIANS.

Eumenes, governor of Damascus, ————
 Eudocia, his daughter, ————
 Herbis, his friend, one of the chiefs of the city,
 Phocyas, a noble and valiant Syrian, privately in love with }
 Eudocia, ————
 Artamon, an officer of the guards, ————
 Sergius, an express from the Emperor Heracius,
 Officers, soldiers, citizens, and attendants. ————

SARACENS.

Caled, general of the Saracen army, ————
 Abudah, the next in command under Caled, ————
 Daran, a wild Arabian, professing Mahometanism for the }
 sake of the spoil,
 Serjabil, }
 Raphan, &c. } Saracen captains.

At Drury Lane.

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 Mr. WRIGHTEN.
 Mr. BENSLEY.
 Mr. PACKER.
 Mr. BRANSBY.

Officers, soldiers, attendants.

SCENE the city of Damascus, in Syria, and the Saracen camp before it. And in the last act, a valley adjacent.

T H E

SIEGE of DAMASCUS.

ACT I. SCENE, the City.

Enter Eumenes, followed by a crowd of people.

Eum. I'LL hear no more. Be gone!
 Or stop your clamorous mouths, that still are
 open
 To bawl sedition, and consume our corn.
 If you will follow me, send home your women,
 And follow to the walls; there earn your safety,
 As brave men shou'd—pity your wives and children?
 Yes, I do pity them, Heav'n knows I do,
 E'en more than you; nor will I yield 'em up,
 Tho' at your own request, a prey to ruffians—
 Herbis, what news?

Enter Herbis.

Herb. News!—We're betray'd, deserted;
 The works are but half mann'd; the Saracens
 Perceive it, and pour on such crowds, they blunt
 Our weapons, and have drain'd our stores of death.
 What will you next?

Eum. I've sent a fresh recruit;
 The valiant Phocyas leads 'em on—whose deeds,
 In early youth assert his noble race;
 A more than common ardor seems to warm
 His breast, as if he lov'd and courted danger.

Herb. I fear 'twill be too late.

Eum. [*Aside.*] I fear it too:
 And tho' I brav'd it to the trembling crowd,
 I've caught th' infection, and I dread th' event.

10 THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

Wou'd I had treated,—but 'tis now too late.—

Come, Herbis.

[*Exeunt.*

[*A noise is heard without, of officers giving orders.*

1 *Off.* Help there! more help! all to the Eastern gate!

2 *Off.* Look where they cling aloft like cluster'd bees!

Here, archers, ply your bows.

1 *Off.* Down with the ladders.

What, will you let them mount?

2 *Off.* Aloft there! give the signal, you that wait
In St. Mark's tower.

1 *Off.* Is the town asleep?

Ring out th' alarum bell!

[*Bell rings, and the citizens run to and fro in confusion. A great shout. Enter Herbis.*

Herb. So—the tide turns; Phocyas has driv'n it back.
The gate once more is ours.

Enter Eumenes, Phocyas, Artamon, &c.

Eum. Brave Phocyas, thanks! mine and the people's
thanks! [*People shout, and cry, A Phocyas! &c.*

Yet, that we may not lose this breathing space,

Hang out the flag of truce. You, Artamon,

Haste with a trumpet to th' Arabian chiefs,

And let them know, that, hostages exchang'd,

I'd meet them now upon the eastern plain.

[*Exit Artamon.*

Pho. What means Eumenes?

Eum. Phocyas, I wou'd try

By friendly treaty, if on terms of peace

They'll yet withdraw their powers.

Pho. On terms of peace?

What peace can you expect from bands of robbers?

What terms from slaves, but slav'ry—You know

These wretches fight not at the call of honour;

For injur'd rights, or birth, or jealous greatness,

That sets the princes of the world in arms.

Base-born, and starv'd amidst their stony deserts,

Long have they view'd from far with wishing eyes,

Our fruitful vales; our fig-trees, olives, vines,

Our cedars, palms, and all the verdant wealth

That crowns fair Lebanon's aspiring brows.

Here have the locusts pitch'd, nor will they leave

These

THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS. 11

These tasted sweets, these blooming fields of plenty,
For barren sands, and native poverty,
'Till driv'n away by force.

Eum. What can we do?

Our people in despair, our soldiers harrafs'd
With daily toil, and constant nightly watch;
Our hope of succours from the Emperor
Uncertain; Eutyches not yet return'd,
That went to ask them; one brave army beaten;
Th' Arabians numerous, cruel, flush'd with conquest.

Herb. Besides, you know what frenzy fires their minds
Of their new faith, and drives them on to danger.

Eum. True;—they pretend the gates of Paradise
Stand ever open to receive the souls
Of all that die in fighting for their cause.

Pho. Then wou'd I send their souls to Paradise,
And give their bodies to our Syrian eagles.
Our ebb of fortune is not yet so low
To leave us desperate. Aids may soon arrive;
Mean time, in spite of their late bold attack,
The city still is ours; their force repell'd,
And therefore weaker; proud of this success,
Our soldiers too have gain'd redoubled courage,
And long to meet them on the open plain.
What hinders, then, but we repay this outrage,
And fall on their camp?

Eum. No—let us first
Believe th' occasion fair, by this advantage,
To purchase their retreat on easy terms:
That failing we the better stand acquitted
To our own citizens. Howe'er, brave Phocyas,
Cherish this ardor in the soldiery,
And in our absence form what force thou canst.
Then, if these hungry blood-hounds of the war
Shou'd still be deaf to peace, at our return
Our widen'd gates shall pour a sudden flood
Of vengeance on them, and chastise their scorn.

[*Exeunt.*]

12 THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

SCENE *changes to a plain before the city. A prospect of tents at a distance.*

Caled, Abudah, Daran.

Dar. To treat, my chiefs?—What! are we merchants, then,

That only come to traffic with these Syrians,
And poorly cheapen conquest on conditions?
No; we were sent to fight the Caliph's battles,
Till ev'ry iron neck bend to obedience.
Another storm makes this proud city ours;
What need to treat?—I am for war and plunder.

Cal. Why, so am I—and but to save the lives
Of Mussulmans, not Christians, wou'd not treat.
I hate these Christian dogs; and 'tis our task,
As thou observ'st, to fight; our law enjoins it,
Heav'n too is promis'd only to the valiant.
Oft' has our Prophet said, the happy plains
Above, lie stretch'd beneath the blaze of swords.

Abu. Yet Daran's loth to trust that Heav'n for pay;
This earth, it seems, has gifts that please him more.

Cal. Check not his zeal, Abudah.

Abu. No; I praise it.

Yet I cou'd wish that zeal had better motives.
Has victory no fruits but blood and plunder?
That we were sent to fight, 'tis true; but wherefore?
For conquest, not destruction. That obtain'd,
The more we spare, the Caliph has more subjects,
And Heav'n is better serv'd. [*A parley.*] But see,
they come.

Enter Eumenes, Herbis, Artamon.

Cal. Well, Christians, we are met--and War awhile,
At your request, has still'd its angry voice,
To hear what you'll propose.

Eum. We come to know,
After so many troops you've lost in vain,
If you'll draw off in peace, and save the rest.

Herb. Or rather to know first—for yet we know not—
Why on your heads you call our pointed arrows,
In our own just defence? What means this visit?

And

THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS. 13

And why we see so many thousand tents
Rise in the air, and whiten all our fields?

Cal. Is that a question now?—you had our summons,

When first we march'd against you, to surrender.
Two moons have wasted since, and now the third
Is in its wane. 'Tis true, drawn off awhile,
At Aiznadin we met and fought the powers
Sent by your Emperor to raise our siege.
Vainly you thought us gone; we gain'd a conquest.
You see we are return'd; our hearts, our cause,
Our swords the same.

Herb. But why those swords were drawn,
And what's that cause, inform us.

Eum. Speak your wrongs,
If wrongs you have receiv'd, and by what means
They may be now repair'd.

Abu. Then, Christians, hear!
And Heav'n inspire you to embrace its truth!
Not wrongs t'avenge, but to establish right
Our swords were drawn: For such is Heav'n's command

Immutable. By us great Mahomet,
And his successor, holy Abubeker,
Invite you to the faith.

Art. [*Aside.*] So—then, it seems
' There's no harm meant; we're only to be beaten
' Into a new religion—If that's all,
' I find I am already half a convert.'

Eum. Now, in the name of Heav'n, what Faith is this

That stalks gigantic forth thus arm'd with terrors,
As if it meant to ruin, not to save?
That leads embattled legions to the field,
And marks its progress out with blood and slaughter?

Herb. Bold frontless men! that impudently dare
To blend religion with the worst of crimes!
And sacrilegiously usurp that name,
To cover frauds, and justify oppression!

Eum. Where are your priests? What doctors of your law
Have you e'er sent, t'instruct us in its precepts?

14 THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

To solve our doubts, and satisfy our reason,
And kindly lead us thro' the wilds of error
To these new tracts of truth?—This wou'd be friend-
ship,

And well might claim our thanks.

Cal. Friendship like this
With scorn had been received; your numerous vices,
Your clashing sects, your mutual rage and strife
Have driv'n religion, and her angel-guards,
Like out-casts, from among you. In her stead,
Usurping superstition bears the sway,
And reigns in mimic state, 'midst idol shews,
And pageantry of pow'r. Who does not mark
Your lives? Rebellious to your own great prophet
Who mildly taught you—therefore Mahomet
Has brought the sword to govern you by force,
' Nor will accept obedience so precarious.'

Eum. O solemn truths! tho' from an impious
tongue! [*Aside.*

That we're unworthy of our holy Faith,
To Heav'n with grief and conscious shame we own.
But what are you, that thus arraign our vices,
And consecrate your own? Vile hypocrites!
Are you not sons of rapine, foes to peace,
Base robbers, murderers—

Cal. Christian, no—

Eum. Then say,
Why have you ravag'd all our peaceful borders?
Plunder'd our towns? and by what claim e'en now
You tread this ground?

Herb. What claim, but that of hunger?
The claim of ravenous wolves, that leave their dens
To prowl at midnight round some sleeping village,
Or watch the shepherd's folded flock for prey?

Cal. Blasphemers, know, your fields and towns are
ours.

Our prophet has bestow'd 'em on the faithful,
And Heav'n itself has ratify'd the grant.

Eum. Oh! now indeed you boast a noble title!
What cou'd your prophet grant? a hireling slave!
Not e'en the mules and camels which he drove

Were

Were his to give; and yet the bold impostor,
Has canton'd out the kingdoms of the earth,
In frantick fits of visionary power,
To sooth his pride, and bribe his fellow-madmen!

Cal. Was it for this you sent to ask a parley,
T'affront our Faith, and to traduce our Prophet?
Well might we answer you with quick revenge
For such indignities.—Yet hear once more,
Hear this our last demand; and this accepted,
We yet withdraw our war. Be Christians still,
But swear to live with us in firm alliance.
To yield us aids, and pay us annual tribute.

Eum. No;—Should we grant you aid, we must be
rebels;
And tribute is the slavish badge of conquest.
Yet since, on just and honourable terms,
We ask but for our own—ten silken vests,
Weighty with pearl and gems, we'll send your Caliph;
Two, Caled, shall be thine; two thine, Abudah.
To each inferior captain we decree
A turbant spun from our Damascus' flax,
White as the snows of heav'n; to every soldier
A scimitar. This, and of solid gold
Ten ingots, be the price to buy your absence.

Cal. This, and much more, e'en all your shining
wealth,
Will soon be ours; ' look round your Syrian fron-
tiers!

' See, in how many towns our hoisted flags
' Are waving in the wind; Sachna, and Hawran,
' Proud Tadmor, Aracah, and stubborn Bosra
' Have bow'd beneath the yoke;—behold our march
' O'er half your land, like flame thro' fields of har-
' vest.
' And last view Aiznadin, that vale of blood!
' There seek the souls of forty thousand Greeks
' That, fresh from life, yet hover o'er their bodies,
' Then think, and then resolve.

' *Herb.* Presumptuous men!
' What tho' you yet can boast successful guilt,
' Is conquest only yours? Or dare you hope

16 THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

‘ That you shall still pour on the swelling tide,
 ‘ Like some proud river that has left its banks,
 ‘ Nor ever know repulse ?

‘ *Eum.* Have you forgot ?

‘ Not twice seven years are past since e’en your Pro-
 ‘ phet,

‘ Bold as he was, and boasting aid divine,

‘ Was by the Tribe of Coresh forc’d to fly,

‘ Poorly to fly, to save his wretched life,

‘ From Mecca to Medina ?

‘ *Abu.* No ;—forgot ?

‘ We well remember how Medina skreen’d

‘ That holy head, preserv’d for better days,

‘ And ripening years of glory !’

Dar. Why, my chiefs,

Will you waste time ; in offering terms despis’d

To these idolaters ?—Words are but air,

Blows wou’d plead better.

Cal. Daran, thou say’st true.

Christians, here end our truce. Behold once more

The sword of Heav’n is drawn ! nor shall be sheath’d

But in the bowels of Damascus.

Eum. That,

Or speedy vengeance, and destruction due

To the proud menacers, as Heav’n sees fit !

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE changes to a garden.

Eud. All’s hush’d around !—No more the shouts of
 soldiers

And clash of arms tumultuous fill the air.

Methinks this interval of terror seems

Like that when the loud thunder just has roll’d

O’er our affrighted heads, and in the heav’ns

A momentary silence but prepares

A second and a louder clap to follow.

Enter Phocyas.

O no—my hero comes, with better omens,

And every gloomy thought is now no more.

Pbo. Where is the treasure of my soul ?—Eudocia,
 Behold me here impatient, like the miser

That

That often steals in secret to his gold,
And counts with trembling joy, and jealous transport,
The shining heaps which he still fears to lose.

Eud. Welcome, thou brave, thou best deserving
lover!

How do I doubly share the common safety,
Since 'tis a debt to thee!—but tell me, Phocyas,
Dost thou bring peace?—Thou dost, and I am happy!

Pho. Not yet, Eudocia; 'tis decreed by Heav'n
I must do more to merit thy esteem.

Peace, like a frightened dove, has wing'd her flight
To distant hills, beyond these hostile tents;
And thro' 'em we must thither force our way,
If we would call the lovely wanderer back
To her forsaken home.

' *Eud.* False flattering hope!

' Vanish'd so soon!—alas, my faithful fears
' Return, and tell me, we must still be wretched!

' *Pho.* Not so, my fair; if thou but gently smite,
' Inspiring valour, and presaging conquest,
' These barbarous foes to peace and love shall soon
' Be chas'd, like fiends before the morning light,
' And all be calm again.'

Eud. Is the truce ended?

Must war, alas, renew its bloody rage?
And Phocyas ever be expos'd to danger?

Pho. Think for whose sake danger itself has charms.

Dismiss thy fears; the lucky hour comes on,
Full fraught with joys, when my big soul no more
Shall labour with this secret of my passion,
To hide it from thy jealous father's eyes.

Just now, by signals from the plain, I've learn'd
That the proud foe refuse us terms of honour;

A sally is resolv'd; the citizens

And soldiers, kindled into sudden fury,

Press all in crowds, and beg I'll lead 'em on.

O my Eudocia! if I now succeed—

Did I say if—I must, I will; the cause

Is love, 'tis liberty, it is Eudocia!—

' What then shall hinder, since our mutual faith

' Is pledg'd, and thou consenting to my bliss,

' But

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‘ But I may boldly ask thee of Eumenes,
‘ Nor fear a rival’s more prevailing claim ?’

Eud. May blessings still attend thy arms!—Me-
thinks

I’ve caught the flame of thy heroic ardor !
And now I see thee crown’d with palm and olive ;
The soldiers bring thee back with songs of triumph
And loud applauding shouts ; thy rescu’d country
Resounds thy praise ; ‘ our Emperor Heraclius.

‘ Decrees the honours for a city fav’d,’
And pillars rise of monumental brass
Inscrib’d—To Phocyas the Deliverer.

Pho. The honours and rewards which thou hast
nam’d,

Are bribes too little for my vast ambition.
My soul is full of thee !—Thou art my all
Of fame, of triumph, and of future fortune.

’Twas love of thee first sent me forth in arms,
My service is all thine, to thee devoted,
And thou alone canst make e’en conquest pleasing.

‘ *Eud.* O do not wrong thy merit, nor restrain it

‘ To narrow bounds ; but know, I best am pleas’d

‘ To share thee with thy country. O my Phocyas !

‘ With conscious blushes oft I’ve heard thy vows,

‘ And strove to hide, yet more reveal’d my heart ;

‘ But ’tis thy virtue justifies my choice,

‘ And what at first was weakness, now is glory.

Pho. ‘ Forgive me, thou fair pattern of all good-
ness !

‘ If in the transport of unbounded passion,

‘ I still am lost to ev’ry thought but thee.

‘ Yet sure to love thee thus is ev’ry virtue ;

‘ Nor need I more perfection.’—Hark ! I’m call’d.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

Eud. Then go—and Heav’n with all its angels
guard thee.

Pho. Farewel !—for thee once more I draw the
sword.

Now to the field to gain the glorious prize ;

’Tis victory—the word ; Eudocia’s eyes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE *the governor's palace.*

Eumenes, Herbis.

Herb. **S**TILL I must say, 'twas wrong, 'twas wrong, Eumenes,
And mark th' event!

Eum. What could I less? You saw
'Twas vain t'oppose it, whilst his eager valour,
Impatient of restraint—

Herb. His eager valour?
His rashness, his hot youth, his valour's fever!
Must we, whose business is to keep our walls,
And manage warily our little strength,
Must we at once lavish away our blood,
Because his pulse beats high, and his mad courage
Wants to be breath'd in some new enterprize?—
You shou'd not have consented.

Eum. You forgot.
'Twas not my voice alone; you saw the people
(And sure such sudden instincts are from Heav'n!)
Rose all at once to follow him, as if
One soul inspir'd 'em, and that soul were Phocyas.

Herb. I had indeed forgot; and ask your pardon.
I took you for Eumenes, and I thought
That in Damascus you had chief command.

Eum. What dost thou mean?

Herb. Nay, who's forgetful now?
You say, the people—Yes, that very people,
That coward tribe that press'd you to surrender!
Well may they spurn at lost authority;
Whom they like better, better they'll obey.

Eum. O I cou'd curse the giddy changeful slaves,
But that the thought of this hour's great event
Possesses all my soul.—If we are beaten!—

Herb. The poison works; 'tis well—I'll give him
more.

[*Aside.*

True,

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True, if we're beaten, who shall answer that?
Shall you, or I?—Are you the governor?—
Or say we conquer, whose is then the praise?

Eum. I know thy friendly fears; that thou and I
Must stoop beneath a beardless rising hero;
And in Heraclius' court it shall be said,
Damascus, nay perhaps the empire too,
Ow'd its deliverance to a boy.—Why be it,
So that he now return with victory;
'Tis honour greatly won, and let him wear it.
Yet I cou'd wish I needed less his service.
Were Eutyches return'd—

Herb. [*Aside.*] That, that's my torture.
I sent my son to th' Emperor's court, in hopes
His merit at this time might raise his fortunes;
But Phocyas—Curse upon his forward virtues!—
Is reaping all this field of fame alone,
Or leaves him scarce the gleanings of a harvest.

Eum. See, Artamon with hasty strides returning;
He comes alone!—O friend, thy fears were just.
What are we now, and what is lost Damascus?

Enter Artamon.

Art. Joy to Eumenes!

Eum. Joy?—is't possible?
Dost thou bring news of victory?

Art. The sun
Is set in blood, and from the western skies
Has seen three thousand slaughter'd Arabs fall.

Herb. Is Phocyas safe?

Art. He is, and crown'd with triumph.

Herb. [*Aside.*] My fears indeed were just.

[*Shout, a Phocyas, a Phocyas!*]

Eum. What noise is that?

Herb. The people worshipping their new divinity,
Shortly they'll build him temples.

Eum. Tell us, soldier,
Since thou hast shar'd the glory of this action,
Tell us how it began.

Art. At first the foe
Seem'd much surpriz'd; but taking soon th' alarm
Gather'd some hasty troops, and march'd to meet us.

The

The captain of these bands look'd wild and fierce,
 His head unarm'd as, if in scorn of danger,
 And naked to the waste; as he drew near
 He rais'd his arm and shook a pond'rous lance;
 When all at once, as at a signal giv'n,
 We heard the Tecbir, to these Arabs call
 Their shouts of onset, when with loud appeal
 They challenge Heav'n, as if demanding conquest.
 The battle join'd, and thro' the barbarous host
 Fight, fight, and Paradise was all the cry.
 At last our leaders met; and gallant Phocyas—
 But what are words to tell the mighty wonders
 We saw him then perform?—Their chief unhors'd,
 The Saracens soon broke their ranks and fled;
 And had not a thick evening fog arose
 ' (Which sure the devil rais'd up to save his friends!)
 The slaughter had been double—But behold!
 The hero comes.

Enter Phocyas, Eumenes meeting him.

Eum. Joy to brave Phocyas!

Eumenes gives him back the joy he sent.
 The welcome news has reach'd this place before thee.
 How shall thy country pay the debt she owes thee?

Pho. By taking this as earnest of a debt
 Which I owe her, and fain wou'd better pay.

Herb. In spite of envy, I must praise him too.

[Aside.]

Phocyas, thou hast done bravely, and 'tis fit
 Successful virtue take a time to rest.

' Fortune is fickle, and may change; besides,

' What shall we gain, if from a mighty ocean

' By sluices we draw off some little streams?'
 If thousands fall, ten thousands more remain.

Nor ought we hazard worth so great as thine

Against such odds; suffice what's done already:

And let us now, in hope of better days,

Keep wary watch, and wait th' expected succours.

Pho. What!—to be coop'd whole months within
 our walls?

To rust at home, and sicken with inaction?

The courage of our men will droop and die,

If

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If not kept up by daily exercise.

Again the beaten foe may force our gates ;
And victory, if slighted thus, take wing,
And fly where she may find a better welcome.

Art. [*Aside.*] It must be so—he hates him ! on my
soul,

This Herbis is a foul old envious knave.
Methinks Eumenes too might better thank him.

Eum. [*to Herbis aside.*] Urge him no more ;—
I'll think of thy late warning.
And thou shalt see I'll yet be governor.

A letter brought in.

Phocyas [*looking on it.*] 'Tis to Eumenes.

Eum. Ha ! from Eutyches.

[*Reads.*] *The Emperor, awaken'd with the danger
That threatens his dominions, and the loss
At Aiznadin, has drain'd his garrisons
To raise a second army. In few hours
We shall begin our march. Sergius brings this,
And will inform you further.—*

Herb. [*Aside.*] Heav'n, I thank thee ?
'Tis e'en beyond my hopes.

Eum. But where is Sergius !

Messenger. The letter, fasten'd to an arrow's head,
Was shot into the town.

Eum. I fear he's taken—

O Phocyas, Herbis, Artamon ! my friends !
You all are sharers in this news ; the storm
Is blowing o'er, that hung like night upon us,
And threaten'd deadly ruin—Haste, proclaim
The welcome tidings loud thro' all the city.
Let sparkling lights be seen from every turret
To tell our joy, and spread their blaze to Heav'n !
Prepare for feasts ; danger shall wait at distance,
And fear be now no more. The jolly soldier
And citizen shall meet o'er their full bowls,
Forget their toils, and laugh their cares away,
And mirth and triumphs close this happy day.

[*Exeunt Herb. and Art.*

Pbo. And may succeeding days prove yet more
happy !

Well

Well dost thou bid the voice of triumph sound
 Thro' all our streets; our city calls thee father;
 And say, Eumenes, dost thou not perceive
 A father's transport rise within thy breast,
 Whilst in this act thou art the hand of Heav'n
 To deal forth blessings, and distribute joy?

Eum. The blessings Heav'n bestows are freely sent,
 And shou'd be freely shar'd.

Pho. True—Generous minds
 Redoubled feel the pleasures they impart.
 For me, if I've deserv'd by arms or counsels,
 By hazards gladly fought, and greatly prosper'd,
 Whate'er I've added to the public stock,
 With joy I see it in Eumenes' hands,
 And wish but to receive my share from thee.

Eum. I cannot, if I wou'd, withhold thy share.
 What thou hast done is thine; the same thy own;
 And virtuous actions will reward themselves.

Pho. Fame—What is that, if courted for herself?
 Less than a vision; a mere sound, an echo,
 That calls with mimick voice thro' woods and laby-
 rinths

Her cheated lovers; lost and heard by fits,
 But never fix'd; a seeming nymph, yet nothing.
 Virtue indeed is a substantial good,
 A real beauty; yet with weary steps
 Thro' rugged ways, by long laborious service,
 When we have trac'd, and woo'd, and won the dame,
 May we not then expect the dower she brings?

Eum. Well—ask that dower; say, can Damascus
 pay it?

Her riches shall be tax'd, name but the sum,
 Her merchants with some costly gems shall grace thee.
 Nor can Heraclius fail to grant thee honours,
 Proportion'd to thy birth and thy desert.

Pho. And can Eumenes think I wou'd be brib'd
 By trash, by sordid gold, to venal virtue?
 What! serve my country for the same mean hire,
 That can corrupt each villain to betray her?
 Why is she sav'd from these Arabian spoilers,
 If to be stripp'd by her own sons?—forgive me

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If the thought glows on my cheeks ; ' I know
 ' 'Twas mention'd, but to prove how much I scorn it.'
 As for Heraclius, if he own my conduct,
 I shall indulge an honest pride in honours
 Which I have strove to merit. Yes, Eumenes,
 I have ambition—yet the vast reward
 That swells my hopes, and equals all my wishes
 Is in thy gift alone—it is Eudocia.

Eum. Eudocia? Phocyas, I am yet thy friend,
 And therefore will not hold thee long in doubt.
 Thou must not think of her—

Pho. Not think of her?
 Impossible!—She's ever present to me,
 My life, my soul! She animates my being,
 And kindles up my thoughts to worthy actions.
 And why, Eumenes, why not think of her?
 Is not my rank—

Eum. Forbear—what need a herald
 To tell me who thou art?—Yet once again—
 Since thou wilt force me to a repetition,
 I say, thou must not think of her.

Pho. Yet hear me;
 Why wilt thou judge, ere I can plead my cause?

Eum. Why wilt thou plead in vain? hast thou not
 heard

My choice has destin'd her to Eutyches?

Pho. And has she then consented to that choice?

Eum. Has she consented?—What is her consent?
 Is she not mine?

Pho. She is—and in that title
 E'en kings with envy may behold thy wealth,
 And think their kingdoms poor!—and yet, Eumenes,
 Shall she, by being thine, be barr'd a privilege
 Which e'en the meanest of her sex may claim?
 Thou wilt not force her?

Eum. Who has told thee so?
 I'd force her to be happy.

Pho. That thou canst not.
 What happiness subsists in loss of freedom?
 The guest constrain'd but murmurs at the banquet,
 Nor thanks his host, but starves amidst abundance.

Eum.

Eum. 'Tis well, young man—Why then I'll learn from thee

To be a very tame, obedient father.
Thou hast already taught my child her duty.
I find the source of all her disobedience,
Her hate of me, her scorn of Eutyches;
'Ha! Is't not so?—come tell me; I'll forgive thee.
'Hast thou not found her a most ready scholar?
'I know thou hast—why, what a dull old wretch
Was I, to think I ever had a daughter?

Pho. I'm sorry that Eumenes thinks—

Eum. No—sorry!

Sorry for what? then thou dost own thou'st wrong'd me!

That's somewhat yet—curse on my stupid blindness!
For had I eyes I might have seen it sooner.
Was this the spring of thy romantic bravery,
Thy boastful merit, thy officious service?

Pho. It was—with pride I own it—'twas Eudocia!
I have serv'd thee in serving her, thou know'st it,
And thought I might have found a better treatment.
Why wilt thou force me thus to be a braggard,
And tell thee that which thou shou'dst tell thyself?
It grates my soul—I am not wont to talk thus.
But I recall my words—I have done nothing,
And wou'd disclaim all merit but my love.

Eum. O no—say on, that thou hast sav'd Damascus;

Is it not so?—Look o'er her battlements,
See, if the flying foe have left their camp!
Why are our gates yet clos'd, if thou hast freed us?
'Tis true, thou fought'st a skirmish—what of that?
Had Eutyches been present—

Pho. Eutyches!

Why wilt thou urge my temper with that trifler?
O let him come! that in yon spacious plain
We may together charge the thickest ranks,
Rush on to battle, wounds, and glorious death,
And prove who 'twas that best deserv'd Eudocia.

Eum. That will be seen ere long—but since I find
Thou arrogantly wouldst usurp dominion,

B

Believ'st

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Believ'st thyself the guardian Genius here,
And that our fortunes hang upon thy sword;
Be that first try'd—for know, that from this moment
Thou here hast no command—farewell!—So stay,
Or hence and join the foe—thou hast thy choice.

[*Exit Eumenes.*

Pho. Spurn'd and degraded!—proud ungrateful
man!

Am I a bubble, then, blown up by thee,
And tofs'd into the air to make thee sport?
Hence to the foe! 'tis well—Eudocia,
O I will see thee, thou wrong'd excellence!
But now to speak thy wrongs, or my disgrace;
Impossible—O rather let me walk
Like a dumb ghost, and burst my heart in silence.

Exit.

SCENE, *the garden.*

Enter Eudocia.

Eud. Why must we meet by stealth, like guilty
lovers!

But 'twill not long be so—What joy 'twill be
'To own my hero in his ripen'd honours,
And hear applauding crowds pronounce me blest!—
' Sure he'll be here—See! the fair rising moon,
' Ere day's remaining twilight scarce is spent,
' Hangs up her ready lamp, and with mild lustre
' Drives back the hovering shades!' Come, Phoc-
cyas, come;

This gentle season is a friend to love,
And now methinks I cou'd, with equal passion,
Meet thine, and tell thee all my secret soul.

Enter Phocyas.

He hears me—O my Phocyas!—What!—not an-
swer!—

Art thou not he? or art some shadow?—speak.

Pho. I am indeed a shadow—I am nothing—

Eud. What dost thou mean?—for now I know thee,
Phocyas.

Pho. And never can be thine.

It will have vent—O barbarous, curst—but hold—
I had forgot,—it was Eudocia's father!—

O cou'd

O cou'd I too forget how he has us'd me !

Eud. I fear to ask thee—

Pho. Dost thou fear ?—Alas !

Then thou wilt pity me—O generous maid !

Thou hast charm'd down the rage that swell'd my heart,

And chok'd my voice—now I can speak to thee.

And yet 'tis worse than death what I have suffer'd ;

It is the death of honour !—Yet that's little ;

'Tis more, Eudocia, 'tis the loss of thee !

Eud. Hast thou not conquer'd ?—What are all these shouts,

This voice of general joy, heard far around ?

' What are these fires, that cast their glimmering light

' Against the sky ?' Are not all these thy triumph ?

Pho. O name not triumph ! talk no more of conquest !

It is indeed a night of general joy,

But not to me ; Eudocia, I am come

To take a last farewell of thee for ever.

Eud. A last farewell !

Pho. Yes ;—how wilt thou hereafter

Look on a wretch despis'd, revil'd, cashier'd,

Stript of command, like a base beaten coward ?

' Thy cruel father—I have told too much ;—

' I shou'd not but for this have felt the wounds

' I got in fight for him—now, now they bleed.

' But I have done—and now thou hast my story,

' Is there a creature so accurs'd as Phocyas ?

' *Eud.* And can it be ?—Is this then thy reward ?

' O Phocyas ! never wou'dst thou tell me yet

' That thou hadst wounds ; now I must feel them too.

' For is it not for me thou hast borne this ?

' What else could be thy crime ?—wert thou a traitor,

' Hadst thou betray'd us, sold us to the foe—

' *Pho.* Wou'd I be yet a traitor, I have leave ;

' Nay, I am dar'd to it with mocking scorn.

' My crime indeed was asking thee ; that only

' Has cancell'd all, if I had any merit ;

' The city now is safe, my service slighted,

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‘ And I discarded like an useless thing,’
Nay, bid be gone—and, if I like that better,
Seek out new friends, and join yon barbarous host.

Eud. ‘ Hold—let me think a while—[*Walks aside.*
‘ —Tho’ my heart bleed,
‘ I wou’d not have him see these dropping tears’—
And wilt thou go, then, Phocyas ?

Pho. To my grave :
Where can I bury else this foul disgrace ?
‘ Alas ! that question shews how poor I am,
‘ How very much a wretch ; for if I go,
‘ It is from thee, thou only joy of life :
‘ And death will then be welcome.’

Eud. Art thou sure
Thou hast been us’d thus ?—Art thou quite undone ?

Pho. Yes, very sure—What dost thou mean ?

Eud. That then, it is a time for me—‘ O Heav’n !
that I

‘ Alone am grateful, to this wondrous man !’—
To own thee Phocyas, thus—[*Giving her hand.*] nay,
glory in thee,
And shew without a blush, how much I love.
We must not part—

Pho. Then am I rich again ! [*Embracing her.*
O no—we will not part !—confirm it, Heav’n !
Now thou shalt see how I will bend my spirit,
With what soft patience I will bear my wrongs,
Till I have wearied out thy father’s scorn.
Yet I have worse to tell thee—Eutyches—

Eud. Why wilt thou name him ?

Pho. Now, e’en now he’s coming !
Just hov’ring o’er thee like a bird of prey. —
Thy father vows—for I must tell thee all—
‘Twas this that wrung my heart, and rack’d my brain,
E’en to distraction !—vows thee to his bed ;
Nay, threaten’d force, if thou refuse obedience.

Eud. Force ?—threaten’d force ?—my father !—
where is nature ?

Is that, too, banish’d from his heart ?—O then
I have no father—How have I deserv’d this ?—

[*Weeping.*
No

No home, but am henceforth an out-cast orphan ;
 ' For I will wander to earth's utmost bounds,
 ' Ere give my hand to that detested contract.
 ' O save me, Phocyas ! thou hast sav'd my father—
 ' Must I yet call him so, this cruel father—
 ' How wilt thou now deliver poor Eudocia ?'

Pho. See ! how we're join'd in exile, how our fate
 Conspires to warn us both to leave this city !

Thou know'st the Emperor is now at Antioch ;
 I have an uncle there, who, when the Persian,
 As now the Saracen, had nigh o'er-run
 The ravag'd empire, did him signal service,
 And nobly was rewarded. There, Eudocia,
 Thou might'st be safe, and I may meet with justice.

Eud. There—any where, so we may fly this place.

' See, Phocyas, what thy wrongs and mine have
 ' wrought

' In a weak woman's frame ! for I have courage

' To share thy exile now thro' ev'ry danger.'

