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PLAYS,

SIBYL.

TELEMACHUS.

ÆNEAS.

BY

CHAS. GILDEILAUS.



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ST. LOUIS.

TO SHAKESPEARE.

Henry and Hamlet,
Born by chance,
Were raised to fame
On Shakespeare's lance.

Supreme creator,
Who of man,
Save our Redeemer,
Leads thy van :

The woe and weal
Of great and small
Responded to
Thy magic call.—

I learned to love,
When yet a child,
Thy wondrous music
Fierce and mild :

With growing years
I 'gan to see
The truth of thy
Philosophy.

To Shakspeare.

Your clarion voice
Rings from the goal
Starting an echo
In my soul ;

And now I prattle
Of king and clown,
Of earth and heaven,
Up and down.

My truest notes
I owe to thee ;
The false, to my
Infirmity.

SIBYL.

A DRAMA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ROBERT INGRAHAM.

EDWARD, *his son.*

HENRY CLIFFORD.

LOUIS LE NOM.

WALTER HARVEY.

WILLIAM.

A PRIEST.

ISABEL, *wife of Robert Ingraham.*

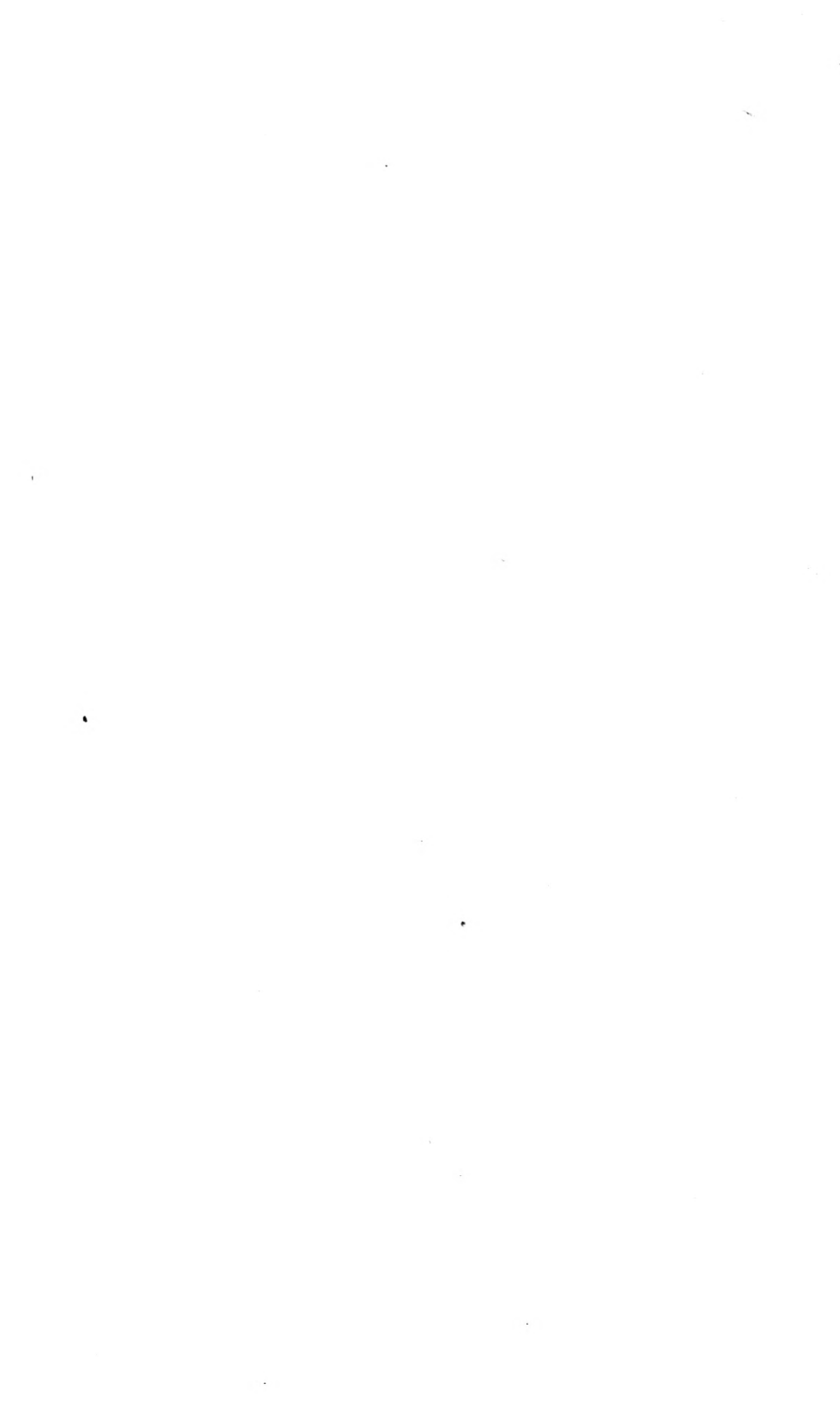
LUCY, *her daughter.*

SIBYL HARVEY.

KATE.

SCENE—ACTS I, II, III AND V, WASHINGTON.

ACT IV, APPOMATOX.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—AN APARTMENT IN INGRAHAM'S
HOUSE.

KATE. *Enter* WILLIAM.

William. Has Mr. Edward been here?

Kate. He has—quite frequently.

Will. Now?

Kate. No, not now: but to-day, yesterday, last week, last ——

Will. I know that very well.

Kate. Then why do you ask? Seems to be your bad day, William.

Will. And your good one. But, by the Lord, I see nothing in your condition to make me laugh.

Kate. Nor I to make me weep.

Will. Then you are blind, mentally blind; for ignorance alone makes our condition tolerable. No, Kate, you are lodged no better than I: in this we bunk together. You kiss the rod, but do not therefore escape the whipping any more than I do. For a little filthy lucre we lease our legs and limbs to my lord and my lady; sell the priceless treasure of liberty which a just God has given to all mankind alike. But, mark you, the redress will come. The world shall be revo-

lutionized: there shall be no more difference between man and man—nor women, either. Your state shall be as free as ours, whereas now your existence is but a tool of your mistress' pleasure. You build her fire, make her bed, she rings, you answer. When Miss Lucy wants her fan, you bring it to her; when Miss Sibyl has company, you open the door. And so it goes from morning to night; Kate here, Kate there, and Kate everywhere. It's preposterous to say the least. But why do I count your misfortunes when the tyranny of my vocation will not so much as distinguish between day and night. In my behalf the clock strikes in vain. When Mr. Edward pleases to go to the club or theatre, or a thousand and one other places where he deems it necessary to present his dignity, he takes no more consideration for my convenience than I were a stone.

Kate. Be more respectful, William.

Will. Why in the devil should I be his coachman any more than he mine? There, tell me that.

Kate. Speak to him as you do here, and I warrant he will give you leave to quit.

Will. And what shall I do then?

Kate. Do as he did: make a fortune and keep a coachman of your own.

Will. I wouldn't have one.

Kate. Then get one for me.

Will. I flatter myself to drive any horses that Mr. Edward can buy. We pushed the new sorrel team over the track yesterday afternoon, and before we

passed the quarter-post Mr. Edward gives me the lines—"guess you better take 'em, William."

Kate. Is't cold out?

Will. Yes. I'll give Mr. Edward just ten minutes, and then I'll put the horses into the stable. [*Exit.*]

Kate. And when he comes you'll hitch them up again.

Sings:

Summer ties his bundle up,
He is doomed to wander;
Balmy days and moonlit night
Packs he in his bundle tight,
He will nothing squander,

Pansy and forget-me-not,
Pink and rose and myrtle,
Bob-o-link and whip-poor-will,
Fly with him o'er wood and hill,
Whence he calls the turtle,

Lusty Winter, clad in white,
Captures field and city:
At the window snow and sleet,
Down the chimney, in the street,
Listen to his ditty,

Wool and fur shall keep us warm,
Cheery glows the fire;
And the singing kettle blows
Steam from out his iron nose—
Pussy joins the choir,

Bring the fife and violin,
Trip a dancing measure,
William, William, you may croak,
But to us, a jolly folk,
Life is full of pleasure,

Summer, Summer, fare you well,
Come again to-morrow.
Winter, Winter, every year
You shall find a welcome here,—
Banish pain and sorrow.

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. Confine your capers to the kitchen, my young lady.

Kate. Beg pardon, sir.

Edw. Stay! Is one in the library?

Kate. No, sir.

Edw. Methought I heard the bell.

Kate. Company for Miss Harvey.

Edw. So.

Kate. Mr. Clifford.

Edw. Clifford. Mr. Henry Clifford?

Kate. Yes, sir.

Edw. You are sure 'twas he?

Kate. Quite sure: I recognized him instantly. Besides, I took his card.

Edw. You may go. [*Exit KATE.*]

And what is Clifford that his very name
 Can start the tranquil rivers of my heart
 To throb in such a fashion? Look you now,
 My breath comes quick. I have no faith in omens,
 And yet I am persuaded more than proof
 That his advent bodes evil. Henry Clifford,
 You are my enemy; and doubly so
 Because you prank the visor of a friend
 To screen your inborn malice. Two long years
 You warred in Sibyl's heart like crimson Satan
 For deviltry alone; 'twas not for love:
 That constant passion burns as far above you
 As wealth o'er poverty. But you are charged
 Topful of vanity: conceit and pride

Are yours as by contractment. Your delight
Has ever been to blast the innocent bosom
With passion coined from books; to play the lover
In nature like a mimic on the stage,
With tears and sighs begot for nothing else
But to make sport withal. Most noble sport,
To feed simplicity with honeyed poison
And then observe the torture you inflict
With stoic unconcern. And more strange still
That Sibyl's high-born spirit should stoop down
To let a rhyming and fantastic tongue,
Ranging for mere employment, steal her heart.—
But stay, I speak now of a thing that was,
And time, the benefactor of all ill,
With patient medicine draws the venom out
And heals the wound. Let him assail her now
With tools new tempered on his nimble wit
And he will find admission to her love
Sealed with contempt. I do not claim to be
What Monsieur Louis calls a menschenkenner,
So far as women go; excepting Sibyl,
I found so much of nothing in them all
That pity was the only sentiment
They ever roused in me. But I do know,
However fickle woman's love may be,
That there is nothing they detest in man
More than inconstancy. There lies the ground
On which we'll shift the battle, gentle Clifford:
The ever changeful moon of your affection

Will lose his borrowed lustre when the sun
Of constant love streams o'er the horizon. [*Exit.*]

Enter ROBERT INGRAHAM *and* HIS WIFE.

Ing. These moneys and estates, dear Isabel,
Which we are now possessed of, came to me
As 'twere in embryo from my dead partner ;
For he persuaded me against my will
To join our sums for purchase of that land
In western Pennsylvania. He foresaw
The future of petroleum—I did not.

Isa. You weigh your words as we had stolen
something
Which now your conscience pricked you to confess.

Ing. No, not at all. My right of ownership
Stands undisputed in the face of law,
And I might almost say, of conscience too.
When Harvey died, the assets of our firm
Did hardly reach my annual income now :
Hence in division of the partnership—
Myself, a man then in his ablest years,
And his two children, three and five years old—
I thought it proper to assume all risk
Of doubtful enterprises, and for them
To set apart that portion of our having
Which was secure, and which I know would yield
A fair return.—And so indeed it did.

Isa. Then wherefore do you speak of this to me?
If we are but beholden to ourselves

For what we have, there needs no mention of it.

Ing. True, very true. But, still the fact remains
That I for every dollar Harvey left
By my administration to his children
Have drawn a hundred—yea, a goodly thousand,
From those same lands that he saw fit to buy
Without the least encouragement from me.—
Why, in the settlement of our affairs
They went for next to nothing.

Isa. Well?

Ing. Yes, well!

Isa. Good heavens, we have done for Harvey's
children

No less than for our own. There's no distinction.
Walter and Sibyl are as dear to me
As Lucy and our Edward. Since the day
Their mother died both dwell beneath our roof,
And when we chance to speak or think of children,
We think on four, not two.

Ing. Beloved wife,
You are a faithful and devoted mother,
Firm and affectionate; I thank you for't.
But, Isabel, I fear me, time may come
And make division of our unity:
Our children are no children, and as we
In years gone by forsook the parent nest
To build our own, so these may do some day.
Will they continue ever as they are?

Isa. Yes, yes: I comprehend. What fool am I.
If we could bring 't to pass. Now, let me see—

Ing. Lucy and Walter.

Isa. They are tractable,
And wise enough to see advantage in
Their common father's wish.

Ing. Edward and—

Isa. Edward,
He dotes on Sibyl.

Ing. Is't not perfect then?

Isa. Walter and Lucy, yes; and Edward, yes:
And Sibyl,—there's an end of 't.

Ing. What, will she
Reject the hand of Edward Ingraham?

Isa. Heaven knows what she may do.

Ing. Who is the man
More qualified to be your Sibyl's husband
Than our son Edward? He is apt and shrewd,
Constant to anything his mind affects,
Gentle in manner, and such perfect schooling
That he is ready to submit opinion
In all discourse. A modest gentleman,
Albeit he bears him with a dignity
Commensurate to his worth. A man of wealth,
Yet free from all the wild extravagance
That seems twin-born with fortune. And for Sibyl—
The very gaiety of her disposition,
Her love of admiration, and her pride
To be in all the first, depend on wealth.

Isa. He loves her, but too solemn.

Ing. Too sincerely?
I grant you, Sibyl has a dozen friends

Abler than Edward in the genial nothing
 That lends enchantment to society.
 They'll answer at a dance or theatre,
 For music, masks, receptions and the shows
 Which lately in the name of charity
 Yield fit occasion to our gentle folk
 To air their vanity and spread fine clothes.
 But for a husband, no.

Isa. If you object
 To those conditions that maintain a place
 In good society, I am content
 To quit right here. You but supply the means,
 The cares of application rest with me.
 And to be honest, I as leave had be
 Less rich and more at ease.

Lucy. (*without.*) Just one minute, Mr. LeNom,
 and then you may go.

Enter LE NOM, WALTER AND LUCY.

Say yes, papa: please say yes. I'll not trouble you
 for a week if you'll say yes. Please do. I'll be good,
 and kind, and attentive, and diligent, and everything
 else, if you'll say yes. Just once, please!

Inq. Oh, no: your question must precede my
 consent.

Lucy. Agreed, agreed! Bear me witness, gentle-
 men; and now you may do 't without my subornation.
 Your wisdom hath most emphatically and eminently
 proclaimed that my question must need precede your
 consent: therefore, by all the virtue of logic your
 consent must follow my question. You see, father,

I am fresh from school; by and by conclusion may grow rusty. They say a man's word is as good as his bond—moreover my witnesses—

Ing. Will agree with me!

Lucy. Stop, stop! Remember, my question is to precede, not to follow your consent. Constrain yourself a little while, father; I will but test your patience to the point of obedience, no further. This it is: Your friend, Colonel Hatton, has invited a number of ladies and gentlemen, among whom Mr. LeNom, Walter and myself, to accompany him on a tour of inspection over his road. We shall be gone ten or twelve days, and as some of our best people are going we are sure to have a delightful time. Colonel Hatton invited me personally; if you refuse, I know you will offend him.

Isa. I understand Lady Cannes of the French legation to be one of the party?

Lucy. Our chaperon.

Isa. She is a most estimable lady. Press your suit no further, Lucy; your father and I will consider the matter.

Le N. I bid you good night.

Isa. Good night.

[*Exit* LENOM, LUCY AND WALTER.]

Enter EDWARD.

Ing. Well, Edward, what's the news in town to-night?

Edw. I know not.

Ing. Edward!

Isa. Are you ill?

Edw. I have
Good cause to be so.

Ing. Let us know the cause,
Perchance we can remove it.

Edw. Tell me, father,
And mother, you: is it by your consent
This fellow keeps your daughter company?

Isa. LeNom?

Edw. No, not LeNom. Your other daughter,
Your daughter Sibyl.

Isa. And the gentleman?

Edw. Clifford, if it please you call him gentleman.

Isa. Clifford!

Edw. Aye, Clifford.

Isa. When did he return?
I thought he was abroad, in Italy.

Edw. No matter where he was, but here he is,
Here in your house, here in your daughter's presence.
And wherefore think you?

Isa. He is fond of Sibyl.

Edw. Not love, but malice brings him to our house;
Malice towards me.

Isa. Edward, I am amazed.

Ing. Acquaint us with the reason for this malice.

Edw. The greatest reason of them all, good father.
Which needs no other reason than it is.
I know full well, and he no less than I,
That from creation's mortar we escaped
Compounded of such diverse element
That by the very nature of their being,
Like fire and water, are condemned to wage

Eternal warfare. Having once discovered
 That Sibyl is my vulnerable part
 He plies his venom there, and follows her
 With persecution damned and barbarous :
 Such grim perseverance as an Indian chief
 Would blush to look upon. That time ago
 His tempest left poor Sibyl most a wreck ;
 And are you satisfied to let him now,
 E'en in the sacred harbor of her home,
 Conjure a storm will shake poor Sibyl's heart
 Past all redemption ?

Ing. Be you patient, Edward :
 Methinks we can forestall this arrogance—
 If you be willing. Give her but the choice,
 The direct choice twixt Clifford and yourself,
 And take my word she will not fail to act
 As best becomes your happiness and hers,
 Your mother's and my own.

Edu. I'll do it father.

Ing. And do't to-night, for all the interim
 Between a mind resolved and purpose tried
 Serves but to cool ambition, opes the door
 To let the adverse faction enter in
 With argument and opportunity.
 The architect, when once the walls are up,
 With all abridgement spreads the sheltering roof
 To guard his enterprise.

Isa. I fear me much,
 That Edward paints this Clifford all too black :
 For I have found him still a gentleman
 Of rare behavior and of civil speech ;

And some whose estimation is not cheap
Esteem him highly. Still I do confess,
And therefore he can never be a friend,
His inclinations have a tendency
Apart from ours. I neither can nor wish
To share his liberal doctrines, when he sets
The heathen gods upon as high a plane
As Christianity. He sins in that.

Edw. In that, in all! Why, look you, here's a
man

That packs his heaven with a lecherous band
Of drunken gods; exalts a bawdy minstrel
Upon the top round of creation's ladder;
Makes it his boast that on a single page
Of this same Shakespeare he finds more religion
Than in the teachings of our holy church
Expounded by a dozen ministers.
And then anon he plays the hypocrite:
For what true faith can any man possess
That mentions God in terms of fellowship,
Regards him as he were his boon companion.
No Christian should commune with such a man.
Much less a Christian woman.

Ing. Shun him then.

We can not cure the plague, then be content
To avoid contagion.

Edw. But it makes me mad
To hear a sick man boasting of his health.
By heaven, is it such a wondrous thing
To delve the live-long night in musty Greek;

To scribble sonnets, plays and elegies ;
 To dream utopian dreams ; to grope for days.
 Yea, weeks and months, within the Egyptian fog
 Of German metaphysics ? For this Clifford
 Delights in paradoxes ; says all things
 Because they are, are just ; had rather be
 In hell with Hegel, than a cherubim
 Chanting the praise of God. If this be greatness
 Let us hereafter practice blasphemy.

Isa. Good night.

Edw. Good night, dear mother.

[*Exit* ISABEL.

Ing.

Rail no more,

But let your deed speak louder than your tongue.

Edw. Father, it shall.

Ing.

Then go we in together.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter SIBYL.

Sibyl. There is exception to the general phrase,
 That woman's love like to the boundless air
 Transcends all limit. There is still an end,
 And you have reached it. Hal. O day and night,
 The Roman's empire had no wider range
 Than love's domain ; but you have stepped beyond :
 You played with passion, mocked sincerity.
 I was a poor beast on your surgeon table,
 And you did cut my doting heart in twain
 To enrich your knowledge with experiments.—
 So be it then. Farewell felicity,

Farewell, farewell to you my fairyland
Which fond imagination built of dreams.
Your airy castles lit with poesy,
With learning, love and peace, shall be no more.
For here, so heaven help me, I renounce
The spell of your enchantment. Treacherous hope,
Take back the promise you can never keep,
And for a world which I release thee of
Send me a pilot to the sleepy shore
Where Lethe wells. O teach me to forget.
Ye gentle ministers that wait on man
In days of misery. My prayer henceforth
Shall be contracted to a single word:
That word, oblivion.—If I were a man,
Perchance I'd whip my pride with recollection
Till wounded honor yearning for redress
Turn love to hate. O God, here Edward comes:
There's destiny in heaven.

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. Why these tears?

Sibyl. I pray you, pardon them. I am not well.
Will you forgive me?

Edw. What's the matter, Sibyl?

Sibyl. Oh, nothing, nothing: I'm a silly girl
That dotes on weeping.

Edw. So.

Sibyl. Indeed, 'tis true.
There's nothing more relieves a heavy heart
Than copious tears.

Edw. And why is your heart heavy?
What is there in the world that Sibyl lacks
But she may have with asking?

Sibyl. Right, you are right.
I will be merry, for I have more cause
To laugh than to repine.

Edw. I have the less.

Sibyl. You less?

Edw. I less. Be honest with me. Sibyl :
So much, if nothing more, I may expect.
Look not amazedly, for your conception
Can never plead so far in ignorance
As to maintain that my sincere devotion
Slipped you unheeded by.

Sibyl. Since childhood, Edward.
You are to me a true and trusted friend.
Whose constancy I hold as near to heart
As misers do their money.

Edw. Look you, Sibyl.
This love of mine dates back beyond the years
We went to school together. Even then
I took no pleasure in my playmates' sport,
Preferring you to all their company.
Under one roof we have been reared together,
But as we came to age we somewhat parted.
See, you were drawn into the world's detraction
That waits on wealth and bright accomplishments.
While I, enchanted with an angel's friendship,
Made bold to love her. Nothing ever moved
My heart save you alone : and my ambition

Excluded all things else but such advancement
As furnished means to make me worthy of you.

Sibyl. Yes, I am much to blame.

Edw. But, tell me, *Sibyl.*

Must hope despair and die unsatisfied?

Sibyl. A learned man did write it in his book,
That man's attachment covered all our sex,
While woman loved but one.

Edw. He wrote a lie:

For I will love and cherish you forever.

Sibyl. Forever. Edward?

Edw. Yes!

Sibyl. Then I am yours.

Edw. Mine, truly mine! Would I could thank
you, *Sibyl,*

But this my utmost prayer now fulfilled
Confounds me more than any quick event
That came unheralded.

Sibyl. Forbear your thanks.

There's not an undug jewel in the earth
Too rich a token for a constant man.

Edw. Come, father, mother! See, your son is
happy.

And Clifford, thou art done for. Mother, father!

[*Exit.*

Sibyl. Kind heaven, have mercy on me!

ACT II.

—

SCENE I.—AN APARTMENT IN A CLUB HOUSE.

WALTER and LENOM *throwing dice.**Walter.* Come, once again. Three sixes.*Le Nom.* Very good.*Wal.* Two deuces.*Le N.* Let it stand?*Wal.* No, three is fair,
And these two deuces don't improve them much.
Here's to another six.*Le N.* Where is it?*Wal.* Shoot.*Le N.* Two pair, threes up.*Wal.* Again.*Le N.* An ace.*Wal.* Once more.
Another deuce—I've lost.*Le N.* You're out of luck.*Wal.* A bottle. Charles; and make't a big one
this time.

For I deserve to lose.--To-day's the sixth,

November sixth of eighteen hundred sixty.

Let's underline it in our calendars,

For it will be a memorable day.

Le N. I do not think so, Walter. These elections
Are like the bucking season to your deer,
That grapple horns and raise a cloud of dust,
Perchance a little dirt, and six months after
The blood again is cold and all forgotten.

Wal. That shows how little you are conversant
With this day's issue. Mark you what I say:
If Lincoln wins the day, and that he wins
There's little doubt, then eighteen hundred sixty
Will be the birthyear of a new republic—
A glorious one at that.

Le N. 'Tis yet in travail,
And from the symptoms will most like miscarry.
I've been in the North—

Wal. *Le Nom*, you are no fool:
What compact binds one party when the other
Persists in violation?

Le N. That's a question,

Wal. What is a question?

Le Nom. This, the violation.

Wal. Our proofs are legion.

Le N. But where is your judgment?
And having that, where are your means to enforce it?

Wal. Be not discouraged, sir; when 't comes to
that,

We have prepared a trifle, just a trifle:

The matter's in our mind for some ten year.

But, honestly, I do not think they'll fight
 When all we ask is to be let alone.
 There is no longer anything in common:
 Our mutual interests 'gan to pull apart
 These forty years ago. We now to them,
 As they to us, hang like a chain and ball
 That clog our feet. Strike but these shackles off,
 And with a giant's step we'll march our way
 In prosperous journey.

Le N. Very plausible;
 And yet, methinks, there must be more in 't, Walter.
 I have bespoke some men, and wise ones too,
 Who called this union sacred.

Wal. Sacred—bosh!
 Le Nom, it gives me wonder that a man
 Familiar with the law—

Le N. You're very kind.

Wal. One need not go beyond the a-b-c
 Of your political economy
 To comprehend the justice of our cause.
 When hundred years ago these several states,
 At that time colonies, were hard beset
 By English rule, they formed a federacy
 For two good reasons: first, because the burden
 Pressed equally on all; and next, because
 The only hope to shake the burden off
 Lay in united action. This they did.
 That union was indeed a potent armor
 To fortify our boyhood, but Le Nom,
 Our quick dimensions have so far outgrown it.

And right and liberty are nonsense, too.

Edw. What strange perversion in fanaticism :
You speak of liberty as 'twere caprice.

Wal. We cry for justice.

Edw. Justice you shall have
In future as you've had it in the past.

Le N. This is the very end of argument.
Your watchword, justice, like the final blast
Of Gabriel's trump inspires the human soul,
Gives dead men life, and yet more bloody deeds
Have in the name of justice been enacted
Than in the name of wrong. Tell, if you can,
What battle field beheld the opposing ranks
Of two great people marching to their graves.
But justice, like an inviting angel, went
In advance of either host? 'Twas ever so.

Edw. Can justice contradict herself so much?

Le N. Good gentlemen, when nations go to war
The blindfold goddess lets her balance sink,
Slips from her seat, and might alone proclaims
What shall be right. Now, in the present case
Your Northern men insist upon the tariff,
The South upon her slaves, and either side
Denies what is most sacred to the other ;
And since no compromise seems possible,
The cannon is your only arbiter.

Wal. No, sir, not so ; we care not if they build
A tariff-wall as high as the Alleghanies ;
They'll see their folly when the plowshare costs

More than the field it digs in. All we ask
Is to be let alone.

Edw. Stay, brother Walter,
And listen to a kind of parable :
There was upon a time a little boy
Not fond of school ; to him it was the tyrant
That robbed him of his youth and liberty.
So one day, mustering all his courage up,
He stole away and spent the sunny hours
E'en to the fashion of his boyish whim.
I see, you have me. Well, to make it short,
His gentle mother, with a birchen twig,
Ingrafted such persuasion on the lad
That next day he was at his books again.

Wal. A model boy.

Edw. Aye, Walter, and what's more,
If this boy ever grows to be a man,
As I do hope, he will not be remiss
To thank his mother ; and the birchen twig
May do his children service.

Wal. My dear sir,
You are too partial to the ancestor.
This self-appointed foster-mother hath
For twenty years belabored our poor backs,
And now resentment threatens. By the Lord,
No parent ever taught his child to love him
With chastisement alone.