Danger is only here, and dwells with guilt,
 With base ingratitude, and hard oppression.

Pho. Then let us lose no time, but hence this
 night.

The gates I can command, and will provide
 The means of our escape. Some five hours hence
 ('Twill then be turn'd of midnight) we may meet
 In the piazza of Honoria's convent.

Eud. I know it well ; the place is most secure,
 And near adjoining to this garden wall.

There thou shalt find me—O protect us, Heav'n !

Pho. Fear not ;—thy innocence will be our guard.

' I've thought already how to shape our course ;'

Some pitying angel will attend thy steps,

Guide thee unseen, and charm the sleeping foe,

'Till thou art safe !—O I have suffer'd nothing !

Thus gaining thee, and this great generous proof,

How blest I am in my Eudocia's love !

My only joy, farewell !

Eud. Farewell, my Phocyas !

I've now no friend but thee—yet thee I'll call

Friend, father, lover, guardian !—Thou art all.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

A C T III. S C E N E Caled's tent.

Caled attended, Sergius brought in bound with cords.

Cal. **M**ERCY! What's that?—Look yonder on
the field
Of our late fight!—Go, talk of mercy there.
Will the dead hear thy voice?

Serg. O spare me yet!

Cal. Thou wretch!—Spare thee? to what? to
live in torture?

Are not thy limbs all bruis'd, thy bones disjointed;
To force thee to confess? And wou'dst thou drag,
Like a crush'd serpent, a vile mangled being?
My eyes abhor a coward—Hence, and die!

Serg. O, I have told thee all—When first pursu'd,
I fix'd my letters on an arrow's point,
And shot them o'er the walls—

Cal. Hast thou told all?

Well, then thou shalt have mercy to requite thee;
Behold, I'll send thee forward on thy errand.
Strike off his head; then cast it o'er the gates;
There let thy tongue tell o'er its tale again.

Serg. O bloody Saracen!—

*[Exit Sergius, dragg'd away by guards.
Enter Abudah.]*

Cal. Abudah, welcome!

Abu O Caled! What an evening was the last!

Cal. Name it no more; remembrance sickens with
it,

And therefore sleep is banish'd from this night;
Nor shall to-morrow's sun open his eye
Upon our shame, ere doubly we've redeem'd it.
Have all the captains notice?

Abu. I have walk'd

The rounds to-night, ere the last hour of prayer,
From tent to tent, and warn'd them to be ready.
What must be done?

Cal.

Cal. Thou know'st th' important news,
Which we have intercepted by this slave,
Of a new army's march. The time now calls,
While these soft Syrians are dissolv'd in riot,
Fool'd with success, and not suspecting danger;
' Neglectful of their watch, or else fast bound
' In chains of sleep, companion of debauches,'
To form a new attack ere break of day.
So, like the wounded leopard, shall we rush
From out our covert on these drowsy hunters,
And seize 'em unprepared to 'scape our vengeance.

Abu. Great captain of the armies of the faithful!
I know thy mighty and unconquer'd spirit.
Yet hear me, Caled; hear, and weigh my doubts.
Our angry prophet frowns upon our vices,
And visits us in blood. Why else did terrors
Unknown before seize all our stoutest bands?
The angel of destruction was abroad;
' The archers of the tribe of Thaal fled,
' So long renown'd, or spent their shafts in vain;
' The feather'd flights err'd thro' the boundless air,
' Or the death turn'd on him that drew the bow!'
What can this bode?—Let me speak plainer yet;
Is it to propagate th' unspotted law
We fight? 'tis well; it is a noble cause!
But much I fear infection is among us;
A boundless lust of rapine guides our troops.
We learn the Christian vices we chastise,
And, tempted with the pleasures of the soil,
More than with distant hopes of Paradise,
I fear, may soon—but Oh! avert it Heav'n!
Fall e'en a prey to our own spoils and conquests.

Cal. No—thou mistak'st; thy pious zeal deceives thee.

Our prophet only chides our sluggard valour.
Thou saw'st how in the vale of Honan once
The troops, as now defeated, fled confus'd
E'en to the gates of Mecca's holy city;
'Till Mahomet himself there stop'd their entrance,
A javelin in his hand, and turn'd them back
Upon the foe; they fought again, and conquer'd.

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Behold how we may best appease his wrath !

His own example points us out the way.

Abu. Well—be it then resolv'd. Th' indulgent
hour

Of better fortune is, I hope, at hand.

And yet, since Phocyas has appear'd its champion,
How has this city rais'd its drooping head !

As if some charm prevail'd where-e'er he fought;
Our strength seems wither'd, and our feeble weapons
Forgot their wonted triumph—were he absent—

Cal. I would have fought him out in the last ac-
tion

To single fight, and put that charm to proof,

Had not a foul and sudden mist arose

Ere I arriv'd, to have restor'd the combat.

But let it be—'tis past. We yet may meet,

And 'twill be known whose arm is then the stronger.

Enter Daran.

Dar. Health to the race of Ismael ! and days
More prosp'rous than the last —a Christian captive
Is fall'n within my watch, and waits his doom.

Cal. Bring forth the slave !—O thou keen vultur,
death !

Do we then feed thee only thus by morsels ?

Whole armies never can suffice thy hunger.

Daran goes out, and re-enters with Phocyas.

Whence, and what art thou !—Of Damascus ?—

Daran,

Where didst thou find this dumb and sullen thing,

That seems to lour defiance to our anger ?

Dar. Marching in circuit, with the horse thou
gav'st me,

T' observe the city gates, I saw from far

Two persons issue forth ; the one advanc'd,

And ere he could retreat, my horsemen seiz'd him ;

The other was a woman, and had fled,

Upon a signal giv'n at our approach,

And got within the gate. Wou'dst thou know more,
Himself, if he will speak, can best inform thee.

Cal. Have I not seen thy face ?

Abu. [*to Caled.*] He hears thee not ;

His

His eyes are fix'd on earth ; some deep distress
Is at his heart. This is no common captive.

Cal. A lion in the toils ! We soon shall tame
him.

Still art thou dumb !—Nay, 'tis in vain to cast
Thy gloomy looks so oft around this place,
Or frown upon thy bonds—thou canst not 'scape.

Pho. Then be it so—the worst is past already,
And life is now not worth a moment's pause.
Do you not know me yet ?—think of the man
You have most cause to curse, and I am he.

Cal. Ha ! Phocyas !

Abu. Phocyas !—Mahomet, we thank thee !
Now thou dost smile again.

Dar. [*Aside.*] O devil, devil !

' And I not know him !—'twas but yesterday
' He kill'd my horse, and drove me from the field.
' Now I'm reveng'd ! No ; hold you there, not yet,
' Not while he lives.'

Cal. [*Aside.*] This is indeed a prize !—
Is it because thou know'st what slaughter'd heaps
There yet unbury'd lie without the camp,
Whose ghosts have all this night, passing the Zorat,
Call'd from that bridge of death on thee to follow,
That now thou'rt here to answer to their cry ?
Howe'er it be, thou know'st thy welcome—

Pho. Yes,

Thou proud, blood-thirsty Arab !—Well I know
What to expect from thee ; I know ye all.
How should the authors of distress and ruin
Be mov'd to pity ? that's a human passion ;
No—in your hungry eyes, that look revenge,
I read my doom. Where are your racks, your tor-
tures ?

I'm ready—lead me to 'em ; I can bear
The worst of ills from you. You're not my friends,
My countrymen.—Yet were ye men, I cou'd
Unfold a story—but no more—Eumenes,
'Thou hast thy wish, and I am now a worm !

Abu. [*to Calad aside.*] Leader of armies, hear him !
— for my mind

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Prefages good accruing to our cause
By this event.

Cal. I tell thee then, thou wrong'st us,
'To think our hearts thus steel, or our ears deaf
To all that thou may'st utter. Speak, disclose
The secret woe that throbs within thy breast.
Now, by the silent hours of night ! we'll hear thee,
And mute attention shall await thy words.

Pbo. This is not then the palace in Damascus !
If ye will hear, then I indeed have wrong'd you.
How can this be ?—When he for whom I've fought,
Fought against you, has yet refus'd to hear me !
You seem surpris'd.—It was ingratitude
'That drove me out an exile from those walls,
Which I so late defended.

Abu. Can it be ?
Are these thy Christian friends ?

Cal. 'Tis well—we thank 'em.
They help us to subdue themselves.—But who
Was that companion of thy flight ?—A woman,
So Daran said—

Pbo. 'Tis there I am most wretched—
O I am torn from all my soul held dear,
And my life's blood flows out upon the wound !
That woman—'twas for her—How shall I speak
it !—

Eudocia, O farewell !—I'll tell you, then,
As fast as these heart-rending sighs will let me ;
I lov'd the daughter of the proud Eumenes,
And long in secret woo'd her ; not unwelcome
To her my visits ; but I fear'd her father,
Who oft had press'd her to detested nuptials,
And therefore durst not, till this night of joy,
Avow to him my courtship. Now I thought her
Mine, by a double claim, of mutual vows,
And service yielded at his greatest need.
When as I mov'd my suit, with sour disdain
He mock'd my service, and forbade my love ;
Degraded me from the command I bore,
And with defiance bade me seek the foe.
How has his curse prevail'd !—The generous maid

Was

Was won by my distress to leave the city;
And cruel fortune made me thus your prey.

Abu. [*Aside.*] My soul is mov'd.—Thou wert a man,
O prophet!

Forgive, if 'tis a crime, a human sorrow
For injur'd worth, tho' in an enemy!

Pho. Now—since you've heard my story, set me free,
That I may save her yet, dearer than life,
From a tyrannic father's threaten'd force;
Gold, gems and purple vests shall pay my ransom;
Nor shall my peaceful sword henceforth be drawn
In fight, nor break its truce with you for ever.

Cal. No,—there's one way, a better, and but one,
To save thyself, and make some reparation
For all the numbers thy bold hand has slain.

Pho. O name it quickly, and my soul will bless thee!

Cal. Embrace our faith, and share with us our fortunes.

Pho. Then I am lost again!

Cal. What! when we offer
Not freedom only, but to raise thee high
To greatness, conquest, glory, heav'nly bliss!

Pho. To sink me down to infamy, perdition,
Here and hereafter! make my name a curse
To present times! to ev'ry future age
A proverb and a scorn!—take back thy mercy,
And know I now disdain it.

Cal. As thou wilt.
The time's too precious to be wasted longer
In words with thee. Thou know'st thy doom—Fare-
well.

Abu. [*To Caled, aside.*] Hear me yet, Caled! grant
him some short space;
Perhaps at length he will accept thy bounty.
Try him at least—

Cal. Well—be it so, then. Daran,
Guard well thy charge.—Thou hast an hour to live;
If thou art wise, thou may'st prolong that term;
If not—why—Fare thee well, and think of death.

[*Exeunt Caled and Abudah.*

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Pho. [*Daran waiting at a distance.*]
 Farewell, and think of death! Was it not so?
 Do murderers then preach morality?—
 But how to think of what the living know not,
 And the dead cannot, or else may not tell?—
 What art thou, O thou great mysterious terror!
 The way to thee we know; diseases, famine,
 Sword, fire, and all thy ever-open gates
 That day and night stand ready to receive us.
 But what's beyond them?—Who will draw that veil?
 Yet death's not there—No; 'tis a point of time,
 The verge, 'twixt mortal and immortal being.
 It mocks our thought! On this side all is life;
 And when we've reach'd it, in that very instant
 'Tis past the thinking of!—O! if it be
 The pangs, the throes, the agonizing struggle
 When soul and body part, sure I have felt it,
 And there's no more to fear.

Dar. [*Aside.*] Suppose I now
 Dispatch him?—Right—What need to stay for orders?
 I wish I durst!—Yet what I dare I'll do.
 Your jewels, Christian—You'll not need these trifles—
[*Searching him.*]

Pho. I pr'ythee, slave, stand off—My soul's too busy
 To lose a thought on thee.

Enter Abudah.

Abu. What's this?—forbear!
 Who gave thee leave to use this insolence?

[*Takes the jewels from him, and lays 'em on a table.*]

Dar. [*Aside.*] Deny'd my booty?—Curses on his
 head!

Was not the founder of our law a robber?
 'Why 'twas for that I left my country's gods,
 'Menaph and Uzza. Better still be Pagan,
 'Than starve with a new faith.'

Abu. What?—Dost thou mutter?
 Daran, withdraw; and better learn thy duty.

[*Exit Daran.*]

Phocyas, perhaps thou know'st me not—

Pho. I know
 Thy name Abudah, and thy office here

The

The second in command. What more thou art
Indeed I cannot tell.

Abu. True; for thou yet
Know'st not I am thy friend.

Pbo. Is't possible?—
Thou speak'st me fair.

Abu. What dost thou think of life?

Pbo. I think not of it; death was in my thoughts.
On hard conditions, life were but a load,
And I would lay it down.

Abu. Art thou resolv'd?

Pbo. I am, unless thou bring'st me better terms
Than those I have rejected.

Abu. Think again.
Caled, by me, once more renews that offer.

Pbo. Thou say'st thou art my friend; why dost thou
try

To shake the settled temper of my breast?

‘ My soul hath just discharg'd her cumbrous train
‘ Of hopes and fears, prepar'd to take her voyage
‘ To other seats, where she may rest in peace;
‘ And now thou call'st me back, to beat again
‘ The painful roads of life.’—Tempt me no more
To be a wretch, for I despise the offer.

‘ *Abu.* The general knows thee brave, and 'tis for
that

‘ He seeks alliance with thy noble virtues.

‘ *Pbo.* He knows me brave!—Why does he then
thus treat me?

‘ No; he believes I am so poor of soul,
‘ That barely for the privilege to live,
‘ I would be bought his slave. But go and tell him,
‘ The little space of life his scorn bequeath'd me
‘ Was lent in vain, and he may take the forfeit.’

Abu. Why wilt thou wed thyself to misery,
When our faith courts thee to eternal blessings?
When truth itself is, like a seraph, come
To loose thy bonds?—‘ The light divine, whose beams
‘ Pierc'd thro' the gloom of Hera's sacred cave,
‘ And there illumin'd the great Mahomet,'
Arabia's morning star, now shines on thee,

Arise,

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Arise, salute with joy the guest from Heav'n,
Follow her steps, and be no more a captive.

Pbo. But whither must I follow?—answer that.
Is she a guest from heav'n? what marks divine,
What signs, what wonders vouch her boasted mission?

Abu. What wonders?—turn thy eyes to Mecca!
mark

How from Caaba first, that hallow'd temple,
Her glory dawn'd!—then look how swift its course,
As when the sun-beams shooting through a cloud
Drive o'er the meadow's face the flying shades!
Have not the nations bent before our swords,
Like ripen'd corn before the reaper's steel?
Why is all this? Why does success still wait
Upon our law, if not to shew that Heav'n
First sent it forth, and owns it still by conquest?

Pbo. Dost thou ask why is this?—O why, indeed?
Where is the man can read Heav'n's secret counsels?
Why did I conquer in another cause,
Yet now am here?—

Abu. I'll tell thee—thy good angel
Has seiz'd thy hand unseen, and snatch'd thee out
From swift destruction; know, ere day shall dawn,
Damascus will in blood lament its fall;
We've heard what army is design'd to march
Too late to save her. Now, e'en now, our force
Is just preparing for a fresh assault.
Now too thou might'st revenge thy wrongs—so Caled
Charg'd me to say; and more, that he invites thee;
Thou know'st the terms—to share with him the con-
quest.

Pbo. Conquest!—Revenge!—Hold, let me think—
O horror!

Revenge!—O what revenge? Bleed on, my wounds;
For thus to be reveng'd, were it not worse
Than all that I can suffer?—But Eudocia—
Where will she, then—Shield her, ye pitying pow'rs,
And let me die in peace!

Abu. Hear me once more.
'Tis all I have to offer; mark me now!
Caled has sworn Eudocia shall be safe.

Pbo.

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Pho. Ha! safe!—but how? a wretched captive, too!

Abu. He swears she shall be free, she shall be thine.

Pho. Then I am lost, indeed—‘O cruel bounty!

‘How can I be at once both curs’d and happy?’

Abu. The time draws near, and I must quickly leave thee;

But first reflect, that in this fatal night
Slaughter and rapine may be loos’d abroad,
And while they roam with undistinguish’d rage,
Should she thou lov’st—well may’st thou start—be
made,

Perhaps unknown, some barb’rous soldier’s prey.
Should she then fall a sacrifice to lust,
Or brutal fury—

Pho. O—this pulls my heart-strings! [*Falls.*
Earth, open—save me, save me from that thought,
There’s ruin in it, ’twill, it will undo me.

Abu. Nay, do not plunge thyself in black despair;
Look up, poor wretch, thou art not shipwreck’d yet,
Behold an anchor; am not I thy friend?
‘Yet hear me and be blest.’

Pho. [*rising.*] Hah! who, what art thou? [*Raving.*
My friend? that’s well; but hold—are all friends
honest?

What’s to be done?—Hush, hark! what voice is that?

Abu. There is no voice; ’tis yet the dead of night,
The guards, without, keep silent watch around us.

Pho. Again—it calls—’tis she—O lead me to her—

Abu. Thy passion mocks thee with imagin’d sounds.

Pho. Sure ’twas Eudocia’s voice cry’d out—Forbear.
What shall I do?—O Heav’n!

Abu. Heav’n shews thee what.

Nay, now it is too late; see Caled comes
With anger on his brow; quickly withdraw
To the next tent, and there—

Pho. [*Raving.*] What do I see?
Damascus! conquest! ruin! rapes and murder!
Villains!—Is there no way—O save her, save her!

[*Exit with Abudah.*

Enter Caled and Daran.

Dar. Behold, on thy approach they shift their
ground.

Cal.

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Cal. 'Tis as thou say'st, he trifles with my mercy.

Dar. Speak, shall I fetch his head?

Cal. No, stay thou here,

I cannot spare thee yet. Raphan, go thou. [*To an officer.*

But hold—I've thought again—he shall not die.

Go, tell him he shall live, till he has seen

Damascus sink in flame, 'till he behold

That slave, the woman-idol he adores,

Or giv'n a prize to some brave Mussulman,

Or slain before his face; then if he sue

For death as for a boon---perhaps we'll grant it.

[*Exit Raphan.*

Dar. The captains wait thy orders.

Cal. Are the troops

Ready to march?

Dar. They are.

[*The captains pass by as they are named.*]

Cal. 'Where's Abu-Taleb'

'Alcorash?---O, your valiant tribes, I thank 'em,

'Fled from their standard! will they now redeem it?

'Omar and Serjabil?---'tis well, I see 'em.

'You know your duty. You, Abdorraman,

'Must charge with Raphan.' Mourn, thou haughty city!

The bow is bent, nor can'st thou 'scape thy doom.

Who turns his back henceforth, our prophet curse him!

Dar. But who commands the trusty bands of Mecca?

Thou know'st their leader fell in the last fight.

Cal. 'Tis true; thou, Daran, well deserv'st that charge;

I've mark'd what a keen hatred, like my own,
Dwells in thy breast against these christian dogs.

Dar. Thou dost me right.

Cal. And therefore I'll reward it.

Be that command now thine. And here---this sabre,
Bless'd in the field by Mahomet himself

At Chaibar's prosperous fight, shall aid thy arm.

Dar. Thanks, my good chief: with this I'll better
thank thee. [*Taking the scimitar.*

Cal. Myself will lead the troops of the black
standard,

And at the eastern gate begin the storm.

Dar.

Dar. But why do we not move? 'twill soon be day.
Methinks I'm cold, and would grow warm with action.

Cal. Then haste and tell Abudah——O thou'rt
welcome,

Enter Abudah.

Thy charge awaits thee. Where's the stubborn cap-
tive?

Abu. Indeed he's brave. I left him for a moment
In the next tent. He's scarcely yet himself.

Cal. But is he ours?

Abu. The threats of death are nothing;
Tho' thy last message shook his soul, as winds
On the bleak hills bend down some lofty pine;
Yet still he held his root; till I found means,
Abating somewhat of thy first demand,
If not to make him wholly ours, at least
To gain sufficient to our end.

Cal. Say how?

Abu. Oft he inclin'd, oft started back; at last,
When just consenting, for a while he paus'd,
Stood fix'd in thought, and lift his eyes to Heav'n;
Then, as with fresh recover'd force, cry'd out,
Renounce my faith? Never——I answer'd, no,
That now he should not do it.

Cal. How?

Abu. Yet hear,
For since I saw him now so lost in passion,
That must be left to his more temperate thoughts.
Mean time I urg'd, conjur'd, at last constrain'd him
By all he held most dear, nay, by the voice
Of Providence, that call'd him now to save,
With her he lov'd, perhaps the lives of thousands,
No longer to resist his better fate,
But join his arms in present action with us,
And swear he would be faithful.

Cal. What, no more?

Then he's a Christian still.

Abu. Have patience yet:
For if by him we can surprise the city——

Cal. Say'st thou?

Abu. Hear what's agreed; but on the terms
That ev'ry unresisting life be spar'd.

I shall

I shall command some chosen faithful bands ;
Phocyas will guide us to the gate, from whence
He late escap'd, nor do we doubt but there
With ease to gain admittance.

Cal. This is something.

And yet I do not like this half-ally—
Is he not still a Christian ?— but no matter—
Mean time I will attack the eastern gate ;
Who first succeeds gives entrance to the rest.
Hear, all !—Prepare ye now for boldest deeds,
And know the prophet will reward your valour.
Think that ye all to certain triumph move ;
Who falls in fight yet meets the prize above.
There, in the gardens of eternal spring,
While birds of Paradise around you sing,
Each with his blooming Beauty by his side,
Shall drink rich wines that in full rivers glide,
Breathe fragrant gales o'er fields of spice that blow,
And gather fruits immortal as they grow ;
Ecstatic bliss shall your whole powers employ,
And ev'ry sense be lost in ev'ry joy. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E *A great square in the city,
before the governor's palace.*

*Enter Abudah, Saracen captains and soldiers ; with
Eumenes, Herbis, and others of the Christians un-
armed.*

Eum. **I**T must be so—Farewell, devoted walls !—
To be surpris'd thus !—Hell and all ye
fiends,

How did ye watch this minute for destruction !

Herb. We've been betray'd by riot and debauch :
Curse on the traitor guard !

Eum. The guard above,
Did that sleep too ?

Abu.

Abu. Christians, complain no more.

What you have ask'd is granted. Are ye men,
And dare ye question thus, with bold impatience,
Eternal Justice!—Know, the doom from Heav'n
Falls on your towers, resiftless as the bolt
That fires the cedars on your mountain tops.
Be meek, and learn with humble awe to bear
The mitigated ruin. Worse had follow'd,
Had ye oppos'd our numbers. Now you're safe;
Quarter and liberty are giv'n to all;
And little do you think how much ye owe
To one brave enemy, whom yet ye know not.

Enter Artamon hastily.

Art. All's lost!—Ha!—Who are these?

Eum. All's lost, indeed.

Yield up thy sword, if thou would'st share our safety.
Thou com'st too late to bring us news.

Art. O——no.

The news I bring is from the eastern guard.
Caled has forc'd the gate, and but he's here.

[*A cry without.*] Fly, fly; they follow—quarter,
mercy, quarter!

[*Several persons as pursued run over the stage.*]

Cal. [*without.*] No quarter! Kill, I say; are
they not Christians?

More blood! our prophet asks it.—

He enters with Daran, &c.

What, Abudah?

Well met!—but wherefore are these looks of peace?
Why sleeps thy sword?

Abu. Caled, our task is over.

Behold the chiefs; they have resign'd the palace.

Cal. And sworn t' obey our law?

Abu. No.

Cal. Then fall on.

Abu. Hold yet, and hear me—Heav'n by me has
spar'd

The sword its cruel task. On easy terms
We've gain'd a bloodless conquest.

Cal. I renounce it.

Curse on those terms; the city's mine by storm.
Fall on, I say——

Abu.

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Abu. Nay then, I swear ye shall not.

Cal. Ha!—Who am I?

Abu. The general, and I know
What reverence is your due.

[*Caled gives signs to his men to fall on.*

—————Nay, he who stirs,
First makes his way thro' me. My honour's pledg'd ;
Rob me of that who dares. [*They stop.*] I know thee,

Caled,
Chief in command ; bold, valiant, wise, and faith-
ful ;

But yet remember I'm a Mussulman ;
Nay, more, thou know'st, companion of the prophet,
And what we vow is sacred.

Cal. Thou'rt a Christian,
I swear thou art, and hast betray'd the faith.
Curse on thy new allies !

Abu. No more——this strife
But ill beseems the servants of the Caliph,
And casts reproach—Christians, withdraw a while ;
I pledge my life to answer the conditions—
[*Exeunt Eumenes, Herbis, &c.*

Why, Caled, do we thus expose ourselves
A scorn to nations that despise our law ?
Thou call'st me Christian—What ! Is it because
I prize my plighted faith, that I'm a Christian ?
Come, 'tis not well, and if—

Cal. What terms are yielded ?

Abu. Leave to depart, to all that will ; an oath
First giv'n, no more to aid the war against us,
An unmolested march. Each citizen
To take his goods, not more than a mule's burden ;
The chiefs six mules, and ten the governor.
Besides some few slight arms for their defence
Against the mountain robbers.

Cal. Now, by Mahomet,
Thou hast equip'd an army.

Abu. Canst thou doubt
The greater part far will choose to stay,
Receive our law, or pay th' accustomed tribute ?
What fear we then from a few wretched bands



SIEGE of DAMASCUS :



Edwards ad riv del.

Reading sculp.

MR. SMITH as PHOCYAS.
*Did I not hear the Murmurs of a Voice—
 — a Woman's too? —* Act IV, Sc. 2.

Published, May 24, 1777, by J. Lowndes & Partners.

Of scatter'd fugitives?—Besides, thou know'st
What towns of strength remain yet unsubdu'd.
Let us appear this once like generous victors,
So future conquests shall repay this bounty,
And willing provinces e'en court subjection.

Gal. Well—be it on thy head, if worse befall!
This once I yield—but see it then proclaim'd
Thro' all Damascus, that who will depart
Must leave the place this instant—Pass, move on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The outside of a nunnery.*

Eud. Darkness is fled; and yet the morning light
Gives me more fears than did night's deadly gloom.
Within, without, all, all are foes—O Phocyas,
Thou art perhaps at rest; wou'd I were too!

[*After a pause.*]

This place has holy charms; rapine and murder
Dare not approach it, but are aw'd to distance.
I've heard that e'en these infidels have spar'd
Walls sacred to deevotion—World, farewell!
Here will I hide me, 'till the friendly grave
Open its arms and shelter me for ever.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Phocyas.

Pbo. Did I not hear the murmurs of a voice,
This way?—a woman's, too?—and seem'd complain-
ing?

Hark!—No—O torture! Whither shall I turn me?
'I've search'd the palace rooms in vain; and now,
'I know not why, some instinct brought me hither.—'
'Twas here last night we met. Dear, dear Eudocia!
Might I once more— [*Going out, he meets her entering.*]

Eud. Who calls the lost Eudocia?

Sure 'tis a friendly voice.

Pbo. 'Tis she—O rapture!

Eud. Is't possible—my Phocyas!

Pbo. My Eudocia!

Do I yet call thee mine?

Eud. Do I yet see thee?

Yet hear thee speak?—O how hast thou escap'd
From barbarous swords, and men that know not
mercy?

Pbo.

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Pho. I've borne a thousand deaths since our last parting.

But wherefore do I talk of death?—for now,
Methinks, I'm rais'd almost to life immortal,
And feel I'm blest beyond the pow'r of change.

Eud. O yet beware——lest some event unknown
Again should part us.

Pho. [*Afide.*] Heav'n avert the omen!
None can, my fair, none shall.

Eud. Alas! thy transport
Makes thee forget: Is not the city taken?

Pho. It is.

Eud. And are we not beset with foes?

Pho. There are no foes—or none to thee——No danger.

Eud. No foes?

Pho. I know not how to tell thee yet——

• But think, Eudocia, that my matchless love
• And wondrous causes preordain'd, conspiring,
• For thee have triumph'd o'er the fiercest foes,
• And turn'd 'em friends.

Eud. Amazement! Friends?—

• O all ye guardian Powers!—Say on—O lead me,
• Lead me thro' this dark maze of Providence
• Which thou hast trod, that I may trace thy steps
• With silent awe, and worship as I pass.

Pho. Enquire no more—thou shalt know all here—
• after—

• Let me conduct thee hence—

Eud. O whither next?

• To what far distant home?—But 'tis enough,
• That, favour'd thus of Heav'n, thou art my guide.
• And as we journey on the painful way,
• Say wilt thou then beguile the passing hours,
• And open all the wonders of thy story?

Pho. Indulge no more thy melancholy thoughts;
Damascus is thy home.

Eud. And yet thou say'st
Is no longer ours!—Where is my father?

Pho. To shew thee, too, how Fate seems every
way

' To guard thy safety, e'en thy father now,
 ' Wert thou within his pow'r, would stand defeated
 ' Of his tyrannic vow. Thou know'st last night
 ' What hope of aids flatter'd this foolish city:
 ' At break of day th' Arabian scouts had seiz'd
 ' A second courier, and from him 'tis learn'd
 ' That on their march the army mutiny'd,
 ' And Eutyches was slain.

' *Eud.* And yet, that now
 ' Is of the least importance to my peace.
 ' But answer me; say, where is now my father?

Pho. Or gone, or just preparing to depart.

Eud. What! Is our doom revers'd? And is he then
 The wretched fugitive?—

Pho. Thou heav'nly maid!
 To free thee, then, from ev'ry anxious thought,
 Know, I've once more, wrong'd as I am, e'en sav'd
 Thy father's threaten'd life, nay, sav'd Damascus
 From blood and slaughter, and from total ruin.
 Terms are obtain'd, and general freedom granted
 To all that will, to leave in peace the city.

Eud. Is't possible—now trust me I could chide
 ' thee.

' 'Tis much unkind to hold me thus in doubt;
 I prythee clear these wonders.

' *Pho.* 'Twill surprise thee,
 ' When thou shalt know—

' *Eud.* What?
 ' *Pho.* To what deadly gulphs
 ' Of horror and despair, what cruel straits
 ' Of agonizing thought I have been driv'n
 ' This night, ere my perplex'd bewilder'd soul
 ' Could find its way—thou saidst that thou would'st
 ' chide;

' I fear thou wilt; indeed I have done that
 ' I could have wish'd t' avoid—but for a cause
 ' So lovely, so lov'd.

' *Eud.* What dost thou mean?
 ' I'll not indulge a thought that thou could'st do
 ' One act unworthy of thyself, thy honour,
 ' And that firm zeal against these foes of Heav'n,
 ' Which

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- ‘ Which won my heart at first to share in all
- ‘ Thy dangers and thy fame, and wish thee mine.
- ‘ Thou couldst not save thy life by means inglorious.
- ‘ *Pbo.* Alas ! thou know’st me not—I’m man, frail
- ‘ man,
- ‘ To error born ; and who that’s man is perfect ?
- ‘ To save my life ? O no, well was it risk’d
- ‘ For thee ! had it been lost, ’twere not too much,
- ‘ And thou but safe ;—O what wouldst thou have
- ‘ said,
- ‘ If I had risk’d my soul to save Eudocia ?
- ‘ *Eud.* Ha ! speak—O no, be dumb—it cannot
- ‘ be !
- ‘ And yet thy looks are chang’d, thy lips grow pale.
- ‘ Why dost thou shake ?—alas ! I tremble too !
- ‘ Thou couldst not, hast not sworn to Mahomet ?
- ‘ *Pbo.* No—I should first have dy’d—nay, giv’n
- ‘ up thee.
- ‘ *Eud.* O Phocyas ! Was it well to try me thus !—
- ‘ And yet another deadly fear succeeds.
- ‘ How came these wretches hither ? Who reviv’d
- ‘ Their fainting arms to unexpected triumph ?
- ‘ For while thou fought’st, and fought’st the Chris-
- ‘ tian cause,
- ‘ These batter’d walls were rocks impregnable,
- ‘ Their tow’rs of adamant. But O, I fear
- ‘ Some act of thine.’

Pbo. Oh ! I must tell thee all.

But pr’ythee do not frown on me, Eudocia !
 I found the wakeful foe in midnight council
 Resolv’d ere day to make a fresh attack,
 Keen for revenge, and hungry after slaughter.
 Could my rack’d soul bear that, and think of thee !
 Nay, think of thee expos’d a helpless prey
 To some fierce ruffian’s violating arms ?
 O, had the world been mine in that extreme
 I should have giv’n whole provinces away,
 Nay all—and thought it little for thy ransom !

Eud. For this then—Oh—thou hast betray’d
 the city ?

Distrustful in the righteous Pow’rs above,

That still protect the chaste and innocent :
And to avert a feign'd uncertain danger,
Thou hast brought certain ruin on thy country !

Pho. No, thou forget'st the friendly terms—the
sword,
Which threaten'd to have fill'd these streets with
blood,

Is sheath'd in peace ; thy father, thou, and all
The citizens are safe, uncaptiv'd, free.

Eud. Safe ? free ? O no—life, freedom, ev'ry
good,

Turns to a curse, if sought by wicked means.

Yet sure it cannot be ! are these the terms

On which we meet ?—No—we can never meet

On terms like these ; the hand of death itself

Could not have torn us from each others arms

Like this dire act, this more than fatal blow !

In death, the soul and body only part

To meet again, and be divorc'd no more ;

But now.—

Pho. Ha ! Lightning blast me ! Strike me,

Ye vengeful bolts ! if this is my reward !

Are these my hop'd for joys ? Is this the welcome

The wretched Phocyas meets, from her he lov'd

More than life, fame,—e'en to his soul's distraction ?

Eud. Hadst thou not help'd the slaves of Mahomet,

To spread their impious conquests o'er thy country,

What welcome was there in Eudocia's power

She had withheld from Phocyas ? ' but alas !

' 'Tis thou hast blasted all our joys for ever,

' And cut down hope like a poor short-lived flower,

' Never to grow again !'

Pho. Cruel Eudocia !

If in my heart's deep anguish I've been forc'd

A while from what I was—dost thou reject me ?

Think of the cause—

Eud. The cause ! There is no cause !

Not universal nature could afford

A cause for this. What were dominion, pomp,

The wealth of nations, nay, of all the world,

‘ The world itself, or what a thousand worlds,
 If weigh’d with faith unspotted, heav’nly truth,
 Thoughts free from guilt, the empire of the mind,
 And all the triumphs of a godlike breast
 Firm and unmov’d in the great cause of virtue ?