Edw. Alone?

Wal. Alone.

Edw. Come, here's a map. And since a nimble
tongue

Can twist a proverb till it point a moral
 Directly adverse from its honest meaning,
 I will speak plainly ; no ambiguous word
 Shall enter here. In eighteen hundred twenty,
 When by the custom that alternate made
 A free state and a slave Missouri fell
 In turn to the North, you raised a hue and cry.
 Though Alabama but the year before
 Had been admitted on the side of slavery.
 We did not then cry out for law and justice.
 But, with an elder brother's lenity.
 We waived our claim, we gave you all you asked ;
 And for the sake of peace you were permitted
 To drag your chains into Missouri's fields,
 And taint her sixty thousand fruitful miles
 With scourge and slavery. Was this chastisement?
 Then to prevent all future disputation
 Remember how the famous line was drawn
 Twixt liberty and bondage even here.
 Balked in the north, you cast your greedy eye
 E'en here southwest, and to enlarge your power
 Did implicate our nation in a war,
 An impious, wrong, unreasonable war
 Against a peaceful neighbor. All this land,
 Greater by far than Britain's double island,
 Became a land of slaves ; and we submitted
 Without revolt—and was this chastisement?

Wal. Our country's limit is the continent.

Edu. Perhaps it is. But never did Monroe
 Intend his doctrine for a charity

To cover all this multitude of sins :
 Domingo, Cuba, all the Carribean isles,
 The black and barbarous countries of the South
 Were pestered with your plots of annexation.

Wal. Let me—

Edw. Hold on! for by the eternal God
 You stopped not even there, When Kansas came
 And knocked against the portal of our Union,
 You razed the sacred line of demarcation
 To give this people power to damn themselves
 If so they chose. And was it chastisement
 When you and the South and the whole administration
 Were there defeated by the very law
 Unlawfully enacted by yourselves?
 The tide of Europe leaps upon our shores
 Ten thousand ships, millions of emigrants
 Seek peace and liberty within the realm
 Of stars and stripes. Their homes are in the North;
 What infinitesimal and poorly number
 Did you receive of them. Here is a voice
 That sounds the world's opinion of your cause
 And seals the doom of slavery. You perceive it,
 And try to bend the unswerving hand of fate :
 You set your candidates upon a platform
 Would scatter slavery broadcast o'er the land.
 What bold presumption ever equalled this?
 And now your rash adventure come to grief,
 You call it chastisement.

Wal. You rail at slavery,
 An institution ancient as the earth,

Acknowledged since the origin of time,
 Established as a lawful precedent
 By every people on the populous globe :
 The prehistoric empires of the East,
 The Greek, the Jew, the Roman, and the tribes
 Of brawny Teutons in their northern wilds,
 Conceived the inequality of man.

Le N. Was't not a German poet wrote the line,
 That man is free although begot in chains?

Wal. He told the truth, but not the entire truth :
 For at the cradle of each new born babe
 Stand two divinities that draw distinction
 'Tween man and man : the one is circumstance,
 The other greater is the man himself.
 What judge or jury ever gave decision
 Unbiased, though perhaps unwittingly,
 By intellect and by ability,
 Which designate the master and the man?
 The top tribunal of our government
 Contains proviso for a difference,
 And therefore mercy mitigates the law.
 This like and like and this equality
 Lacks flesh and blood : it is a vague abstraction,
 The empty echo of a bookish tongue,
 A poet's dream, but a most fruitful text
 To your fantastic abolitionist.
 Our negroes live a simple, harmless life,
 In the free fields, in nature's sunny garden :
 Their minds unstuffed with pride and vain ambition,
 Their bodies filled with ample nourishment.

Their pleasures of to-day are not oppressed
With discount of to-morrow: every day
Rounds up the little circle of their lives.
And every eve the songs of merriment
Prelude the slumbers of a careless night—
These are the dusky laborers of the South.
Now turn we to the workshops of the North,
Where unschooled boys and half-grown, sickly girls
Toil for starvation wages. See the men
That struggle in the bowels of the earth,
Whom nature cannot bless with light and green.
From dark within they reach the dark without.
Follow them home, behold their sanctuary,
The murky den, the grime, the poverty,
Which are the whole sum total of their pains,
And then begin your charity at home.
There's not a bonded nigger in the land
Who would enlarge the limit of his fate
For such a liberty.

Le N. Come, that's enough,
Or I'll to bed. Most wonder, wonderful,
What lofty principles we men can conjure
To ease our conscience toward our neighbor's purse.
Great heaven, is this another politician?

Wal. It should be Hal. I wonder if he knows
That you and Sibyl—

Edw. Well, and if he did?

Wal. She was a friend of his, and I believe
Hal did affect her somewhat.

Edw. Not a whit.

Wal. We'll see anon; and if he smile at it,
He may be truly termed philosopher.

Enter CLIFFORD.

Clifford. Good midnight to you all.

Wal. What news abroad?

Clif. I supped to-night with a philosopher.

Wal. Good night.

Clif. One of the school that our friend Edward here
Damns for induction. "Doubtless," he began,
"You know that since the dawn of history,
One nation at a time doth seem to be
The age's exponent, the dwelling place
Of the world-spirit; and you also know
That from the start this spirit tended west:
Look, China, India, Persia, then to Greece,
From Greece to Rome, from Rome to Western Europe,
From Western Europe to America."

Le N. Hal, I object.

Clif. And so did I, Le Nom.
And yet he reasoned very plausibly
"Although," quoth he, "our several mother countries
Are far advanced of us in many fields,
In war, in art, and in economy,
Yet, take it all in all, America
Is more indicative of the present age
Than any other nation." Here he spoke
Of great inventions, form of government,
And such things more. I'll not repeat it here—
'Tis not essential. Suddenly he stops.

And with an emphasis on every word,
 Asks, "why is this? wherefore? why must the god
 Of progress march unflinching to the West?"
 By chance, said I. "No, sir," quoth he, "for chance
 Precludes all method, and there is a method
 In this direction. And the god of light,
 Compelled alone by chance, would stray about,
 To the North, to the South, to the East, and ere to-day
 Had pitched his luminous tent upon a tomb
 Where he lies newly buried"

Edw.

Seems to me

That men so prone to idle supposition
 Lack occupation. Make these dreamers work,
 And their fantastic theories will dissolve
 In practical employment.

Clif.

Most assuredly.

But, Edward, show some mercy to your brethren.
 Pity these little ignoramuses,
 Who can not sound the ocean of our learning.
 Why should we draw comparison between
 Ourselves and these? All mankind can not be
 So wise as we are.

Le N.

Tell me, what solution

Did your most learned doctor promulgate?

Clif. The motion of our earth.

Le N.

I prithee, how?

Clif. You see, the earth revolves from the west to
 the east.

But man in part resists the total motion,
 And therefore relatively tends to the west.

Le N. But think you this migration will continue
Over the sea to China and the islands
Of the south-sea?

Clif. I do. There is no stop
That can prevent it.

Le N. Edward, let us buy
Some corner lots in Pekin.

Wal. One word, Hal.
Know you that sister Sybil is engaged
To marry Edward?

Clif. What, your sister Sybil
To Edward Ingraham? Since when?

Wal. To-night.

Clif. Who told you so? Stay, stay a while. To-
night?

Let me remember—yes, yes, that is right.
There's nothing strange in that: they were long friends,
And may long friendship not forerun betrothal?
Why, 'tis a common thing. Did you expect
That I would marvel at it? Edward, my friend,
Permit me to extend my happiest wish
To your good fortune. You have won a maid
That like a poet's heroine doth include
All sums of excellency. Love her well,
For she deserves the very man of men.
To her, to you, much joy.

Wal. (to *Le Nom.*) Let us begone.

Edw. I do receive it, sir, as honestly
As believe it given.

Wal. (to *Le Nom.*) Come away.

There glows a latent fire in their hearts
 Which, none else by, may find combustion now,
 But quenched, will rise again some other time
 Consuming more than now.

[*Exeunt* LE NOM AND WALTER.

Edw. Sir, you astound me.

And, Henry Clifford, let me tell you now
 That we were never friends, are none at present.
 Nor ever can be. Though my speech is blunt
 And will, perhaps, offend civility,
 Yet have I now attained my aim so far
 That I may strip this lying masquerade
 And set us naked in each other's eye.
 We are no friends.

Clif. I'm very sorry for it.

Edw. I doubt it, though indeed you should be so.
 I love this woman.

Clif. Well, I'll not deny it.

The action commonly proclaims the man,
 And yours were so intense in that direction
 That proof could nothing add. Why, all men knew it,
 And were you now to swear the opposite,
 Would shake their heads and smile.

Edw. If that be so,

Why did you strike the Achillean heel in me?
 You knew my love and still you did persist
 To trifle with a heart wherein my life
 Sits deeper lodged than here.

Clif. You do mistake.

Remember, she you love is passing fair,
 And wise beyond her years; is apt in music—

The simple music of the pastoral day
 Which, by the code, is out of fashion now ;
 Her speech is low, her nimble conversation
 Abounds in mellow wit, and her warm heart
 Beats quick in recognition of all truth.
 She loves the beautiful, admires the brave,
 Applauds the good, encourages the weak
 And helps the needy. Is it wonderful
 That such perfection should be dearly sought
 By many men? If one have sense enough
 To seek the presence of accomplished women,
 And they content to keep him company.
 He were a fool to avoid them.

Edw.

And in turn

You robbed her of a simple faith in heaven,
 Disturbed her never wavering trust in God,
 And stuffed her brain with silly contradictions,
 With foreign phrases, wordy speculation,
 With dialectics of a dreaming fantast
 Whom no one comprehended but himself
 And he miscomprehended. Words, words, words,
 Philosophy of nonsense.

Clif.

Poor, poor Hegel,

That ever I should see thee so put down.

Edw.

You played upon her quick imagination
 With tricks of oratory, touched her heart
 With passionate recitals. scenes of love
 From books unknown to her.

Clif.

Aye, worse than that.

I went so far to read my own productions.

Edw. Which still are waiting for a publisher ;
Conceit was e'er the parent of presumption.

Clif. True, true ; and for she listened patiently,
I wondered and admired her ; thanked her often
When she observed some merit in my work ;
And I assure you many a gentle hour
We passed in sympathy and tranquil joy.
But in my whole and entire intercourse
With this most estimable friend of ours
I never noticed her delight in you—
Nor did she speak of it. Else who can tell
What might have been.

Edw. I did anticipate.

Clif. It seems so. Well, there is no cause to
complain.

If we have played a match for Sibyl Harvey
You've won the game and should be satisfied ;
While I feel flattered that so rich a man
As Edward Ingraham considered me
A rival worth his anger.

Edw. This for all :

The lady is my true affianced bride ;
By virtue of which contract I demand
That henceforth you be nevermore so bold
To seek her company. It is my wish,
And my prevailment shall not fail with her,
That Henry Clifford and the thing I love
Shall be as strangers. Bear it well in mind.

The dictum is imperative and final,
 That all consideration of the past,
 Each tithe and tittle of acquaintanceship
 (Be it of whatsoever sort it will)
 Stops with to-day. There was one Sibyl Harvey,
 But Sibyl Harvey, now to me affianced,
 Is dead for Henry Clifford.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—AN APARTMENT IN INGRAHAM'S
 HOUSE.

Enter LE NOM and KATE.

Kate. This way, Mr. Le Nom. Have a seat. Shall I take your coat?

Le Nom. No, Kate: I am here but en passant.

Kate. In what?

Le N. En passant, mademoiselle.

Kate. What's that?

Le N. You'd like to know, wouldn't you?

Kate. Is it anything horrible; will it frighten me?

Le N. No, I think not. But you must keep it secret.

Kate. I will.

Le N. Surely?

Kate. Surely.

Le N. Come here, then. Nay, I'll not speak it aloud.

Kate. 'Tis not polite to whisper.

Le N. True, Kate; when others are present. In a company of two whispering is most fashionable.

Kate Well, what is it?

Le N. Now you must not laugh, nor make fun of me. Give me your hands, and look me straight in the face. Now then: when fortune, the most fickle of all goddesses, momentarily smiles upon a wise man, when her fleeting handmaids, circumstance and opportunity, lead him into proximity of his inclination, it behoves him to accept her munificence, and therefore, this.

[*Kisses her.*]

Kate. I'll tell Miss Lucy.

Le N. Do so, my inquisitive and wingless Mercury. Hie thee to the goddess of mirth, even to the innermost recesses of her sanctuary, and there commune, that LeNom, her humble and devoted servitor, awaits the pleasure of her high command. [*Exit KATE.*]

The sea abounds in whalefish and in shark
That threat the whaler's life and whaler's bark,
While there's a fish in every little brook
That may be taken with a pin-bent hook.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Good evening, Mr. Le Nom. Permit me to apologize for keeping you so long.

Le N. Don't mention it; I am somewhat tardy myself.

Lucy. O, Mr. Le Nom, you cannot imagine how dependent we poor creatures are: any one of a half dozen stupid women, on whom we must depend for what we can not do ourselves, have it in their power to render us perfectly wretched.

Le N. Aye, truly; the very diamond of life hath a flaw in it: precious by comparison, but imperfect in the abstract. We can not realize our ideal, Miss Lucy: the two are incompatible. If we pledge ourselves to one we necessarily forego the other.—But no more of this.

Lucy. You should have been with us last evening.

Le N. I so proposed, but was unfortunately prevented.

Lucy. Politics.

Le N. In part, yes; but chiefly because a wise candle avoids the sun. Am I not in the right? Green was there?

Lucy. Hugely. Our only man.

Le N. Wonderful. The father no sooner becomes king of one floor, but the son is prince of another.

Lucy. His name on your dancing card is valued at a thousand. Why, a gentleman of mine wagered that he could point out every mother whose daughter's card was green.

Le N. Hope or jealousy?

Lucy. Hope.

Le N. Then the poet's monster exists but in the absence of green.

Lucy. Exactly.

Le N. I wish I had been there.

Lucy. So do I. Why, Darwin's theory is a bagatelle to the evolution of Green. How explicit in his vulgarity: how naive in his ignorance; he is not awkward, but unaffected; not impolite, but independent; not overbearing, but high-spirited; not rude, but natural. Say you nothing against my friend Green.

Le N. And the charming Misses Haushalt in their cerulean gowns?

Lucy. There as ever; up against the wall among the aunts and the mother like bluebells in a patch of fuchsia.

Le N. Good heavens, Miss Lucy, do not laugh at that.

Lucy. I can't help it, Mr. Le Nom. Perennial bouquets should be of wax, not women.

Le N. Truly; but is it not mortifying as well as ludicrous, that sensible people, and these Haushalts are sensible people, will persist in exhibiting themselves where they are seen to least advantage? Now I happen to hold some slight acquaintance with the family through the elder Haushalt who is a banker of some prominence. I have visited these ladies at their home, and I assure you, Miss Lucy, in many respects they are models. Meeting them here, you would hardly recognize them at home. Although somewhat

uncommunicative, they are well educated, refined and practical women. The man who marries either of them will not regret it.

Lucy. Then why do you hesitate?

Le N. Because I am too much in love with you. But, seriously, Miss Lucy, I presented to them no less than a dozen of my acquaintances, in the ball room mind you, and in all this number not one has ever transgressed the formality of that introduction any further than was incumbent for politeness' sake.—Are you ready?

Lucy. Yes. By the way, Miss Folliday has returned.

Le N. What! She that married the German count?

Lucy. Yes, sir; the graf and his graefin arrived this afternoon.

Le N. Well, well. Was not their residence abroad to have been permanent?

Lucy. So it was given out. Lillian herself told me; in fact, showed me some photographs of the Count's castle on the Rhine.

Le N. May have been an error in geography.

Lucy. How, error in geography?

Le N. Castles are more commonly found in Spain.

Lucy. Spanish castles? Horrid!

Le N. Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter WALTER and SIBYL.

Walter. No, sister, I am set beyond persuasion. And if you chide me, you shall nothing gain

But my regret for this, what, who can tell.
May be our last adieu?

Sibyl. Then, fare you well :

'Tis not a woman's office to remonstrate
With man in these affairs. The state is yours,
The crown of your superior intellects ;
Yet, how imperfect is your great achievement,
If you must still maintain it with brute force.
If women ever rule the world, believe me,
There will be no more war.

Wal. Aye, gentle sister,

But men are ever men, and women, women.
The turmoil of a battle's preparation,
The picket's echo and the drum's alarm,
The restive horse, and the great booming gun,
The sheeted fire of charging musketry,
The bursting shell and the fierce shrieks of battle :
These, and the bloody business there enacted,
Appal your sensitive and timid sex.—
But not so men : assail their country's honor,
And insult breeds a giant in them all.
They rush with keener zest into the embrace
Of death and foe, than e'er a lover hastened
To hold his beckoning charmer to his heart
When music went by threes. No, no, dear Sibyl,
Fear not our fear : the worst that can befall
Is death : and this we take into account,
Appraising it at nothing.

Sibyl. That's a fault.

Although a soldier's death to him is nothing,

To those they leave 't is all. Who bears the cross?—
 The soldier, whom a leaden messenger
 Summons unto an easily earned heaven :
 Or else his orphans and the widowed wife,
 Whose tears shall flow through many mournful years
 After their gallant warrior lays him down
 To silent slumber? Ah, believe me, Walter,
 This courage is a child of ecstasy,
 And we must bear the sudden humors of it
 In patience and at leisure.

Wal. Fare you well.

Reflection leads the way to melancholy,
 No matter what or where.—'T is all amiss :
 You should be merry and I should be sad :
 My ventures are embarked upon a ship
 Whose timbers must endure the tempest shock
 Of civil war ; while you, a promised bride,
 Sail on the surface of an even sea
 Into a port of liking. Is 't not so ?
 Come, Sibyl, what 's the matter with you now ?
 Be cheery, girl. Look, how your handkerchief
 Brims with the salt and watery element
 As 't were the canvas of a drowning ship.
 Nay, and you weep, I 'll no more make 't my boast
 That you are wise. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter INGRAHAM *and* EDWARD.

Inq. No, Edward, there is absolutely no valid excuse for delay : both of you are old enough, there is no financial obstruction, and as you 've lived in the

same house for the past twenty years, an extended engagement is not admissible on a plea to further acquaintance. I speak of this with some reluctance, because I well know how rarely we promote these delicate affairs by words of reproof or counsel. Remember, from the start it was tacitly understood that your marriage was to occur in spring. March is drawing to a close, and I think it time to take the matter up for consideration. You acquired a residence on the day following your engagement — no matter that you paid too much for it; but ever since that day I note a specific absence of all preparation relevant to its occupancy. What say you?

Edw. Nothing.

Ing. From nothing we infer most. I comprehend.

Edw. Father—

Ing. Nay; I'll spare you an explanation; but let me warn you that the public is not so credulous as I am. It begins to conjecture. See that for them you formulate an answer more plausible than nothing.

Edw. What shall I do?

Ing. Anything, so it be done quickly. Wed Sibyl if you can, retract your promise if you must. That you marry her, is my sincere wish; and, believe me, the absorbing sentimentalism of a lover is no absolute condition to the happiness of a married man. To us love is a pleasure, not a vocation.

Edw. You misapprehend.

Ing. Not at all: in ten years you will think as I

do.—Still, you must decide for yourself. If you perceive a growing indifference towards your bride, do not wed her by any means. Indifference is but a charitable term for disgust: and, although your marriage with Sibyl has been the fondest hope of my latter days, I consider it more honorable to break an impossible promise, than to establish an irrevocable pretense of it at the cost of your everlasting misery, and her's, too.

Edw. For heaven's sake, father, if 't were possible, I love her more to-day than e'er before.
The germs of my distemper lie with her:
I know not how, but somehow, day by day,
She seems more strange, more distant, more remote.
Her former friendship wanes into a drift
Of marked civility and cold respect:
While I must bank my raging fires up
Though all consumes within. What can I do?

Ing. Doth she deny you?

Edw. No! 't would be my death.

Ing. Then, will she marry you?

Edw. Aye, sir; to-morrow.

If it so pleased me.

Ing. Wed her, then, to-morrow.

Edw. I pray you, do not ridicule your son;
'T is not a father's office. Fare you well.

Ing. I speak it truly.

Edw. Shall I wed a woman
That treats me like a modern diplomat.
With aye, and certainly, and as you please

I am content? Sir, for the past three months
She never yet expressed a single wish,
While any plan or pastime I propose
Elicits merely a reluctant yes,
Or else a yielding no. Next time we meet
I wish you'd listen to us.

Ing.

Not so loud!

Here come our women.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter SIBYL with a book, and ISABEL.

Isa. Your course is nowise commendable. *Sibyl.*
These regrets will not only offend Mrs. Highton, a
dear and distinguished friend of ours; but, Edward,
you should for his sake have attended.

Sibyl. Is he so fond of receptions?

Isa. Yes, if it please you.

Sibyl. But it does not please me; and if it did, my
entertainment would suffer with the knowledge that it
bored him. You know his disposition: he can not
bear that I smile or speak kindly to other men. I have
no ambition for the door-posts of your drawing-room,
and your lions must be taken with flattery. More-
over, society sets an embargo on a bride, and without
assurance I dare not venture.

Isa. You have changed mightily.

Sibyl. 'Tis not strange, either: our delights of
eighteen seem insipid at twenty-five.

Isa. Twenty-four.

Sibyl. And three months. Heigh-ho! Yes,
mother, I am heartily sick of the best people. I can no

longer dote on a pretty gown, nor jump into ecstacy o'er the latest figure of a German. I forget to giggle at a stupid remark, and can not stare in amazement when a stale gossip is for a tenth time told me in one evening. Mrs. Brown's china fails to excite my enthusiasm, and all the wonders from Rome to London with size and date correctly labeled can not make me regret that I remained at home while she travelled. Her dear son's conversation is to me all nonsense, and his valiant moustache but a tuft of hair. You see, I am somewhat disenchanted with the gay world; the anatomy of a new dish or a chapter on metaphysics is more to my liking.

Isa. You should endeavor to please Edward.

Sibyl. And he, me.

[*Exit ISABEL.*]

I will not be unhappy.

Nor shall my young days droop within a shadow
 Because ambition wooed the entire sun
 And wooed so much in vain. Alas! proud heart,
 I never knew your worship would demand
 Or this or none at all. But we are human,
 And therefore is our Father merciful.
 It were unchristian justice if a slip
 Of yesterday did drag unendingly
 Into the last to-morrow. And for what?
 Will Edward's ear find music in the clash
 Of our discordant souls? I do not think so.
 But what 's the use of my not thinking so,
 Committed as I am. It rests with him.

He must pass sentence, he retains my bond,
Which pledge and promise, freely undertaken,
Shall not go by default. I am his wife
Unless the hazard of our covenant
Prompt him to break it off.—I feel it now,
The rigid finger of fatality
Must mark my course. Let honor pluck me hither,
And inclination hence, I can do nothing,
But like the victim of contending robbers
Stand still and suffer both.—Where is my book?
'Twas evermore a physic for our pain
To know that others weep as well as we.—
O what a skilful artisan was he
That did construct a glass so true and even
That all humanity may pass before,
May gaze and ponder on the lineaments
Of his own visage, which he ne'er had seen
Save by reflection from the wizard glass.

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. You keep late hours, Sibyl.

Sibyl. Is it late?

Edw. Past midnight.

Sibyl. So it is. Time flies apace.

Edw. He limps with me.

Sibyl. 'Tis but our state of mind
Makes him to halt or fly; that clips his wing,
Or sets another pinion in his back
To speed his journey. But it is not so:
The senseless bird moves with a measured stroke;

He stoops not to prolong an infant's life.
 And when our Savior bled upon the cross
 Compassion could not urge him to o'erfly
 One moment of his pain.

Edw. That may be true.

But wherefore do you chide my harmless comment
 With a set phrase? I do of late observe
 You make't your business to extenuate,
 To fringe my words with gloss and marginal,
 To use them like so many pegs in the wall
 To hang your wits on.

Sibyl. What a man are you?

But yesterday you took me hard to task —
 Because the tenor of your eloquence
 Sang to a speechless echo. Modestly
 I answered yes and no, and did offend you:
 While now—consistency!

Edw. You are perverse.

When I do say it rains, need you reply
 That we should wear a sunshine in our heart?
 And when I speak of a departed friend's
 Untimely taking off, is that a cue
 To moralize on death, and to opine,
 That Providence, if 'twere a loss to die
 Had made all lives one length? What does it mean?
 Are my occurrences to you so foreign
 That you should cut them with a monosyllable?
 And when I talk of others, shall I not
 Pronounce a single word of praise or blame
 For fear that it will prick a waspish nest

Of equity and law and compensation?

You know I hate these generalities.

What book is that?

Sibyl. A novel.

Edw. Has't no title?

Sibyl. Yes: Wahlverwandschaften.

Edw. Speak it in English.

Sibyl. The book is German.

Edw. So I hear.

Elective

Allinities.

Edw. How? Let me see it. Goethe.—

Sibyl. I charge you by the pledge eterne

Whose emblem glistens there upon your finger

Give me the truth: is not this book from Clifford?

Sibyl. Yes, sir.

Edw. Dare —

Sibyl. Hold! So far I answer you

Like catechism. Pray, be wary now.

For you have pushed our converse to a path

Whose danger craves a far more steadfast foot

Than we now walk withal.

Edw. You are my bride,

And anything that goes twixt you and Clifford

I may demand by right and privilege.

Sibyl. And do it in a manner that beseems
Civility as well.

Edw. What is between you?

Sibyl. Nothing.

Edw. He is my foe.

Sibyl.

That is not true.

You may be his, but he was never yours,
Nor ever will be. You misjudge the man ;
His pride would never stoop to enmity.

Edw. He dare do nothing in an overt act,

But like a coward he assaults my peace
Behind your lenity.

Sibyl. Leave that to me.

If you are satisfied I hold him dearly
It shows a lack of breeding on your part
To cast an insult on my estimation.
He was a friend of mine ere I was yours,
And is one now. The least I ask of you
Is to respect my friends.

Edw.

But Clifford, never !

Forget not, we are almost man and wife :
It ill befits your place and reputation
To hedge the man I hate.

Sibyl.

Now, by the mass,

Your provocation shall not raise a hair
Of my distemper. You are choleric :
But patience, allied with a tinge of pity,
Makes due allowance for the uncurrent coin
Of a hot tongue. I should be very sorry
To use an unkind word ; but let me tell you,
That buncombe threats and noisy demonstrations
Are shallow arguments. If you would teach me,
Regard me as a pupil past the age
Of switch and reprobation.—As to Clifford,
If you bear any foolish hate towards him

I'm not to blame for that ; nor am I bound
To share your foibles.

Edw. Still, you were content
To be my wife.

Sibyl. Because you swore you loved me.

Edw. And so I'll swear again. Great God in
heaven,
Is not the anxiety of my fearful heart
Full proof of that?

Sibyl. Prove it some other way.
Nobility in love delights in trust ;
Your jealousy is common to the passion
Of beast and barbarous men.

Edw. Sibyl Harvey,
If you and Clifford move clandestinely,
My curse light on you both ! If you play false
And he o'ertrump me, may the wrath of heaven
Dash all the plagues of Egypt on his head.
Nor shall you prosper : fly where'er you will
The spectre of my madness will pursue
Your footsteps to the grave. No secret hour,
No deep recess, nor solitary darkness,
Shall yield obscurity to your sinful passion.
Yea, at the very door of your indulgence,
While yet the heart throbs in expectancy,
Let recollection of your monstrous guilt
Strike passion dead, congeal your quivering limbs
To rigid marble. Sibyl ! stay, I say !
Deny these accusations ; make me see,
That my surmisings violate our peace

More than your trespass. Let me have some proof
Of your fidelity.