Pho. How shall I answer thee ?—My soul is aw’d,
 And trembling owns th’ eternal force of reason !
 But oh ! can nothing then atone, or plead
 For pity from thee ?

Eud. Canst thou yet undo
 The deed that’s done, recall the time that’s past ?
 ‘ O call back yesterday, call back last night,
 ‘ Tho’ with its fears, its dangers, its distress ;’
 Bid the fair hours of innocence return,
 When, in the lowest ebb of changeeful fortune,
 Thou wert more glorious in Eudocia’s eyes
 Than all the pride of monarchs !—but that deed—

Pho. No more——thou waken’st in my tortur’d
 heart

The cruel, conscious worm that stings to madness.
 O I’m undone !——I know it, and can bear
 To be undone for thee ; but not to lose thee.

Eud. Poor wretch !——I pity thee !——but art
 thou Phocyas !

The man I lov’d ?——I could have dy’d with thee
 Ere thou didst this ; then we had gone together,
 A glorious pair, and soar’d above the stars,
 ‘ Bright as the stars themselves ; and as we pass’d
 ‘ The heav’nly roads and milky ways of light,
 ‘ Had heard the blest inhabitants with wonder
 ‘ Applaud our spotless love.’ But never, never
 Will I be made the curst reward of treason,
 To seal thy doom, to bind a hellish league,
 And to insure thy everlasting woe.

Pho. What league ?——’tis ended—I renounce it—
 thus—

[*Kneels.*

I bend to Heav’n and thee——O thou divine,
 Thou matchless image of all-perfect goodness !
 Do thou but pity yet the wretched Phocyas,
 Heav’n will relent, and all may yet be well.

End.

Eud. No—we must part. 'Twill ask whole years
of sorrow

To purge away this guilt. Then do not think
Thy loss in me is worth one dropping tear;
But, if thou wouldst be reconcil'd to Heav'n,
First sacrifice to Heav'n that fatal passion
Which caus'd thy fall—Farewell: 'Forget the lost—
'But how shall I ask that?——I would have said,
'For thy soul's peace,' forget the lost Eudocia:
Canst thou forget her?——Oh! the killing torture,
To think 'twas love, excess of love, divorc'd us!
Farewell for——still I cannot speak that word,
These tears speak for me—O farewell.— [*Exit.*

Pho. [*Raving.*] For ever!
Return, return and speak it; say for ever!
She's gone——and now she joins the fugitives.
And yet she did not pronounce my doom——
O hear, all-gracious Heav'n! wilt thou at once
Forgive, and O inspire me to some act
This day, that may in part redeem what's past!
Prosper this day, or let it be my last. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE an open place in the city.

Enter Calad and Daran meeting.

Cal. SOLDIER, what news? thou look'st as
thou wert angry.

Dar. And, durst I say it, so, my chief, I am.
I've spoke——if it offends, my head is thine,
Take it, and I am silent.

Cal. No; say on.
I know thee honest, and perhaps I guess
What knits thy brow in frowns——

Dar. Is this, my leader,
A conquer'd city!——View yon vale of palms:
Behold the vanquish'd Christian triumphs still,
Rich in his flight, and mocks thy barren war.

Cal. The vale of palms!

Dar. Beyond those hills, the place
Where they agreed this day to meet and halt,
To gather all their forces; there, disguis'd,
Just now I've view'd their camp—O I could curse
My eyes for what they've seen.

Cal. What hast thou seen?

Dar. Why, all Damascus;—All its soul, its life,
Its heart's blood, all its treasure, piles of plate,
Crosses enrich'd with gems, arras and filks,
And vests of gold, unfolded to the sun,
That rival all his lustre.

Cal. How!

Dar. 'Tis true.
The bees are wisely bearing off their honey,
And soon the empty hive will be our own.

Cal. So forward too? Curse on this foolish treaty.

Dar. Forward—it looks as they had been fore-
warn'd.

By Mahomet, the land wears not the face
Of war, but trade; and thou wouldst swear its mer-
chants

Were sending forth their loaded caravans
To all the neighbouring countries.

- ' *Cal.* [*Afide.*] Ha! this starts
- ' A lucky thought of Mahomet's first exploit,
- ' When he pursu'd the caravan of Corash,
- ' And from a thousand mis-believing slaves
- ' Wrested their ill-heap'd goods, transferr'd to thrive
- ' In holier hands, and propagate the faith.—
- ' [*To Daran.*] 'Tis said, the Emperor had a ward-
robe here
- ' Of costly filks.

' *Dar.* That, too, they have remov'd.'

Cal. Dogs! infidels! 'tis more than was allow'd.

Dar. And shall we not pursue 'em—Robbers!
thieves!

That steal away themselves, and all they're worth,
And wrong the valiant foldier of his due.

Cal. [*Afide.*] The caliph shall know this—he shall,
Abudah.

This

This is thy coward bargain.—I renounce it.
Daran, we'll stop their march, and make a search.

Dar. And strip?

Cal. And kill.

Dar. That's well. And yet I fear
Abudah's Christian friend.—

Cal. If possible,
He should not know of this; no, nor Abudah.
By the seven heav'ns! his soul's a Christian too,
And 'tis by kindred instinct he thus saves
Their curst lives, and taints our cause with mercy.

Dar. I knew my general would not suffer this:
Therefore I've troops prepar'd without the gate,
Just mounted for pursuit. Our Arab horse
Will in few minutes reach the place; yet still
I must repeat my doubts——that devil Phocyas
Will know it soon——I met him near the gate,
My nature sickens at him, and forebodes
I know not what of ill.

Cal. No more; away
With thy cold fears——we'll march this very instant,
And quickly make this thriftless conquest good:
The sword too has been wrong'd, and thirsts for
blood. [Exeunt.]

SCENE *A valley full of tents; baggage and
harness lying up and down amongst them. The pros-
pect terminating with palm-trees and hills at a dis-
tance.*

*Eumenes, with officers, attendants, and crowds of the
people of Damascus.*

Eum. [Entering.] Sleep on—and angels be thy
guard!—soft slumber
Has gently stole her from her griefs awhile.
Let none approach the tent.—Are out-guards plac'd
On yonder hills? [To an officer.]

1 *Off.* They are.

Eum. [striking his breast.] Damascus! Oh——
Still are thou here?——Let me intreat you, friends,

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To keep strict order ; I have no command,
And can but now advise you.

1 *Cit.* You are still
Our head and leader.

2 *Cit.* We resolve t' obey you.'

3 *Cit.* We're all prepar'd to follow you.

Eum. I thank you.

The sun will soon go down upon our sorrows,
And 'till to-morrow's dawn this is our home :
Mean while, each, as he can, forget his loss,
And bear the present lot.——

Officer. Sir, I have mark'd
The camp's extent ; 'tis stretch'd quite thro' the val-
ley.

I think that more than half the city's here.

Eum. The prospect gives me much relief. I'm
pleas'd

My honest countrymen, t' observe your numbers ;
And yet it fills my eyes with tears——'Tis said
The mighty Persian wept, when he survey'd
His numerous army, but to think 'em mortal ;
Yet he then flourish'd in prosperity.

Alas ! what's that ?——Prosperity ? a harlot
That smiles but to betray ? O shining ruin !
Thou nurse of passions, and thou bane of virtue !
O self-destroying monster ! that art blind.
Yet putt'st our reason's eyes, that still should guide
thee,

Then plungest down some precipice unseen,
And art no more !—Hear me, all-gracious Heav'n !
Let me wear out my small remains of life
Obscure, content with humble poverty,
Or in affliction's hard but wholesome school,
If it must be——I'll learn to know myself,
And that's more worth than empire. But, O Heav'n,
Curse me no more with proud prosperity !
It has undone me !—Herbis, where, my friend,
Hast thou been this long hour ?

Enter Herbis.

Herb. On yonder summit,

To take a farewell prospect of Damascus.

Eum. And is it worth a look?

Herb. No——I've forgot it.

All our possessions are a grasp of air :
We're cheated whilst we think we hold them fast ;
And when they're gone, we know that they were no-
thing.

But I've a deeper wound.

Eum. Poor good old man !

'Tis true ;—thy son—there thou'rt indeed unhappy.

Enter Artamon.

What, Artamon ?——art thou here, too ?

Art. Yes, sir.

I never boasted much of my religion,
Yet I've some honour and a soldier's pride :
I like not these new lords.

Eum. Thou'rt brave and honest.

Nay, we'll not yet despair. A time may come
When from these brute barbarians we may wrest
Once more our pleasant seats.—Alas ! how soon
The flatterer Hope is ready with his song
To charm us to forgetfulness !—No more—
Let that be left to Heav'n ;—See, Herbis, see,
Methinks we've here a goodly city yet !
Was it not thus our great forefathers liv'd,
In better times ?—in humble fields and tents,
With all their flocks and herds, their moving
wealth ?

See too ! where our own Pharphar winds his stream
Thro' the long vale, as if to follow us,
And kindly offers his cool wholesome draughts,
To ease us in our march ! Why, this is plenty.

Enter Eudocia.

My daughter ?—wherefore hast thou left thy tent ?
What breaks so soon thy rest ?

Eud. Rest is not there,

Or I have fought in vain, and cannot find it.
Oh no—we're wanderers, it is our doom :
There is no rest for us.

Eum. Thou art not well.

Eud. 'I would, if possible, avoid myself.'
I'm better now near you.

Eum. Near me?—alas!
The tender vine so wreaths its folded arms
Around some falling elm!—it wounds my heart
To think thou follow'st but to share my ruin.
I have lost all but thee.

Eud. O say not so.
You have lost nothing; no—you have preserv'd,
Immortal wealth, your faith inviolate
To Heav'n and to your country. Have you not
Refus'd to join with prosp'rous wicked men,
And hold from them a false inglorious greatness?
Ruin is yonder, in Damascus now
The seat abhorr'd of cursed infidels.
Infernal error, like a plague, has spread
Contagion thro' its guilty palaces,
And we are fled from death.

Eum. Heroic maid!
Thy words are balsam to my griefs. Eudocia,
I never knew thee till this day; I knew not
How many virtues I had wrong'd in thee.

Eud. If you talk thus you have not yet forgiv'n
me.

Eum. Forgiv'n thee?—why, for thee it is, thee
only

I think Heav'n yet may look with pity on us;
Yes, we must all forgive each other now.
Poor Herbis, too——we both have been to blame.
O Phocyas——but it cannot be recall'd.
Yet were he here, we'd ask him pardon too.
My child——I meant not to provoke thy tears.

Eud. [*Aside.*] O why is he not here? Why do I see
Thousands of happy wretches, that but seem
Undone, yet still are blest in innocence,
And why was he not one?

Enter an Officer.

Off. Where is Eumenes?

Eum. What means thy breathless haste?

Off. I fear there's danger;
For as I kept my watch, I spy'd afar

Thick

Thick clouds of dust, and on a nearer view
Perceiv'd a body of Arabian horse
Moving this way. I saw them wind the hill,
And then lost sight of 'em.

Herb. I saw 'em, too,
Where the roads meet on t'other side these hills,
But took them for some band of Christian Arabs
Crossing the country.—This way did they move?

1 *Off.* With utmost speed.

Eum. If they are Christian Arabs,
They come as friends; if other, we're secure
By the late terms. Retire a while, Eudocia,
Till I return. [Exit Eudocia.]
I'll to the guard myself.
Soldier, lead on the way.

Enter another Officer.

2 *Off.* Arm, arm! we're ruin'd!
The foe is in the camp.

Eum. So soon?

2 *Off.* They've quitted
Their horses, and with sword in hand have forc'd
Our guard: they say they come for plunder.

Eum. Villains!
Sure Caléd knows not of this treachery.
Come on—we can fight still. We'll make 'em know
What 'tis to urge the wretched to despair. [Exeunt.]

[A noise of fighting is heard for some time.]

Enter Daran, with a party of Saracen soldiers.

Dar. Let the fools fight at distance.—Here's the
harvest.

Reap, reap, my countrymen!—‘ Ay, there—first
clear

‘ Those further tents.’——

[Exeunt soldiers bearing off baggage, &c.]

[Looking between the tents.] What's here, a woman?—
Fair

She seems, and well attir'd!——It shall be so,
I'll strip her first, and then——

[Exit; and returns with Eudocia.]

Eud. [struggling.] Mercy, O spare me!

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Help, save me!—What, no help—Barbarian! monster!

Heav'n, hear my cries.

Dar. Woman, thy cries are vain,
No help is near.

Enter Phocyas.

Pho. Villain, thou ly'st! take that
To loose thy hold— [*Pushing at him with his spear.*

Dar. 'What, thou? my evil spirit!
'Is't thou that haunt'st me still?—but thus I thank
'thee, [*Offering to strike with his scimitar.*
'It will not be'—Lightning for ever blast
This coward arm that fails me!—O vile Syrian,

I'm kill'd—O curse——— [*Falls.*
[*Dies.*

Pho. 'Die then; thy curses choke thee!—'
Eudocia!

Eud. Phocyas!—O astonishment!
Then is it thus that Heav'n has heard my pray'rs?
I tremble still—and scarce have power to ask thee
How thou art here? 'or whence this sudden outrage?

'*Pho.* [*Walking aside.*] The blood ebbs back that
'fill'd my heart, and now

'Again her parting farewell awes my soul,
'As if 'twere fate, and not to be revok'd.
'Will she not now upbraid me? See thy friends!
'Are these, are these the villains thou hast trusted?
'*Eud.* What means this murmur'd sorrow to thy-
'self?

'Is it in vain that thou hast rescued me
'From savage hands?—Say, what's th' approaching
'danger?

'*Pho.* Sure ev'ry angel watches o'er thy safety!
'Thou see'st 'tis death t' approach thee without awe,
'And barbarism itself cannot profane thee.

'*Eud.* Thou dost not answer,' whence are these
'alarms?

Pho. Some stores remov'd, and not allow'd by
treaty,

Have drawn the Saracens to make a search.
Perhaps 'twill quickly be agreed—but Oh!

Thou know'st, Eudocia, I'm a banish'd man,
And 'tis a crime I'm here once more before thee;
Else, might I speak, 'twere better for the present
If thou wouldst leave this place.

Eud. No——I've a father,
(And shall I leave him?) whom we both have wrong'd,
' Or he had not been thus driv'n out, expos'd,
' The humble tenant of this shelt'ring vale
' For one poor night's repose.'——And yet, alas!
For this last act how would I thank thee, Phocyas?—
I've nothing now but pray'rs and tears to give,
Cold fruitless thanks—But 'tis some comfort yet
That fate allows this short reprieve, that thus
We may behold each other, and once more
May mourn our woes, ere yet we part.——

Pho. For ever!
'Tis then resolv'd——it was thy cruel sentence;
And I am here to execute that doom.

Eud. What dost thou mean?

Pho. [*Kneeling.*] Thus at thy feet——

Eud. O rise!

Pho. Never—No, here I'll lay my burthen down;
I've try'd its weight, nor can support it longer.
Take thy last look; if yet thy eyes can bear
To look upon a wretch accurst, cast off
By Heav'n and thee—a little longer yet
And I am mingled with my kindred dust,
By thee forgotten and the world.——

Eud. Forbear!

O cruel man! why wilt thou rack me thus?
Didst thou not mark—thou didst, when last we part-
ed,

The pangs, the strugglings of my suffering soul?
That nothing but the hand of Heav'n itself
Could e'er divide me from thee?—Dost thou now
Reproach me thus? Or can'st thou have a thought
That I can e'er forget thee?

Pho. [*Rising.*] Have a care!
I'll not be tortur'd more with thy false pity;
No, I renounce it. See, I am prepar'd.

[*Shewing a dagger.*
Thy

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Thy cruelty is mercy now——Farewell.
And Death is now but a release from torment.

Eud. Hold—Stay thee yet—O madness of despair!

And wouldst thou die? Think, ere thou leap the gulph,

When thou hast trod that dark, that unknown way,
Canst thou return? What if the change prove worse,
O think, if then——

Pho. No——Thought's my deadliest foe;
'Tis lingring racks, and slow consuming fires,
And therefore to the grave I'd fly to shun it.

Eud. O fatal error——Like a restless ghost,
It will pursue and haunt thee still, e'en there,
Perhaps in forms more frightful. 'Death's a name
' By which poor guessing mortals are deceiv'd,
' 'Tis no where to be found. Thou fly'st in vain
' From life, to meet again with that thou fly'st.'
How wilt thou curse thy rashness then? How start,
And shudder, and shrink back? yet how avoid
To put on thy new being?

Pho. So!—— I thank thee!

For now I'm quite undone——I gave up all
For thee before, but this; this bosom friend,
My last reserve.—There— [*Throws away the dagger.*]
Tell me now, Eudocia,
Cut off from hope, deny'd the food of life,
And yet forbid to die, what am I now?
Or what will Fate do with me?

Eud. Oh—— [*Turns away weeping.*]

Pho. Thou weep'st!

Canst thou shed tears, and yet not melt to mercy?
O say, ere yet returning madness seize me,
Is there in all futurity no prospect,
No distant comfort? Not a glimmering light
To guide me thro' this maze? Or must I now
Sit down in darkness and despair for ever?

[*Here they both continue silent for some time.*]

Still art thou silent?—Speak, disclose my doom,
That's now suspended in this awful moment!
O speak—for now my passions wait thy voice;

My beating heart grows calm, my blood stands still,
Scarcely I live, or only live to hear thee.

Eud. If yet—But can it be?—I fear—O Phocyas,
Let me be silent still!

Pho. Hear then this last,
This only pray'r!—Heav'n will consent to this.
Let me but follow thee, where-e'er thou goest,
But see thee, hear thy voice; be thou my angel,
To guide and govern my returning steps,
'Till long contrition and unweary'd duty
Shall expiate my guilt. Then say, Eudocia,
If like a soul anneal'd in purging fires,
After whole years thou seest me white again,
When thou, ev'n thou shalt think.——

Eud. No more——This shakes
My firmest thoughts, and if——

[*Here a cry is heard of persons slaughtered in the camp.*
——What shrieks of death!

I fear the treacherous foe—Again! and louder!
Then they've begun a fatal harvest!——Haste,
Prevent—O wouldst thou see me more with comfort,
Fly, save 'em, save the threaten'd lives of Chris-
tians,

My father and his friends!—I dare not stay——
Heav'n be my guide to shun this gathering ruin.

[*Exit Eudocia.*

Manet Phocyas. Enter Caled.

Cal. [*Entering.*] So—Slaughter, do thy work!
——These hands look well. [*Looking on his hands.*
The jovial hunter, ere he quits the field,
First signs him in the stag's warm vital stream
With stains like these, to shew 'twas gallant sport.
Phocyas! Thou'rt met!—But whether thou art here,

[*Comes forward.*

A friend or foe I know not; if a friend,
Which is Eumenes' tent?

Pho. Hold,——pass no further.

Cal. Say'st thou, not pass?

Pho. No——on thy life no further.

Cal. What, dost thou frown too!—sure thou know'st
me not!

Pho.

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Pho. Not know thee?—Yes, too well I know thee
now,

O murd'rous friend! Why all this waste of blood?
Didst thou not promise——

Cal. Promise!——Insolence!

'Tis well, 'tis well—' For now I know thee too.

' Perfidious mungrel slave! Thou double traitor!

' False to thy first and to thy latter vows!

' Villain!

Pho. ' That's well—Go on—I swear I thank thee.

' Speak it again, and strike it thro' my ear!

A villain! Yes, thou mad'st me so, thou devil!

And mind'st me now what to demand from thee.

Give, give me back my former self, my honour,

My country's fair esteem, my friends, my all—

Thou canst not—O thou robber!—Give me then

Revenge, or death! The last I well deserve,

That yielded up my soul's best wealth to thee,

For which accurst be thou, and curst thy prophet!

Cal. Hear'st thou this, Mahomet?—Blaspheming
mouth!

For this thou soon shalt chew the bitter fruit

Of Zacon's tree, the food of friends below.

Go——speed thee thither.——

[*Pushing at him with his lance, which Phocyas
puts by and kills him.*]

Pho. Go thou first thyself.

Cal. [*Falling.*] O dog! Thou gnaw'st my heart!—
false Mahomet!

Is this, is this then my reward for—O— [Dies.

“*Pho.* Thanks to the Gods I have reveng'd my

“country.”

[*Exit Phocyas.*]

*Several parties of Christians and Saracens pass over the
further part of the stage fighting. The former are
beaten. At last Eumenes rallies them, and makes a
stand. Then enter Abudah attended.*

Abu. Forbear, forbear, and sheath the bloody
sword!

Eum. Abudah! is this well?

Abu. No——I must own

You've cause.—O Mussulmans, look here, behold!

Where,

Where, like a broken spear, your arm of war
Is thrown to earth!

Eum. Ha! Caled?

Abu. Dumb and breathless.

Then thus has Heav'n chastis'd us in thy fall,
And thee for violated faith; farewell,
Thou great, but cruel man!

Eum. This thirst of blood
In his own blood is quench'd.

Abu. Bear hence his clay
Back to Damascus. ' Cast a mantle first
' O'er this sad fight. So should we hide his faults.—'
Now hear, ye servants of the prophet, hear!
A greater death than this demands your tears,
For know, your lord the Caliph is no more!
Good Abubeker has breath'd out his spirit
To him that gave it. Yet your Caliph lives,
Lives now in Omar. See, behold his signet,
Appointing me, such is his will, to lead
His faithful armies warring here in Syria.
Alas!—Foreknowledge sure of this event
Guided his choice!—Obey me then your chief.
For you, O Christians! know, with speed I came,
On the first notice of this foul design,
Or to prevent it, or repair your wrongs.
Your goods shall be untouch'd, your persons safe,
Nor shall our troops, henceforth, on pain of death,
Molest your march.—If more you ask, 'tis granted.

Eum. Still just and brave! thy virtues would adorn
A purer faith! Thou better than thy sect,
'That dar'st decline from that to acts of mercy!
Pardon, Abudah, if thy honest heart
Makes us e'en wish thee ours.

Abu. [*Aside.*] O Power supreme,
That mad'st my heart, and know'st its inmost frame!
If yet I err, O lead me into truth,
Or pardon unknown error!—Now, Eumenes,
Friends as we may be, let us part in peace.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Eudocia and Artamon.

Eud. Alas! but is my father safe?

Art.

- ' *Art.* Heav'n knows.
 ' I left him just preparing to engage ;
 ' When doubtful of th' event he bad me haste
 ' To warn his dearest daughter of the danger,
 ' And aid your speedy flight.
 ' *Eud.* My flight ? But whither ?
 ' O no—if he is lost.——
 ' *Art.* ' I hope not so.
 ' The noise is ceas'd. Perhaps they're beaten off.
 ' We soon shall know:—here's one that can inform
 ' us.'

Enter Officer.

Soldier, thy looks speak well. What says thy tongue ?

Off. The foe's withdrawn ; Abudah has been here,
 And has renew'd the terms. Caled is kill'd.—

Art. Hold—first, thank Heav'n for that !
 Where is Eumenes ?

Off. I left him well ; by his command I came
 To search you out, and let you know this news.
 I've more ; but that—

Art. Is bad, perhaps ; so says
 This sudden pause. Well, be it so ; let's know it.
 'Tis but life's checker'd lot.

Off. Eumenes mourns
 A friend's unhappy fall ; Herbis is slain ;
 A settled gloom seem'd to hang heavy on him,
 Th' effect of grief, 'tis thought, for his lost son.
 When, on the first attack, like one that fought
 The welcome means of death, with desperate valour
 He press'd the foe, and met the fate he wish'd.

Art. See, where Eumenes comes!—What's this ?
 He seems
 To lead some wounded friend—Alas ! 'tis—

[They withdraw to one side of the stage.]

*Enter Eumenes leading in Phocyas with an arrow in
 his breast.*

Eum. Give me thy wound ! O I could bear it for
 thee :

This goodness melts my heart. What ! in a moment,
 Forgetting all thy wrongs, in kind embraces
 T'exchange forgiveness thus !

Pho.

Pho. Moments are few,
And must not now be wasted. O Eumenes,
Lend me thy helping hand a little farther.
O where, where is she? [*They advance.*]

Eum. Look, look here, Eudocia!
Behold a fight that calls for all our tears.

Eud. Phocyas, and wounded!—O what cruel
hand—

Pho. No, 'twas a kind one—Spare thy tears, Eudocia!

For mine are tears of joy.—

Eud. Is't possible?

Pho. 'Tis done—the Pow'r's supreme have heard
my pray'r,
And prosper'd me with some fair deeds this day.
I've fought once more, and for my friends, my country.

By me the treacherous chiefs are slain: a while
I stopp'd the foe, till, warn'd by me before
Of this their sudden march, Abudah came:
But first this random shaft had reach'd my breast.
Life's mingled scene is o'er—'Tis thus that Heav'n
At once chastises, and I hope accepts me;
And now I wake as from the sleep of death.

Eud. What shall I say to thee, to give thee comfort?

Pho. Say only thou forgiv'st me—O Eudocia!
No longer now my dazzled eyes behold thee
Thro' passion's mists; my soul now gazes on thee,
And sees thee lovelier in unfading charms,
Bright as the shining angel Host that stood!
Whilst I—But there, it smarts—

Eud. Look down, look down,
Ye pitying Pow'rs! and heal this pious sorrow!

Eum. 'Tis not too late, we hope, to give thee help.

See! yonder is my tent. We'll lead thee thither;
Come, enter there, and let thy wound be dress'd.
Perhaps it is not mortal.

Pho. No! not mortal!
No flattery now. By all my hopes hereafter,

For

66 THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

For the world's empire I'd not lose this death !
 Alas ! I but keep in my fleeting breath
 A few short moments, till I have conjur'd you
 That to the world you witness my remorse
 For my past errors, and defend my fame.
 For know—soon as this pointed steel's drawn out
 Life follows thro' the wound.

Eud. What dost thou say ?

O touch not yet the broken springs of life ?
 A thousand tender thoughts rise in my soul.
 How shall I give them words ? ' O, till this hour
 ' I scarce have tasted woe !—this is indeed
 ' To part—But oh'—

Pho. No more—Death is now painful !
 But say, my friends, whilst I have breath to ask,
 (For still methinks all your concerns are mine)
 Whither have you design'd to bend your journey ?

Eum. Constantinople is my last retreat,
 If Heav'n indulge my wish ; there I've resolv'd
 To wear out the dark winter of my life,
 An old man's stock of days, I hope not many.

Eud. There will I dedicate myself to Heav'n.
 O Phocyas, for thy sake, no rival else
 Shall e'er possess my heart. My father too
 Consents to this my vow. ' My vital flame
 ' There, like a taper on the holy altar,
 ' Shall waste away ; till Heav'n relenting hear
 ' Incessant pray'rs for thee and for myself,
 ' And wing my soul to meet with thine in bliss.
 ' For in that thought I find a sudden hope,
 ' As if inspir'd, springs in my breast, and tells me
 ' That thy repenting frailty is forgiv'n,'
 And we shall meet again, to part no more.

Pho. [*Plucking out the arrow.*] Then all is done—
 'twas the last pang—at length
 I've giv'n up thee, and the world now is—nothing.

[*Dies.*]

Eum. Alas ! ' he falls. Help, Artamon, support
 ' him.

' Look, how he bleeds ! Let's lay him gently down ;'
 Night gathers fast upon him—So—look up,
 Or speak, if thou hast life—Nay then—My daughter !
 She

She faints—'Help there, and bear her to the tent.'

[Eudocia faints.

Art. [*Weeping aside.*] I thank ye, eyes! This is
but decent tribute.

My heart was full before.

Eum. O Phocyas, Phocyas!

Alas! he hears not now, nor sees my sorrows!

Yet will I mourn for thee, thou gallant youth!

As for a son—so let me call thee now!

A much-wrong'd friend! and an unhappy hero!

A fruitless zeal, yet all I now can shew!

Tears vainly flow for errors learnt too late,

When timely caution should prevent our fate.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

E P I L O G U E.

WELL firs; you've seen, his passion to approve,
 A desperate lover give up all for love,
 All but his faith,—Metbinks now I can 'spy,
 Among you airy sparks, some who would cry.
 Phoo, pox,—for that—what need of such a pother?
 For one faith left, he would have got another.—
 True: 'twas your very case. Just what you say,
 Our rebel fools were ripe for, t'other day;
 Tho' disappointed now, they're wiser grown,
 And, with much grief—are forc'd to keep their own.
 These generous madmen gratis sought their ruin,
 And set no price, not they! on their undoing.
 For gain, indeed, we've others would not dally,
 Or with stale principles stand shilli—shall I—
 You'll find all their religion in 'Change-Alley.
 There all pursue, by better means or worse,
 Iago's rule, put money in thy purse.
 For tho' you differ still in speculation,
 For why—each head is wiser than the nation,
 Tho' points of faith for ever will divide you,
 And bravely you declare—none e'er shall ride you.
 In practice all agree, and every man
 Devoutly strives to get what wealth he can:
 All parties at this golden altar bow,
 Gain, pow'rful gain's the new religion now.
 But leave we this—Since in this circle smile
 So many shining beauties of our isle,
 Who to more generous ends direct their aim,
 And shew us virtue in its fairest frame;
 To these with pride the author bid me say,
 'Twas for your sex he chiefly wrote this play;
 And if in one bright character you find
 Superior honour, and a noble mind;
 Know from the life Eudocia's charms he drew,
 And hopes the piece shall live, that copies you.
 Sure of success, he cannot miss his end,
 If ev'ry British heroine prove his friend.

F I N I S.

D O U G L A S.

A

T R A G E D Y,

B Y

MR. H O M E.

Marked with the Variations in the

M A N A G E R ' s B O O K,

A T T H E

Theatre - Royal in Covent-Garden.

Non ego sum vates, sed prisca conscius ævi.



L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. LOWNDES; W. NICOLL; AND
S. BLADON.

M.DCC.LXXXIV.

* * The Reader is desired to observe, that the passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatre, are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as at Line 20 to 28 in Page 6.

P R O L O G U E.

*I*N ancient times, when Britain's trade was arms,
And the lov'd music of her youth, alarms!
A god-like race sustain'd fair England's fame:
Who has not heard of gallant PERCY's name?
Ay, and of DOUGLAS? Such illustrious foes
In rival Rome and Carthage never rose!
From age to age bright shone the British fire,
And every hero was a hero's fire.
When powerful fate decreed one warrior's doom,
Up sprung the phœnix from his parent's tomb.
But whilst those generous rivals fought and fell,
Those generous rivals lov'd each other well:
Tho' many a bloody field was lost and won,
Nothing in hate, in honour all was done.
When PERCY wrong'd defy'd his prince or peers,
Fast came the DOUGLAS, with his Scottish spears;
And, when proud DOUGLAS made his King his foe,
For DOUGLAS, PERCY bent his English bow.
Expell'd their native home by adverse fate,
They knock'd alternate at each other's gate:
Then blaz'd the castle, at the mid night hour,
For him whose arms had shook its firmest tow'r.

*This night a DOUGLAS your protection claims;
A wife! a mother! Pity's softest names:
The story of her woes indulgent hear,
And grant your suppliant all she begs, a tear.
In confidence she begs; and hopes to find
Each English breast, like noble PERCY's, kind.*

Dramatis Personæ, 1784.

M E N.

Douglas, —
 Lord Randolph,
 Glenalvon,
 Norval,
 Stranger,
 Servant,

At Drury-Lane.
 Mr. BRERETON:
 Mr. FARREN.
 Mr. PALMER.
 Mr. BENSLEY.
 Mr. PACKER.
 Mr. PHILLIMORE.
At Covent-Garden.
 Mr. LEWIS.
 Mr. WROUGHTON.
 Mr. AICKIN.
 Mr. HENDERSON.
 Mr. CLARKE.
 Mr. DAVIS.

W O M E N.

Lady Randolph,
 Anna, —

Mrs. SIDDONS.
 Miss WHEELER.
 Mrs. CRAWFORD.
 Mrs. MORTON.

D O U G L A S.

T R A G E D Y.

A C T I.

The Court of a Castle surrounded with Woods.

Enter Lady Randolph.

Y^E woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,
Farewel a while ; I will not leave you long ;
For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
Who from the chiding stream, or groaning oak,
Still hears, and answers to Matilda's moan.
O Douglas ! Douglas ! if departed ghosts
Are e'er permitted to review this world,
Within the circle of that wood thou art,
And with the passion of immortals hear'st
My lamentation ; hear'st thy wretched wife
Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.

My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn;
 Who perished with thee on this fatal day.
 To thee I lift my voice; to thee address
 The plaint which mortal ear has never heard.
 O disregard me not; tho' I am call'd
 Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
 Incapable of change, affection lies
 Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.
 But Randolph comes, whom fate has made my Lord,
 To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

Enter Lord Randolph.

Lord *Rand.* Again these weeds of woe! say, dost
 thou well

To feed a passion which consumes thy life?
 The living claim some duty: vainly thou
 Bestow'st thy cares upon the silent dead.

Lady *Rand.* Silent, alas! is he for whom I mourn:
 Childless, without memorial of his name,
 He only now in my remembrance lives.

' This fatal day stirs my time-settled sorrow,
 ' Troubles afresh the fountain of my heart.'

Lord *Rand.* ' When was it pure of sadness! These
 ' black weeds

' Express the wonted colour of thy mind,
 ' For ever dark and dismal. Seven long years
 ' Are pass'd, since we were join'd by sacred ties:
 ' Clouds all the while have hung upon thy brow,
 ' Nor broke nor parted by one gleam of joy.'
 Time, that wears out the trace of deepest anguish,
 ' As the sea smooths the prints made in the sand,'
 Has past o'er thee in vain.

' Lady *Rand.* If time to come
 ' Should prove as ineffectual, yet, my Lord,
 ' Thou canst not blame me. When our Scottish youth
 ' Vy'd with each other for my luckless love,
 ' Oft I besought them, I implor'd them all
 ' Not to assail me with my father's aid,
 ' Nor blend their better destiny with mine.
 ' For melancholy had congeal'd my blood,
 ' And froze affection in my chilly breast.

' At

' At last my Sire, rous'd with the base attempt
 ' To force me from him, which thou rend'red'st vain,
 ' To his own daughter bow'd his hoary head,
 ' Besought me to commiserate his age,
 ' And vow'd he should not, could not die in peace,
 ' Unless he saw me wedded and secur'd
 ' From violence and outrage. Then, my Lord!
 ' In my extreme distress I call'd on thee,
 ' Thee I bespake, profess'd my strong desire
 ' To lead a single, solitary life,
 ' And begg'd thy Nobleness not to demand
 ' Her for a wife whose heart was dead to love.
 ' How thou persisted'st after this, thou know'st,
 ' And must confess that I am not unjust,
 ' Nor more to thee than to myself injurious.