Sibyl. Not for my soul
Would I descend to cancel jealousy
With speech in my behalf: I am too proud
To beg opinions for mine honesty.
If you believe me false, why, then to you
I am not honest.

Edw. You have juggled with me,
And interchanged the largeness of devotion
With an exhausted heart.—Tell me, I pray,
If Clifford was the goal of your affection,
How comes it that you are not Clifford's wife?

Sibyl. Your question is a bold one.

Edw. Answer it.
You blush.

Sibyl. I did not marry Henry Clifford
Because—he did not ask me.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—APPOMATTOX.

Before CLIFFORD'S Tent. Sentinels.

Clif. But yesterday the iron heel of Mars
Pressed our fair country's bosom, while o'er night
Heaven sent his white-winged messenger of peace,
Staying the vengeful god. Our great commanders

Have shaken hands like reconciled brothers,
 And now our family shall no more be rent
 With feud and quarrel. Every prodigal
 Is welcome home; and ne'er a wayward son
 Will henceforth seek to lessen our estates
 With severance of his own. The wars are done,
 And many a fruitful acre that hath pined
 Four barren seasons will again receive
 The quickening thrill of the plow. The vaulting steed
 Will lose his mettle, and with lowly neck
 Trudge diligently in the furrowed field
 With trace and line. The grimy cannoneer,
 Whom yesterday the belching guns of war
 Wrapped in a sulphurous cloud, forsooth, will be
 To-morrow's plough-boy. But, how is't with me?
 I go from war without to war within.
 O, what a fool was I.—William, I say.

Enter WILLIAM.

William. Aye, aye, sir.

Clif. Bring some candles to my tent.
[*Exit WILLIAM.*

This ever wavering Hamlet is the curse
 Of our intelligence; an evil angel
 Who tempts conceit, making us to believe
 That we can lift the curtain of to come
 With present cogitation. 'Tis not so:
 The future is the future's mother, still.
 We dreamers are no less beloved by women
 Than sudden men; but while the lamp of love

Illumes our chamber, we do peer beyond,
And in the outer darkness seem to see
A thousand scintillations of our light,
Some pale and some refulgent. Thus we muse
In curious contemplation of perchance,
What may, what may not be. We fall asleep.
And lo, anon the man of action comes,
Puts out our light — and then we start and wake
To mourn what is no more. Oh Sibyl, Sibyl,
I know thou art impossible. and yet,
This four year pageant with a hundred scenes
Of battles lost and won, of give and take,
Of buffet and adventure, fair and foul,
Of camp and prison, conquest and defeat,
Does not so much as hold a single day
But thou in't wast remembered. God is just,
And will not let his blessings far outlive
Our recognition of them. She is gone.
And since the catalogue of earthly goods
Holds not another treasure like to this,
I'll shut the book where disappointment lurks
In finite apparition. Let me delve
Into the master volumes of the great,
Whose daughter wisdom never yet was known
To spurn sincerity. There lies my way,
And though my suit be patient I shall find
No contradiction there, no worm of chance
To blast anticipation ere it ripe
To realizing summer. William, ho!

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Aye, aye, sir.

Clif. William, ere you go to bed,
Tie up my baggage.

Will. Aye.

Clif. Wake me betimes.
For I would start to-morrow with the sun.

Will. What, for the north?

Clif. Yes, where else should we go:
The wars are done.

Will. Ah, sir; I'm sorry for it.

Clif. If I spoke honest I would say so, too.
Strange, is't not? What a peevish thing is man.
I do remember how I prayed to God
This war might end; and now the end is come.
And still we are unhappy. Tell me, William,
How fares the world without?

Will. All topsy-turvy: the armies have run together
like the pied spots of a gown that wouldn't wash.
The blue and the gray are promenading about the
streets as if they had paired off for a dance: an
honest pack of cards was never so well shuffled as
these are. The devil himself couldn't make them
fight again. Talk about principle; why, there is no
more character in these fellows than in a, in a—

Clif. Patience, William.

Will. I saw a dozen of them carousing in a rumshop
yonder with the powder still on their faces; and some
who had yesterday willingly cut off their left arm to

kill each other with the right, are now shaking dice for the drinks. It's disgusting.

Clif. The uniform, William. Strip that, and all is natural. Your citizen is not so romantic as your soldier, but for all that he belongs to a higher order. Since men merely fight to attain peace, even so is the soldier the means and the citizen the end.

Will. If I had been General Grant, I'd have marched the whole rebel army, man for man, into Washington.

Clif. Then had you been another Cæsar, William.

Will. And was not he as great a soldier as Grant?

Clif. Yes; but if Cæsar were now and Grant had been then—beware of comparisons, William; they are all treacherous.

Will. But may we not profit by comparing the like and dislike of great men?

Clif. Not a whit: for all this difference and similarity is not of itself, but of our own making. It is late, William: bring the corporal to bed, and in the morning let the coachman rise.

Will. Hang the coachman! Pardon me. Major Clifford, but I must swear when I think of it. I shall now re-enter a world where there is no distinction but money, and money I have none. Ah, Major Clifford, what a glorious institution was our army, where merit alone made the man. A hundred thousand of us, and for money it was all one. Rich and poor, we slept in the same blanket and awoke to the same drum. The winter's snow fell on a hundred thousand backs, and

when the sweltering sun drew beads on one brow there were none dry. The march and the musket, the knapsack and the provender, the diet and the dust, were alike to all. In the Wilderness we were sick with one heart, and at Richmond we wept with one joy. But this is now a thing of the past; and after one lazy year of peace, this band of brothers will make war upon itself. Money will again be king, and his prime minister is selfishness. There can be no honest fellowship under his rule, for on the one side he infects the wealthy with avarice, pride and contempt for the less fortunate; and on the other, his favoritism goads the poor man's heart into hatred, falsehood and rebellion.

Clif. Oh, William, William, your lack of wisdom is monstrous! Dost thou think the world is crooked because you squint at it? Reflect for a moment, and then tell me whether you still believe that an all just and an all wise Creator would permit this unequal distribution of dollars and cents, if the happiness of man, his best creation, were conditioned by that? Open your mind's eye, William; the proof of it will stare you in the face at every glance. This bugbear, wealth, is but a shallow deceit, and though it flaunt a show of happiness to the envious eye, it is often like the idols of India, merely washed with advantage. Mark you, I will not write a book against money in the abstract, but who of us cannot achieve some? The price of a thing stands to our need of it, like an inverted ratio: jewels, silks and champagne range high in money, food and shelter may be had for little, the elements are free

to all, and the delights of man, nature's munificence and the treasure-houses of beauty and intellect, these coffers crammed with a heritage from heaven, could they but speak, would thank to be accepted. Do I envy the prince of merchants whose head whirls with speculation and whose children grow up in neglect? No. Do I covet the possessions of the wily counselor whose gold was begot of indirection? No. Do I long for the honors of a statesman whose reputation is assailed by slander and whose influence is besieged by beggars? No. By the Lord, William, had I the power to be translated into the almost worshipped president of our nation, the cares of greatness would suppress my wish. The justice of the world is omnipotent, and his sceptre is compensation. You cannot buy love for a million, yet far in the distant North there lives a fair maiden, whose heart is yours, who hath sent you a hundred messages of affection, who prays for you day for day, to whom this day is a holiday because now her William will return—and dare you rail against fortune?

Will. To-night, to-night. Farewell. I go to-night.

Clif. Nay, nay, to-morrow morning; and remember, Our happiness is not so much dependent
On what we do, than how we do it, William.

[*Erit* WILLIAM.]

Enter WALTER.

See, one approaches. Walter!

Wal.

Hal? Great God,

I meant to prove my informant a lie,
But now I see his poison is as honest
As thou art false.

Clif. Our sins have been forgiven.
No more of that. Come, Walter, to my arms.
Let not the new-born union of our States
Grapple more close than we.

Wal. I'm somewhat shaken,
And yet methinks when last we spoke together
You were a southern man.

Clif. Must I explain?
Are not the covenants of this day's peace
Whereto wild strangers clasp each other's hand
Enough for you and me?

Wal. No, Harry, no.
Five years ago your heart beat with the South,
Your soul was wounded with a thousand wrongs
Our people suffered. Then your liquid tongue
Touched with the perfect justice of our claims
Did breathe persuasion with an argument
None dared dispute. And now, will man believe it,
These four years you are weaponed with a sword
That strikes your tongue. Such monstrous contra-
diction

Yawns like the Red Sea dry. Give me some reason.
By heaven, Hal, I know you are no woman,
No coward, fool, nor villain, nor a man
Whose conscience has a price. —Pray, loose this button.

Clif. You are not well.

Wal. But awkward, very awkward.

Clif. One arm gone, too?

Wal. The devil take his soul.
I care not for the arm, but 't made me mad
To be unlisted so. 'Twas at Manassas:
Some yankee horse swooped down upon our cannon
Then in full play. Our gunners worked like fiends,
And shot for shot did cram our howling monsters
Chock to the teeth. There was no stir in the air,
And so the sulphurous vomit of our guns
Stood 'fore us like a wall. They burst upon's
A horse, a flash, a sabre's nimble stroke.
And then 'twas done. But we are quits together:
I shot the damned blue-coat from his horse,
And mounting in his saddle ere 'twas cold
I 'scaped into our lines.

Clif. I prithee, Walter.
Consider, that you are an invalid.
Shun this emotion: for your jaded body
Can not support the hot and fevery flush
Your spirit now engenders. Let's to bed:
To-morrow we may speak of it at length.

Wal. I will not sleep nor eat nor budge from hence
'Till you confess your sins or show me mine.—
I am not well, and heaven knows how long—
Well, let it come.—I always loved you. Hal.
Being a man who never held opinion
Too narrow for a world to stand upon:
And whatsoever my rash temper spurned,
Your counsel I did always look upon
As better than my own. So help me heaven.

I marched beneath the banners of the South
For justice' sake ; and when I did so, Hal,
I thought the same of you. Was't God or devil
That wrung your Southern heart that now it holds
No drop of Southern blood? As you are wise
Be honest now. My soul yearns for the truth,
O give it me.

Ulj. By your enforcement then.
And since I live in that philosophy
Which proves to man that his intelligence
Is like to God's, I'll speak it proudly. Walter,
And need not stoop in lazy humbleness,
Preaching that knowledge is unknowable.
Our young republic
Had not so many years upon her back
As stars upon her banner ere a buzz
Of discontent arose. Our land was large,
Too large, for Rome is not so far from London
As Maine from Mississippi. So it followed,
These people dwelling many miles apart
Engaged in occupation no more like
Than climate, soil, location. As a river
Bent on his eager journey to the sea
Pursues the easiest course, so all these men
Pursued prosperity as best they knew.
But nature's difference whispered to the South
Here lies the passage to my horn of plenty,
And then in turn she spake unto the North,
Look you not here, but there. Each went his way,
And in devotion to his selfish prayers

Neglected worship for the general weal,
 From whence, though indirect, all blessings flow.—
 As you have seen two dogs fight for a bone
 When a full dish which they might eat in peace
 Stood next to them, just so our delegates
 Sent to the capital from north and south
 Have wrangled for the law these forty years.—
 As to myself, be it a vice or virtue,
 I shun extremes: but being born in the South
 I do remember many a grievous word
 I spoke against the overbearing North.
 My dreams went with the South until the day
 That southern Carolina had the front
 To dress the phantom ghost of separation
 With flesh and blood. That one word, separation,
 Struck every argument on tariff dumb,
 Made abolition, freesoil, slavery,
 Too trite for gossip's tongue. She drew a dagger
 To strike America, to stab the soul
 Of this United States.

Wal. Make me to see it,
 Let me have proof on't, for I still maintain
 No single government beneath the sun
 Can fashion laws and furnish liberty
 To such colliding interests. France and Britain
 Are nearer one. There had been no need of a war,
 If unmolested we had been allowed
 To forage for ourselves. The primal law
 Writ in the constitution of our fathers
 Permits secession.

Clif. There's the difficulty :
It seems, but is not so.—All fixed things
In nature and in intellect are dead ;
And so the spirit of our Constitution,
If it shall be more than a temporal thing,
Must progress with the spirit of the time.—
Grant eleven States the privilege of secession.
And, ten years after, six may claim it, too ;
If six, then one ; and if a State may do it,
May not a city rebel 'gainst a State ?
A citizen against the city's law ?
Accept the principle, and you accept
The rule of anarchy, the right of wrong.
Or, let us say our Union were divided
But in two parts, e'en that necessitates
A government of arms. Then each had conjured
A jealous neighbor and an enemy.
Ship but to Europe yonder, see how there
The neighbor nations of one continent
Must dress their limits with a fringe of steel.
In time of peace their industry is war :
You can not walk about their capitals
But every footstep brings you face to face
With men in uniform, God's best creation,
Reduced and stunted to so base a thing,
That he is but a symbol of brute force,
A slander of himself and of his God.
From north to south, from Ural to Atlantic,
The vasty confines of their territory
Swarms like a giant camp. There is no peace

Save battle's preparation. See them sit
Upon the extreme verge of their possessions
Like empty wolves all eager to obtain
A pass of vantage. So it had been here:
Disrupt our union, and the next night sees
Barrack and fort spring up along the line
Like toadstools in a sick and rotten wood
After a summer rain. Then men shall labor
With sweaty brow to pile huge stones together,
And drag loud thundering engines of destruction
Against the line of the States. And if a stranger
Inquire to know where this State doth begin
And that one end, then shall he have his answer
With cannon gaping in each other's mouth:
While unto now it was our boast to tell him,
That all the separation we acknowledged
Was such a buried stone or a notch in a tree.—
We are the latest nation of the earth
And hold her first choice of locality.
If we but weld our union to a unit.
Our neighbors are the ocean and the lands
Whom stress of climate renders dangerless:
The spirit of advancement will not grow
Where climate claims the best of man's attention.
For most of us the passion for our country
Beats high enough to make us cleave together,
And for the rest, so far I'll prophesy,
'Twill not be very long ere they shall see
How a prosaic forge of policy
Welds each to all. Nor shall three thousand miles,

As some have said, disturb our unity :
Our wisdom grew with our necessity,
Till now the wizard genius of invention
Mocks space into a nutshell, laughs at time.
And as the fabled giants did of old
Make sport with hills and mountain, so do we :
From Sandy Hook and from the Golden Gate
We pluck New York and San Francisco up,
And set them down no more removed and distant
Than these two hands. O Walter, we shall see
The proud bird of our country stretch his wing
From sea to sea o'er forty sister States,
Each one of whom were space and room enough
To hold a cock-pit kingdom of the East.
The bird of antique Jove hath here arisen
Like Phoenix, and his law is liberty.
With peace and freedom on his lofty crest,
More seemly than a brow of burnished gold,
This uncerowned monarch of the universe
Shall in due time range to so high a pitch,
That all the king-bound nations of the earth
Shall see the revelation, strip their chains,
And be, as we are, free.

Wal.

Amen to that.

Clif. You are pale, Walter, and your husky voice
Sings out of tune.

Wal.

I counterfeit the swan :

My life was writ in passage with its cause,
And Charon ships to-day. Hush! let me speak.
I have a world to tell you. Here are letters—

O, is't not villainous a man must die.
 You know the hand; aye, they are Sibyl's letters.
 She is not well; haste you to comfort her.
 Edward is out of joint, all goes amiss.
 You loved her once.—I pray you read the letters,
 And if—here is an end on't.

[*Dies.*

Clif.

Rest in peace.

My erring brother, but my brother, still.—
 He spoke of Sibyl; let me see these letters.
 Her pen runs not as even as it did:
 The hand is careless, and her characters
 Betoken much indifference, much despair.—
 Not married yet. This should be news to me,
 And yet I take it with no more surprise
 Than if it read twice two are not yet five.
 Four years, four years of nothing. Sibyl, Sibyl.
 You'll square the circle sleeping ere you'll find
 Adjustment twixt yourself and Ingraham.—
 I will peruse these letters word for word:
 If they do sound like my conjecture muses
 Then by God's Trinity I'll speak to her.
 Edward, look to your laurels, mount your men,
 For Harry Clifford's in the field again.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—INGRAHAM'S HOUSE.

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. 'Tis but the feverish dream of a hot blood
That paints these creatures with the rosy tint
Of exquisite perfection, thralls our senses
In adulation of a counterfeit
Past angels fair ; but to our waking sight
This rapt hallucination is not true.
Sooth, Sibyl wakes and sleeps, eats, drinks and speaks,
Observing every law and natural function
That rules mortality. Now let me see :
To marry her or else to break the bonds.
Mine is the choice, for though she will not love me,
The mettle of her honor will endure
To wed me if I will. But, on that score,
If honor bids her to respect that vow,
Then honor bids me to release her, too.
Honor. What is this honor? 'Tis a thing
That I shall much offend if I insist on't.—
And, if we join against her inclination.

'Twill be example, that the weaker sex
 Can curb its motion better than we men
 Who plume ourselves with reason. Humph! besides
 Since she was never mine but in a name,
 My loss is nominal. I can not purchase
 The jewels I would wear in a foreign mart,
 Where the true stamped-gold of my affection
 Goes like uncurrent coin. And shall I not
 Gain double vantage, if my profit come
 Directly through my conscience? Break it off.
 'Tis my experience that we seldom rue
 What honor and expedience bid us do. [*Exit.*

Enter LE NOM.

Le Nom. I enter here e'en with the kind of courage
 That occupied our father, Hercules,
 What time he knocked against the gates of hell.
 Here comes my Cerberus, but woe the while,
 Where is Alcides' club? 'Tis out of fashion:
 Ten thousand years ago is not to-day;
 And therefore will I meet him with a front
 Of penitence and low humility,
 Which like the reedy margin of a lake
 Presents no stern resistance to the wind,
 And so escapes the danger.

Enter INGRAHAM.

Ing. Leave my house!
 Be nevermore so bold to come again.
 This is the very king-post of presumption:

You steal my daughter, fly with her to France,
 And now your booty is secured by marriage
 You come to crave forgiveness for your theft.
 But sir, not set speech of apology,
 No lowly mien, nor show of deep contrition,
 Can move my pardon. 'Twas unmanly done;
 It was a coward's act. Nay, save your semblance,
 Your stagy antics will not pass with me.

Le N. (*Aside*) Then for an honest shift.—I loved
 your daughter

Without proviso and without condition,
 And for she held me well, I married her.

Ing. Against my will.

Le N. I grant against your will.

But had my love been set upon condition,
 E'en such a valid one as your consent,
 Had that advanced me in your estimation?
 I do not think so. You might rather say
 That Cupid's flight were mere cupidity
 If he would simply flit. I beg your pardon,
 Through Lucy's heart into your honor's pocket.
 And yet, believe me, your endorsement was
 A boon I rather held incompassable
 Than anything unwished for. But, good sir,
 I stood like Caesar at the Rubicon,
 Who did not ask because he knew the answer,
 And therefore crossed without it.—so did I.

Ing. Where is my daughter?

Le N. Mr. Ingraham,

I pray you, for a moment lay aside

All personality, forget yourself,
 Do me the honor to assume my place,
 And tell me in good sooth, if you were I,
 Had you done otherwise?

Ing. Where is my daughter?

Le N. I'll bring you to my wife.

Ing. My daughter.

Le N. Nay,

My wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter SIBYL.

Sibyl. I could not raise this poison to my lips
 With a ton's strength. You little puny thing,
 What godhead may the mystic power be
 That ever weighs thee down? Come, tell it me.
 'Tis not the pangs of death, nor dread of burial
 In the wet, wormy ground; I am no coward.
 'Tis not in pity for remaining friends
 Whose tears would flow for me; I am too selfish.
 It is not this, no, nor the dreamy doubts
 And idle speculations of hereafter
 On which the melancholy prince of Denmark
 Once wrecked his resolution. Not all these,
 Together with such scruples as we harbor
 Against designed and wilful self-destruction,
 Can stop our ears or shut our tempted lips
 Against this prime physician of all ills.
 But hope, aye, hope can do't. Let us be honest,
 And so confess that life's ill burning candle
 Will easier flicker in a drop of hope

Than in a sea of conscience.—Hope, ah me,
 Where is my hope, that am in honor bound
 To love, not to abhor: to feel quick passion,
 Where I congeal with cold.—Patience, poor heart,
 Beat not rebellious while the bursting spring
 Leaps from the earth, and bids thee to begin
 The fifth year of thy grim captivity.
 Come, we will pray, there shall be no more spring:
 The rolling year shall stick in the wintry zone,
 Until a shroud of numb sterility
 Encyst the round earth. Thus from green to gray,
 From life to death, the world shall pass away.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—A STREET.

Enter LE NOM and INGRAHAM.

Ing. In England, too?

Le N. O, yes; we spent all winter
 In dear old England. For a month together
 We tramped about the streets of London City,
 Where many a span of famous history,
 That in our recollection lay asleep,
 Was by some quick reminder conjured up
 And set before our eyes. Now here, now there,
 A quaintish tavern with familiar name,
 An antiquated bridge, an ivied ruin,
 A moat and a wall nigh crumbling and forgot,
 Some gloomy castle uninhabited.

Or stony tower built in the day of Rome,
 Would bring the age and the actors to our view
 As we had been there. 'Twas a kind of school:
 She saw the sights, I moralized the men,
 'Till Lucy's patience and my purse were empty,
 And then we started home.

Ing. And have no money?

Le N. In Glasgow, by the bye, we met your
 brother.

Ing. My brother, William?

Le N. Aye. He told us all;
 And should be happy to be reconciled.

I have some letters for you in my baggage,
 Wherein he most sincerely asks your pardon
 For his rash temper.

Ing. Better late than never.

You see, they did not relish my selection,
 But ne'ertheless I married Isabel;
 I crossed the seas and, having found some fortune,
 Could bide the time. But I am glad of this.
 Can you not fetch the letters even now?

Le N. At what hour do you dine?

Ing. At five.

Le N. 'Tis well.

I'll fetch the letters, and at dinner time
 Will help you to discuss them. Fare you well.

[*Exit* INGRAHAM.]

These good epistles written at my quest
 Shall turn his vision back some thirty years.
 Then shall my Lucy's most beloved father

By virtue of these letters be convinced,
 That she is but as 'twere a print or copy
 Of his own self. Yes, 'tis a common fault
 That in our neighbors we condemn an act
 Which self done we would praise. Is mine and thine,
 So white and black? O frailty, most sublime:
 In me a virtue but in you, a crime.

SCENE III.—VERANDA AND GARDEN.

Enter SIBYL with a Letter; KATE.

Sibyl. Who gave you this?

Kate. The postman gave it me;
 And for I knew the hand, I thought it best
 To keep it in my pocket for a chance
 To give it you myself.

Sibyl. How long is that?

Kate. Since noon.—O, lady, William is come back.
 You would not recognize him; look, his beard
 Has grown so long. But he is awful lean;
 The rebels had him captured in a prison
 For a whole year, and gave him nothing else
 To eat except molasses. Horrible!
 Now I will bring him to his flesh again:
 This summer we shall marry, and his name,
 In recollection of his prison fare,
 Shall be sweet William. [*Exit.*

Sibyl. (*Reading*) Postmark—Appomattox—
 I can not make it out; nor is it wholesome
 To read in the moon. But stay, here is a light

Streams through the lattice. Why, what ails me now?
 I tremble, and my heart beats at my bosom
 As 'twere the consummation of all sins
 To see this letter.

(*Reads*) APRIL 12th.—MISS HARVEY.—You will observe from the postmark that I am again come home. Until the night of Appomattox it was not within the range of my intention to address you, whilst now I feel constrained to request an interview. Perhaps this precipitation will seem less offensive when you know that since my enlistment, which followed hard upon the taking of Sumter, I have assiduously broken all bridges with the past. I accomplished this the more readily by serving under an assumed name. I will explain at leisure. Suffice it to say, that none but official communications have reached me until three days past, when by the veriest chance I hear strange news. Unless you prefer otherwise I shall call to-night.

H. CLIFFORD.

To-night! 'Twill take a week to solve this riddle,
 And then a month to shape an answer for't.
 What may he mean? How shall I speak to him?

Enter LUCY and CLIFFORD.

Lucy. Sibyl! Where may she be. Sibyl!

Sibyl. I'm here.

Clif. There, thank you, now methinks I'll find her out.

Lucy. My exit now: here plays a scene of two;
 I'll stay the other actors for their cue. [*Exit.*

Sibyl. Well, sir?

Clif. (*Aside*) Is it the moon that looks so pale,
I should have come in the day. What drops are these?
I shook not when the ambushed guns of the South
Abridged my regiment until the number
Shrank to a corporal's guard; and now I blench
To see the lily's pallor on a face
Where once the roses flushed. A piteous change.
Or I or Edward is to blame for this;
And by my God it is the kind of sin
'Gainst which we rather crave full punishment
Than soft forgiveness. — Do you know me, Sibyl?

Sibyl. By sight, but not in purpose. Here's a note
This instant come to hand. I've not had time
To weigh't, nor scrutinize what may be writ
Between the lines; but, sir, it doth amaze me,
That you, reflective of our former days,
See fit to seek me now. It was my fault,
But 'twas a weakness that a noble mind
Had cured and not engendered. You have wronged me.
What new ills do you bring?

Clif. Is it so strange,
That I, your one time well reputed friend,
Should after four years absence feel a stress
To hold a converse that in better years
Came with the day's recurrence?

Sibyl. So it did.
But times have altered; nor have you and I
Escaped time's alteration. Pray you sit.
Albeit a stranger to my former self,

Yet so far do I share identity,
 That I may ask and answer by the book,
 Whose formal phrase the commerce of our thought
 Must need respect.—I see you have been in the war.
 They say, our students played the soldier well,
 And I believe it; for the fresh remembrance
 Of great events and the courageous men
 Preserved in history and wise tradition,
 Would teach us that the noblest of mankind
 Were not content with life to merely live in't.—
 Think you we have attained a lasting peace?
 Or is this but a truce or a lull in a storm
 That hence will rage again?—Why do you fix
 Your eyes on me in silence? Are my words
 So hard of comprehension?

Clif. Pardon me,

But your tongue rambles, Sibyl. Do not seek
 To hide the ingrain tinct of private grief
 With speech of general import. Why, I know not,
 Perchance the immortal part of us is kin,
 Or else it is a kind of Providence
 Whereby I see your spirit as my own.

Sibyl. What do you see?

Clif. That you are miserable.

That I of all the foolish things on earth
 Have been most foolish. Help me to repent.

Sibyl. Hal Clifford!

Clif. Stay, for that is little news
 Compared with all the tidings of distress
 Late fallen on my ear. There is a breach

Twixt you and Edward.

Sibyl. I shall faint away.

O strange sensation—there, 'twill pass again.

Clif. Let's walk awhile.

Sibyl. This should not startle me.

It was a privy gossip to my friends

Three years ago: 'tis now a common wash

Of cooks and stitch-girls.

Clif. Here's your wrap.