' *Lord Rand.* That I confess; yet ever must regret
 ' The grief I cannot cure. Would thou wert not
 ' Compos'd of grief and tenderness alone,
 ' But hadst a spark of other passions in thee,
 ' Pride, anger, vanity, the strong desire
 ' Of admiration, dear to woman-kind;
 ' These might contend with, and allay thy grief,
 ' As meeting tides and currents smooth our firth.

' *Lady Rand.* To such a cause the human mind oft owes
 ' Its transient calm, a calm I envy not.

' *Lord Rand.* Sure thou art not the daughter of Sir
 Malcolm?

Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment;
 For when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear
 That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.

Lady Rand. Oh! rake not up the ashes of my fathers:
 Implacable resentment was their crime,
 And grievous has the expiation been.
 Contending with the Douglas, gallant lives
 Of either house were lost; my ancestors
 Compell'd, at last, to leave their ancient seat
 On Tiviot's pleasant banks; and now, of them
 No heir is left. Had they not been so stern,
 I had not been the last of all my race.

Lord Rand. Thy grief wrests to its purposes my words.
 I never ask'd of thee that ardent love,

Which in the breasts of fancy's children burns.
 Decent affection, and complacent kindness
 Were all I wish'd for; but I wish'd in vain,
 Hence with the less regret my eyes behold
 The storm of war that gathers o'er this land;
 If I should perish by the Danish sword,
 Matilda would not shed one tear the more.

Lady Rand. Thou dost not think so: woeful as I am,
 I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.
 But whither go'st thou now?

Lord Rand. Strait to the camp,
 Where every warrior on the tip-toe stands
 Of expectation, and impatient asks
 Each who arrives, if he is come to tell
 The Danes are landed.

Lady Rand. O, may adverse winds,
 Far from the coast of Scotland, drive their fleet!
 And every soldier of both hosts return
 In peace and safety to his pleasant home!

Lord Rand. Thou speak'st a woman's, hear a warrior's
 wish;

Right from their native land, the stormy north,
 May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd
 Immoveable in Caledonia's strand!
 Then shall our woes repent their bold invasion,
 And roving armies shun the fatal shore.

Lady Rand. War I detest: but war with foreign foes,
 Whose manners, language, and whose looks are strange,
 Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,
 As that which with our neighbours oft we wage.
 A river here, there an ideal line,
 By fancy drawn, divides the sister kingdoms.
 On each side dwells a people similar,
 As twins are to each other; valiant both:
 Both for their valour famous through the world.
 Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,
 And, if they must have war, wage distant war,
 But with each other fight in cruel conflict.
 Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
 The battle is their pastime. They go forth
 Gay in the morning, as to summer sport;

When

' When ev'ning comes, the glory of the morn,
 ' The youthful warrior is a clod of clay.
 ' Thus fall the prime of either hapless land;
 ' And such the fruit of Scotch and English wars.
 ' *Lord Rand.* I'll hear no more: this melody would make
 ' A soldier drop his sword, and doff his arms,
 ' Sit down and weep the conquests he has made;
 ' Yea, (like a monk,) sing rest and peace in heaven
 ' To souls of warriors in his battles slain.'
 Lady, farewell: I leave thee not alone;
 Yonder comes one whose love makes duty light. [*Exit.*]

Enter Anna.

Anna. Forgive the rashness of your Anna's love:
 Urg'd by affection, I have thus presum'd
 To interrupt your solitary thoughts;
 And warn you of the hours that you neglect,
 And lose in sadness.

Lady Rand. So to lose my hours
 Is all the use I wish to make of time.

Anna. To blame thee, Lady, suits not with my state;
 But sure I am, since death first prey'd on man,
 Never did sister thus a brother mourn.
 What had your sorrows been if you had lost,
 In early youth, the husband of your heart?

Lady Rand. Oh!

Anna. Have I distress'd you with officious love,
 And ill-tim'd mention of your brother's fate?
 Forgive me, Lady: humble tho' I am,
 The mind I bear partakes not of my fortune:
 So fervently I love you, that to dry
 These piteous tears, I'd throw my life away.

Lady Rand. What power directed thy unconscious
 tongue
 To speak as thou hast done? to name—

Anna. I know not:
 But since my words have made my mistress tremble,
 I will speak so no more; but silent mix
 My tears with her's.

Lady Rand. No, thou shalt not be silent.
 I'll trust thy faithful love, and thou shalt be

Henceforth th' instructed partner of my woes.
 But what avails it? Can thy feeble pity
 Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time?
 Compel the earth and ocean to give up
 Their dead alive?

Anna. What means my noble mistress?

Lady Rand. Didst thou not ask what had my sorrows
 been?

If I in early youth had lost a husband?——
 In the cold bosom of the earth is lodg'd,
 Mangled with wounds, the husband of my youth;
 And in some cavern of the ocean lies
 My child and his.——

Anna. O! Lady, most rever'd!
 The tale wrapt up in your amazing words
 Deign to unfold.

Lady Rand. Alas, an ancient feud,
 Hereditary evil, was the source
 Of my misfortunes. Ruling fate decreed,
 That my brave brother should in battle save
 The life of Douglas' son, our house's foe:
 The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendship.
 To see the vaunted sister of his friend
 Impatient Douglas to Balarmo came,
 Under a borrow'd name.—My heart he gain'd;
 Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd:
 My brother's presence authoriz'd our marriage.
 Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings of down,
 Had o'er us flown, when my lov'd Lord was call'd
 To fight his father's battles; and with him,
 In spite of all my tears, did Malcolm go.
 Scarce were they gone, when my stern Sire was told
 That the false stranger was Lord Douglas' son.
 Frantic with rage, the Baron drew his sword,
 And question'd me. Alone, forsaken, faint,
 Kneeling beneath his sword, fault'ring I took
 An oath equivocal, that I ne'er would
 Wed one of Douglas' name. Sincerity
 Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
 Thy onward path! altho' the earth shall gape,

And

And from the gulph of hell destruction cry
To take dissimulation's winding way.

Anna. Alas! how few of woman's fearful kind
Durst own a truth so hardy?

Lady Rand. The first truth
Is easiest to avow. This moral learn
This precious moral—from my tragic tale——
In a few days the dreadful tidings came
That Douglas and my brother both were slain.
My lord! my life! my husband!—Mighty heaven!
What had I done to merit such affliction?

Anna. My dearest Lady! many a tale of tears
I've listen'd to; but never did I hear
A tale so sad as this.

Lady Rand. In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself——
As women wish to be who love their lords.
But who durst tell my father? The good priest
Who join'd our hands, my brother's ancient tutor,
With his lov'd Malcolm, in the battle fell:
They too alone were privy to the marriage.
On silence and concealment I resolv'd,
Till time should make my father's fortune mine.
That very night on which my son was born,
My nurse, the only confidant I had,
Set out with him to reach her sister's house:
But nurse, nor infant, have I ever seen
Or heard of, Anna, since that fatal hour.
' My murder'd child! had thy fond mother fear'd
' The loss of thee, she had loud fame defy'd,
' Despis'd her father's rage, her father's grief,
' And wander'd with thee thro' the scorning world.'

Anna. Not seen nor heard of! then perhaps he lives.

Lady Rand. No. It was dark December; wind and
rain

Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay
The destin'd road; and in its swelling flood
My faithful servant perish'd with my child,
' O hapless son! of a most hapless fire!——
' But they are both at rest; and I alone
' Dwell in this world of woe, condemn'd to walk,

' Like a guilt-troubl'd ghost, my painful rounds :'
Nor has desp'iteful fate permitted me
The comfort of a solitary sorrow.

' Tho' dead to love, I was compell'd to wed
Randolph, who snatch'd me from a villain's arms ;
And Randolph now possess'es the domains
' That by Sir Malcolm's death on me devolv'd ;
Domains, that should to Douglas' son have giv'n
A Baron's title, and a Baron's power.

' Such were my soothing thoughts, while I bewail'd
' The slaughter'd father of a son unborn.
' And when that son came, like a ray from heav'n,
' Which shines and disappears ! alas ! my child !
' How long did thy fond mother grasp the hope
' Of having thee, she knew not how, restor'd.
' Year after year hath worn her hope away ;
' But left still undiminish'd her desire.'

' *Anna.* The hand, that spins th' uneven thread of
life,

' May smoothe the length that's yet to come of your's.

' *Lady Rand.* Not in this world : I have consider'd
well

' Its various evils, and on whom they fall.
' Alas ! how oft does goodness wound itself ?
' And sweet affection prove the spring of woe.'
O ! had I died when my lov'd husband fell !
Had some good angel op'd to me the book
Of providence, and let me read my life,
My heart had broke when I beheld the sum
Of ills, which one by one I have endur'd.

Anna. That power, whose ministers good angels are,
Hath shut the book in mercy to mankind.

But we must leave this theme : Glenalvon comes :
I saw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes
And hitherwards he slowly stalks his way.

Lady Rand. I will avoid him. An ungracious person
Is doubly irksome in an hour like this.

Anna. Why speaks my Lady thus of Randolph's heir ?

Lady Rand. Because he's not the heir of Randolph's
virtues.

Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind

An

An artificial image of himself :
 And he with ease can vary to the taste
 Of different men, its features. ' Self-deny'd,
 ' And master of his appetites he seems :
 ' But his fierce nature, like a fox chain'd up,
 ' Watches to seize unseen the wish'd-for prey.
 ' Never were vice and virtue pois'd so ill,
 ' As in Glenalvon's unrelenting mind.'

Yet is he brave and politic in war,
 And stands aloft in these unruly times.
 Why I describe him thus I'll tell hereafter ;
 Stay and detain him till I reach the castle.

[Exit.

Anna. O happiness ! where art thou to be found ?
 I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,
 Tho' grac'd with grandeur, and in wealth array'd :
 Nor dost thou, it would seem, with virtue dwell ;
 Else had this gentle lady miss'd thee not.

Enter Glenalvon.

Glen. What dost thou muse on, meditating maid ?
 Like some entranc'd and visionary seer
 On earth thou stand'st, thy thoughts ascend to heav'n.

Anna. Wou'd that I were, e'en as thou say'st, a seer,
 To have my doubts by heav'nly vision clear'd !

Glen. What dost thou doubt of ? what hast thou to do
 With subjects intricate ? Thy youth, thy beauty,
 Cannot be question'd : think of these good gifts,
 And then thy contemplations will be pleasing.

Anna. Let women view yon monument of woe,
 Then boast of beauty, who so fair as she ?
 But I must follow ; this revolving day
 Awakes the memory of her antient woes.

[Exit.

Glen. So !—Lady Randolph shuns me ! by and by
 I'll woo her as the lion woos his brides.

The deed's a-doing now, that makes me lord
 Of these rich valleys, and a chief of power,
 The season is most apt ; my sounding steps
 Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.

Randolph has liv'd too long : his better fate
 Had the ascendant once, and kept me down :
 When I had seiz'd the dame, by chance he came,

Rescu'd,

Rescu'd, and had the Lady for his labour;
I 'scap'd unknown: a slender consolation!
Heaven is my witness that I do not love
To sow in peril, and let others reap
The jocund harvest. Yet I am not safe;
By love, or something like it, stung, inflam'd,
Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,
And she has threaten'd to acquaint him of it.
The way of woman's will I do not know:
But well I know the Baron's wrath is deadly.
I will not live in fear; ' the man I dread
' Is as a Dane to me;' he is the man
Who stands betwixt me and my chief desire.
No bar but he; she has no kinsman near;
No brother in his sister's quarrel bold;
And for the righteous cause, a stranger's cause,
I know no chief that will defy Glenalvon. [Exit.

A C T II.

*A Court, &c.**Stranger within.* Oh Mercy ! Mercy !*Enter Servants, and a Stranger at one door, and Lady Randolph and Anna at another.**Lady Randolph.***W**HAT means this clamour ? Stranger ! speak
secure ;Hast thou been wrong'd ? have these rude men presum'd
To vex the weary traveller on his way ?*First Serv.* By us no stranger ever suffer'd wrong,
This man with outcry wild has call'd us forth ;
So fore afraid he cannot speak his fears.*Enter Lord Randolph and Norval, with their swords
drawn and bloody.**Lady Rand.* Not vain the Stranger's fears ! how fares
my Lord ?*Lord Rand.* That it fares well, thanks to this gallant
youth,Whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death ;
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,
At the cross way four armed men attack'd me :
Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp,
Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,
Had not this brave and generous Stranger come,
Like my good angel in the hour of fate,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
They turn'd upon him ; but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,
The fiercest two ; the others fled amain,
And left him master of the bloody field.
Speak Lady Randolph : upon Beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.
Speak, noble Dame, and thank him for thy Lord.*Lady*

Lady Rand. My Lord, I cannot speak what now I feel,
My heart o'erflows with gratitude to heav'n,
And to this noble youth, who, all unknown
'To you and yours, deliberated not,
Nor paus'd at peril, but, humanely brave,
Fought on your side, against such fearful odds.
Have you yet learn'd of him, whom we should thank?
Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's life?

Lord Rand. I ask'd that question, and he answer'd not:
But I must know who my deliverer is. [*To the Stranger.*

Norv. A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
Who nought can boast but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord Rand. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobled
By the great King of Kings! thou art ordain'd
And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand
Of Nature! blush not, flower of modesty
As well as valour, to declare thy birth.

Norv. My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike Lord;
And heaven soon granted what my Sire deny'd.
This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,
I had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce Barbarians from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took, then hasted to my friends;
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led;
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd

The



Dodd del.

Goldar sculp.

M^r LEWIS in the Character of DOUGLAS

My name is Norval.

Published June 21. 1777. by J. Lowndes & Partners.



The shepherd's slothful life : and having heard
That our good King had summon'd his bold Peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps ;——
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I past these towers,
And, heaven directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Lord Rand. He is as wise as brave. Was ever tale
With such a gallant modesty rehears'd ?
My brave deliverer ! thou shalt enter now
A nobler list, and in a monarch's fight
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
I will present thee to our Scottish King,
Whose valiant spirit ever valour lov'd.
Ha ! my Matilda ! wherefore starts that tear ?

Lady Rand. I cannot say ; for various affections,
And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell ;
Yet each of them may well command a tear.
I joy that thou art safe, and I admire
Him and his fortunes who hath wrought thy safety ;
Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.
Obscure and friendless, he the army fought,
Bent upon peril, in the range of death
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
To gain distinction which his birth deny'd.
In this attempt unknown he might have perish'd,
And gain'd, with all his valour, but oblivion.
Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more
Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope
He stands conspicuous ; fame and great renown
Are brought within the compass of his sword.
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,
And bless'd the wonder-working hand of heaven.

Lord Rand. Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts !
My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.
Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,
In honour and command shall Norval be.

Norv. I know not how to thank you. Rude I am
In speech and manners : never till this hour

Stood

Stood I in such a presence : yet my Lord,
There's something in my breast which makes me bold
To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favour.

Lady Rand. I will be sworn thou wilt not. Thou shalt be
My knight ; and ever, as thou didst to-day,
With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.

Lord Rand. Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid
reply. [To Norval,

We are thy debtors still ; thy high desert
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp.
Some of my train, I see, are speeding hither,
Impatient, doubtless, of their Lord's delay.
Go with me, Norval, and thine eyes shall see
The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
With brandish'd swords.

Norv. Let us be gone, my Lord.

Lord Rand. [To Lady Randolph.] About the time
that the declining sun

Shall his broad orbit o'er yon hills suspend,
Expect us to return. This night once more
Within these walls I rest : my tent I pitch
To-morrow in the field. Prepare the feast.
Free is his heart who for his country fights ;
He in the eve of battle may resign
Himself to social pleasure ; sweetest then,
When danger to a soldier's soul endears
The human joy that never may return.

[Exeunt Lord Randolph and Norval.]

Lady Rand. His parting words have struck a fatal
truth.

O Douglas ! Douglas ! tender was the time
When we two parted, ne'er to meet again !
How many years of anguish and despair
Has heav'n annex'd to those swift-passing hours
Of love and fondness ! ' Then my bosom's flame
' Oft, as blown back by the rude breath of fear,
' Return'd, and with redoubled ardour blaz'd.'

Anna. May gracious heav'n pour the sweet balm of
peace

Into

Into the wounds that fester in your breast !
For earthly consolation cannot cure them.

Lady Rand. One only cure can heaven itself bestow ;
A grave—that bed in which the weary rest.
Wretch that I am ! Alas ! why am I so ?
At every happy parent I repine !
How blest the mother of yon gallant Norval !
She for a living husband bore her pains,
And heard him bless her when a man was born :
She nurs'd her smiling infant on her breast ;
Tended the child, and rear'd the pleasing boy :
She, with affection's triumph, saw the youth
In grace and comeliness surpass his peers :
Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,
And to the roaring waters gave my child.

Anna. Alas ! alas ! why will you thus resume
Your grief afresh ? I thought that gallant youth
Would for a while have won you from your woe.
On him intent you gaz'd, with a look
Much more delighted, than your pensive eye
Has deign'd on other objects to bestow.

Lady Rand. Delighted, say'st thou ? Oh ! even there
mine eye
Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow.
I thought that, had the son of Douglas liv'd,
He might have been like this young gallant stranger,
And pair'd with him in features and in shape ;
In all endowments, as in years, I deem,
My boy with blooming Norval might have number'd.
Whilst thus I mus'd, a spark from fancy fell
On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness
For this young stranger, wand'ring from his home,
And like an orphan cast upon my care.
I will protect thee (said I to myself)
With all my power, and grace with all my favour.

Anna. Sure heav'n will bless so generous a resolve.
You must, my noble Dame, exert your power :
You must awake : devices will be fram'd,
And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval.

Lady Rand. Glenalvon's false and crafty head will
work

Against

Against a rival in his kinsman's love,
 If I deter him not: I only can.
 Boid as he is, Glenalvon will beware
 How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.
 I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.
 ' 'Tis pleasing to admire! most apt was I
 ' To this affection in my better days;
 ' Tho' now I seem to you thrunk up, retir'd
 ' Within the narrow compass of my woe.
 ' Have you not sometimes seen an early flower
 ' Open its bud, and spread its filken leaves,
 ' To catch sweet airs, and odours to bestow;
 ' Then, by the keen blast nipt, pull in its leaves,
 ' And, tho' still living, die to scent and beauty!
 ' Emblem of me: affliction, like a storm,
 ' Hath kill'd the forward blossom of my heart.'

Enter Glenalvon.

Glen. Where is my dearest kinsman, noble Randolph?

Lady Rand. Have you not heard, Glenalvon, of the base——

Glen. I have: and that the villains may not 'scape,
 With a strong band I have begirt the wood.
 If they lurk there, alive they shall be taken,
 And torture force from them th' important secret,
 Whether some foe of Randolph hir'd their swords,
 Or if——

Lady Rand. That care becomes a kinsman's love.
 I have a counsel for Glenalvon's ear. [Exit Anna.

Glen. 'To him your counsels always are commands.

Lady Rand. I have not found so: thou art known to me.

Glen. Known!

Lady Rand. And most certain is my cause of knowledge.

Glen. What do you know? By Heav'n
 You much amaze me. No created being,
 Yourself except, durst thus accost Glenalvon.

Lady

Lady Rand. Is guilt so bold ! and dost thou make a merit

Of thy pretended meekness ! This to me,
Who, with a gentleness which duty blames,
Have hitherto conceal'd what, if divulg'd,
Would make thee nothing ; or, what's worse than that,
An outcast beggar, and unpity'd too !
For mortals shudder at a crime like thine.

Glen. Thy virtue awes me. First of womankind !
Permit me yet to say, that the fond man,
Whom love transports beyond strict virtue's bounds,
If he is brought by love to misery,
In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,
Unpity'd cannot be. Pity's the alms
Which on such beggars freely is bestow'd :
For mortals know that love is still their lord,
And o'er their vain resolves advances still :
As fire, when kindled by our shepherds, moves
Thro' the dry heath against the fanning wind.

Lady Rand. Reserve these accents for some other ear.
To love's apology I listen not.

Mark thou my words ; for it is meet thou should'st.
His brave deliverer Randolph here retains.
Perhaps his presence may not please thee well :
But, at thy peril, practise ought against him :
Let not thy jealousy attempt to shake
And loosen the good root he has in Randolph ;
Whose favourites, I know, thou hast supplanted.
Thou look'st at me, as if thou fain would'st pry
Into my heart. 'Tis open as my speech.
I give this early caution, and put on
The curb, before thy temper breaks away.
The friendless stranger my protection claims :
His friend I am, and be not thou his foe. [Exit.]

Glen. Child that I was, to start at my own shadow,
And be the shallow fool of coward conscience !
I am not what I have been ; what I should be.
The darts of destiny have almost pierc'd
My marble heart. Had I one grain of faith
In holy legends, and religious tales,
I should conclude there was an arm above,

That

That fought against me, and malignant turn'd,
To catch myself, the subtle snare I set.
Why, rape and murder are not simple means !
Th' imperfect rape to Randolph gave a spouse ;
And the intended murder introduc'd
A favourite to hide the sun from me ;
And, worst of all, a rival. Burning hell !
This were thy centre, if I thought she lov'd him !
'Tis certain she contemns me ; nay, commands me,
And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er me,
In his behalf. And shall I thus be brav'd ?
Curb'd, as she calls it, by dame chastity ?
Infernal fiends, if any fiends there are
More fierce than hate, ambition, and revenge,
Rise up and fill my bosom with your fires,
' And policy remorseless ! Chance may spoil
' A single aim ; but perseverance must
' Prosper at last. For chance and fate are words :
' Persistent wisdom is the fate of man.'
Darkly a project peers upon my mind,
Like the red moon when rising in the east,
Cross'd and divided by strange-colour'd clouds.
I'll seek the slave who came with Norval hither,
And for his cowardice was spurned from him.
I've known a follower's rankled bosom breed
Venom most fatal to his heedless Lord. [Exit.

A C T

A C T III.

*A Court, &c. as before.**Enter Anna.*

THY vassals, Grief! great Nature's order break,
 And change the noon-tide to the midnight hour.
 Whilst Lady Randolph sleeps, I will walk forth,
 And taste the air that breathes on yonder bank.
 Sweet may her slumbers be! Ye ministers
 Of gracious heaven who love the human race,
 Angels and seraphs who delight in goodness!
 Forsake your skies, and to her couch descend!
 There from her fancy chace those dismal forms
 That haunt her waking; her sad spirit charm
 With images celestial, such as please
 The bless'd above upon their golden beds.

Enter Servant.

Serv. One of the vile assassins is secured.
 We found the villain lurking in the wood:
 With dreadful imprecations he denies
 All knowledge of the crime. But this is not
 His first essay; these jewels were conceal'd
 In the most secret places of his garment;
 Beside the spoils of some that he has murder'd.

Anna. Let me look on them. Ha! here is a heart,
 The chosen crest of Douglas' valiant name!
 These are no vulgar jewels. Guard the wretch.

*[Exit Anna.]**Enter Servants with the Prisoner.*

Pris. I know no more than does the child unborn
 Of what you charge me with.

First Serv. You say so, Sir!
 But torture soon shall make you speak the truth.

Behold the Lady of Lord Randolph comes :
 Prepare yourself to meet her just revenge.

Enter Lady Randolph and Anna.

Anna. Summon your utmost fortitude, before
 You speak with him. Your dignity, your fame,
 Are now at stake. Think of the fatal secret,
 Which in a moment from your lips may fly.

Lady Rand. Thou shalt behold me, with a desp'rate
 heart,
 Hear how my infant perish'd. See, he kneels.

[The prisoner kneels.]

Pris. Heav'n blest that countenance, so sweet and
 mild !

A judge like thee makes innocence more bold.
 O save me, Lady, from these cruel men
 Who have attack'd and seiz'd me ; who accuse
 Me of intended murder. As I hope
 For mercy at the judgment-seat of Heav'n,
 The tender lamb, that never nipt the grass,
 Is not more innocent than I of murder.

Lady Rand. Of this man's guilt what proof can ye
 produce ?

First Serv. We found him lurking in the hollow
 Glynn.

When view'd and call'd upon, amaz'd, he fled.
 We overtook him, and inquir'd from whence
 And what he was ; he said, he came from far,
 And was upon his journey to the camp.
 Not satisfy'd with this, we search'd his cloaths,
 And found these jewels, whose rich value plead
 Most powerfully against him. Hard he seems,
 And old in villainy. Permit us try
 His stubbornness against the torture's force.

Pris. O gentle Lady ! by your Lord's dear life !
 Which these weak hands, I swear, did ne'er assail ;
 And by your childrens welfare, spare my age !
 Let not the iron tear my antient joints,
 And my grey hairs bring to the grave with pain.

Lady Rand. Account for these: thine own they cannot be:

For these, I say; be steadfast to the truth;
Detected falshood is most certain death.

[Anna removes the Servants, and returns.

Prisf. Alas! I'm sore beset! let never man,
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
Eternal justice is in this most just!
I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

Lady Rand. O! Anna hear! once more, I charge
thee, speak

The truth direct: for these to me foretell
And certify a part of thy narration;
With which if the remainder tallies not,
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.

Prisf. Then, thus adjur'd, I'll speak to thee as just
As if you were the minister of heaven,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.

Some eighteen years ago, I rented land
Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's Lord;
But falling to decay, his servants seiz'd
All that I had, and then turn'd me and mine,
(Four helpless infants, and their weeping mother)
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.

A little hovel by the river's side
Receiv'd us; there hard labour, and the skill

In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly liv'd,

One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof:

Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.

At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran

To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, us'd oft to bring within

My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceas'd; the person lost:

But looking sad and earnest on the waters,
By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and round,

B

A basket:

A basket : soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant lay.

Lady Rand. Was he alive ?

Pris. He was.

Lady Rand. Inhuman that thou art !

How could'st thou kill what waves and tempests spar'd ?

Pris. I am not so inhuman.

Lady Rand. Didst thou not ?

Anna. My noble mistress, you are mov'd too much :
This man has not the aspect of stern murder :

Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.

Pris. The needy man, who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do such deeds, as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands and wonder who could do them.
And such a man was I ; a man declin'd,
Who saw no end of black adversity :

Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touch'd that infant with a hand of harm.

Lady Rand. Ha ! dost thou say so ? Then perhaps he
lives !

Pris. Not many days ago he was alive.

Lady Rand. O ! heav'nly Pow'r ! did he then die so
lately ?

Pris. I did not say he died : I hope he lives.
Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.

Lady Rand. Where is he now ?

Pris. Alas ! I know not where.

Lady Rand. Oh ! fate, I fear thee still. Thou rid-
dler, speak

-Direct and clear : else I will search thy soul.

' *Anna.* Permit me, ever honour'd ! keen impatience,
' Tho' hard to be restrain'd, defeats itself.—'

Lady Rand. Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.

Pris. Fear not my faith, tho' I must speak my shame.
Within the cradle where the infant lay,
Was stow'd a mighty store of gold and jewels :

Tempted by which, we did resolve to hide,
 From all the world, this wonderful event,
 And like a peasant breed the noble child.
 That none might mark the change of our estate,
 We left the country, travell'd to the North,
 Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
 Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye
 Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore.

For, one by one, all our own children dy'd,
 And he, the Stranger, sole remain'd the heir
 Of what, indeed, was his. Fain then, would I,
 Who with a father's fondness lov'd the boy,
 Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
 With his own secret : but my anxious wife,
 Foreboding evil, never would consent.
 Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty ;
 And, as we oft observ'd, he bore himself
 Not as the offspring of our cottage blood ;
 For nature will break out : mild with the mild,
 But with the forward he was fierce as fire,
 And night and day he talk'd of war and arms.
 I set myself against his warlike bent ;
 But all in vain : for when a desperate band
 Of robbers from the savage mountains came——

Lady Rand. Eternal Providence ! What is thy name ?

Pris. My name is Norval : and my name he bears.

Lady Rand. 'Tis he ! 'tis he himself ! it is my son !

O ! sovereign mercy ! 'Twas my child I saw !

No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burn'd.

Anna. Just are your transports : ' ne'er was woman's
 ' heart

' Prov'd with such fierce extremes. High fated Dame !

But yet remember that you are beheld

By servile eyes ; your gestures may be seen

Impassion'd strange ; perhaps your words o'erheard.

Lady Rand. Well dost thou counsel, Anna : heav'n
 bestow

On me that wisdom which my state requires !

' *Anna.* The moments of deliberation pass,

' And soon you must resolve. This useful man

‘ Must be dismiss’d in safety, ere my Lord
 ‘ Shall with his brave deliverer return.’

Pris. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
 Have of your words and gestures rightly judg’d,
 Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;
 The child I rescu’d from the flood is thine.

Lady Rand. With thee dissimulation now were vain,
 I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm;
 The child thou rescu’dst from the flood is mine.

Pris. Bless’d be the hour that made me a poor man!
 My poverty hath sav’d my master’s house!

Lady Rand. Thy words surprize me: sure thou dost
 not feign:

The tear stands in thine eye: such love from thee
 Sir Malcolm’s house deserv’d not; if aright
 Thou told’st the story of thy own distress.

Pris. Sir Malcolm of our Barons was the flower;
 The fastest friend, the best, the kindest master:
 But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.
 After that battle, where his gallant son,
 Your own brave brother, fell, the good old Lord
 Grew desperate and reckless of the world;
 And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
 To overlook the conduct of his servants.
 By them I was thrust out, and them I blame:
 May heav’n so judge me, as I judg’d my master!
 And God so love me as I love his race.

Lady Rand. His race shall yet reward thee. On thy
 faith

Depends the fate of thy lov’d master’s house.
 Remembrest thou a little lonely hut,
 That like a holy hermitage appears
 Among the clifts of Carron?

Pris. I remember
 The cottage of the clifts.

Lady Rand. ’Tis that I mean:
 There dwells a man, of venerable age,
 Who in my father’s service spent his youth:
 Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
 Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
 Before the King and Nobles, what thou now

To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
 Shalt live in honour all thy future days :
 Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
 And all the land shall bless the man who sav'd
 The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.
 Remember well my words : if thou should'st meet
 Him whom thou call'st thy son, still call him so,
 And mention nothing of his nobler father.

Pris. Fear not that I should mar so fair an harvest,
 By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe.
 Why did I leave my home, and antient dame ?
 To find the youth to tell him all I knew,
 And make him wear these jewels in his arms ;
 Which might, I thought, be challeng'd, and so bring
 To light the secret of his noble birth.

[*Lady Randolph goes towards the Servants.*]

Lady Rand. This man is not th' assassin you suspected,
 Tho' chance combin'd some likelihoods against him.
 He is the faithful bearer of the jewels
 To their right owner, whom in haste he seeks.
 'Tis meet that you should put him on his way,
 Since your mistaken zeal hath dragg'd him hither.

[*Exeunt Stranger and Servants.*]

My faithful Anna dost thou share my joy ?
 I know thou dost. Unparallel'd event !
 Reaching from heav'n to earth, Jehovah's arm
 Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my son !
 Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father ;
 Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks
 For such a gift ! What does my Anna think
 Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest ?
 How soon he gaz'd on bright and burning arms,
 Spurn'd the low dunghill where his fate had thrown him,
 And tower'd up to the region of his fire !

Anna. How fondly did your eyes devour the boy !
 Mysterious nature, with the unsee'cord
 Of powerful instinct, drew you to your own.

Lady Rand. The ready story of his birth believ'd
 Suppress'd my fancy quite ; nor did he owe
 To any likeness my so sudden favour :
 But now I long to see his face again,

Examine every feature, and find out
 'The lineaments of Douglas, or my own.
 But most of all I long to let him know
 Who his true parents are, to clasp his neck,
 And tell him all the story of his father.

Anna. With wary caution you must bear yourself
 In public, lest your tenderness break forth,
 And in observers stir conjectures strange.

' For, if a cherub in the shape of woman
 ' Should walk this world, yet defamation would,
 ' Like a vile cur, bark at the angel's train——'
 To-day the Baron started at your tears.

Lady Rand. He did so, Anna! well thy Mistress
 knows,

If the least circumstance, mote of offence,
 Should touch the Baron's eye, his sight would be
 With jealousy disorder'd. But the more
 It does behove me instant to declare
 The birth of Doug'as, and assert his rights.
 'This night I purpose with my son to meet,
 Reveal the secret, and consult with him :
 For wise he is, or my fond judgment errs,
 As he does now, so look'd his noble father,
 Array'd in nature's ease : his mien, his speech,
 Were sweetly simple, and full oft deceiv'd
 Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.
 But, when the matter match'd his mighty mind,
 Up rose the Hero : on his piercing eye
 Sat observation : on each glance of thought
 Decision follow'd, as the thunder-bolt
 Pursues the flash.

Anna. That demon haunts you still :
 Behold Glenalvon.

Lady Rand. Now I shun him not.
 'This day I brav'd him in behalf of Norval :
 Perhaps too far : at least my nicer fears
 For Douglas thus interpret.

Enter Glenalvon.

Glen. Noble Dame !
 The hov'ring Dane at last his men hath landed :

No

No band of pirates ; but a mighty host,
That come to settle where their valour conquers ;
To win a country, or to lose themselves.

Lady Rand. But whence comes this intelligence,
Glenalvon ?

Glen. A nimble courier sent from yonder camp,
To hasten up the chieftains of the north,
Inform'd me, as he past, that the fierce Dane
Had on the eastern coast of Lothian landed,
' Near to that place where the sea rock immense,
' Amazing Bafs, looks o'er a fertile land.

' *Lady Rand.* Then must this western army march
' to join

' The warlike troops that guard Edina's tow'rs.

' *Glen.* Beyond all question. If impairing time
' Has not effac'd the image of a place
' Once perfect in my breast, there is a wild
' Which lies to westward of that mighty rock,
' And seems by nature formed for the camp,
' Of water-wasted armies, whose chief strength
' Lies in firm foot, unflank'd with warlike horse :
' If martial skill directs the Danish lords,
' There inaccessible their army lies
' To our swift-scow'ring horse, the bloody field
' Must man to man, and foot to foot, be fought.'

Lady Rand. How many mothers shall bewail their
sons !

How many widows weep their husbands slain !
Ye dames of Denmark ! ev'n for you I feel,
Who sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,
Long look for lords that never shall return.

Glen. Oft has th' unconquer'd Caledonian sword
Widow'd the north. The children of the slain
Come, as I hope, to meet their father's fate.
The monster war, with her infernal brood,
Loud yelling fury, and life-ending pain,
Are objects suited to Glenalvon's soul.
Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death :
Reproach more piercing than the pointed sword.

Lady Rand. I scorn thee not, but when I ought to
scorn ;

Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted virtue
 Against audacious vice asserts herself.
 I own thy worth, Glenalvon; none more apt
 Than I to praise thine eminence in arms,
 And be the echo of thy martial fame.
 No longer vainly feed a guilty passion:
 Go and pursue a lawful mistress, Glory.
 Upon the Danish crests redeem thy fault,
 And let thy valour be the shield of Randolph.

Glen. One instant stay, and hear an alter'd man.
 When beauty pleads for virtue, vice abash'd
 Flies its own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.
 I am your convert; time will shew how truly:
 Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.
 That youth, for whom your ardent zeal to-day
 Somewhat too haughtily defy'd your slave,
 Amidst the shock of armies I'll defend,
 And turn death from him with a guardian arm.
 'Sedate by use, my bosom maddens not
 'At the tumultuous uproar of the field.'

Lady Rand. Act thus, Glenalvon, and I am thy
 friend;
 But that's thy least reward. Believe me, Sir,
 'The truly generous is the truly wise;
 And he who loves not others, lives unblest.

[*Exit Lady Randolph and Anna.*]

Glen. Amen! and virtue is its own reward!——
 I think that I have hit the very tone
 In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent,
 How pleasant art thou to the taste of man,
 And woman also! flattery direct
 Rarely disgusts. They little know mankind
 Who doubt its operation: 'tis my key,
 And opens the wicket of the human heart.
 How far I have succeeded now I know not,
 Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue
 Is lull'd awhile: 'Tis her alone I fear:
 While she in Randolph live, and live in faith
 And amity, uncertain is my tenure.

'Fate o'er my head suspends disgrace and death,
 'By that weak hair, a peevish female's will,

'I am

'I am not idle: but the ebbs and flows
'Of fortune's tide cannot be calculated.'
That slave of Norval's I have found most apt.
I shew'd him gold, and he has pawn'd his soul!
To say and swear whatever I suggest.
Norval, I'm told, has that alluring look,
'Twixt man and woman, which I have observ'd:
To charm the nicer and fantastic-dames,
Who are, like Lady Randolph, full of virtue.
In raising Randolph's jealousy I may
But point him to the truth. He seldom errs
Who think the worst he can of womankind.

[Exit.

B's

ACT

A C T IV.

*Flourish of Trumpets.**Enter Lord Randolph.**Lord Randolph.*

SUMMON an hundred horse, by break of day,
To wait our pleasure at the castle-gate.

Enter Lady Randolph.

Lady *Rand.* Alas! my Lord! I've heard unwelcome
news:

The Danes are landed.

Lord *Rand.* Ay, no inroad this
Of the Northumbrian bent to take a spoil:
No sportive war, no tournament essay
Of some young knight resolv'd to break a spear,
And stain with hostile blood his maiden arms.
The Danes are landed; we must beat them back,
Or live the slaves of Denmark.

Lady *Rand.* Dreadful times!

Lord *Rand.* The fenceless villages are all forsaken;
The trembling mothers and their children lodg'd
In wall-girt towers and castles; whilst the men
Retire indignant. Yet, like broken waves,
They but retire more awful to return.

Lady *Rand.* Immense, as fame reports, the Danish
host——

Lord *Rand.* Were it as numerous as loud fame re-
ports,
An army knit like ours would pierce it thro':

Brothers,

Brothers, that shrink not from each other's side,
 And fond companions, fill our warlike files :
 For his dear offspring, and the wife he loves,
 The husband, and the fearless father arm.
 In vulgar breasts heroic ardour burns,
 And the poor peasant mates his daring lord.

Lady Rand. Men's minds are temper'd, like their
 swords, for war ;

• Lovers of danger, on destruction's brink
 • They joy to rear erect their daring forms.
 • Hence, early graves ; hence, the lone widow's life ;
 • And the sad mother's grief-embitter'd age.
 Where is our gallant guest ?

Lord Rand. Down in the vale
 I left him, managing a fiery steed,
 Whose stubbornness had foil'd the strength and skill
 Of every rider, But behold he comes,
 In earnest conversation with Glenalvon.

Enter Norval and Glenalvon.

Glenalvon ! with the lark arise : go forth,
 And lead my troops that lie in yonder vale :
 Private I travel to the royal camp :
 Norval, thou goest with me : But say, young man !
 Where didst thou learn so to discourse of war,
 And in such terms as I o'erheard to-day ?
 • War is no village science, nor its phrase
 A language taught amongst the shepherd swains.

Norv. Small is the skill my Lord delights to praise
 In him he favours—Hear from whence it came.
 Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
 And inaccessible, by shepherds trod,
 In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
 A hermit liv'd ; a melancholy man,
 Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
 Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
 Did they report him : the cold earth his bed,
 Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
 I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
 With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake,

B. 6.

And

And, ent'ring on discourse, such stories told
 As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
 For he had been a soldier in his youth ;
 And fought in famous battles, when the Peers
 Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led
 Against th' usurping Infidel display'd
 The blessed Cross, and won the Holy Land.
 Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
 His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
 His years away, and act his young encounters :
 Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
 And all the live-long day discourse of war.
 To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
 He cut the figures of the marshal'd hosts ;
 Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
 Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
 The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
 For all that Saracen or Christian knew
 Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

Lord Rand. Why did this soldier in a desert hide
 Those qualities that should have grac'd a camp?

Norw. That too at last I learn'd. Unhappy man !
 Returning homewards by Messina's port,
 Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
 A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
 Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought :
 The stranger fell, and with his dying breath
 He leav'd his name and lineage ! Mighty Power !
 The soldier cried, my brother ! Oh ! my brother !

Lady Rand. His brother !

Norw. Yes ; of the same parents born ;
 His only brother. They exchang'd forgiveness :
 And happy, in my mind, was he that died :
 For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
 In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
 Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
 And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
 At times, alas ! not in his perfect mind !
 Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost ;
 And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
 To make sad orisons for him he slew.

Lady

Lady Rand. To what mysterious woes are mortals
born!

In this dire tragedy were there no more
Unhappy persons? did the parents live?

Norv. No; they were dead: kind heav'n had clos'd
their eyes

Before their son had shed his brother's blood.

Lord Rand. Hard is his fate; for he was not to blame!

There is a destiny in this strange world,

Which oft decrees an undeserved doom:

Let schoolmen tell us why.—From whence these sounds?

[*Trumpets at a distance.*]

Enter an Officer.

Off. My Lord, the trumpets of the troops of Lorn:
The valiant leader hails the noble Randolph.

Lord Rand. Mine antient guest! does he the war-
riors lead?

Has Denmark rous'd the brave old Knight to arms?

Off. No: worn with warfare, he resigns the sword.
His eldest hope, the valiant John of Lorn,
Now leads his kindred bands.

Lord Rand. Glenalvon, go.
With hospitality's most strong request
Intreat the chief.

[*Exit Glenalvon.*]

Off. My Lord, requests are vain.
He urges on, impatient of delay,
Stung with the tidings of the foe's approach. [*Exit.*]

Lord Rand. May victory sit on the warrior's plume!
Bravest of men! his flocks and herds are safe;
Remote from war's alarms his pasture lie,
By mountains inaccessible secur'd;
Yet foremost he into the plain descends,
Eager to bleed in battles not his own.
Such were the heroes of the antient world;
Contemners they of indolence and gain;
But still for love of glory, and of arms,
Prone to encounter peril, and to lift
Against each strong antagonist the spear.
I'll go and press the hero to my breast.

[*Exit.*
Lady]

Lady Rand. The soldier's loftiness, the pride and pomp
Investing awful war, Norval, I see,
Transport thy youthful mind.

Norv. Ah! should they not?
Blest be the hour I left my father's house!
I might have been a shepherd all my days,
And stole obscurely to a peasant's grave.
Now, if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand;
And, if I fall, with noble dust I lie.

Lady Rand. There is a generous spirit in thy breast,
That could have well sustain'd a prouder fortune.
'This way with me, under you spreading beech,'
Since lucky chance has left us here alone,
Unseen, unheard, by human eye or ear,
I will amaze thee with a wond'rous tale.

Norv. Let there be danger, Lady, with the secret,
That I may hug it to my grateful heart,
And prove my faith. Command my sword, my life:
These are the sole possessions of poor Norval.

Lady Rand. Know'st thou these gems?

Norv. Durst I believe mine eyes,
I'd say I knew them, and they were my father's.

Lady Rand. Thy father's, say'st thou! ah! they were
thy father's!

Norv. I saw them once, and curiously inquir'd
Of both my parents, whence such splendor came?
But I was check'd, and more could never learn.

Lady Rand. Then learn of me, thou art not Norval's
son.

Norv. Not Norval's son!

Lady Rand. Nor of a shepherd sprung.

Norv. Lady, who am I then?

Lady Rand. Noble thou art;
For noble was thy Sire!

Norv. I will believe——

O! tell me farther! Say who was my father?

Lady Rand. Douglas!

Norv. Lord Douglas, whom to-day I saw?

Lady Rand. His younger brother.

Norv. And in yonder camp?

Lady Rand. Alas!

Norv.

Norw. You make me tremble——Sighs and tears!
Lives my brave father?

Lady Rand. Ah! too brave indeed!
He fell in battle ere thyself was born.

Norw. Ah me unhappy! ere I saw the light?
But does my mother live? I may conclude,
From my own fate, her portion has been sorrow.

Lady Rand. She lives; but wastes her life in constant
woe,
Weeping her husband slain, her infant lost.

Norw. You that are skill'd so well in the sad story
Of my unhappy parents, and with tears
Bewail their destiny, now have compassion
Upon the offspring of the friends you lov'd!
O! tell me who, and where my mother is!
Oppress'd by a base world, perhaps she bends
Beneath the weight of other ills than grief;
And, desolate, implores of heav'n the aid
Her son should give. It is, it must be so—
Your countenance confesses that she's wretched.
O! tell me her condition! Can the sword—
Who shall resist me in a parent's cause?

Lady Rand. Thy virtue ends her woe! My son! my
son!

Norw. Art thou my mother?

Lady Rand. I am thy mother, and the wife of
Douglas! [Falls upon his neck.

Norw. O heav'n and earth, how wondrous is my fate!
Art thou my mother? Ever let me kneel!

Lady Rand. Image of Douglas! Fruit of fatal love!
All that I owe thy Sire, I pay to thee.

Norw. Respect and admiration still possess me,
Checking the love and fondness of a son.
Yet I was filial to my humble parents.
But did my Sire surpass the rest of men,
As thou excellest all of womankind?

Lady Rand. Arise, my son! In me thou dost behold
The poor remains of beauty once admir'd:
The autumn of my days is come already;
For sorrow made my summer haste away.
Yet in my prime I equall'd not thy father;

His

His eyes were like the eagle's, yet sometimes
 Liker the dove's; and, as he pleas'd, he won
 All hearts with softness, or with spirit aw'd.

Norv. How did he fall? Sure 'twas a bloody field.
 When Douglas died. O I have much to ask!

Lady Rand. Hereafter thou shalt hear the lengthen'd
 tale

Of all thy father's and thy mother's woes.
 At present this: thou art the rightful heir
 Of yonder castle, and the wide domains
 Which now Lord Randolph, as my husband, holds.
 But thou shalt not be wrong'd; I have the power
 To right thee still: before the King I'll kneel,
 And call Lord Douglas to protect his blood.

Norv. The blood of Douglas will protect itself.

Lady Rand. But we shall need both friends and fa-
 vour, boy,

To wrest thy lands and lordship from the gripe
 Of Randolph and his kinsman. Yet I think
 My tale will move each gentle heart to pity,
 My life incline the virtuous to believe.

Norv. To be the son of Douglas is to me
 Inheritance enough. Declare my birth,
 And in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune.

Lady Rand. Thou dost not know what perils and
 injustice

Await the poor man's valour. O! my son!
 The noblest blood of all the land's abash'd,
 Having no lacquey but pale poverty.
 Too long hast thou been thus attended, Douglas!
 Too long hast thou been deem'd a peasant's child.
 The wanton heir of some inglorious chief
 Perhaps has scorn'd thee, in the youthful sports;
 Whilst thy indignant spirit swell'd in vain!
 Such contumely thou no more shalt bear:
 But how I purpose to redress thy wrongs
 Must be hereafter told. Prudence directs
 That we should part before yon chiefs return.
 Retire, and from thy rustic follower's hand
 Receive a billet, which thy mother's care,
 Anxious to see thee, dictated before

This

This casual opportunity arose
Of private conference. Its purport mark;
For, as I there appoint, we meet again.
Leave me, my son! and frame thy manners still
To Norval's, not to noble Douglas' state.

Norv. I will remember. Where is Norval now?
That good old man.

Lady Rand. At hand conceal'd he lies,
An useful witness. But bewace, my son,
Of yon Glenalvon; in his guilty breast
Resides a villain's shrewdness, ever prone
To false conjecture. He hath griev'd my heart.

Norv. Has he indeed? Then let yon false Glenalvon
Beware of me. [Exit.

Lady Rand. There burst the smother'd flame!
O! thou all righteous and eternal King!
Who father of the fatherless art call'd,
Protect my son!—Thy inspiration, Lord!
Hath fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,
Which in the breasts of his forefathers burn'd:
Set him on high like them, that he may shine
The star and glory of his native land!
Then let the minister of death descend,
And bear my willing spirit to its place.
Yonder they come. How do bad women find
Unchanging aspects to conceal their guilt?
When I, by reason, and by justice urg'd,
Full hardly can dissemble with these men
In nature's pious cause.

Enter Lord Randolph and Glenalvon.

Lord Rand. Yon gallant chief,
Of arms enamour'd, all repose disclaims.

Lady Rand. Be not, my Lord, by his example sway'd:
Arrange the business of to-morrow now,
And, when you enter, speak of war no more. [Exit.

Lord Rand. 'Tis so, by heav'n! her mien, her voice,
her eye,
And her impatience to be gone, confirm it.

Glen.

Glen. He parted from her now: behind the mount,
Amongst the trees, I saw him glide along.

Lord Rand. For sad, sequestered virtue she's renown'd!

Glen. Most true, my Lord.

Lord Rand. Yet this distinguish'd Dame
Invites a youth, the acquaintance of a day,
Alone to meet her at the midnight hour.
This assignation [*shews a letter*] the assassin freed,
Her manifest affection for the youth,
Might breed suspicion in a husband's brain,
Whose gentle comfort all for love had wedded;
Much more in mine. Matilda never lov'd me.
Let no man, after me, a woman wed,
Whose heart he knows he has not; tho' she brings
A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry.
For let her seem, like the night's shadowy queen,
Cold and contemplative;—he cannot trust her:
She may, she will, bring shame and sorrow on him;
The worst of sorrows, and the worst of shames!

Glen. Yield not, my Lord, to such afflicting thoughts;
But let the spirit of an husband sleep,
Till your own senses made a sure conclusion.
'This billet must to blooming Norval go:
At the next turn awaits my trusty spy;
I'll give it him resitted for his master.
In the close thicket take your secret stand;
The moon shines bright, and your own eyes may judge
Of their behaviour.

Lord Rand. Thou dost counsel well.

Glen. Permit me now to make one slight essay,
Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,
By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,
The first and fairest in a young man's eye,
Is woman's captive heart. Successful love
With glorious flames intoxicates the mind!
And the proud conqueror in triumph moves
Air-born, exalted above vulgar men.

Lord Rand. And what avails this maxim?

Glen. Much, my Lord!
Withdraw a little; I'll accost young Norval,
And with ironical derisive counsel

Explore

Explore his spirit. If he is no more
 Than humble Norval, by thy favour rais'd,
 Brave as he is, he'll shrink astonish'd from me :
 But if he be the fav'rite of the fair,
 Lov'd by the first of Caledonia's dames,
 He'll turn upon me, as the lion turns
 Upon the hunter's spear.

Lord Rand. 'Tis shrewdly thought.

Glen. When we grow loud, draw near. . . But let my
 Lord

His rising wrath restrain [Exit Randolph.

—————'Tis strange, by heav'n !
 'That she should run full tilt her fond career,
 To one so little known. She too that seem'd
 Pure as the winter stream, when ice emboss'd
 Whitens its course. Even I did think her chaste
 Whose charity exceeds not. Precious sex !
 Whose deeds lascivious pass Glenalvon's thoughts !

[Norval appears.

His port I love ; he's in a proper mood
 To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd.
 Has Norval seen the troops ?

Norv. The setting sun,
 With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale,
 And as the warriors mov'd, each polish'd helm,
 Corset, or spear, glanc'd back his gilded beams.
 The hill they climb'd, and halting at its top,
 Of more than mortal size, tow'ring, they seem'd,
 An host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well ; no leader of our host,
 In sounds more lofty, speaks of glorious war.

Norv. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
 My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
 Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
 Vents itself freely ; since no part is mine
 Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave Sir ; your martial
 deeds
 Have rank'd you with the great : but mark me, Norval :
 Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
 Above his veterans of famous service.

Let

Let me, who know the soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honour; seem not to command;
Else they will scarcely brook your late sprung power,
Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.

Norv. Sir, I have been accustom'd all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth:
And tho' I have been told, that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skill'd.
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms?

Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Norv. My pride!

Glen. Suppress it as you wish to prosper.
Your pride's excessive. Yet for Randolph's sake
I will not leave you to its rash direction.

If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
Think you they will endure a shepherd's scorn?

Norv. A shepherd's scorn!

Glen. Yes, if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
What will become of you?

Norv. If this were told—— [*Aside.*
Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?

Glen. Ha! Dost thou threaten me?

Norv. Didst thou not hear?

Glen. Unwillingly I did; a noble foe
Had not been question'd thus. But such as thee——

Norv. Whom dost thou think me?

Glen. Norval.

Norv. So I am——

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?

Glen. A peasant's son, a wand'ring beggar-boy;
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

Norv. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?

Glen. Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie; and false as hell
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

Norv.

Norv. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bedrid old,
 Perhaps I should revile: But as I am
 I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
 Is of a race who strives not but with deeds,
 Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,
 And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
 I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.

Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to com-
 mand
 Ten thousand slaves like thee?

Norv. Villain, no more:
 Draw and defend thy life. I did design
 To have defy'd thee in another cause:
 But heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.
 Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

Enter Lord Randolph.

Lord Rand. Hold, I command you both. The man
 that stirs
 Makes me his foe.

Norv. Another voice than thine
 That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

Glen. Hear him, my Lord; he's wond'rous con-
 descending!
 Mark the humility of shepherd Norval!

Norv. Now you may scoff in safety. [*Sheaths his sword.*]

Lord Rand. Speak not thus,
 Taunting each other; but unfold to me
 The cause of quarrel, then I judge betwixt you.

Norv. Nay, my good Lord, tho' I revere you
 much,
 My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
 I blush to speak; I will not, cannot speak
 Th' opprobrious words that I from him have borne.
 To the liege-lord of my dear native land
 I owe a subject's homage; but even him
 And his high arbitration I'd reject.
 Within my bosom reigns another lord;
 Honour, sole judge and umpire of itself.
 If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph.

Revoke

Revoke your favours, and let Norval go
Hence as he came, alone, but not dishonour'd.

Lord *Rand.* Thus far I'll mediate with impartial
voice.

The antient foe of Caledonia's land
Now waves his banners o'er her frightened fields.
Suspend your purpose, till your country's arms
Repel the bold invader; then decide
The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this.

Norv. And I.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The banquet waits.

Lord *Rand.* We come. [*Exit* Randolph and Servant.]

Glen. Norval,

Let not our variance mar the social hour,
Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow;
Nor let our strife disturb the gentle Dame.

Norv. Think not so lightly, Sir, of my resentment;
When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

*The Wood.**Enter Douglas.*

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove.
 Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
 How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
 The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
 Thro' skies where I could count each little star.
 The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
 The river, rushing o'er its pebble bed,
 Imposes silence with a still sound.
 In such a place as this, at such an hour,
 If ancestry can be in ought believ'd,
 Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
 And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Enter Old Norval.

Norv. 'Tis he. But what if he should chide me
 hence;

His just reproach I fear. [*Douglas turns and sees him.*
 Forgive, forgive,
 Canst thou forgive the man, the selfish man,
 Who bred Sir Malcolm's heir a shepherd's son.

Doug. Kneel not to me: thou art my father still:
 Thy wish'd-for presence now compleats my joy.
 Welcome to me, my fortunes thou shalt share,
 And ever honour'd with thy Douglas live.

Norv. And dost thou call me father? O my
 son!

I think that I could die to make amends.

For

For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime
Which in the wilderness so long conceal'd
The blossom of thy youth.

Doug. Not worse the fruit,
That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.
Amongst the shepherds, in the humble cot,
I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget
When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.

I, who was once a swain, will ever prove
The poor man's friend; and, when my vassals bow,
Norval shall smoothe the crested pride of Douglas.

Norv. Let me but live to see thine exaltation!
Yet grievous are my fears. O leave this place,
And those unfriendly towers.

Doug. Why should I leave them?

Norv. Lord Randolph and his kinsman seek your life.

Doug. How know'st thou that?

Norv. I will inform you how.

When evening came, I left the secret place
Appointed for me by your mother's care,
And fondly trod in each accustom'd path
That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I rang'd,
I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds
Of earnest voices. On the persons came;
Unseen I lurk'd, and overheard them name
Each other as they talk'd, Lord Randolph this,
And that Glenalvon: still of you they spoke,
And of the Lady: threat'ning was their speech,
Tho' but imperfectly my ear could hear it.
'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Doug. Revenge! for what?

Norv. For being what you are;
Sir Malcolm's heir: how else have you offended?
When they were gone, I hy'd me to my cottage,
And there sat musing how I best might find
Means to inform you of their wicked purpose.
But I could think of none: at last, perplex'd,
I issu'd forth, encompassing the tower
With many a weary step, and wishful look.
Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,

Let

Let not your too courageous spirit scorn
The caution which I give.

Doug. I scorn it not.

My mother warn'd me of Glenalvon's baseness :
But I will not suspect the noble Randolph.
In our encounter with the vile assassins,
I mark'd his brave demeanor : him I'll trust.

Norv. I fear you will too far.

Doug. Here in this place

I wait my mother's coming ; she shall know
What thou hast told : her counsel I will follow ;
And cautious ever are a mother's counsels.
You must depart ; your presence may prevent
Our interview.

Norv. My blessing rest upon thee !

O may heav'n's hand, which sav'd thee from the wave,
And from the sword of foes, be near thee still ;
Turning mischance, if ought hangs o'er thy head,
All upon mine !

[*Exit.*

Doug. He loves me like a parent ;
And must not, shall not lose the son he loves,
Altho' his son has found a nobler father.
Eventful day ! how hast thou chang'd my state !
Once on the cold, and winter-shaded side
Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil :
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May my fortune flowers.
Ye glorious stars ! high heav'n's resplendent host !
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish !
Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd !
May heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane,
To give a bold defiance to our host !
Before he speaks it out I will accept :
Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

Enter Lady Randolph.

Lady Rand. My son ! I heard a voice——

Doug. The voice was mine.

C

Lady

Lady Rand. Didst thou complain aloud to nature's ear,
That thus in dusky shades, at midnight hours,
By stealth the mother and the son should meet?

[*Embracing him.*]

Doug. No ; on this happy day, this better birth-day,
My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

Lady Rand. Sad fear and melancholy still divide
The empire of my breast with hope and joy.
Now hear what I advise.

Doug. First let me tell
What may the tenor of your counsel change.

Lady Rand. My heart forebodes some evil !

Doug. 'Tis not good.——
At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,
The good old Norval in the grove o'erheard
Their conversation : oft they mention'd me
With dreadful threatnings ; you they sometimes nam'd.
'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discovery ;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Lady Rand. Defend us, gracious God : we are betray'd :

They have found out the secret of thy birth ;
It must be so. That is the great discovery.
Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own ;
And he will be reveng'd. Perhaps even now,
Arm'd and prepar'd for murder, they but wait
A darker and more silent hour, to break
Into the chamber where they think thou sleep'st.
This moment, this, heav'n hath ordain'd to save thee !
Fly to the camp, my son !

Doug. And leave you here ?

No ; to the castle let us go together,
Call up the ancient servants of your house,
Who in their youth did eat your father's bread.
Then tell them loudly that I am your son.
If in the breasts of men one spark remains
Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,
Some in your cause will arm. I ask but few
To drive those spoilers from my father's house.

Lady

Lady Rand. O Nature, Nature ! what can check thy force ?

Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas !
But rush not on destruction : save thyself,
And I am safe. To me they mean no harm.
Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.
That winding path conducts thee to the river.
Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten way,
Which running eastward leads thee to the camp.
Instant demand admittance to Lord Douglas.
Shew him these jewels, which his brother wore.
Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth,
Which I by certain proof will soon confirm.

Doug. I yield me and obey : but yet my heart
Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me stay
And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read
Of wondrous deeds by one bold arm achiev'd.
Our foes are two : no more : let me go forth,
And see if any shield can guard Glenalvon.

Lady Rand. If thou regard'st thy mother, or rever'st
Thy father's mem'ry, think of this no more.
One thing I have to say before we part ;
Long wert thou lost ; and thou art found, my child,
In a most fearful season. War and battle
I have great cause to dread. Too well I see
Which way the current of thy temper sets :
To-day I've found thee. Oh ! my long lost hope !
If thou to giddy valour giv'st the rein,
To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.
The love of thee, before thou saw'st the light,
Sustain'd my life when thy brave father fell.
If thou shalt fall, I have nor love nor hope
In this waste world ! my son, remember me !

Doug. What shall I say ? how can I give you comfort ?
The God of battles of my life dispose
As may be best for you ! for whose dear sake
I will not bear myself as I resolv'd.
But yet consider, as no vulgar name
That which I boast sounds amongst martial men,
How will inglorious caution suit my claim ?
The post of fate unshrinking I maintain.

My country's foes must witness who I am.
 On the invaders heads I'll prove my birth,
 'Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.
 If in this strife I fall, blame not your son,
 Who, if he lives not honour'd, must not live.

Lady *Rand.* I will not utter what my bosom feels.
 Too well I love that valour which I warn.
 Farewel, my son! my councils are but vain.

[*Embracing.*
 And, as high heav'n hath will'd it, all must be.

[*Separate.*
 Gaze not on me, thou wilt mistake the path;
 I'll point it out again.

[*Just as they are separating, enter from the wood Lord Randolph and Glenalvon.*]

Lord *Rand.* Not in her presence.
 Now——

Glen. I'm prepar'd.

Lord *Rand.* No: I command thee stay.
 I go alone: it never shall be said
 That I took odds to combat mortal man.
 The noblest vengeance is the most compleat.

[*Exit Lord Randolph.*

[*Glenalvon makes some steps to the same side of the stage, listens, and speaks.*

Glen. Demons of death, come settle on my sword,
 And to a double slaughter guide it home!
 The lover and the husband both must die.

[*Lord Randolph behind the scenes.*

Lord *Rand.* Draw, villain! draw.

Doug. Assail me not, Lord Randolph;
 Not as thou lov'st thyself. [Clashing of swords.
 [Glenalvon running out.

Now is the time.

Enter Lady Randolph at the opposite side of the stage, faint and breathless.

Lady *Rand.* Lord Randolph, hear me; all shall be
 thine own:
 But spare! Oh, spare my son!

Enter

Enter Douglas, with a sword in each hand.

Doug. My mother's voice !
I can protect thee still.

Lady Rand. He lives, he lives :
For this, for this to heav'n eternal praise !
But sure I saw thee fall.

Doug. It was Glenalvon.
Just as my arm had master'd Randolph's sword,
The villain came behind me ; but I slew him.

Lady Rand. Behind thee ! Ah, thou'rt wounded !
O my child,

How pale thou look'st ! and shall I lose thee now ?

Doug. Do not despair : I feel a little faintness ;
I hope it will not last : *[Leans upon his sword.]*

Lady Rand. There is no hope !
And we must part ! the hand of death is on thee !
O my beloved child ! O Douglas, Douglas !

Doug. Too soon we part ; I have not long been
Douglas.

O destiny ! hardly thou deal'st with me :
Clouded and hid, a stranger to myself,
In low and poor obscurity I liv'd.

Lady Rand. Has Heav'n preserv'd thee for an end
like this ?

Doug. O had I fall'n as my brave fathers fell,
Turning with great effort the tide of battle !
Like them I should have smil'd and welcom'd death.
But thus to perish by a villain's hand !
Cut-off from nature's and from glory's course,
Which never mortal was so fond to run.

Lady Rand. Hear justice ! hear ! stretch thy aveng-
ing arm. *[Douglas falls.]*

Doug. Unknown I die ; no tongue shall speak of me.
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have prov'd,
And think life only wanting to my fame :
But who shall comfort thee ?

Lady Rand. Despair ! despair !

Doug. O had it pleas'd high heav'n to let me live
A little while!—My eyes that gazè on thee
Grow dim apace! my mother—Oh, my mother!
[Dies.]

Enter Lord Randolph and Anna.

Lord Rand. Thy words, the words of truth, have
pierc'd my heart.
I am the stain of knighthood and of arms.
Oh! if my brave deliverer survives
The traitor's sword——

Anna. Alas! look there, my Lord.

Lord Rand. The mother and her son! How curst I
am!

Was I the cause? No: I was not the cause.
Yon matchless villain did seduce my soul
To frantic jealousy.

Anna. My Lady lives:
The agony of grief hath but suppress'd
Awhile her powers.

Lord Rand. But my deliverer's dead!
• 'The world did once esteem Lord Randolph well.
• Sincere of heart, for spotless honour fam'd:
• And, in my early days, glory I gain'd
• Beneath the holy banner of the cross.
• Now past the noon of life, shames comes upon me:
• Reproach, and infamy, and public hate,
• Are near at hand: for all mankind will think
• That Randolph basely stabb'd Sir Macolin's heir.'

[Lady Randolph recovering.]

Lady Rand. Where am I now? still in this wretched
world?

Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine.
• My youth was worn in anguish: but youth's strength
• With hope's assistance, bore the brunt of sorrow;
• And train'd me on to be the object now,
• On which Omnipotence displays itself,
• Making a spectacle, a tale of me,
• To awe its vassal, man.'

Lord

Lord Rand. O misery!
Amidst thy raving grief I must proclaim
My innocence.

Lady Rand. Thy innocence!

Lord Rand. My guilt
Is innocence compar'd with what thou think'st it.

Lady Rand. Of thee I think not: what have I to do
With thee or any thing? My son! my son!
My beautiful! my brave! how proud was I
Of thee, and of thy valour! My fond heart
O'erflow'd this day with transport, when I thought
Of growing old amidst a race of thine,
Who might make up to me their father's childhood,
And bear my brother's and my husband's name;
Now all my hopes are dead! A little while
Was I a wife! a mother not so long!
What am I now?—I know.—But I shall be
That only whilst I please; for such a son
And such a husband drive me to my fate. [*Runs out.*]

Lord Rand. Follow her, Anna: I myself would follow
But in this rage she must abhor my presence.
[*Exit Anna.*]

Enter Old Norval.

Norv. I hear the voice of woe; heaven guard my
child!

Lord Rand. Already is the idle gaping crowd,
The spiteful vulgar come to gaze on Randolph.
Begone.

Norv. I fear thee not. I will not go.
Here I'll remain. I'm an accomplice, Lord,
With thee in murder. Yes, my sins did help
To crush down to the ground this lovely plant.
O noblest youth that ever yet was born!
Sweetest and best, gentlest and bravest spirit,
That ever bless'd the world! Wretch that I am,
Who saw that noble spirit swell and rise
Above the narrow limits that confin'd it!
Yet never was by all thy virtues won
To do thee justice, and reveal the secret,

Which,

Which, timely known, had rais'd thee far above
The villain's snare! Oh! I am punish'd now;
These are the hairs that should have strew'd the ground,
And not the locks of Douglas.

*[Tears his hair, and throws himself
upon the body of Douglas.]*

Lord Rand. I know thee now: 'thy boldness I for-
' give!

'My crest is fallen.' For thee I will appoint
A place of rest, if grief will let thee rest.
I will reward, although I cannot punish.
Curst, curst Glenalvon, he escap'd too well,
Tho' slain and baffled by the hand he hated.
Foaming with rage and fury to the last,
Cursing his conqueror, the felon died.

Enter Anna.

Anna. My Lord! my Lord!

Lord Rand. Speak: I can hear of horror.

Anna. Horror indeed!

Lord Rand. Matilda?

Anna. Is no more;

She ran, she flew like lightning up the hill,
Nor halted till the precipice she gain'd.
Beneath whose low'ring top the river falls
Ingulph'd in rifted rocks: thither she came,
As fearless as the eagle lights upon it,
And headlong down—

Lord Rand. 'Twas I! alas! 'twas I
That fill'd her breast with fury; drove her down
The precipice of death! Wretch that I am!

Anna. O had you seen her last despairing look!
Upon the brink she stood, and cast her eyes
Down on the deep: then lifting up her head,
And her white hands to heaven, seeming to say,
Why am I forc'd to this? she plung'd herself
Into the empty air.

Lord Rand. I will not vent,
In vain complaints, the passion of my soul.
Peace in this word I never can enjoy.

These

These wounds the gratitude of Randolph gave.
They speak aloud, and with the voice of fate
Denounce my doom. I am resolv'd. I'll go
Strait to the battle, where the man that makes
Me turn aside must threaten worse than death.
Thou, faithful to thy mistress, take this ring,
Full warrant of my power. Let every rite
With cost and pomp upon their funerals wait:
For Randolph hopes he never shall return.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

E P I L O G U E.

*A*N Epilogue I ask'd; but not one word
Our Bard will write. He vows, 'tis most absurd
With comic wit to contradict the strain
Of Tragedy, and make your sorrows vain.
Sadly he says, that pity is the best,
The noblest passion of the human breast:
For when its sacred streams the heart o'erflow,
In gushes pleasure with the tide of woe:
And when its waves retire, like those of Nile,
They leave behind them such a golden soil,
That there the virtues without culture grow,
There the sweet blossoms of affection blow.
These were his words:—void of delusive art
I felt them; for he spoke them from his heart.
Nor will I now attempt with witty folly,
To chase away celestial melancholy.

F I N I S.





G. Vander Gucht in der Sculp.

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
ZARRA.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRES ROYAL
IN
DRURY-LANE,
AND
COVENT-GARDEN.

By AARON HILL, Esq.

* * To this Edition is now first added the *Comic Chorusses*,
or Interludes, designed by Mr. HILL to be sung
between each Act.

L O N D O N,

Printed for T. LOWNDES, in Fleet-Street,

MDCCLXXVI

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To his ROYAL HIGHNESS the
P R I N C E.

S I R,

WRITERS, who mean no *int'rest*, but their *arts*;
Of *undependent* minds, and *stedfast* hearts,
Disclaiming *hopes*, will empty *forms* neglect;
Nor need PERMISSION—to address *respect*.