Sibyl. This way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. Here Sibyl keeps her customary walks,
 And little dreams that with to-night's encounter
 I'll give her pass-port to direct her voyage,
 Regardless of my own. Lo, where she comes,
 Her white robes glint afar. And now methinks
 She's not alone. I marvel who it is.
 She loves no company when in her moods
 She walks her lonely vigils up and down
 These winding courses. Hist! I hear a voice,
 Sibyl is speaking, and her words are tuned
 In lowly pitch and accents intimate,—
 They can not pass me here. Another voice,
 Clifford. Relentless villain. At thy sight
 The cherubim of mercy 'scaped my bosom
 And now the prince of darkness rushes in
 With all the troop of hell—and welcome be they.
 I fear no judgment, for my soul stands charged

Gainst Clifford's conscience. Let him answer God
 For my perverted spirit. Here I swear,
 That I will nevermore release this woman;
 And for I know that she would rather die
 Than break her faith, I'll keep her as she is,
 Or else she'll join with Clifford. There's the way.
 She loves me not, and I'll not marry her,
 But keep her to the ending of her life
 Twixt promise and redemption, bride and wife.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CLIFFORD and SIBYL.

Sibyl. I'll call for pen and paper.

Clif. Shall I fetch it?

Sibyl. No, Hal, not now; I have no courage left
 To be alone.

Enter KATE.

I'd have some ink and paper.

Go bring me yours.

Kate. Mine?

Sibyl. Yes; and as you leave

Turn up the lights, and set the lattice so

That one may see to write.

[*Exit KATE.*]

I fail? what then?

Clif. Fail, how?

Sibyl. Suppose—

Clif. Well, what's the odds?

You stand at zero now, where any change

Must need bring something.

Sibyl. Something it shall bring.

Clif. What desperate deed hath no salvation in it,
When 'tis to do or nothing?

Sibyl. I will do it.

Enter KATE with pen, ink and paper.

This night shall see an end on't.—Wait a minute.

[*SIBYL writes and gives note to KATE.*

Deliver this to Reverend Pembleton

With all dispatch: I prithee, hasten Kate,

We'd have him at an instant. [*Exit KATE.*

Am I not

A model of obedience? Come now, Hal,

What occupation next? I must have work.

When I begin to think my head goes round.

Yea, like a mason on the steeple's top,

I'd have my work an inch before my eyes,

Lest I do see my danger, see't and stumble.

What next.

Clif. Ten minutes patience.

Sibyl. Look you, Hal,

If I have been too liberal in my speech,

Do but remember I have no one else

To speak or think to. Why I can not tell,

But whereso'er this matter came to words,

And I have heard it o'er the entire scale

From pity to rebuke, why it seemed to me

As if all folk had lost their comprehension

And would not understand me. Here, to-night,

For the first time have I relieved my heart

Without regret.—Our troubles are but half
When shared with true conception.

Clif.

I were blind

And senseless to our nature's delicate touch,
If this unconscious freedom of your speech
Failed to persuade me, that I still possess
One corner of your friendship.

Sibyl.

Not a day

But we in't were together. Heaven knows,
But when I most endeavored to forget,
Then most I did remember. 'Twas a sin
'Gainst which I struggled like a lonely man
Caught in a quicksand; every desperate move
But whelmed me deep and deeper.

Clif.

Listen, Sibyl:

The lamp of reason is our best possession,
But the blind god will never call for light.
When we do paint him with his eyes unbandaged,
Let's paint him with a crutch, for then he limps.
Though you are bound by word to Ingraham,
In spirit you are mine. You cannot love him —
You can not marry him. It were a fault
As damnable as my offense would be,
If here I sought to play on your affection
Whilst you are Edward's bride. I love you, Sibyl,
But would deserve the fate of Lucifer,
If any word of love had crossed my lips
Until these years of struggling misery
Must make it patent to the simplest mind
That you and Edward have unwittingly

Dared fate into the lists. What God hath joined
Let no man sever: if that word be true,
Then likewise let no mortal undertake
To join what he designs to keep asunder.—
We have devised a speedy remedy
For this particular ill: the cure is doubtful,
But like two bold physicians, we have ventured
To cure the deadly sting of one disease
By hazard of another. It were stupid
To let the cancerous worm pursue his way
To your life's core. These clouds already 'gin
To pale your warm complexion.

Sibyl.

Yes, I know,

The little color wherein some were kind
To call me fair, lives no more in my cheek.
And yet I am too well for my misfortune
When Sibyl's death remains the only cure
For Sibyl's wretchedness.

Clif.

Not so far yet.

All sins must bear their proper compensation,
And you have done atonement for your fault
To the full sum. The wrong was tripartite:
First mine, because my flattered vanity,
Proud of his victories, stood not abashed
E'en when it pillaged in the sacred shrine
Of woman's love. I too am punished, Sibyl:
I hate myself, and though I lived forever
The pangs of conscience will survive me still.—
The fault is yours, that in a heated moment
To be revenged on my indifference,

So

Sibyl.

You closed a compact which an hour after
Made your flesh creep to think on.

Sibyl.

Spare me, Hal.

Clif. And last, though least, the fault is Edward's,
too.

Albeit that his offense was rather passive
Than active in't. Yet he is much to blame,
Since he persists upon a bond that's forfeit,
And no less void than I had made him promise
To jump to the moon. Impossibilities
Set in a pledge preclude a judgment on't,
So reads the law. He keeps you on the rack
From year to year, albeit he knows full well,
That one less ticklish on a point of honor
Had 'scaped his torture with impunity.—
But here we are: the holy man is come;
Your foster-parents with him. Well, and good.
There's sister Lucy and her husband, too.
Now, Sibyl, play your part and play it proudly.
Proud of yourself and truth.

Sibyl.

They are coming hither.

Enter INGRAHAM, ISABEL, LE NOM, LUCY, *and a* PRIEST.

Clif. Good evening, reverend sir; one word with
you.

(*Clifford, Sibyl and the Priest converse apart.*)

Lucy. When Edward hears of this.

Le N.

I pity him;

None can do more. Look you, my imp of sweetness,
I can not tell what Edward's maxim is.

For some men follow one, and some, another :
Trust not, but take, is mine, — at least in love.

Isa. Why, this is monstrous. Robert Ingraham,
Will you permit such midnight business here?
Your house, your name, your wife, your reputation,
Will be disgraced forever. Canst not see?
A man, a woman, and a priest have joined
In black conspiracy against your son.
There stands the bride. Oh shame, oh double shame ;
And in your very house.

Le N. Aye, there it pinches.

Ing. They'll elsewhere, if not here ; all's one for
that.

Isa. Edward !

Ing. Would you summon all the house ?
Methinks, there's ample witness here already.

Priest. Good madam, let me—

Isa. Never mind, sir priest.
Edward shall know it.

Sibyl. I have sent for Edward :
'Tis he we stay for.

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. What's the matter here ?

Le N. A wedding.

Edw. Are you mad ? Stare not at me.

Le N. Nay, you should stare.

Edw. Will none give answer ?

Le N. Look :

A bride, a bridegroom and a minister,
A troop of friends. Do these not answer you ?

Sibyl. Peace, there; you scoff.

Le N. She is to be married.

Edw. To whom?

Sibyl. Whom do you think?

Edw. To Clifford!

Hell and treason!

Sibyl. See, how I am fallen.

Edward, I'd speak to you:—'Tis now almost
Five years since we contracted for a marriage,
And still we stand as then.

Edw. On your account.

Sibyl. Not so; for I, in all these many days,
Stood ever ready to become your wife.
Did I deny you? Did a thousand days
Contain a minute or a single word
Wherein I raised objection? If I did,
I charge you as a christian and a man
To tell it here.

Edw. But Sibyl—

Sibyl. Let me speak.

Something shall happen, I am sick of it:
My patience, pride, and honor chafe to death
In this unnatural and hard condition.—
I may have stained my maiden modesty,
But here our churchman waits at my request
To cut the surfeit of our dalliance off
With instant marriage. Are you ready?

Edw. What!

To me?

Sibyl. To you? Whom else? O gracious heaven,
But I can bear that, too. Were I a man,

Your insult had an answer that would set
 An example for such slander. Once for all,
 Are you content? 'Tis now or never, Edward.

Edw. It were a sin to enter wedlock so:

We have not spoke a word these two years past.

Sibyl. Nor need we many now. Or yes, or no?

Edw. You are not well.

Sibyl. Such as I am you made me.

Edw. Farewell. When you survive this ecstasy
 We'll speak together.

Priest. Edward Ingraham,

Are you not pledged to marry Sibyl Harvey?

Or yes, or no? -- Your silence gives us answer.

Edw. (*Aside.*) This is a trick of Clifford's fabri-
 cation.

Priest. Not only do the tenets of our church
 Demand fulfillment of this sacred promise;
 But in the volumes of your temporal law
 There likewise rests provision that inflicts
 A civil penalty on those who break it.

Edw. (*Aside.*) The puppet plays his part ex-
 tremely well.

If I do say her yes, she'll say me nay:
 And if in spite she place her hand in mine,
 'Twere hell on earth for me.

Priest. We stay your answer.

Do you accept this lady as your wife?

Edw. No, sirrah; no.

Priest. Then I pronounce her free.

Ing. Come, bear it like a man.

Educ. Pray, leave your counsel.

Lucy. Be friends with Clifford. Sibyl was to you
Like one of those bright wanderers of the night
Might be to him or me. They can not love us,
Their realm is none of ours, they know us not,
And therefore list unmoved to the song
Of our deep passion, be it e'er so pure.
A mightier demon than his puny self
Stole your bright star away; and though, by chance,
He prove a happy winner in your loss,
'Tis neither fault nor favor makes him so.

Isa. Trust all to God. Strange are the ways of
heaven.

Educ. Aye, passing strange. How comes it, that a
flower
In one man's hand falls off and wilts away,
While at another's touch it doth unfold
Like such another sinless paradise?
Omnipotent, thy logic may be true,
And may be wise, and just, and merciful:
And yet the occurents wherein I was cast
Have shook my faith.

Ing. Be patient, my good son.
Do not forget, there is a compensation
Which squares the good and evil of our lives
Anterior to our death. It may come late,
But it will come.

TELEMACHUS,

A DRAMA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED:

ULYSSES, *King of Ithaca.*

TELEMACHUS, *his Son.*

ANTINOÛS, }
PEISANDER, } *Suitors to Penelope.*
POLYBUS, }

EUMAEUS, *a Swincherd.*

CYNICAL, *a Goutherd.*

PENELOPE, *Wife of Ulysses.*

DAPHNE, *Daughter of Eumaeus.*

Suitors, Ithacans, Servants, Attendants, & s. r.

SCENE—ITHACA.

TELEMACHUS.

Enter PROLOGUE.

The Prologue speaks to tell you, gentle hearer,
That we have cast the action of our play
In days so far remote, that print and powder
Were yet unknown: men did not read nor write,
And Clio, therefore, in her swaddling-clothes,
Could not record the passage of our scenes.
Let it suffice, the heart and mind of man
Is ever one. We'll conjure up ambition
With heaven's aid, and love, remorse and pity,
Frailty and faith, pride, envy and revenge,
And retribution. These shall be our theme.—
But since no thing we speak of ever happened,
We shall not please the champions of the fact,
The friends of dates, dimensions and of numbers,
Who in their note-book have it all set down
What is and what is not. These we'll offend.
Offend and fear nought but the poverty
Of their pure understanding. Such as these
Conceive the gods on the Olympian seat
As idols, all the Greeks idolaters,

And every legend of heroic man
 A fancy-monger's trick.—But we do know
 The fact to be an accidental thing,
 A child of chance, begot by myriad causes
 Into a world of infinite condition.
 See, History, how feebly thou art fathered,
 While Fable, what a parentage is thine :
 A people's spirit and an age's lore
 Created thee.—Now, friends, prepare yourselves
 To plunge with me into the abyss of time
 Three thousand years—accept my proffered hand.
 Here lies our way ; and as we walk, remember,
 That if I fail to show you anything,
 The fault's not in the fable, but in me.
 Who saw, but failed to let his brother see.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A PART OF THE ISLAND.

Enter CYNICAL.

Cyn. Perhaps it is and perhaps it is not. But one thing certain : if Jupiter did not visit these parts some forty years ago, I have good reason to be proud of my acquisitions ; being not even indebted for my wisdom to Jove.—And yet, I am an humble fellow, a meadow-

rambling goatherd. Not, as it has been said, because I lack ability, but because I have outgrown vanity. What possible benefit can we derive from the bustle and turmoil, plots and counterplots, deceptions and discoveries, that now possess this island? None whatsoever: they will neither make the grass grow nor the sun shine. And, therefore do all these wars and triumphs, kings, princes and suitors, pass by me like the players in the theatre, whose honest achievements are not worth a cake of cheese. Still, to a man of leisure and inclination, the tendency of the time affords much matter for cogitation. There is a profound equity in all things; and nature's compensation, if we but have the wit of observance, will disclose to us a method of delightful precision. There is no blessing but hath its damnation. Now, there is my master, Antinoüs, feeding on my old master, Ulysses', sheep and drinking his wine: while my old master, if he be yet among the living, goes buccaneering elsewhere, possibly in Antinous' very home. Our good queen is beset with suitors; but this excess of choice surfeits her appetite for choosing, and she must die of starvation like the famous ass. Telemachus, the heir to Ithaca, is a slave to Cupid.—Next time I meet him, he shall prove to me why the happiness of humanity depends on his marriage with none but Daphne. Divine simplicity! Why, half mankind are women; and I marry one, not because she excels all others, but because I have not taken pains to discover one that is in my estimation more excellent than she; though in all

likelihood there be many such.—But soft, here Daphne comes.

DAPHNE, singing without.

There was a great city beyond a great sea
 Famous in war and in glory;
 Priam was King, and a son had he
 As gay and as gallant as any could be:
 Paris, the prince of my story.

Enter DAPHNE.

But Paris and prudence went ever astray,
 Cupid alone was his master:
 He journeyed from Ilium to Sparta one day
 And stole Menelaus' fair Helen away,
 Heedless of any disaster.