Frank, as the manly faith of *ancient* time,
Let *truth*, for once, approach the *great*, in *rhime*!
Nor public benefit, misguided, *stray*,
Because a *private* *wisber* points its way.

If wond'ring, *here*, your Greatness condescends
To ask, *What's HE*, who, thus, *uncall'd*, attends?
Smile, at a *suitor*, who, in courts, *untrac'd*,
Pleas'd, if o'erlook'd, thus, *owns* his humble *taste*.—

Vow'd an *unenvier*, of the busy *Great*;
Too plain for *flatt'ry*; and, too calm for *hate*;
Hid to be *happy*; who surveys, *unknown*,
The pow'rless *cottage*, and the peaceless *throne*;
A silent *subject* to His own *contrall*;
Of active *passions*, but, unyielding *soul*;
Engross'd by NO pursuits, *amus'd*, by *All*;
But, *deaf*, as *adders*, to *ambition's* call:
Too free, for *pow'r*, (or *prejudice*,) to *win*,
And, *safely*, lodging *Liberty* *WITHIN*.

Pardon, Great Prince! th' unfashionable strain,
That shuns to *dedicate*; nor seeks to *gain*:
That (*self-resigning*) knows no narrow view;
And, but for *public* blessings, courts, ev'n *YOU*!

Late, a bold tracer of your measur'd mind,
 (While, by the mournful SCENE, to grief inclin'd,)
 I saw your eloquence of eyes confess
 Soft sense of BELVIDERA's deep distress,
 Prophetic, thence, fore-deem'd the rising years;
 And bail'd a HAPPY NATION, in YOUR tears!

Oh!—nobly touch'd!—th' inspiring pleasure chuse,
 Snatch, from the sable wave, the sinking MUSE!
 Charming, be charm'd! the stage's anguish heal:
 And teach a languid people how to feel.

Then her full soul, shall TRAGIC pow'r impart,
 And reach three kingdoms in their Prince's heart!
 Lightness, disclaim'd, shall blush itself away:
 And reas'ning SENSE resume forgotten sway.
 Love, courage, loyalty, taste, honour, truth,
 Flash'd from the scene, re-charm our list'ning youth;
 And, virtues, (by YOUR influence form'd) sustain
 The future glories of their founder's reign.

Nor, let due care of a protected stage,
 Misjudg'd amusement, but spare hours engage:
 Strong, serious TRUTHS, the manly muse displays;
 And leads charm'd reason through those flow'ry ways.
 While HISTORY's cold care but facts enrolls,
 The MUSE (persuasive) saves the pictur'd souls!
 Beyond all Egypt's gums, embalms mankind:
 And stamps the living features of the MIND.

Time can eject the sons of pow'r, from fame;
 And H., who gains a world, may LOSE his name.
 But cherish'd arts insure immortal breath:
 And bid their prop'd defenders tread on death!

Look back, lov'd Prince! on ages, sunk in shade!
 And feel, what DARKNESS, absent genius made!
 Think on the dead fore-fillers of your place!
 Think on the stern first founders of your race!
 And, where lost story flecps, in silent night;
 Charge to their want of taste, their want of LIGHT.

When,

When, in your rising grove, (no converse nigh)
BLACK EDWARD's awful bust demands your eye,
Think, from what cause, blind chronicles DEFAME
The gross-told tow'rings, of that dreadful name!
Search him, thro' FANCY: and SUPPOSE him, shown
By the long glories, to the MUSES known:
Shining, disclos'd;—o'ertrampling death's controll!
And, opening, backward, All his depth of soul!

Then—breathe a conscious sigh, to mourn his fate,
Who form'd no writers, like his spirit, great beyond
To limn his living thoughts—past fame renew;
And build HIM honours, they reserve for You!

I am, with profound respect,

S I R,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most humble, and obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

[viii]
A COMIC CHORUS;

O R,
INTERLUDES:

Designed to be sung between the Acts of ZARA,

P R O L O G U E,

By Mr. BEARD, and Mrs. CLIVE, from opposite Entrances.

She. SO Sir—you're a man of your word.

He. Who wou'd break it, when summon'd by you?

She. Very fine that—but pray, have you heard,

What it is you are summon'd to do?

He. Not a word—but expected to see

Something new, in the musical way.

She. Why, this Author has cast you, and me,

As a Prologue, it seems, to his play.

He. What then is its tuneful name,

Robin Hood, of the Greenwood tree?

Or, what good old ballad of fame

Has he built into Tra-ge-dy?

She. Tho' he rails against songs, he thought fit,

Most gravely to urge, and implore us,

In aid of his tragical wit,

To erect ourselves into a chorus!

[Laughing.
He.

He. *A chorus! what's that—a composing
Of groans, to the rants of his madness?*

She. *No—he hinders the boxes from dozing,
By mixing some spirit with sadness.*

He. *So, then—'tis our task, I suppose,
To sing sober sense into relish,
Strike up, at each tragical close,
And unheeded moral embellish.*

She. *'Twas the custom, you know, once in Greece.
And, if here, 'tis not witty, 'tis new*

He. *Well then, when you find an act cease, [Turning to the boxes.
Tremble Ladies——*

She. *And, Gentlemen, too—— [To the Men.
If I give not the beaux good advice, [Merrily.
Let me dwindle to recitative!*

He. *Nor will I to the belles be more nice,
When I catch 'em, but here, to receive.*

She. *If there's ought to be learnt from the play,
I shall sit in a nook, here, behind,
Popping out, in the good ancient way,
Now and then, with a piece of my mind.*

He. *But suppose, that no moral shou'd rise,
Worth the ears of the brave, or the fair!*

She. *Why, we'll then give the word—and advise——
Face about, and stand all, as ye were.*

A COMIC CHORUS, &c.

After the First ACT.

Song in duet.

He. **T**HE Sultan's a bridegroom — the *slaves* are set free,
And none must presume to wear *fetters*, but he!
Before honey-moon,
Love's *fiddle's* in tune;

So we think, (filly souls!) 'tis always to be:
For the man, that is *blind* — how shou'd he FORESEE!

She. I hate these *bot blades*, who so *fiercely* begin;
To *baulk* a rais'd *hope*, is a *co-wardly* sin!

The *maid* that is *wise*, let her always procure,

Rather a *grave*, than a *spirited* woer;

What she *loses*, at breakfast, at supper she'll *win*.

But your *amorous* violence never *endures*:

For, to dance, without doors

Is the way to be *weary*, before we get *in*.

He. Pray how does it happen, that passion, so gay,

Blooms, fades, and falls away,

Like the *rose*, of this morn, that at night must decay?

WOMAN, I fear,

Does one thing appear,

But is found quite *another*, when look'd on, too near.

She. Ah — no —

Not — so

'Tis the fault of your MEN, who, with *flames of desire*,

Set your *palates* on *fire*,

And dream not, that *eating* — will appetite *tire*;

So, resolve in your *beat*,

To do nothing, but *eat*.

Till, alas! on a sudden, — you *sleep* o'er your meat!

Therefore, learn, O ye *fair*! —

He. And, you *lovers*, take care —

She. That you trust not, before-hand —

He. That you trust not, at all.

She. Man was born to deceive.

He. Woman form'd to believe.

Both. Trust not one of us all!

For to stand on *sure* ground, is the way not to *fall*.

After

After the Second A C T.

Mrs. Clive (*sola*) to a flute.

1.

O *Jealousy!* thou *bane* of bleeding love!
 Ah! how unhappy, we!
 Doom'd by the partial powers, above,
 Eternal slaves, to thee!
 Not more untaid, than *lovers'* hearts, the wind!
 This moment, *dying*—and the next, *unkind*:
 Ah! wavering, weak desires of frail *mankind*!
 With pleading passion ever to pursue,
 Yet triumph, only to *undo*.

2.

Go to the *deeps*, below, thou joyless fiend!
 And never rise again, to sow despair;
 Nor you, ye heedless fair, occasions lend,
 To *blast* your blooming hopes, and bring on care.
 Never conclude your innocence secure,
Prudence, alone, makes love endure.
 [*As she is going off, he meets her, and pulls her back,*
detaining her, while he sings, what follows.
He. Ever, ever, doubt the fair—in sorrow.
 Mourning, as if they felt compassion;
 Yet, what they *were* for to day—to-morrow,
 They'll be the first to laugh into fashion.
 None are betray'd if they *trust* not the charmer;
Jealousy guards the weak, from falling;
 Wou'd you never catch—you must, oft, alarm her,
 Hearts to *deceive* is a woman's calling.

[*After the song he lets her go, and they join in duet.*]

She. Come,—let us be friends, and no longer abuse,
 condemn, and accuse,

each other.

He. Wou'd you have us agree, you must, fairly, confess,
 the love, we care,
 we smother.

She. I am loth to think that——

He. Yet, you know, it is *true*;

She. Well,—what if I do,
no matter.

He. Cou'd you teach us a way, to *love on*, without strife &

She. Suit the *first* part of life,
to the *latter*.

He. 'Tis an honest *advice*, for, when *love* is new blown,
gay colours are shown,
too glaring.

She. Then alas! for *poor wives*!—comes a *bliss'ring* day,
and blows 'em away,
most scaring!

After the Third A C T.

By Mr. Beard alone.

MARK, O, ye beauties!—gay, and young,

Mark the plainful *woes*, and *weeping*,

That, from forc'd *concealment* sprung,

Punish the sin of *secret-keeping*.

Tell then—nor *veil* a willing heart,

When the *lover*, lov'd, alarms it;

But—to *sooth* the pleasing *smart*,

Whisper the glowing *wish*, that warms it.

She that wou'd *hide* the gentle flame,

Does but teach her *hope*, to languish;

She, that boldly TELLS her aim,

Flies from the *path* that leads to *anguish*.

Not that too *far*, your trust shou'd go;

All that you *say*—to *well* discover;

Al, that you *do*—but *two* should know,

One of 'em *you*, and one your *lover*.

[*She meets him, going off.*

She. Ah! *man*, thou wert always a traitor,

Thou giv'st thy *advice*, to *betray*;

Ah! form'd for a *rower*, by nature,

Thou leader of love the wrong way.

Wou'd

Wou'd *women* let *women* advise 'em,
 They cou'd not so easily *stray*.
 'Tis trusting to lovers, supplies 'em
 With *will*, and *excuse*, to betray.
 She's *safe*, who, in *guard* of her passion,
 Far, far, from *confessing* her pain,
 Keeps *silence*, in spite of the *fashion*,
 Nor suffer her eyes, to EXPLAIN.

After the Fourth ACT.

Duet.

She. WELL, what do you *think*—of these sorrows, and
 joys,

These calms, and these whirlwinds—this silence, and noise?
 Which *love*, in the bosom of *man*, employs?

He. For my part, wou'd *lovers* be govern'd by me,
 Not one of you *women* so *wissh'd for*, shou'd be,

Since, *here*, we a *proof* of your mischief see.

She. Why, what wou'd you do, to escape the distress?

He. I wou'd do—I wou'd do—by my soul, I can't guess—

She. Poor wretch! by my soul! I imagin'd no less.

Come, come—let me tell you, these tempests of love,
 Do but blow up *desire*, its briskness to *prove*,
 Which else wou'd—you know—*too too lazily* move.

Were women like *logs*—of a make to *lie still*,
Men wou'd sleep, and grow dull—but *our absolute will*
 Sets *life* all a whirling—like wheels in a mill.

He. Ambition, in *woman*, like valour in *man*,
 Tempts danger—from which, they'd be safe, if they *ran*;
 And once get 'em in—get 'em out how you can.

She. Pray, what will you give me, to teach you the *trick*,
 To keep your wife *pleas'd*, either healthy, or sick?

He. The man, who *bites* that, sure! must *touch to the quick*!

She. Learn this—and depend on a *life*, without *pain*,
 Say nothing to *vex* her, yet *let* her complain;
 Submit to your *fate*,—and disturb not her *reign*.
 Be *mop'd* when she's *sad*—and be *pleas'd* when she's *gay*,
 Believe her, and trust her—and give her—her *way*;

For want of this *rule*—there's the devil to *pay*,

Both. For want of this *rule*, there's the devil to *pay*.

P R O L O G U E,

Written by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;

Spoken by Mr. CIBBER.

*THE French, howe'er mercurial they may seem,
 Extinguish half their fire, by critic phlegm :
 While English writers nature's freedom claim,
 And warm their scenes with an un govern'd flame :
 'Tis strange that Nature never should inspire
 A Racine's judgment, with a Shakespeare's fire !*

*Howe'er, to-night — (to promise much we're loth)
 But — you've a chance, to have a taste of both.
 From English plays, Zara's French author fir'd,
 Confess'd his Muse, beyond herself, inspir'd ;
 From rack'd Othello's rage, he rais'd his style,
 And snatch'd the brand, that lights this tragic pile :
 Zara's success his utmost hopes outstew,
 And a twice twentieth weeping-audience drew.*

*As for our English friend, he leaves to you,
 Whate'er may seem to his performance due ;
 No views of gain, his hopes or fears engage,
 He gives a child of leisure to the stage :
 Willing to try, if yet, forsaken Nature,
 Can charm with any one remember'd feature.*

*Thus far, the author speaks — but now, the player,
 With trembling heart, prefers his humble prayer.
 To-night, the greatest venture of my life,
 Is lost, or sav'd as You receive — a wife :
 If time, you think, may ripen her, to merit,
 With gentle smiles, support her wav'ring spirit,
 Zara in France, at once, an actress rais'd,
 Warm'd into skill, by being kindly prais'd :
 O ! cou'd such wonders here from favour flow,
 How would our Zara's heart, with transport glow !*

But

*But she, alas! by juster fears oppress'd,
 Begs but your bare endurance, at the best.
 Her unskill'd tongue would simple Nature speak,
 Nor dares her bounds, for false applauses break.
 Amidst a thousand faults, her best pretence
 To please — is unassuming innocence.
 When a chaste heart's distress your grief demands,
 One silent tear outweighs a thousand hands.
 If she conveys the pleasing passions, RIGHT,
 Guard and Support her, this decisive night;
 If she MISTAKES — or, finds her strength too small,
 Let interposing pity — break her fall.
 In you it rests, to save her, or destroy,
 If she draws tears from you, I weep — for Joy.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED,

As acted at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden, 1776.

Osman, <i>Sultan of Jerusalem,</i>		Mr. Lee.
Lusignan, <i>last of the blood of the</i>	}	Mr. Barry.
<i>Christian Kings of Jerusalem,</i>		
Zara,	}	Mrs. Barry.
Selima,		Mrs. Mattocks.
Nerestan,	}	Mr. Wroughton.
Chatillon,		Mr. Hull.
Orasmin, <i>Minister to the Sultan,</i>		Mr. Lestrangle.
Melidor, <i>an Officer of the Seraglio,</i>		Mr. Bransby.

At Drury-Lane, 1775.

Lusignan,	- - - - -	Mr. Garrick.
Osman,	- - - - -	Mr. Reddish.
Nerestan,	- - - - -	Mr. Packer.
Chatillon,	- - - - -	Mr. Aickin.
Orasmin,	- - - - -	Mr. Hurst.
Melidor,	- - - - -	Mr. Wheeler.
Selima,	- - - - -	Mrs. Reddish.
Zara,	- - - - -	Miss Younge.

T H E
T R A G E D Y
O F
Z A R A .

A C T I . S C E N E I .

Zara and Selima.

Selima.

IT moves my wonder, young and beauteous Zara,
Whence these new sentiments inspire your heart!
Your peace of mind increases with your charms;
Tears, now, no longer shade your eyes soft lustre:
You meditate, no more, those happy climes,
To which Nerestan will return to guide you:
You talk no more of that gay nation, now,
Where men adore their wives, and woman's power
Draws rev'rence from a polish'd people's softness:
Their husbands' equals, and their lovers' queens!

Free

Free without scandal ; wise, without restraint ;
 Their virtue, due to nature, not to fear !
 Why have you ceas'd to wish this happy change ?
 A barr'd Seraglio ! — sad, unsocial life !
 Scorn'd, and a slave ! All this has lost its terror :
 And Syria rivals, now, the banks of Seine !

Zara. Joys, which we do not know, we do not wish ;
 My fate's bound in, by Sion's sacred wall ;
 Clos'd, from my infancy, within this palace,
Custom has learnt, from *time*, the power to *please*.
 I claim no share in the remoter world,
 The Sultan's property, his will my law ;
 Unknowing all, but him, his power, his fame ;
 To live his subject, is my only hope,
 All, else, an empty dream. —

Selima. Have you forgot
 Absent Nereestan, then ? Whose gen'rous friendship,
 So nobly vow'd redemption from your chains !
 How oft have you admir'd his dauntless soul !
 Osman, his conqu'ror, by his courage charm'd,
 Trusted his faith, and, on his word, releas'd him : —
 Tho' not return'd, in time — we, yet, expect him.
 Nor had his noble journey other motive,
 Than to procure our ransom : — And is this,
 This dear, warm hope — become an idle dream ?

Zara. Since after two long years, he not returns,
 'Tis plain, his promise stretch'd beyond his power :
 A stranger, and a slave, unknown like him,
 Proposing much, means little ; — talks, and vows,
 Delighted with a prospect of escape : —
 He promis'd to redeem ten Christians more,
 And free us all, from slavery ! — I own
 I once admir'd th' unprofitable zeal,
 But, now, it charms no longer. —

Selima. What if yet,
 He, faithful, shou'd return, and hold his vow !
 Wou'd you not, then —

Zara. No matter — Time is past ;
 And every thing is chang'd —

Selima.

Selima. But, whence comes this?

Zara. Go—'twere too much to tell thee *Zara's* fate;
The Sultan's secrets, all, are sacred here:
But my fond heart delights to mix with thine.—
Some three months past, when thou, and other slaves,
Were forc'd to quit fair Jordan's flow'ry bank;
Heav'n, to cut short the anguish of my days,
Rais'd me, to comfort, by a powerful hand!
This mighty *Osman*!

Selima. What of him?

Zara. This Sultan!
This conqu'ror of the Christians! loves—

Selima. Whom?

Zara. *Zara*! —
Thou blushest, and I guess, thy thoughts accuse me;
But, know me better —'twas unjust suspicion:
All Emperor, as he is, I cannot stoop
To honours, that bring shame and baseness with 'em:
Reason, and pride, those props of modesty,
Sustain my guarded heart, and strengthen virtue;
Rather than sink to infamy, let chains
Embrace me with a joy; such love denies:
No — I shall, now, astonish thee; — His greatness
Submits, to own a pure, and honest flame;
Among the shining crowds, which *live*, to *please* him,
His whole regard is fix'd on *Me*, alone:
He offers marriage — and its rites, now, wait,
To crown me Empress of this Eastern world.

Selima. Your virtue, and your charms, deserve it

All:

My heart is not surpriz'd, but struck, to hear it;
If, to be *Empress*, can compleat your happiness,
I rank myself, with joy, among your slaves.

Zara. Be, still, my equal — and enjoy my bliss.
sings:

For, *thou* partaking, they will bless *me* more.

Selima. Alas! but heaven! will it permit this marriage?

Will not this grandeur, falsely call'd a bliss,
Plant bitterness, and root it, in your heart?
Have you forgot, you are of Christian blood?

Zara.

Zara. Ah me! What hast thou said? Why wou'dst thou, thus,

Recall my wav'ring thoughts?—How know I, what, Or whence I am? Heaven kept it, hid, in darkness, Conceal'd me from myself, and from my blood.

Selima. Nerestan, who was born a Christian, here, Asserts, that you, like him, had Christian parents; Besides—*that* cross, which, from your infant years, Has been preserv'd, was found upon your bosom, As if design'd by heaven, a pledge of faith, Due to the God, you purpose to forsake!

Zara. Can my fond heart, on such a feeble proof, Embrace a faith, abhor'd by him I love?

I see, too plainly, custom forms us all;

Our thoughts, our morals, our most fix'd belief, Are consequences of our place of birth:

Born beyond Ganges, I had been a Pagan,

In France a Christian;—I am, here, a Saracen:

'Tis but *instruction*, all! Our parents' hand

Writes, on our heart, the first, faint characters,

Which time, re-tracing, deepens into strength,

That nothing can efface, but death, or heaven!—

Thou wert not made a pris'ner in this place,

'Till, after reason, borrowing force from years,

Had lent its lustre, to enlighten faith:—

For me, who in my cradle was their slave,

Thy Christian doctrines were, too lately, taught me:

Yet, far from having lost the rev'rence due,

This cross, as often as it meets my eye,

Strikes thro' my heart a kind of awful fear!

I honour, from my soul, the Christian laws,

Those laws, which, soft'ning nature, by humanity,

Melt nations into brotherhood;—no doubt,

Christians are happy; and, 'tis just to love 'em.

Selima. Why have you, then, declar'd yourself their foe?

Why will you join your hand, with this proud Osman's?

Who owes his triumph to the Christians' ruin!

Zara. Ah!—*Who* could *slight* the offer of his heart?

Nay—for I mean to tell thee all my weakness;

Perhaps,

Perhaps, I had, ere now, profess'd *thy* faith,
 But Osman lov'd me—and I've lost it all :—
 I think, on none, but Osman—my pleas'd heart,
 Fill'd with the blessing, to be lov'd, by *him*,
 Wants room for other happiness :—place thou,
 Before thy eyes, his merit, and his fame,
 His youth, yet, blooming but in manhood's dawn !
 How many conquer'd kings have swell'd his pow'r !
 Think, too, how lovely ! how his brow becomes
 This wreath of early glories !—Oh ! my friend !
 I talk not of a sceptre, which he gives me :
 No—to be charm'd with that, were thanks, too humble !
 Offensive tribute, and, too poor, for love !
 'Twas Osman, won my heart, not Osman's crown :
 I love not, in him, aught, besides himself.
 Thou think'st, perhaps, that these are starts of passion ;
 But, had the will of Heav'n, less bent to bless him,
 Doom'd Osman to my Chains, and me, to fill
 The throne, that Osman sits on—ruin and wretchedness,
 Catch and consume my wishes, but I wou'd—
 To raise me, to my self, descend to *him*.

Selima. Hark ! the wish'd music sounds—'Tis he—
 he comes— [Exit *Selima*.

Zara. My heart prevented him, and found him near :
 Absent, two whole long days, the slow-pac'd hour,
 At last, is come—and gives him, to my wishes !

Enter Osman, reading a Paper, which he re-delivers to Orasmin.

Osman. Wait my return—or, shou'd there be a cause,
 That may require my presence—do not fear
 To enter—ever mindful, that my own
 [Exit *Orasmin*.

Follows my people's happiness.—At length,
Cares have releas'd my heart—to love and Zara.

Zara. 'Twas not in cruel absence, to deprive me
 Of your imperial image—every where,
 You reign, triumphant : memory supplies
 Reflexion, with your pow'r ; and you, like heaven,

Are

Are always present--and are, always gracious.

Osman. The Sultans, my great ancestors, bequeath'd
Their empire to me, but their taste they gave not;
Their laws, their lives, their loves, delight not me;
I know, our prophet smiles on am'rous wishes;
And opens a wide field, to vast desire:
I know, that, at my will, I might possess;
That, wasting tenderness, in wild profusion,
I might look down, to my surrounded feet,
And bless contending beauties.—I might speak,
Serenely slothful, from within my palace,
And bid *my pleasure*, be my *people's law*.
But, sweet, as softness is, its end is cruel;
I can look round, and count a hundred kings,
Unconquer'd, by themselves, and slaves to others;
Hence was Jerusalem, to Christians, lost;
But, heaven, to blast that unbelieving race,
Taught me, to *be* a king, by thinking *like* one.
Hence from the distant Euxine, to the Nile,
The trumpet's voice has wak'd the world to war;
Yet, amidst arms, and death, *thy* power has reach'd me;
For, thou disdain'st, like me, a languid love;
Glory, and Zara, join—and charm, together.

Zara. I hear at once, with blushes, and, with joy,
This passion, so unlike your country's customs.

Osman. Passion, like mine, disdains my country's
The jealousy, the faintness, the distrust, [customs,
The proud, superior, coldness, of the east:
I know to love you, *Zara*, with esteem;
To trust your virtue, and to court your soul.
Nobly confiding, I unveil my heart,
And dare inform you, that, 'tis all your own:
My joys must, *all*, be yours—only my cares
Shall lie, conceal'd, within—and reach not *Zara*.

Zara. Oblig'd, by this excess of tenderness,
How low, how wretched, was the lot of *Zara*!
Too poor with aught, but thanks, to pay such blessings!

Osman. Not so—I love—and wou'd be lov'd again;
Let me confess it, I possess a soul,
That what it wishes, wishes, *ardently*.

I shou'd

I shou'd believe, you *hated*, had you *power*
 To *love*, with *moderation*: 'tis my aim,
 In every thing, to reach supreme perfection.
 If, with an equal flame, I touch your heart,
 Marriage attends your smile—But know, 'twill make
 Me wretched, if it makes not Zara happy.

Zara. Ah! Sir, if such a heart, as gen'rous Osman's,
 Can, from my will, submit to take its bliss,
 What mortal, ever, was decreed so happy!
 Pardon the pride, with which I own my joy;
 Thus, wholly, to possess the man, I love!
 To know, and to confess, his will my fate!
 To be the happy work of his dear hands!
 To be——

Enter Orasmin.

Osman. Already interrupted! What?
 Who? — Whence?

Orasmin. This moment, Sir, there is arriv'd
 That Christian slave, who, licens'd, on his faith,
 Went hence, to France—and, now return'd, prays
 audience.

Zara. [*Aside.*] O! heaven!

Osman. Admit him—What?—Why comes he not?—

Orasmin. He waits without.—No Christian dares
 approach.

This place, long sacred to the Sultan's privacies.

Osman. Go—bring him with thee—monarchs, like
 the sun,

Shine but in vain, unwarming, if unseen;
 With forms, and rev'rence, let the *great* approach us;
 Not the *unhappy*;—every place, alike,
 Gives the distress'd a privilege to enter.——

[*Exit Orasmin.*]

I think, with horror, on these dreadful maxims,
 Which harden kings, insensibly, to tyrants.

Re-enter Orasmin, with Nereftan.

Nereftan. Imperial Sultan! honour'd, even by foes!

See

See me, return'd, regardful of my vow,
 And punctual to discharge a Christian's duty;
 I bring the ransom of the captive, Zara,
 Fair Selima, the partner of her fortune,
 And of ten Christian captives, pris'ners, here,
 You promis'd, Sultan, if I shou'd return,
 To grant their rated liberty:—Behold,
 I *am* return'd, and they are yours no more.
 I wou'd have stretch'd my purpose, to *myself*,
 But fortune has deny'd it;—my poor all
 Suffic'd, no further; and a noble poverty
 Is, now, my whole possession:—I redeem
 The promis'd Christians; for I taught 'em hope.
 But, for myself, I come, again, your slave,
 To wait the fuller hand of future charity.

Osman. Christian! I must confess, thy courage charms
 me;

But let thy *pride* be taught, it treads too high,
 When it presumes to climb above my mercy.
 Go, ransomless, thyself—and carry back
 Their unaccepted ransoms, join'd with gifts,
 Fit to reward thy purpose:—instead of ten,
 Demand a hundred Christians; they are thine:
 Take 'em—and bid 'em teach their haughty country,
 They left some virtue, among Saracens.—
 Be Lusignan, alone excepted—He
 Who boasts the blood of kings, and dares lay claim
 To *my* Jerusalem—that claim his guilt!
 Such is the law of states; had I been vanquish'd,
 Thus had *he* said of *me*:—I mourn his lot,
 Who must, in fetters, lost to day-light, pine,
 And sigh away old age, in grief, and pain.—
 For Zara—but to name her, as a captive,
 Were to dishonour language;—she's a prize,
 Above thy purchase;—all the Christian realms,
 With all their kings to guide 'em, would unite
 In vain, to force her from me—Go, retire—

Nerestan. For Zara's ransom, with her own consent,
 I had your royal word—For Lusignan—
 Unhappy, poor, old man—

Osman.

Osman. Was I not heard?
 Have I not told thee, Christian, all my will?
 What, if I prais'd thee!—This presumptuous virtue,
Compelling my esteem, provokes my pride:
 Be gone—and, when to-morrow's sun shall rise
 On my dominions, be not found—too near me.

[*Exit Nerestan.*]

Zara. [*Aside.*] Assist him, heaven!

Osman. *Zara*, retire a moment—

Assume, throughout my palace, sovereign empire,
 While I give orders, to prepare the pomp,
 That waits, to crown the mistress of my throne.

[*Leads her out, and returns.*]

Orasmin! didst thou mark th' imperious slave?
 What cou'd he mean?—he sigh'd—and, as he went,
 'Turn'd, and look'd back at *Zara!*—did'st thou mark it?

Orasmin. Alas! my sovereign master! let not jealousy
 Strike high enough, to reach your noble heart.

Osman. Jealousy, said'st thou? I disdain it:—No!—

Distrust is poor; and a misplac'd suspicion

Invites, and justifies, the falsehood fear'd.—

Yet, as I love with warmth—so, I *cou'd* hate!

But *Zara* is above disguise and art:—

My love is stronger, nobler, than my power.

Jealous!—I was not jealous!—if I was,

I am not—no—my heart—but, let us drown

Remembrance of the word, and of the image:

My heart is fill'd with a diviner flame.—

Go—and prepare for the approaching nuptials;

Zara to *careful empire* joins delight,

I must allot one hour to thoughts of state,

Then, all the smiling day is love, and *Zara's*.

[*Exit Orasmin.*]

Monarchs, by forms of pompous misery, press'd,

In proud, unsocial misery, unblest'd,

Wou'd, but for love's soft influence, curse their throne,

And, among crowded millions, live, *alone*.

End of the FIRST ACT.

B

A C T

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Nereſtan, Chatillon.

Chat. **M**ATCHLESS Nereſtan! generous, and great!

You, who have broke the chains of hopeleſs ſlaves!

You, chriſtian ſaviour! by a ſaviour ſent!

Appear, be known, enjoy your due delight;

The grateful weepers wait, to claſp your knees,

They throng, to kiſs the happy hand, that ſav'd 'em:

Indulge the kind impatience of their eyes,

And, at their head, command their hearts, for ever.

Nereſtan. Illuſtrious Chatillon! this praiſe o'erwhelms me;

What have I done, beyond a chriſtian's duty?

Beyond, what *You* wou'd, in my place, have done?

Chatillon. True—It is ev'ry honeſt chriſtian's duty;

Nay, 'tis the bleſſing of ſuch minds as ours,

For others' good to ſacrifice our own.—

Yet, happy they, to whom Heav'n grants the power,

To execute, like you, that duty's call!

For us—the relicks of abandon'd war,

Forgot in France, and, in Jeruſalem,

Left, to grow old, in fetters;—Oſman's father

Conſign'd us to the gloom of a damp dungeon,

Where, but for you, we muſt have groan'd out life;

And native France have bleſs'd our eyes no more.

Nereſtan. The will of gracious heaven, that ſofter'd Oſman,

Inſpir'd me, for your ſakes;—But, with our joy,

Flows, mix'd, a bitter ſadneſs—I had hop'd,

To ſave, from their perverſion, a young beauty,

Who, in her infant innocence, with me,

Was made a ſlave by cruel Noradin;

When, ſprinkling Syria, with the blood of chriſtians,

Cæſarea's walls ſaw Luſignan, ſurpriz'd,

And the proud crescent riſe, in bloody triumph:

From this Seraglio, having, young, eſcap'd,

Fate,

Fate, three years since, restor'd me to my chains;
 Then, sent to Paris, on my plighted faith,
 I flatter'd my fond hope, with vain resolves,
 To guide the lovely Zara to that court,
 Where Lewis has establish'd virtue's throne;—
 But Osman will detain her—yet, not Osman;
 Zara, herself, forgets she is a christian,
 And *loves* the tyrant Sultan!—Let that pass:
 I mourn a disappointment, still, more cruel;
 The prop of all our christian hope is lost!

Chatillon. Dispose me, at your will—I am your own.

Nerestan. Oh, Sir, great Lusignan, so long their
 captive,

That last, of an heroic race of kings!
 That warrior! whose past fame has fill'd the world!
 Osman refuses, to my sighs, for ever!

Chatillon. Nay, then, we have been all redeem'd in
 vain;

Perish, that soldier, who wou'd quit his chains,
 And leave his noble chief, behind, in fetters.
 Alas! you know him not, as I have known him;
 Thank heav'n, that plac'd your birth so far remov'd
 From those detested days of blood, and woe;
 But I, less happy, was condemn'd to see
 Thy walls, Jerusalem, beat down—and all
 Our pious fathers' labours lost, in ruins!
 Heav'n! had you seen the very Temple rifled!
 The sacred sepulchre, itself, profan'd!
 Fathers with children, mingled, flame together!
 And our last king, oppress'd with age and arms,
 Murder'd—and bleeding, o'er his murder'd sons!
 Then, Lusignan, sole remnant of his race,
 Rallying our fated few, amidst the flames,
 Fearless, beneath the crush of falling towers,
 The conquerors and the conquer'd, groans and death!
 Dreadful—and, waving in his hand his sword,
 Red with the blood of infidels—cry'd out,
 This way, ye faithful christians! follow *Me*—

Nerestan. How full of glory was that brave retreat!

Chatillon. 'Twas heav'n, no doubt, that sav'd, and led him on ;

Pointed his path ; and march'd our guardian guide :
We reach'd Cæsarea—there, the general voice
Chose Lusignan, thenceforth, to give us laws ;
Alas ! 'twas vain—Cæsarea cou'd not stand,
When Sion's self was fallen !—we were betray'd ;
And Lusignan condemn'd, to length of life,
In chains, in damps, and darkness, and despair :
Yet, great, amidst his miseries, he look'd,
As if he could not feel his fate, himself,
But as it reach'd his followers :—And shall we,
For whom our gen'rous leader suffer'd this,
Be, vi'ely, safe ? and dare be bless'd without him ?

Nerestan. Oh ! I shou'd hate the liberty he shar'd not ;
I knew, too well, the miseries you describe,
For I was born amidst 'em—Chains, and death,
Cæsarea lost, and Saracens triumphant,
Were the first objects which my eyes e'er look'd on.
Hurried, an infant, among other infants,
Snatch'd from the bosoms of their bleeding mothers,
A temple sav'd us, till the slaughter ceas'd ;
Then were we sent to this ill-fated city,
Here, in the palace of our former kings,
To learn, from Saracens, their hated faith,
And be completely wretched.—Zara, too,
Shar'd this captivity ; we, both, grew up,
So near each other, that a tender friendship
Endear'd her to my wishes :—My fond heart—
Pardon its weakness ! bleeds, to see her lost,
And, for a barb'rous tyrant, quit her God !

Chatillon. Such is the *Saracens'*, too fatal, policy !
Watchful seducers, still, of infant weakness :
Happy, that *You*, so young, escap'd their hands !
But, let us think—May not this Zara's int'rest,
Loving the Sultan, and, by him belov'd,
For Lusignan procure some softer sentence ?
The wise, and just, with innocence, may draw
Their own advantage, from the guilt of others.

Nerestan. How shall I gain admission to her presence ?
Osman

Osman has banish'd me—but that's a trifle ;
 Will the seraglio's portals open to me ?
 Or, cou'd I find *that*, easy, to my hopes,
 What prospect of success, from an apostate ?
 On whom I cannot look, without disdain ;
 And who will read her shame upon my brow ?
 The hardest trial of a gen'rous mind
 Is, to court favours, from a hand it scorns.

Chatillon. Think, it is Lusignan we seek to serve.

Nerestan. Well—it shall be attempted—Hark ! who's
 this ?

Are my eyes false ? or, is it, really, she ?

Enter Zara.

Zara. Start not, my worthy friend ! I come to seek
 you ;

The Sultan has permitted it ; fear nothing :—
 But, to confirm my heart, which trembles, near you,
 Soften that angry air, nor look reproach ;
 Why should we fear each other, both, mistaking ?
 Associates, from our birth, one prison held us,
 One friendship taught affliction, to be calm ;
 Till heav'n thought fit to favour your escape,
 And call you to the fields of happier France ;
 Thence, once again, it was my lot to find you,
 A pris'ner here ; where, hid, amongst a crowd
 Of undistinguish'd slaves, with less restraint,
 I shar'd your frequent converse ; —
 It pleas'd your pity, shall I say, your friendship ?
 Or, rather, shall I call it generous charity ?
 To form that noble purpose, to redeem
 Distressful Zara—you procur'd my ransom,
 And, with a greatness that out-soar'd a crown,
 Return'd, yourself a slave, to give *me* freedom !
 But heaven has cast our fate, for different climes ;
 Here, in Jerusalem, I fix, for ever :
 Yet, among all the shine, that marks my fortune,
 I shall, with frequent tears, remember yours ;
 Your goodness will, for ever, sooth my heart.

And keep your image, still, a dweller, there.
 Warm'd, by your great example, to protect
 That faith, that lifts humanity so high,
 I'll be a mother to distressful Christians.

Nerestan. How!—You protect the Christians! you,
 who can

Abjure their saving truth!—and, coldly, see
 Great Lusignan, their chief, die slow, in chains?

Zara. To bring him freedom, you behold me here,
 You will, this moment, meet his eyes, in joy.

Chatillon. Shall I, then, live, to bless that happy
 hour?

Nerestan. Can Christians owe so dear a gift to Zara?

Zara. Hopeless, I gather'd courage, to intreat
 The Sultan, for his liberty—amaz'd,
 So soon, to gain the happiness, I wish'd!
 See! where they bring the good, old chief, grown dim
 With age, by pain, and sorrows, hasten'd on!

Chatillon. How is my heart dissolv'd, with sudden joy!

Zara. I long to view his venerable face,
 But tears, I know not why, eclipse my sight!
 I feel, methinks, redoubled pity for him;
 But I, alas! myself, have been a slave;
 And, when we pity woes, which we have felt,
 'Tis but a partial virtue!

Nerestan. Amazement!—Whence this greatness, in
 an infidel.

Enter Lusignan, led in by two guards.

Lusignan. Where am I! what forgiving angel's voice
 Has call'd me, to revisit long-lost day?

Am I with Christians?—I am weak—forgive me,
 And guide my trembling steps.—I'm full of years,
 Yet, *miser*y has worn me, more than age.

[*Seating himself.*] Am I, in truth, at liberty?

Chatillon. You are;

And every Christian's grief takes end, with yours.

Lusignan. O, Light!—O! dearer, far, than light!
 that voice!

Chatillon!

Chatillon ! is it you ?—my fellow martyr !
 And, shall our wretchedness, indeed, have end ?
 In what place are we now ?—my feeble eyes,
 Difus'd to day-light, long, in vain, to find you.

Chatillon. This *was* the palace of your royal fathers,
 'Tis, *now*, the son of Noradin's seraglio.

Zara. The master of this place—the mighty Osman !
 Distinguishes, and loves to cherish, virtue ;
 This gen'rous Frenchman, yet, a stranger to you,
 Drawn from his native soil, from peace, and rest,
 Brought the vow'd ransoms of ten Christian slaves,
 Himself, contented, to remain a captive :
 But Osman, charm'd by greatness, like his own,
 To equal, what he lov'd, has giv'n him *you*.

Lusignan. So, gen'rous France inspires her social Sons !
 They have been, ever, dear, and useful to me !
 Wou'd I were nearer to him — Noble Sir !

[*Nerestan approaches.*]

How have I merited, that you, for me,
 Shou'd pass such distant seas, to bring me blessings,
 And hazard your own safety, for my sake ?

Nerestan. My Name, Sir, is Nerestan — born, in Syria,
 I wore the chains of slavery, from my birth ;
 Till, quitting the proud crescent, for the court,
 Where warlike Lewis reigns, beneath his eye,
 I learnt the trade of arms :—the rank I hold,
 Was but the kind distinction which he gave me,
 To tempt my courage, to deserve regard.
 Your sight, unhappy prince, wou'd charm his eye ;
 That best, and greatest monarch, will behold,
 With grief, and joy, those venerable wounds,
 And print embraces, where your fetters bound you :
 All Paris will revere the cross's martyr ;
 Paris, the refuge, still, of ruin'd kings !

Lusignan. Alas ! in times, long past, I've *seen* its
 glory :

When Philip, the victorious, liv'd—I fought,
 Abreast, with Montmorency, and Melun,
 D'Estaing, De Neile, and the far-famous Courcy ;—
 Names, which were, then, the praise, and dread, of war !

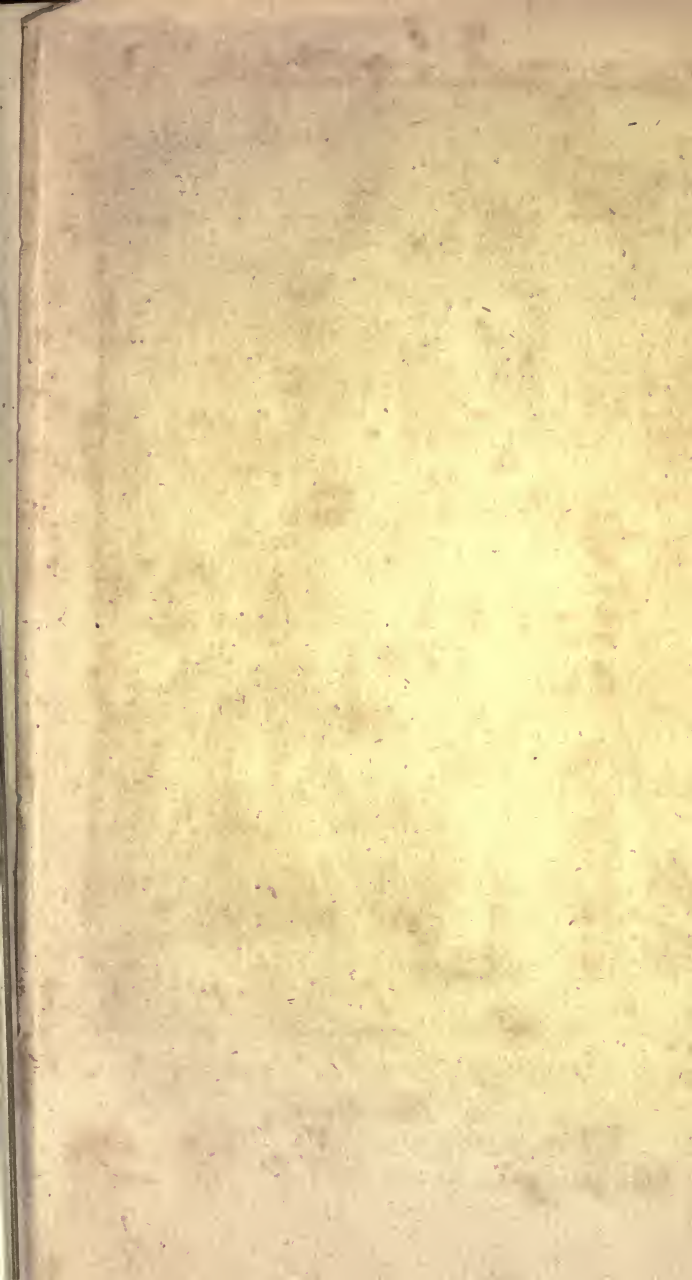
But, what have I to do, at Paris, *now* ?
 I stand upon the brink of the cold grave ;
That way, my journey lies—to find, I hope,
 The king of *kings*, and move remembrance, there,
 Of all my woes, long-suffer'd, for his sake.—
 You, gen'rous witnessers of my last hour,
 While I yet live, assist my humble prayers,
 And join the resignation of my soul.
 Nereïtan ! Chatillon ! and you—fair mourner !
 Whose tears do honour to an old man's sorrows !
 Pity a father, the unhappiest, sure,
 That ever felt the hand of angry heav'n !
 My eyes, tho' dying, still, can furnish tears :
 Half my long life they flow'd, and, still, *will* flow !
 A daughter, and three sons, my heart's proud hopes,
 Were, all, torn from me, in their tend'rest years ;
 My friend Chatillon knows, and can remember—

Chatillon. Wou'd I were able, to *forget* your woe.

Lusignan. Thou wert a pris'ner, with me, in Cæsarea,
 And, there, beheld'st my wife, and two dear sons,
 Perish, in flames—they did not *need* the grave,
 'Their foes wou'd have *deny'd* 'em !—I beheld it ;
Husband ! and *father* ! helpless, I beheld it !
 Deny'd the mournful privilege to die !
 If ye are saints in heaven, as, sure, ye are !
 Look, with an eye of pity, on *that* brother,
That sister, whom you left !—If I have, yet,
 Or son, or daughter :—for, in early chains,
 Far from their lost, and unassisting father,
 I heard, that they were sent, with numbers more,
 To this Seraglio ; hence to be dispers'd,
 In nameless remnants, o'er the east, and spread
 Our Christian miseries, round a faithless world.

Chatillon. 'Twas true—for, in the horrors of that day,
 I snatch'd your infant daughter from her cradle ;
 But, finding ev'ry hope of flight was vain,
 Scarce had I sprinkled, from a public fountain,
 Those sacred drops, which wash the soul from sin ;
 When, from my bleeding arms, fierce Saracens
 Forc'd the lost innocent, who, smiling, lay,

And





Edwards del.

Published July 8th 1777. by T. Lowndes & Partners.

Collyer Sculp.

MR. GARRICK and MISS YOUNGE
in the Characters of
LUSIGNAN and ZARA.

Luf: *Yes—Yes—'tis she! this little Cross—*

And pointed, playful, at the swarthy spoilers!
 With her, your youngest, then, your *only* son,
 Whose little life had reach'd the fourth, sad year,
 And, just, giv'n sense, to *feel* his own misfortunes,
 Was order'd to this city.

Nerestan. I, too, hither,
 Just, at that fatal age, from lost Cæsarea,
 Came, in that crowd of undistinguish'd Christians.—

Lusignan. You?—Came you thence?—Alas! who knows
 but you
 Might, heretofore, have seen my two, poor children?
 [*Looking up.*] Hah! Madam! that small ornament you
 wear,

Its form a stranger to this country's fashion,
 How long has it been your's?

Zara. From my first birth, Sir—
 Ah! what! you seem surpriz'd!—Why should *this* move
 you?

Lusignan. Wou'd you confide it to my trembling
 hands?

Zara. To what new wonder am I now reserv'd?
 Oh! Sir, what mean you?

Lusignan. Providence! and heaven!
 O, failing eyes! deceive ye not my hope?
 Can this be possible?—Yes, yes—'tis she!
 This little cross—I know it, by sure marks;
 Oh! take me, Heav'n! while I can die with joy—

Zara. O! do not, Sir, distract me!—rising thoughts,
 And hopes, and fears, o'erwhelm me!

Lusignan. Tell me, yet,
 Has it remain'd, for ever, in your hands?
 What!—Both brought captives, from Cæsarea hither?

Zara. Both, both——

Nerestan. Oh, heaven! have I then found a father?

Lusignan. Their voice! their looks!
 The living images of their dear mother!
 O, thou! who, thus, canst bless my life's last sand!
 Strengthen my heart, too feeble for this joy.
 Madam! *Nerestan*!—Help me, Chatillon! [*Rising.*
Nerestan! if thou ought'st to own that name,

Shines there, upon thy breast, a noble scar,
Which, ere Cæsarea fell, from a fierce hand,
Surprising us, by night, my child receiv'd?

Nerestan. Bless'd hand!—I *bear* it, Sir—the mark
is there!

Lusignan. Merciful heaven!

Nerestan. [*Kneeling.*] O, Sir!—O, Zara, kneel.—

Zara. [*Kneeling.*] My father?—Oh!—

Lusignan. O, my lost children!

Both. Oh!—

[*bracing you,*

Lusignan. My son! my daughter! lost, in em-
I wou'd now *die*, lest this shou'd prove a dream.

Chatillon. How touch'd is my glad heart, to see
their Joy!

Lusignan. Again, I find you—dear, in *wretchedness*:
O, my brave son—and, thou, my nameless daughter!
Now, dissipate all doubt, remove all dread:
Has heaven, that gives me back my children—giv'n 'em,
Such as I lost 'em?—Come they, Christians, to me?—
One weeps—and one declines a conscious eye!
Your silence speaks—too well I understand it.

Zara. I cannot, Sir, deceive you—Osman's laws
Were mine—and Osman is *not* Christian.—

Lusignan. Oh! my misguided child!—at that sad
word,

The little life, yet mine, had left me, quite,
But that my death might fix thee, lost, for ever.
Full sixty years, I fought the Christians' cause,
Saw their doom'd temple fall, their power destroy'd:
Twenty, a captive, in a dungeon's depth,
Yet, never, for myself, my tears sought heaven;
All for my children rose my fruitless prayers:
Yet, what avails a father's wretched joy?
I have a daughter gain'd, and *beav'n* an enemy.
But, 'tis *my* guilt, not her's—thy father's *prison*
Depriv'd thee of thy faith—yet, do not lose it:—
Reclaim thy birthright—think upon the blood
Of twenty Christian kings, that fills thy veins;
'Tis heroes' blood—the blood of saints, and martyrs!
What wou'd thy *mother* feel, to see thee, thus?

She,

She, and thy murder'd *brothers*!—think, they call thee;
 Think, that thou see'st 'em, stretch their bloody arms,
 And weep, to win thee, from their murd'ers' bosom.
 Ev'n, in the place, where thou *betray'st* thy God,
 He *dy'd*, my child, to save thee.—'Turn thy eyes,
 And see; for thou art *near*, his sacred sepulchre;
 Thou can'st not move a step, but where he *trod*!
 Thou tremblest—Oh! admit me to thy *soul*;
 Kill not thy aged, thy afflicted father;
 Take not, thus soon, again, the life thou gav'st him;
 Shame not thy mother—nor betray thy God.—
 'Tis past—Repentance dawns, in thy sweet eyes;
 I see bright truth, descending to thy heart,
 And now, my long-lost child, is found, for ever.

Nerestan. O! doubly bless'd! a sister, and a soul,
 To be redeem'd, together!

Zara. O! my father!

Dear author of my life! inform me, teach me,
 What shou'd my duty do?

Lusignan. By one short word,
 To dry up all my tears, and make life welcome,
 Say, thou art Christian—

Zara. Sir—I *am* a Christian.

Lusignan. Receive her, gracious heaven! and bless
 her, for it.

Enter Orasmin.

Orasmin. Madam, the Sultan order'd me, to tell you,
 That he expects, you, instant, quit this place,
 And bid your last farewell, to these vile Christians;
 You, captive Frenchmen, follow *me*;—for you,
 It is my task, to answer.—

Chatillon. Still, new Miseries!
 How cautious man shou'd be, to say, I'm happy!

Lusignan. These are the times, when men of virtue
 prove,

Tha 'tis the mind, not blood, insures their firmness.

Zara. Alas! Sir—Oh!—

B 6

Lusignan.

Lusignan. O, you!—I dare not name you:
Farewell—but, come what may, be sure, remember,
You keep the fatal secret!—for the rest,
Leave all to heaven,—be faithful, and be blest.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Osman, and Orasmin.

Osman. O RASMIN! this alarm was false, and
groundless;

Lewis, no longer, turns his arms, on *me* :

The French, grown weary, by a length of woes,

Wish not, at once, to quit their fruitful plains,

And famish, on Arabia's desert sands.

Their ships, 'tis true, have spread the Syrian seas;

And Lewis, hovering, o'er the coast of Cyprus,

Alarms the fears of Asia;—But, I've learnt,

That, steering wide, from our unmenac'd ports,

He points his thunder, at th' Egyptian shore.

There, let him war, and waste *my* enemies;

Their mutual conflict will but fix my throne.—

Release those Christians—I restore their freedom;

'Twill please their master, nor can weaken *me* :

Transport 'em, at my cost, to find their king;

I wish, to have him *know* me: carry thither

This Lusignan, whom, tell him, I restore,

Because I cannot fear his fame in arms;

But love him, for his virtue, and his blood.

Tell him, my father having conquer'd, twice,

Condemn'd him to perpetual chains; but I

Have set him *free*, that I might triumph *more*.

Orasmin. The Christians gain an army, in *his* name.

Osman. I cannot fear a *sound*.—

Orasmin.

Orafmin. But, Sir,—shou'd Lewis—

Osman. Tell Lewis, and the world—it *shall* be so :
 Zara propos'd it, and my heart approves :
 Thy statesman's reason is too dull, for love !
 Why wilt thou force me, to confess it all ?
 Tho' I, to Lewis, send back Lufignan,
 I give him but to Zara—I have griev'd her ;
 And ow'd her the atonement of this joy.
 Thy false advices, which, but now, misled
 My anger, to confine those helpless Christians,
 Gave her a pain, I feel, for her and me :
 But I talk on, and waste the smiling moments.
 For one long hour, I yet, defer my nuptials ;
 But, 'tis not *lost*, that hour ! 'twill all be her's !
 She wou'd employ it, in a conference,
 With that Nerestan, whom thou know'st——That
 Christian !

Orafmin. And have you, Sir, indulg'd that strange
 desire ?

Osman. What mean'st thou ? they were infant slaves
 together ;

Friends should *part*, *kind*, who are to meet no more ;
 When Zara asks, I will refuse her nothing.

Restraint was never made for those, we love ;
 Down with these rigours, of the proud seraglio ;

I hate its laws—where blind austerity
 Sinks virtue, to necessity.—My blood

Disclaims your Asian jealousy ;—I hold

The fierce, free, plainness, of my Scythian ancestors,

Their open confidence, their honest hate,

Their love, unfearing, and their anger, told.

Go—the good Christian waits—conduct him to her ;

Zara expects thee.—What she wills, obey.

[*Exit Osman.*

Orafmin. Ho ! Christian ! enter—wait, a moment,
 here ;

Enter Nerestan.

Zara will soon approach—I go, to find her.

[*Exit Orafmin.*

Nerestan. In what a state, in what a place, I leave her!
O, faith! O, father! O! my poor, lost sister!
She's here!—

Enter Zara.

Thank heaven, it is not, then, unlawful,
To see you, yet, once more, my lovely sister!
Not *all* so happy!—We, who met, but now,
Shall never meet *again*—for Lusignan—
We shall be orphans, still, and want a father.

Zara. Forbid it, heaven!

Nerestan. His last, sad hour's at hand.—
That flow of joy, which follow'd our discovery,
Too strong, and sudden, for his age's weakness,
Wasting his spirits, dry'd the source of life,
And nature yields him up, to time's demand:
Shall he not die, in peace?—Oh! let no doubt
Disturb his parting moments, with distrust;
Let me, when I return, to close his eyes,
Compose his *mind's* impatience, too, and tell him,
You are confirm'd a Christian.—

Zara. Oh! may his soul enjoy, in earth, and heaven,
Eternal rest! nor let one thought, one sigh,
One bold complaint, of *mine*, recall his cares!
But, *you* have injur'd me, who, still, can *doubt*.—
What! am I not your sister? and shall *you*
Refuse me credit? *you* suppose me light?
You, who should judge *my* honour, by your own!
Shall *you* distrust a truth, I dar'd avow,
And stamp apostate, on a sister's heart!

Nerestan. Ah! do not misconceive me!—if I err'd,
Affection, not distrust, misled my fear;
Your *will* may be a Christian, yet, *not* you;
There is a sacred *mark*—a *sign*, of faith,
A pledge, of promise, that must firm your claim;
Wash you from guilt, and open heaven before you.
Swear, swear, by all the woes, we all have borne,
By all the martyr'd saints, who call you daughter;

That

That you consent, this day, to seal our faith,
By that mysterious rite, which waits your call.

Zara. I swear, by Heaven, and all its holy host,
Its saints, its martyrs, its attesting angels,
And the dread presence of its living author,
To have no faith, but yours;—to die a Christian!
Now, tell me, what this mystic faith requires?

Nerestan. To hate the happiness of *Osman's* throne,
And love that God, who, thro' his maze of woes,
Has brought us all, unhoping, thus, together;
For me—I am a soldier, uninstructed,
Nor daring to instruct, tho' strong in faith:
But I will bring th' ambassador of heaven,
To clear your views, and lift you to your God:
Be it your task, to gain admission for him.—
But where? from whom?—Oh! thou immortal power!
Whence can we hope it, in this curs'd seraglio?
Who *is* this slave of *Osman*?—yes, this slave!
Does she not boast the blood of twenty kings?
Is not her race the same, with that of *Lewis*?
Is she not *Lusignan's* unhappy daughter?
A Christian? and my sister?—yet, a slave!
A *willing* slave!—I dare not speak, more plainly.

Zara. Cruel! go on—Alas! you know not *me*!
At once, a stranger, to my secret fate,
My pains, my fears, my wishes, and my power:
I am—I will be, Christian—will receive
This holy priest, with his mysterious blessing;
I will not do, nor suffer, aught, unworthy
Myself, my father, or my father's race.—
But, tell me—nor be tender, on this point;
What punishment your Christian laws decree,
For an unhappy wretch, who, to herself,
Unknown, and, all abandon'd, by the world,
Lost, and enslav'd, has, in her sov'reign master,
Found a protector; generous, as great,
Has touch'd *his* heart, and giv'n him, all her own?

Nerestan. The punishment of such a slave, *shou'd* be
Death, in *this* world—and pain, in *that* to come.

Zara.

Z A R A.

Zara. I am that slave—strike here—and save my shame.

Nerestan. Destruction to my hopes!—Can it be you?

Zara. It is—ador'd by Osman, I adore him:

This hour, the nuptial rites will make us, *one*.

Nerestan. What! marry Osman!—Let the world grow dark,

That the extinguish'd sun may hide thy shame!

Cou'd it be thus, it were no crime to kill thee.

Zara. Strike, strike—I love him—yes, by heav'n! I love him.

Nerestan. Death is thy due—but not thy due from *me*:

Yet, were the honour of our house no bar—

My father's fame, and the too gentle laws

Of that religion, which thou hast disgrac'd—

Did not the God, thou quit'st, hold back my arm,

Not there—I cou'd not there;—but, by my soul,

I wou'd rush, desp'rate, to the Sultan's breast,

And plunge my sword in his proud heart who damns thee.

Oh! shame! shame! shame! at such a time, as this!

When Lewis, that awak'ner of the world,

Beneath the lifted cross, makes Egypt pale,

And draws the sword of heaven, to spread our faith!

Now, to submit to see my sister, doom'd

A bosom slave, to him, whose tyrant heart

But measures glory, by the Christian's woe;

Yes—I will dare acquaint our father with it;

Departing Lusignan may live so long,

As just, to hear, thy shame, and die, to 'scape it.

Zara. Stay—my too angry brother—stay—perhaps,

Zara has resolution, great as thine:

'Tis cruel—and unkind!—Thy *words* are crimes;

My weakness but *misfortune*! Dost thou suffer?

I suffer more;—Oh! wou'd to heaven, this blood

Of twenty boasted kings, would stop, at once,

And stagnate in my heart!—It, then, no more

Would rush, in boiling fevers, thro' my veins,

And ev'ry trembling drop be fill'd with Osman.

How has he *lov'd* me! how has he *oblig'd* me!

I owe *thee* to him! what has he *not* done,

To

To justify his boundless pow'r of charming !
 For *me*, he softens the severe decrees
 Of his own faith ;—and is it just that *mine*
 Should bid me hate him, but because he loves me ?
 No—I will be a Christian—but preserve
 My gratitude as sacred as my faith :
 If I have death to fear, for Osman's sake,
 It must be from his *coldness*, not his *love*.

Nerestan. I must, at once, condemn and pity thee ;
 I cannot point thee out, which way to go,
 But providence will lend its light to guide thee.
 That sacred rite, which thou shalt, now, receive,
 Will strengthen and support thy feeble heart,
 To live, an innocent ; or die, a martyr :
 Here, then, begin performance of thy vow ;
 Here, in the trembling horrors of thy soul,
 Promise thy king, thy father, and thy God,
 Not to accomplish these detested nuptials,
 Till, first, the rev'rend priest has clear'd your eyes,
 Taught you to know, and giv'n you claim to heav'n.
 Promise me this—

Zara. So bless me, heaven ! I do.—
 Go—hasten the good priest, I will expect him ;
 But, first, return—cheer my expiring father,
 Tell him, I am, and will be, all he wishes me :
 Tell him, to give him life, 'twere joy to die.

Nerestan. I go—farewell—farewell, unhappy sister !
 [Exit *Nerestan*.]

Zara. I am alone—and, now, be just, my heart !
 And tell me, wilt thou dare betray thy God !
 What am I ? what am I about to be ?
 Daughter of Lusignan ?—or wife to Osman ?
 Am I a lover, most ? or, most, a Christian ?
 Wou'd Selima were come ! and, yet, 'tis just,
 All friends shou'd fly her, who forsakes herself :
 What shall I do ?—What heart has strength to bear
 These double weights of duty ?—help me, heaven !
 To thy hard laws I render up my soul :
 But, Oh ! demand it back—for, now, 'tis Osman's.—

Enter

Enter Osman.

Osman. Shine out, appear, be found, my lovely
Zara!

Impatient eyes attend—the rites expect thee;
And my devoted heart, no longer, brooks
This distance from its soft'ner!—all the lamps
Of nuptial love are lighted, and burn pure,
As if they drew their brightness from thy blushes;
The holy mosque is fill'd with fragrant fumes,
Which emulate the sweetness of thy breathing:
My prostrate people, all, confirm my choice,
And send their souls to heaven, in prayer, for blessings.
'Thy envious *rivals*, conscious of thy right,
Approve superior charms, and join to praise thee;
The throne, that waits thee, seems to shine more
richly,

As all its gems, with animated lustre,
Fear'd to look dim, beneath the eyes of Zara!
Come, my slow love! the ceremonies wait thee;
Come, and begin, from this dear hour, my triumph.

Zara. Oh! what a wretch am I? O, grief! Oh,
love!

Osman. Come — come —

Zara. Where shall I hide my blushes?

Osman. Blushes?—here, in my bosom, hide 'em.—

Zara. My Lord?

Osman. Nay, Zara—give me thy hand, and come—

Zara. Instruct me, heaven!

What I shou'd say—Alas! I cannot speak:

Osman. Away — this modest, sweet, reluctant,
trifling

But doubles my desires, and thy own beauties!

Zara. Ah, me!

Osman. Nay—but thou should'st not be *too* cruel—

Zara. I can, no longer, bear it—Oh! my Lord—

Osman. Ha!—what!—whence?—how?—

Zara.

Zara. My Lord! my Sov'reign!
 Heaven knows, this marriage wou'd have been a bliss,
 Above my humble hopes!—yet, witness love!
 Not from the grandeur of your throne, that bliss,
 But, from the pride of calling *Osman*, mine.
 Wou'd, you had been no Emperor! and I,
 Possess'd of power, and charms, deserving *you*!
 That, slighting Asia's thrones, I might, alone,
 Have left a proffer'd world, to follow *you*,
 Through desarts, uninhabited by men,
 And bless'd, with ample room, for peace, and love:
 But, as it is—these Christians——

Osman. Christians! what!
 How start two images into thy thoughts,
 So distant—as the Christians, and *my* love!

Zara. That good, old Christian, rev'rend *Lusignan*,
 Now, dying, ends his life, and woes, together!

Osman. Well! let him die—What has thy heart to feel,
 Thus pressing, and thus tender, from the death
 Of an old, wretched Christian?—Thank our Prophet,
 Thou art no Christian!—educated, here,
 Thy happy youth was taught our better faith:
 Sweet, as thy pity shines, 'tis, now, mis-tim'd,
 What! tho' an aged suff'rer dies, unhappy,
 Why shou'd his foreign fate disturb our joys?

Zara. Sir, if you love me, and wou'd have me think,
 That, I am, truly dear——

Osman. Heaven! *if* I love —

Zara. Permit me——

Osman. What?

Zara. To desire——

Osman. Speak out——

Zara. The nuptial rites
 May be deferr'd, till ——

Osman. What?—Is that the voice
 Of *Zara*?

Zara. Oh! I cannot bear his frown!

Osman. Of *Zara*!

Zara. It is dreadful to my heart,
 To give you but a seeming cause, for anger;

Pardon

Pardon my grief—Alas! I cannot bear it;
 There is a painful terror in your eye,
 That pierces to my soul—hid, from your sight,
 I go, to make a moment's truce, with tears,
 And gather force, to speak of my despair.

[Exit d'forderea.]

Osman. I stand, immoveable, like senseless marble!
 Horror had frozen my suspended tongue:
 And an astonish'd silence robb'd my will
 Of power, to tell her, that she shock'd my soul!
 Spoke she to *me*?—sure, I misunderstood her!
 Cou'd it be *me*, she left?—What have I seen!

Enter Orafmin.

Orafmin! What a change is here!—She's gone,
 And I permitted it, I know not how!

Orafmin. Perhaps, you but accuse the charming fault
 Of innocence, too modest, oft, in love.

Osman. But why, and whence, those tears?—those
 looks! that sight!

That grief! so strongly stamp'd on every feature!
 If it has been that Frenchman!—What a thought!
 How low, how horrid, a suspicion, that!
 The dreadful flash, at once, gives light, and kills me;
 My too bold confidence, repell'd my caution;
 An infidel!—a slave!—a heart, like mine,
 Reduc'd, to suffer, from so *wile* a rival!
 But, tell me, did'st thou mark 'em, at their parting?
 Did'st thou observe the language of their eyes?
 Hide nothing from me—Is my love betray'd?
 Tell me my whole disgrace: nay, if thou tremblest,
 I hear thy pity speak, though thou art silent.

Orafmin. I tremble at the pangs, I see you suffer;
 Let not your angry apprehension urge
 Your faithful slave, to irritate your anguish;
 I did, 'tis true, observe some parting tears;
 But, there are tears, of *charity*, and *grief*:
 I cannot think, there was a cause, deserving
 This agony of passion——

Osman.

Osman. Why, no—I thank thee——
Oraşmin, thou art wise ! It cou'd not be,
 That I shou'd stand, expos'd, to such an insult :
 Thou know'st, had *Zara* meant me the offence,
 She wants not wisdom, to have *hid* it, better ;
 How rightly did'st thou judge !—*Zara* shall know it :
 And thank thy honest service—After all,
 Might she not have some cause for tears, which I
 Claim no concern in—but the grief it gives her ?
 What an unlikely fear—from a poor slave !
 Who goes, to-morrow, and, no doubt, who wishes,
 Nay, who resolves to see these climes no more !

Oraşmin. Why did you, Sir, against our country's
 custom,
 Indulge him, with a second leave to come ?
 He said, he shou'd return, once more, to see her.
Osman. Return ! the traitor ! he return !—Dares he
 Presume, to press a second interview ?
 Wou'd he be seen again ?—He shall be seen ;
 But dead ;—I'll punish the audacious slave,
 To teach the faithless Fair, to feel my anger :
 Be *still*, my transports ; violence is blind :
 I know, my heart, at once, is fierce, and weak ;
 I feel, that I descend, below myself ;
Zara can never justly be suspected ;
 Her sweetness was not form'd to cover treason :
 Yet, *Osman* must not stoop to woman's follies.
 Their tears, complaints, regrets, and reconcilements,
 With all their light, capricious, roll of changes,
 Are arts, too vulgar, to be try'd on *me*.
 It wou'd become me, better, to resume
 The empire of my will :—Rather than fall
 Beneath myself, I must, how dear so'er
 It costs me, *rise*—till I look down, on *Zara* !
 Away—but mark me—these *Seraglio* doors,
 Against all Christians, be they, henceforth, shut,
 Close, as the dark retreats of silent death.—
 What have I done, just heav'n ! thy rage to move,
 That thou should'st sink me down, so low, to love !

End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Zara, Selima.

Selima.

A H! Madam, how, at once, I grieve your fate,
 And, how admire your virtue!—Heaven permits,
 And heaven will give you strength, to bear misfortune;
 To break these chains, so strong, and, yet, so dear.

Zara. Oh! that I could support the fatal struggle!

Selima. Th' Eternal aids your weakness, sees your will;
 Directs your purpose, and rewards your sorrows.

Zara. Never had wretch more cause, to *hope*, he does.

Selima. What! tho', you here, no more, behold your
 father!

There is a Father to be found, above,
 Who can restore that father to his daughter.

Zara. But, I have planted pain, in Osman's bosom;
 He loves me, ev'n to death!—and I reward him,
 With anguish, and despair:—How base; how cruel!
 But I deserv'd him not, I shou'd have been
 Too happy, and the hand of heaven repell'd me.

Selima. What! will you, then, regret the glorious loss,
 And hazard, thus, a vict'ry, bravely won?

Zara. Inhuman vict'ry!—thou dost not know,
 This love, so pow'rful, this sole joy of life,
 This first, best hope of earthly happiness,
 Is, yet, less pow'rful, in my heart, than heaven!
 To him, who made that heart, I offer it;
 There, there, I sacrifice my bleeding passion:
 I pour, before him, ev'ry guilty tear;
 I beg him, to efface the fond impression,
 And fill with his own image, all my soul;
 But, while I weep, and sigh, repent, and pray,
 Remembrance brings the object of my love,
 And ev'ry light illusion floats before him.

I see,

I see, I hear him, and, again, he charms!
 Fills my glad soul, and shines, 'twixt me, and heav'n!
 Oh! all ye royal ancestors! Oh, father!
 Mother! you Christians, and the Christians' God!
 You, who deprive me of this gen'rous lover!
 If you permit me not to live for him,
 Let me not live at all, and I am blest'd:
 Let me die, innocent; let his dear hand
 Close the sad eyes of her, he stoop'd to love,
 And I acquit my fate, and ask no more.
 But he forgives me not—regardless, now,
 Whether, or how, I live, or, when I die.
 He quits me, scorns me—and I, yet live on,
 And talk of death, as distant.—

Selima. Ah! despair not,

Trust your Eternal Helper, and be happy.

Zara. Why—what has Osman done, that *he*, too,
 shou'd not?

Has heaven, so nobly, form'd his heart, to *bate* it?
 Gen'rous, and just, beneficent, and brave,
 Were he but Christian—What can man be, *more*?
 I wish, methinks, this reverend priest were come,
 To free me from these doubts, which shake my soul:
 Yet, know not, why I should not dare to hope,
 That heav'n, whose mercy all confess, and feel,
 Will pardon, and approve, th' alliance wish'd:
 Perhaps, it seats me on the throne of Syria,
 To tax my pow'r, for these good Christians' comfort.
 Thou know'st the mighty Saladine, who, first,
 Conquer'd this empire, from my father's race,
 Who, like my Osman, charm'd th' admiring world,
 Drew breath, tho' Syrian, from a Christian mother.

Selima. What mean you, Madam! Ah! you do not
 see ———

Zara. Yes, yes—I see it all; I am not blind:
 I see, my country, and my race, condemn me;
 I see, that, spite of all, I still love Osman.
 What! if I, now, go throw me at his feet,
 And tell him, there, sincerely, what I am.

Selima.

Selima. Consider—*that* might cost your brother's life,
Expose the Christians, and betray you all.

Zara. You do not know the noble heart of Osman.

Se'ima. I know him the protector of a faith,
Sworn enemy to ours;—The *more* he loves,
The *less* will he permit you, to profess
Opinions, which he hates: to-night, the priest,
In private, introduc'd, attends you, here;
You promis'd him admission—

Zara. Wou'd I had not!

I promis'd, too, to keep this fatal secret;
My father's urg'd command requir'd it, twice;
I must obey, all dangerous, as it is:
Compell'd to silence, Osman is enrag'd,
Suspicion follows, and I lose his love.

Enter Osman.

Osman. Madam! there was a time, when my charm'd
heart

Made it a virtue, to be lost, in love;
When, without blushing, I indulg'd my flame;
And ev'ry day, still, made you dearer to me.
You taught me, Madam, to believe, my love
Rewarded, and return'd—nor was that hope,
Methinks, too bold for reason: Emperors,
Who chuse to sigh, devoted, at the feet
Of beauties, whom the world conceive their slaves,
Have fortune's claim, at least; to sure success:
But, 'twere prophane to think of pow'r, in love.
Dear, as my passion makes you, I decline
Possession of her charms, whose heart's another's;
You will not find me a weak, jealous, lover,
By coarse reproaches giving pain to you,
And shaming my own greatness—wounded deeply,
Yet shunning, and disdainng, low complaint,
I come—to tell you—

Zara. Give my trembling heart
A moment's respite—

Osman. That unwilling coldness,

Is the just prize of your capricious lightness;
 Your ready arts may spare the fruitless pains,
 Of colouring deceit with fair pretences;
 I would not wish to hear your slight excuses;
 I cherish ignorance, to save my blushes.
 Osman, in ev'ry trial, shall remember,
 That he is Emperor—Whate'er I suffer,
 'Tis due to honour, that I give up you,
 And, to my injur'd bosom, take despair,
 Rather than, shamefully, possess you, fighting,
 Convinc'd, those sighs were, never, meant for me.—
 Go, Madam—you are free—from Osman's pow'r—
 Expect no wrongs, but see his face no more.

Zara. At last, 'tis come—the fear'd, the murd'ring
 moment

Is come—and I am curs'd by earth and heaven!

[Throws herself on the ground.]

If it is true, that I am lov'd no more;—

If you—

Osman. It is too true, my *fame* requires it;
 It is too true, that I, unwilling, leave you:
 That I, at once, renounce you, and adore—

Zara!—you weep!

Zara. If I am doom'd to lose you,
 If I must wander o'er an empty world,
 Unloving, and unlov'd—Oh! yet, do justice
 To the afflicted—do not wrong me doubly;
 Punish me, if 'tis needful to your peace,
 But say not, I deserv'd it—This, at least,
 Believe—for, not the greatness of your soul
 Is truth, more pure, and sacred—no regret
 Can touch my bleeding heart, for I have lost
 The rank, of her, you raise to share your throne:
 I know, I never ought to have been there;
 My fate, and my defects require, I lose you:
 But ah! my heart was, never, known to Osman.
 May heaven, that punishes, for ever hate me,
 If I regret the loss of aught, but *you*.

Osman. Rise—rise—This means not love?

*[Raises her—
 Zara.]*

Zara. Strike—Strike me, heaven!

Osman. What! is it love, to force yourself to wound
The heart, you wish to gladden?—But I find,
Lovers least know *themselves*; for, I believ'd,
That I had taken back the power I gave you;
Yet, see!—you did but weep, and have resum'd me!
Proud, as I am—I must confess, one with
Evades my power—the blessing to forget you.
Zara—Thy tears were form'd to teach disdain,
'That softness can disarm it.—'Tis decreed,
I must, for ever, love—but, from what cause,
If thy consenting heart partakes my fires,
Art thou reluctant to a blessing, meant me?
Speak? Is it levity—or, is it fear?
Fear of a power, that, but for blessing *thee*,
Had, without joy, been painful.—Is it artifice?
Oh! spare the needless pains—*Art* was not made
For Zara;—*Art*, however innocent,
Looks like deceiving—I abhor'd it ever.

Zara. Alas! I have no art, not ev'n enough,
To hide this love, and this distress, you give me.

Osman. New riddles! Speak, with plainness to my
soul;
What can'st thou mean?

Zara. I have no power to speak it.

Osman. Is it some secret, dangerous to my state?
Is it some Christian plot, grown ripe, against me?

Zara. Lives there a wretch, so vile, as to betray you!
Osman is bless'd, beyond the reach of fear;
Fears, and misfortunes, threaten only Zara.

Osman. *Why* threaten Zara?

Zara. Permit me, at your feet,
Thus, trembling, to beseech a favour from you.

Osman. A favour!—Oh; you guide the will of
Osman.

Zara. Ah! wou'd to heaven, our duties were united,
Firm, as our thoughts and wishes!—But this day,
But this one sad, unhappy day, permit me,
Alone, and far-divided, from your eye,
To cover my distress, lest you, too tender,

Shou'd

Shou'd see, and share it with me—from to-morrow,
I will not have a thought, conceal'd from you.

Osman. What strange disquiet! from what stranger
cause?

Zara. If I am, really, bless'd with *Osman's* love,
He will not, then, refuse this humble prayer.

Osman. If it must be, it must.—Be pleas'd—my will
Takes purpose, from your wishes;—and, consent
Depends not on my choice, but your decree:
Go—but remember, how he loves, who thus,
Finds a delight in pain, because you give it.

Zara. It gives me more than Pain, to make you feel
it.

Osman. And—can you, *Zara*, leave me?

Zara. Alas! my lord!

[*Exit Zara.*]

Osman. [*Alone*] It shou'd be, yet, methinks, too soon
to fly me!

Too-soon, as yet, to wrong my easy faith;
The *more* I think, the *less* I can conceive,
What hidden cause shou'd raise such strange despair!
Now, when her hopes have wings, and ev'ry wish
Is courted to be lively!—When I love,
And joy, and empire, press her to their bosom;
When, not alone belov'd, but, ev'n, a lover:
Professing, and accepting; bless'd, and blessing;
To see her eyes, through tears, shine mystic love!
'Tis madness! and I were unworthy power,
To suffer, longer, the capricious insult!
Yet, was I blameless?—No—I was too rash;
I have felt jealousy, and spoke it, to her;
I have distrusted her—and still she loves:
Gen'rous atonement, that! and 'tis my duty
To expatiate, by a length of soft indulgence,
The transports of a rage, which, still, was love.
Henceforth, I, never, will suspect her false;
Nature's plain power of charming dwells about her,
And innocence gives force to ev'ry word:
I owe full confidence to all, she *looks*,
For, in her eye, shines truth, and ev'ry beam
Shoots confirmation round her:—I remark'd,

Ev'n, while she wept, her soul, a thousand times,
 Sprung to her lips, and long'd to leap to mine,
 With honest, ardent, utterance of her love.—
 Who can possess a heart, so low, so base,
 To look such tenderness, and, yet, have none?

Enter Melidor, with Orasmin.

Melidor. This letter, great disposer of the world!
 Address'd to Zara, and, in private, brought,
 Your faithful guards, this moment, intercepted,
 And, humbly, offer, to your sovereign eye.

Osman. Come nearer; give it me.—To Zara.—Rise!
 Bring it with speed—Shame on your flatt'ring distance—

[Advancing, and snatching the letter.]

Be honest—and approach me, like a subject,
 Who serves the Prince, yet, not forgets the man.

Melidor. One of the Christian slaves, whom, late, your
 bounty
 Releas'd from bondage, fought, with heedful guile,
 Unnotic'd, to deliver it—Discover'd
 He waits, in chains, his doom, from your decree.

Osman. Leave me—I tremble, as if something fatal,
 Were meant me, from this letter—shou'd I read it?

Orasmin. Who knows, but it contains some happy
 truth,
 That may remove all doubts, and calm your heart?

Osman. Be it, as 'twill—it *shall* be read—my hands
 Have apprehension, that outreaches mine!

Why shou'd they tremble, thus?—'Tis done—and now,
[Opens the letter.]

Fate be thy call obey'd—Orasmin, mark—

“ There is a secret passage, tow'rd the mosque,
 “ That way, you might escape; and, unperceiv'd,
 “ Fly your observers, and fulfil our hope;
 “ Despise the danger, and depend on me,
 “ Who wait you, but to die, if you deceive.”

Hell! tortures! death! and woman!—What? Orasmin?
 I Are

Are we awake? Heard'st thou? Can this be Zará?

Orafmin. Wou'd I had lost all sense—for what I heard,
Has cover'd my afflicted heart with horror!

Osman. Thou see'st how I am treated?

Orafmin. Monstrous treason!

To an affront, like this, you cannot—must not—
Remain, insensible—You, who, but now,
From the most slight suspicion, felt such pain,
Must, in the horror of so black a guilt,
Find an effectual cure, and banish love.

Osman. Seek her this instant—go—*Orafmin*, fly—
Shew her this letter—bid her read, and tremble:

Then, in the rising horrors of her guilt,
Stab her unfaithful breast—and let her die.

Say, while thou strik'st—Stay, stay—return, and pity
me:

I will think, first, a moment—Let that Christian

Be, strait, confronted with her—Stay—I will,

I will—I know not what!—Wou'd, I were dead!

Wou'd, I had dy'd, unconscious of this shame!

Orafmin. Never did Prince receive so bold a wrong.

Osman. See! here, detected, this infernal secret!

This fountain of her tears, which my weak heart
Mistook for marks of tenderness and pain!

Why! what a reach has woman, to deceive!

Under how fine a veil, of grief, and fear,

Did she propose retirement, 'till to-morrow!

And I, blind dotard! gave the fool's consent,

Sooth'd her, and suffer'd her to go!—She parted,

Dissolv'd in tears; and parted, to betray me!

Orafmin. Reflection serves but to confirm her guilt:

At length, resume yourself; awaken thought;

Affert your greatness; and resolve, like *Osman*.

Osman. Nerestan, too—Was this the boasted honour

Of that proud Christian? whom Jerusalem

Grew loud, in praising! whose half-envy'd virtue

I wonder'd at, myself! and felt disdain,

To be but, equal, to a Christian's greatness!

And does he thank me thus—base infidel!

Honest, pretending, pious, *praying*, villain!

Yet, Zara is, a thousand times, more base,
More hypocrite, than he!—a slave! a wretch!
So low, so lost, that, ev'n the vilest labours,
In which he lay, condemn'd, could never sink him,
Beneath his native infamy—Did she not know,
What I have done, what suffer'd—for her sake?

Oraſmin. Cou'd you, my gracious lord! forgive my
zeal,
You wou'd—

Osman. I know it—Thou art right—I'll see her—
I'll tax her, in thy preſence;—I'll upbraid her—
I'll let her learn—Go—find, and bring her, to me.

Oraſmin. Alas! my lord, diſorder'd as you are,
What can you wiſh to ſay?

Osman. I know not, now:—
But I reſolve to ſee her—leſt ſhe think,
Her falſhood has, perhaps, the power to grieve me.

Oraſmin. Believe me, Sir, your threat'nings, your
complaints,

What will they all produce, but Zara's tears,
To quench this fancy'd anger! your loſt heart,
Seduc'd, againſt itſelf, will ſearch but reaſons,
To juſtify the guilt, which gives it pain:
Rather conceal, from Zara, this diſcovery:
And let ſome truſty ſlave convey the letter,
Reclos'd, to her own hand—then, ſhall you learn,
Spite of her frauds, diſguiſe, and artifice,
The firmneſs, or abaſement, of her ſoul.

Osman. Thy counſel charms me! We'll about it, now:
'Twill be ſome recompence, at leaſt, to ſee
Her bluſhes, when detect'd.——

Oraſmin. Oh! my Lord,
I doubt you, in the trial——for, your heart——

Osman. Diſtruſt me not——my love, indeed, is weak,
But, honour, and diſdain, more ſtrong than Zara:
Here, take this fatal letter—chuſe a ſlave,
Whom, yet, ſhe never ſaw, and who retains
His try'd fidelity——Diſpatch——be gone——

[*Exit Oraſmin.*
Now, whither ſhall I turn my eyes, and ſteps,

The

The surest way, to shun her; and give time
For this discovering trial?—Heav'n! she's here!

Enter Zara.

So, Madam! fortune will befriend my cause,
And free me from your fetters:—You are met,
Most aptly, to dispel a new-ris'n doubt,
That claims the finest of your arts, to gloss it.
Unhappy, each, by other, it is time,
To end our mutual pain, that both may rest:
You want not generosity, but love:
My pride forgotten, my obtruded throne,
My favours, cares, respect, and tenderness,
Touching your gratitude, provok'd regard;
'Till, by a length of benefits, besieg'd,
Your heart submitted, and you, thought 'twas love;
But, you deceiv'd yourself, and injur'd me.
There is, I'm told, an object, more deserving
Your love, than Osman—I wou'd know his name:
Be just, nor trifle with my anger: tell me,
Now, while expiring pity struggles, faint;
While I have yet, perhaps, the pow'r to pardon:
Give up the bold invader of my claim,
And let him die, to save thee.—Thou art known;
Think, and resolve——While I yet speak, renounce him;
While yet the thunder rolls, suspended, stay it;
Let thy voice charm me, and recall my soul,
That turns, averse, and dwells no more on Zara.

Zara. Can it be Osman, speaks? and speaks to Zara?
Learn, cruel! learn, that this afflicted heart,
This heart, which heaven delights to prove, by tortures,
Did it not love, has pride, and pow'r, to shun you:
Alas! you will not know me! What have I
To fear, but that unhappy love, you question?
That love, which, only, cou'd outweigh the shame,
I feel, while I descend, to weep my wrongs.
I know not, whether heaven, that frowns upon me,
Has destin'd my unhappy days, for your's;
But, be my fate, or blest'd, or curs'd, I swear,
By honour, dearer ev'n than life, or love,

Cou'd Zara be but mistress of herself,
 She wou'd, with cold regard, look down on kings,
 And, you alone excepted, fly 'em all:
 Wou'd you learn more, and open all my heart?
 Know then, that, spite of this renew'd injustice,
 I do not—cannot—wish to love you less:
 That, long before you look'd so low, as Zara,
 She gave her heart to Osman—Yours, before
 Your benefits had bought her, or your eye
 Had thrown distinction round her; never had,
 Nor ever will acknowledge, other lover.——
 And, to this sacred truth, attesting heaven!
 I call thy dreadful notice! If my heart
 Deserves reproach, 'tis *for*, but not *from* Osman.

Osman. What! does she, yet, presume to swear
 sincerity!

Oh! boldness of unblushing perjury!
 Had I not seen, had I not read, such proof,
 Of her light falshood, as extinguish'd doubt,
 I cou'd not be a man, and not believe her.

Zara. Alas! my Lord, what cruel fears have seiz'd
 you?

What harsh, mysterious words were those, I heard?

Osman. What fears should Osman feel, since Zara
 loves him?

Zara. I cannot live, and answer to your voice,
 In that reproachful tone!—Your angry eye
 Trembles with fury, while you talk of love;

Osman. Since Zara *LOVES* him!

Zara. Is it possible,
 Osman should disbelieve it?—Again, again
 Your late-repent'd violence returns;
 Alas! what killing frowns you dart against me!
 Can it be kind? Can it be just, to doubt me?

Osman. No—I can doubt no longer—You may
 retire. [Exit Zara.]

Re-enter Orasmin.

Orasmin! she's perfidious, ev'n beyond

Her

Her sex's undiscover'd power of seeming :
 She's at the topmost point of shameless artifice ;
 An empress, at deceiving !—Soft, and easy,
 Destroying like a plague, in calm tranquillity :
 She's innocent, she swears—So is the fire ;
 It *shines*, in harmless distance, bright, and pleasing,
 Consuming nothing, till it, first, embraces.—
 Say ? Hast thou chos'n a slave ?—Is he instructed ?
 Hast, to detect her vileness, and my wrongs.

Oraşmin. Punctual, I have obey'd your whole command ;
 But, have you arm'd, my Lord, your injur'd heart,
 With coldness, and indiff'rence ? Can you hear,
 All, painless and unmov'd, the false one's shame ?

Osman. Oraşmin ! I adore her, more than ever !

Oraşmin. My Lord ! my Emperor ! forbid it, heaven !

Osman. I have discern'd a gleam of distant hope ;
 This hateful Christian, the light growth of France,
 Proud, young, vain, amorous, conceited, rash,
 Has misconceiv'd some charitable glance,
 And judg'd it love, in Zara : He, alone,
 Then, has offended me.—Is it her fault,
 If those, she charms, are indiscreet and daring ?
 Zara, perhaps, expected not this letter ;
 And I, with rashness, groundless, as its writer's,
 Took fire, at my own fancy, and have wrong'd her.
 Now, hear me, with attention—Soon as night
 Has thrown her welcome shadows o'er the palace ;
 When this Nereştan, this ungrateful Christian,
 Shall lurk, in expectation, near our walls,
 Be watchful, that our guards surprize, and seize him ;
 Then, bound in fetters, and o'erwhelm'd with shame,
 Conduct the daring traitor to my presence ;
 But, above all, be sure, you hurt not Zara :
 Mindful to what supreme excess, I love.
 I feel, I must confess, a kind of shame,
 And blush, at my own tenderness ;—but, faith,
 Howe'er it seems deceiv'd, were weak, as I am,
 Cou'd it admit distrust, to blot its face,
 And give appearance way, till proof takes place.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Zara, Selima.

Zara. **S**OOOTH me, no longer, with this vain
desire ;

To a recluse, like *me*, *who* dares, henceforth,
Presume admission !—the Seraglio's *shut*—
Barr'd, and unpassable—as *death*, to *time* !
My brother ne'er must hope to see me, more :—
How now ! what unknown slave accosts us, here !

Enter Melidor.

Melidor. This letter, trusted to my hands, receive,
In secret witness, I am, wholly, yours.

[Zara reads the letter.]

Selima. *[Aside.]* Thou, everlasting ruler of the
world !

Shed thy wish'd mercy on our hopeless tears ;
Redeem us from the hands of hated infidels,
And save my princess from the breast of Osman.

Zara. I wish, my friend, the comfort of your
council.

Selima. Retire—you shall be call'd—wait near—Go,
leave us : *[Exit Melidor.]*

Zara. Read this—and tell me, what I ought to
answer ?

For I would, gladly hear my brother's voice.

Selima. Say rather, you wou'd hear the voice of
heav'n.

'Tis not your brother, calls you, but your God.

Zara. I know it, nor resist his awful will ;
Thou know'st that, I have bound my soul, by Oath ;
But, can I—ought I—to engage myself,
My brother, and the Christians in this danger ?

Selima. 'Tis not their danger, that alarms your fear ;
Your love speaks loudest, to your shrinking soul ;

I know

I know your heart, of strength, to hazard all,
 But, it has let in traitors, who surrender,
 On poor pretence of safety:—Learn, at least,
 To understand, the weakness that deceives you :
 You tremble, to offend your haughty lover,
 Whom wrongs, and outrage, but endear the more ;
 Yes—you are blind to Osman's cruel nature,
 That Tartar's fierceness, that obscures his bounties :
 This tiger, savage, in his tenderness,
 Courts, with contempt, and threatens, amidst softness ;
 Yet, cannot your neglected heart efface
 His fated, fix'd impression !

Zara. What reproach

Can I, with justice, make him ?—I, indeed,
 Have given him cause to hate me !—
 Was not his throne, was not his temple, ready ?
 Did not he court his slave, to be a queen ?
 And have not I declin'd it ?—I, who ought
 To tremble, conscious of affronted power !
 Have not I triumph'd o'er his pride, and love ?
 Seen him submit his own high will, to mine ?
 And sacrifice his wishes, to my weakness ?

Selima. Talk we, no more, of this unhappy passion :
 What resolution will your virtue take ?

Zara. All things combine, to sink me to despair :
 From the Seraglio, death, alone, will free me.
 I long to see the Christians' happy climes ;
 Yet, in the moment, while I form that prayer,
 I sigh a secret wish, to languish, here :
 How sad a state is mine ! my restless soul
 All ign'rant, what to do, or what to wish ?
 My only *perfect* sense is, that of pain.
 O, guardian heav'n ! protect my brother's life :
 For I will meet him, and fulfil his prayer.
 Then, when, from Solyma's unfriendly walls,
 His absence shall unbind his sister's tongue,
 Osman shall learn the secret of my birth,
 My faith unshaken, and my deathless love ;
 He will approve my choice, and pity me.
 I'll send my brother word, he may expect me ;

Call

Call in the faithful slave—God of my fathers!

Let thy hand save me, and thy will direct. [Exit Selima.]

Enter Selima, and Melidor.

Go——tell the Christian, who intrusted thee,
That Zara's heart is fix'd, nor shrinks at danger;
And, that my faithful friend will, at the hour,
Expect, and introduce him, to his wish.

Away—the Sultan comes; he must not find us.

[Exeunt Zara and Selima.]

Enter Osman, and Orasmin.

Osman. Swifter, ye hours, move on; my fury glows
Impatient, and wou'd push the wheels of time:
How now! What message dost thou bring? Speak
boldly——

What answer gave she, to the letter, sent her?

Melidor. She blush'd, and trembled, and grew pale,
and paus'd;

Then blush'd, and read it; and, again, grew pale;
And wept, and smil'd, and doubted, and resolv'd:
For, after all this race of vary'd passions,
When she had sent me out, and call'd me back,
Tell him (she cry'd) who has intrusted thee,
That Zara's heart is fix'd, nor shrinks at danger;
And, that my faithful friend will, at the hour,
Expect, and introduce him, to his wish.

Osman. Enough—he gone—I have no ear for more.—

[To the slave.]

Leave me, thou, too, Orasmin.—Leave me life,

[To Orasmin.]

For, ev'ry mortal aspect moves my hate:

Leave me, to my distraction—I grow mad,

And cannot bear the visage of a friend.

Leave me, to rage, despair, and shame, and wrongs;

Leave me, to seek myself—and shun mankind.

[Alone.]

[*Alone.*]

Who *am* I?—Heav'n! Who *am* I? What resolve I?
 Zara! Nereftan! Sound these words, like names
 Dece'd to join!—Why pause I?—Perish Zara—
 Wou'd, I cou'd tear her image from my heart:—
 'Twere happier, not to live, at all, than live
 Her scorn, the sport of an ungrateful false one!
 And sink the sovereign, in a woman's property.

Re-enter Orasmin.

Orasmin!—Friend! return—I cannot bear
 This absence, from thy reason: 'Twas unkind,
 'Twas cruel, to obey me; thus distress'd,
 And wanting pow'r to *think*, when I had lost thee.
 How goes the hour? Has he appear'd? This rival!
 Perish the shameful sound—This villain Christian!
 Has he appear'd, below?

Orasmin. Silent, and dark,
 Th' unbreathing world is hush'd, as if it heard,
 And listened to, your sorrows.

Osman. O, treach'rous night!
 Thou lend'st thy ready veil, to ev'ry treason,
 And teeming mischiefs thrive, beneath thy shade.
 Orasmin! Prophet! Reason! Truth! and Love!
 After such length of benefits, to wrong me!
 How have I over-rated, how mistaken,
 The merit of her beauty!—Did I not
 Forget I was a monarch? Did I remember,
 That Zara was a slave?—I gave up all;
 Gave up tranquillity, distinction, pride,
 And fell, the shameful victim of my love!

Orasmin. Sir! sovereign! sultan! my imperial master!
 Reflect on your own greatness, and disdain
 The distant provocation.—

Osman. Heard'st thou nothing?

Orasmin. My Lord?

Osman. A voice, like dying groans?

Orasmin. I listen, but can hear nothing.

Osman. Again!—look out—he comes—

Orasmin.

Orafmin. Nor tread of mortal foot—nor voice I hear :
The still Seraglio lies, profoundly plung'd,
In death-like silence! nothing stirs.—The air
Is soft, as infants' sleep, no breathing wind
Steals, thro' the shadows, to awaken night.

Osman. Horrors, a thousand times more dark than
these,
Benight my suff'ring soul—Thou dost not know
To what excess of tenderness, I lov'd her:
I knew no happiness, but what she gave me,
Nor cou'd have felt a mis'ry, but for her!
Pity this weakness—mine are tears, *Orafmin!*
That fall not oft, nor lightly.—

Orafmin. Tears!—Oh, heaven!

Osman. The first, which, ever, yet, unmann'd my
eyes!
O! pity *Zara*—pity *me*—*Orafmin*,
These but forerun the tears of destin'd blood.

Orafmin. Oh, my unhappy Lord!—I tremble, for
you——

Osman. Do——tremble at my suff'rings, at my love ;
At my revenge, too, tremble—for, 'tis due,
And will not be deluded.

Orafmin. Hark! I hear
The steps of men, along the neighb'ring wall!—

Osman. Fly——seize him——'tis *Nereftan*! wait no
chains,
But, drag him down, to my impatient eye.

[*Exit Orafmin.*]

Enter Zara, and Selima, in the dark.

Zara. Where art thou, *Selima*? Give me thy hand ;
It is so dark, I tremble, as I step,
With fears, and startings, never felt, 'till now!

Osman. Damnation! 'tis her voice! the well-known
sound,
That has, so often, charm'd me into baseness!
Oh! the perfidious hypocrite!——she goes,
To

To meet th' inviting infidel!—now, now,
[Drawing a dagger.]

Revenge, stand firm, and intercept his wishes :—
Revenge! On whom?—no matter—Earth, and heaven,
Wou'd blush, shou'd I forbear : Now—Zara, now ;

[Drops the dagger.]
I must not—cannot strike, the starting steel,
Unwilling, flies my hand, and shuns to wound her.

Zara. This is the private path—come nearer, lead
me—

Are we not notic'd, think'st thou ?

Selima. Fear not, Madam ;

It cannot, now, be long, ere we shall meet him.

Osman. That word has giv'n me, back, my ebbing
rage— [Recovers the dagger.]

Zara. I walk in terror, and my heart forebodes :
Who's there?—Nereftan ! Is it you?—Oh ! welcome—

Osman. [Stabbing her.] This to thy heart—'Tis not
the traitor meets thee,

'Tis the betray'd—who writes it, in thy blood.

Zara. O, gracious heaven ! receive my parting soul.
[Dies.]

Osman. Soul?—then Revenge has reach'd thee—I will,
now,

Haste, from this fatal place—I cannot leave her !

Whom did I strike ? Was this the act of love ?

Swallow me, earth !—She's silent—Zara's dead !

And should I live, to see returning day,

'Twill shew me but her blood !—shew me, left joyless,

In a wide, empty world, with nothing round me,

But penitence, and pain—and, yet, 'twas just :—

Hark !—Destiny has sent her lover to me,

To fill my vengeance, and restore my joy.

Enter Orasmin with Nereftan.

Approach, thou wretch ! thou more than curs'd ! come
near——

Thou ! who, in gratitude, for freedom gain'd,

Hast giv'n me miseries, beyond thy own !

Thou

Thou heart of hero, with a traitor's soul!
Go—reap thy due reward, prepare to suffer,
Whate'er inventive malice can inflict,
To make thee *feel* thy death, and perish, flow!
Are my commands obey'd?

Orafin. All is prepar'd.

Osman. Thy wanton eyes look round, in search of her,
Whose love, descending to a slave, like thee,
From my dishonour'd hand, receiv'd her doom:
See! where she lies——

Nerestan. O, fatal, rash, mistake!

Osman. Dost thou behold her, slave?

Nerestan. Unhappy sister!

Osman. Sister!——Did'st thou say sister? If thou
did'st,

Bless me with deafness, heaven!

Nerestan. Tyrant! I did——

She *was* my sister—All, that, now, is left thee,
Dispatch——From my distracted heart, drain, next,
The remnant of the royal, Christian, blood:
Old Lusignan, expiring, in my arms,
Sent his too wretched son, with his last blessing,
To his, now, murder'd daughter!——

Wou'd I had seen the bleeding innocent!

I wou'd have liv'd, to speak to her, in death;

Wou'd have awaken'd in her languid heart,

A livelier sense of her abandon'd God:

That God, who, left by her, forsook her, too,

And gave the poor, lost, suff'rer, to thy rage.

Osman. Thy sister?——Lusignan, her father——

Selima!

Can this be true;—and have I wrong'd thee, Zara?

Selima. Thy love was all the cloud, 'twixt her, and
heav'n!

Osman. Be dumb——for thou art base to add dis-
traction,

To my, already, more than bleeding heart:

And was thy love sincere?—What, then, remains?

Nerestan. Why shou'd a tyrant hesitate, on murder!

There, now, remains, but mine, of all the blood,

Which,

Which, through thy father's cruel reign, and thine,
 Has, never, ceas'd to stream, on Syria's sands;
 Restore a wretch to his unhappy race;
 Nor hope, that torments, after such a scene,
 Can force one feeble groan, to feast thy anger.
 I waste my fruitless words, in empty air;
 The tyrant, o'er the bleeding wound, he made,
 Hangs his unmoving eye, and heeds not me.

Osman. O, Zara!—

Orasmin. Alas! my lord, return—whither wou'd
 grief

Transport your gen'rous heart?—This Christian dog—

Osman. Take off his fetters, and observe my will:
 To him, and all his friends, give instant liberty:
 Pour a profusion of the richest gifts
 On these unhappy Christians; and, when heap'd,
 With vary'd benefits, and charg'd, with riches,
 Give 'em safe conduct, to the nearest port.

Orasmin. But, Sir—

Osman. Reply not, but obey.—
 Fly—nor dispute thy master's last command,
 Thy prince, who orders—and thy friend, who loves
 thee!

Go—lose no time—farewell—be gone—and thou!

Unhappy warrior!—yet, less lost, than I!—

Haste, from our bloody land—and, to thy own,

Convey this poor, pale, object of my rage:

Thy King, and all his Christians, when they hear

Thy miseries, shall mourn 'em, with their tears;

But, if thou tell'st 'em mine, and tell'st 'em, truly,

They, who shall hate my crime, shall pity *me*.

Take, too, this poignard, with thee, which my hand

Has stain'd with blood, far dearer than my own;

Tell 'em—with this, I murder'd, her, I lov'd;

The noblest, and most virtuous, among women!

The soul of innocence, and pride of truth!

Tell 'em, I laid my empire at her feet;

Tell 'em, I plung'd my dagger in her blood;

Tell 'em, I so ador'd—and, thus reveng'd her.

[*Stabs himself.*
 Rev'rence

Rev'rence this heroe—and conduct him safely off! *[Exit]*

Nereïdan. Direct me, Great inspirer of the soul!
How shou'd I act, how judge, in this distress?
Amazing grandeur! and detested rage!
Ev'n I, amidst my tears, admire this foe,
And mourn his death, who liv'd to give me woe.

End of the Fifth Act

E P I

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

HERE, take a surfeit, Sirs, of being jealous,
And shun the pains, that plague those Turkish
fellows:

Where LOVE and DEATH join hands, their darts confounding,

Save us, good heav'n! from this new way of WOUND-
ING!

Curs'd climate!—where, to CARDS, a lone-left Woman
Has only, one of her black guards, to summon!

Sighs, and sits mop'd, with her tame beast to gaze at:

And, that cold treat, is all the game she plays at!

For—should she once, some abler hand be trying,

Poignard's the word! and, the first deal is—DYING!

'Slife! shou'd the bloody whim get ground, in Britain,
Where woman's FREEDOM has such heights, to sit on;
Daggers, PROVOK'D, wou'd bring on DESOLATION:
And, murder'd belles un-people half the nation!—

Fain wou'd I hope this Play, to move compassion;
And live, to hunt SUSPICION out of Fashion.—

FOUR motives, strongly recommend, to lovers,
Hate of this weakness, that our scene discovers:

First then—A woman WILL, or WON'T—depend on't:
If she will do't, she WILL:—and, there's an end on't.
But, if she won't—since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is AFFRONT: and jealousy INJUSTICE.

Next,—He who bids his dear do, what she pleases,
Blunts wedlock's edge; and, all its torture eases:
For—not to feel your suff'rings, is the same,
As not to suffer:—All the diff'rence—name.

Thirdly—

EPILOGUE.

Thirdly---*The jealous husband wrongs his honour ;
No wife goes lame, without some hurt upon her :
And, the malicious world will still be guessing,
Who, oft, dines out, dislikes her own cook's dressing.*

Fourthly, and lastly,---*to conclude my lecture,
If you wou'd fix th' inconstant wife---RESPECT her :
She who perceives her virtues OVER-RATED,
Will fear to have th' account more justly stated :
And, borrow'ing, from her pride, the good wife's SEEMING,
Grow REALLY SUCH---to merit your esteeming.*

THE END.





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