No sooner had Paris with Helen set sail,
 Helen, the pride of her nation,
 Than each mighty monarch put on his mail;
 At Aulis they gathered in spite of a gale,
 Aulis, the ultimate station.—

Nine winters and summers they battled in vain
 Wasting the fields of Scamander;
 A thousand brave heroes and horsemen were slain,
 But none could the beautiful Helen regain.—
 Tell me, was none to unhand her?

O yes, little Ithaca isle of the sea,
 Hail to Ulysses' endeavor:
 He captured the city and set Helen free,
 A master of mighty invention was he.
 Praise him for aye and forever.

Cyn. And you would persuade some of your admiration to descend from a dead father to a living son. I see a gosling that might grow into a swan.

Daphne. I thank you, Cynical.

Cyn. Nay, keep your thanks
 Until there is more merit for your bounty:
 For, Daphne, you are still a little goose.

Daphne. And you're a crow; a black, benighted
crow,

Among your fellows you are fond to sit
Upon a dead limb of a barren tree
To chatter and to caw. The scented wood,
The dripping meadow, and the flowery hills,
The merry minstrels, who on silken sails
Divide the limpid ocean of the air,
The paeans that the golden insect sings
With buzzing pinions to the genial sun,
And every other ecstasy of nature,
Excite your spleen; and then you vent your anger,
Because a quarrelsome and testy crow,
A rumpled, slovenly, untidy bird,
Is out of tune with such a symphony.

Cyn. Here comes your peacock. Let him be ad-
vised,

Antinoüs dotes upon his gaudy plumes.
He should be kept a little under cover;
For if he spread his feathers all too proud
Near my young master's eye, 't will not be long
Before the purple robe of Ithaca
Flows from Antinoüs' shoulder. Let him look to't.

Daphne. You dare not tell him so before his face.

Cyn. Therefore, I say it now behind his back.

Farewell, my little gosling. [*Exit.*

Daphne. Caw, caw, caw!

Enter TELEMACHUS.

Tel. My Daphne's station is my journey's end.

Daphne. Is't not a random journey, noble prince?
A chance occasion and a chance discovery?

Tel. Had I been Ceres, you my Proserpine,
I had not searched so well. Where have you been?
I rummaged up and down, in field and forest.
In every pasture, at your father's house ;
And in my pilgrimage I called aloud
Until the silent forest found a tongue,
Till every echo answered Daphne's name,—
But not a voice came back, Telemachus.

Daphne. I am right glad you found me.

Tel. So am I.

Daphne. To-night there is a roundel at our cot,
And I must bind these blossoms for a crown
To grace the nimblest shepherd in our dance.
Come, sit you down: you have a skillful hand.

Tel. Be that your business, Daphne. Let me lie
Here by your side, and see the gentle buds
By gentler hands consigned to symmetry.

Daphne. This white rose, look you, did I bring for
you.

And yet it was unkind to pluck it off,
To break the stem e'en while the modest eye
Let fall a glistening tear upon my hand,
Weeping as't were for its untimely end.

Tel. I'll be your flower, Daphne: such a one
As Clytie grew to be when she persevered
To court the favors of the flaming sun.

She lifts her head to drink Apollo's kisses
While yet he lingers with the blushing dawn ;
And as he thunders o'er the plain of heaven,
She turns from morn to noon, from noon to night,
Bending her constant visage on the god
Until the day is done, and Phoebus plunges
On blazing chariot in the western sea.

Daphne. She loved too lofty, and you look too low :
You are a prince, and I, a shepherdess.

Tel. Well, what of that? I grant you, rank and
title,
Fit order and degree are commendable
Where seeming man convenes with seeming man :
But that affinity which prompts my soul
To seek salvation here or not to find it,
Transcends these base distinctions and bears down
Deceitful ceremony. Prince and peasant,
Olympus' king and maids of mortal birth,
Have, by the touch of this divinity,
Renounced all earthy separance, and advanced
Unto the shrine of Eros, like and like.
Oh, judge not lightly of the little god
That raised Anchises to the eager arms
Of matchless Aphrodite, and drew down
Great thundering Jove, transformed to golden rain,
When he beheld the light of Danaë's eyes.

Daphne. Telemachus, have you forgot so soon?

Tel. Oh, chide not, Daphne: speak consistently,
Or, if you can not, do not speak at all.—
Consent to be my wife, and I will be

A shepherd like to you : I will abandon
 All hopes of sovereignty ; the suitor-train
 May wrangle for the crown of Ithaca ;
 And be it his who wins it. I can see
 Within the wondrous mirror of your eye
 Ten thousand times more rare felicity
 Than all creation else is blessed withal.
 My courage fails to let my phantasy
 Paint scenes and actions from the days to come,
 Unless the star of your companionship
 Falls full upon my way. You are my world,
 My life, my sole ambition and my queen !
 Nay, frown not, Daphne. I will clasp this hand,
 Until it yields, without which I must die.
 Withdraw your hand, and then, indeed, are mine
 More than a beggar's empty. All I have
 Lives in your love, and with your love expires :
 Then hath Telemachus nor home, nor kin,
 No friends, no fame, no hope, no anything.

Daphne. Why will you turn the tempest of your
 passion

Upon the billowy waters of my own
 To heave and sigh the more? Telemachus,
 I love as well and long for more than you :
 For while your fancy lights upon a maid,
 A simple shepherdess, whose happiest part
 Is easily excelled, my faith is pledged
 E'en to the very paragon of men.

Tel. Tell me, who is't?

Daphne. I never knew his name.

Tel. Of Ithaca?

Daphne. I hope so; but, in sooth,
I know not if his frame be housed in clay,
Or, like the finer spirits of the air,
Disdains to tread the earth.

Tel. You love a dream,

Daphne. Perhaps it is a dream: but since the day
That Cupid kindled his consuming fire
In this poor timid bosom, I have been
A constant votary; and, by the dint
Of ceaseless intercourse, his image now
Stands in the virgin temple of my brain
Like Phoebus on the hill-top of the day,
Without a flaw, transcendent and supreme.
To equal expectation he must come
As bold a Jason, under whose command
The far-famed Argosy was made to swim
Far up the Hellespont and Euxine sea
E'en to the strand of Colchis, whence to gain
The golden fleece; and he must be as wise
As your great father, for whose moving lips
The surging multitude will hold their peace;
And if he be as fair as Paris was,
Then shall he gather Daphne to his arms
Like Neptune clips our island. [*Erit.*

Tel. She is gone!

And now methinks I see my fortune's star
Shoot headlong from the sphere, eclipsed and dead.—
Whatever else futurity may bring
Of pain or pleasure, why, it matters not;

For every entrance to my riven heart
Is so besieged with rank indifference,
That nothing can proceed from destiny
I'd raise a finger for. My simple faith
Mistook the seeming kindness of the day
For summer's joy, and recked not, it might be
November visored in the stolen mask
Of mellow June. How like a gossamer,
Whom autumn's sunny guise allured from home
To bask him in the eye of friendly Sol,
With silken streamers floating on the breeze
Until the boisterous wind and chilly rain
Dash all his filmy glory to the ground.
So have I ventured on a sea of love,
And so my voyage ended. Tell me, gods,
What grim offense grows with Telemachus,
That in your wrath you crush him to the earth
With mountains of affliction? Why is this?
My father lost, my mother soon to wed,
My palace filled, my friends persuaded from me,
My lawful substance scattered to the winds,
My life endangered by the shameless men
Who would usurp the rule of Ithaca;
And last, and most of all, where I was merry,
Where I had learned to look for recompense,
Surcease and respite from the cruel lash
Of unrelenting fate, there must I find
A shadowy monster lurking in a spot
Which I had hoped my own. I have borne much

And borne it patiently ; but here's a pang
 I dare not think on, it will make me mad.
 There must be something done,— I know not what :
 But something must be done ! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Before EUMÆUS' Hut.*EUMÆUS. *Enter CYNICAL.*

Cyn. Come, lively, lively, old boy. Antinoüs and his train have returned from hunting, where he hath killed a great boar. There is much rejoicing at the palace, and justly ; for so formidable a beast there is not another in all Ithaca. In celebration of his victory, Antinoüs has ordered a sumptuous banquet ; and if the clamors for meat and drink be any indication to hunger and thirst, I expect many a little earthquake before morning. I left them in the bustle and stir of preparation : the hall is polished, the fires are kindled, the kettles are steaming, the women are grinding and baking, every uncracked jar is drawn brimful of the best wine, and I come this way with orders from my master, Antinoüs, that you bring ten fattened swine to the palace immediately. None of your lean and scraggy rascals, but ten well-fed, juicy porkers.

Eum. What, ten porkers at a meal?

Cyn. And quickly, too.

Eum. How brave these feasters are while he whose property they are wasting is far away : yet, on my life, if Ulysses should return to-night and appear at the festive board, their craven hearts would so quickly jump into their mouths, they could not eat a bite.

Cyn. Why, he is dead and rotten long ago. You're wasting time.

Eum. I will obey, because I know it would be useless to resist; but it goes against my will. Truly, Cynical, if ever a day of reckoning come, the house of Ithaca will find itself but little indebted to you for honest service.

Cyn. In accordance with my nature: I encourage debts only as a debtor. And let me tell you one thing, Eumaeus: he may be a wise master that knows how to choose a good servant, but, truly, he is a wiser servant that knows how to choose a good master. Now, judge for yourself: is not Antinoüs a more substantial master to me than Ulysses to you?

Eum. You served Ulysses once.

Cyn. Aye, truly; and may do so again. For, if as you say, he will some day return and make war upon Antinoüs and the other princes who are making merry with his possessions, there is not a man in Ithaca will endeavor to win Ulysses' favor more than I. Circumstances—but, let me see: You were once a prince, Eumaeus?

Eum. I was.

Cyn. And your father, king?

Eum. Of Syria.

Cyn. Good. And you are now a slave?

Eum. I suppose I am.

Cyn. And would you give me to understand that a system of society permitting a prince to be upset into a slave, will expect from such a one other service

than conduces to his own advancement? Go to: you are dull, Eumæus. Fare you well, and tend your swine; for you deserve no better fate. Let them increase ten, fifty, yea a hundred fold, and your service shall not even have so much pay as the thanks of those that steal them from you; though that, methinks, were little enough. Remember, ten fat porkers.

Eum. Where are your goats, Cynical?

Cyz. In heaven, Eumæus. But, to set aside all jest and speak in honesty, here your wit may again profit by my example, and behold another proof how well my philosophy is adapted to these times. My masters, you see, are much concerned about my welfare, and fearing too much labor might impair my health, have eaten all my goats, and now my office is a sinecure. | *Exit.*

Eum. However happy you may seem to be,
The very effort to impart the reasons
For your felicity, let me to know,
That in the hours of rest and solitude,
Your spirit lacks that glad serenity,
Which noble minds concede their greatest good.
You wallow in a pool of contradiction,
I'll strive to set my craft upon the stream
Of Jove's behest and universal law. | *Exit.*

Enter TELEMACHUS.

Tel. Posterity will hold me in contempt,
And gossip's tongue will feast upon my shame
With lusty appetite. Will't come to this?

Aye, more: the very tenure of my tribe
Will be to bury me sans resurrection;
And in the conduct of my obsequies
No weazen, mumbling crone shall lack a part.
For when the ruffian northwind sounds his blast,
And merry children leave their summer haunts
To rollic by the hearth, then will they flock
About their grandam's knee, and beg, and beg,
Until she yields, and with an antique story
Holds every infant fancy in a spell.
She will o'ercount the kings of Ithaca:
How first Arcesius made this rugged isle
A hospitable home; and next his son,
Laërtes, in whose vineyard grew the wine
That Bacchus brought to Jove; whose well-fed flocks
Of sheep and cattle were as numberless
As fishes in the sea; and next to him
Comes that Ulysses who set out for Troy,
Whose word in council and whose skill in war
Achieved for him such greatness and renown
As balk comparison. And after him?
His name is never mentioned since the day
He quit his temporal vestment, for the muse
Of history declines to speak of him,
Unworthy of remembrance.— This is I,
Who like a dead man, ready for the shroud,
Awaits the darkness of oblivion's cloud. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The great Hall in ULYSSES' Palace.*

ANTINOÛS, PEISANDER, POLYBUS *and other Suitors.*
(*The surroundings intimate the last stage of a banquet. Many suitors have fallen asleep. Women in attendance.*)

Ant. Some drink, Melantho: fill our barren cups
Until the frothy wine o'ertops the brim.

Peis. Our eyes in tears would grace us better far
Thau lips in wine; for do but see, AntinoÛs,
How many sturdy bulwarks of our host
Lie struck with Bacchus' lance.

Pol. Come, some for me.

Ant. Why, how now, Polybus, my round old man;
Peisander numbered you among the dead.

Pol. But wounded, sir; and yet I hope to perish,
As nightly I have done these twenty years.

Peis. This boy of Semele is barbarous.

Ant. What think you of your executioner?

Pol. I worship him.

Ant. By Juno, so do I.
Come, who'll pronounce a toast?

Peis. By your good leave,
Do I propose we drain our final cup
To sage Penelope, our gracious queen;
In whom the quality of natural gifts
And rare accomplishments are so perfected,
That every royal household sends a prince,
A suitor for her hand.

Suitors. Long live the queen!

Peis. And we, her valiant slaves.

Ant. 'Tis very true :

For as a hand of charitable crumbs
Cast out of a window on a frosty day
Invites a flock of sparrows, even so
Her fame and fortune fill this antique hall
With warlike men.

Pol. Let's have another.

Ant. No.

Light me a taper, girl, and lead the way :
'Tis time for honest men to go to bed.

Peis. What, needs a torch? See, how the wily sun
Is come upon's, and with a golden straw
Tickles you sleepy fellow on the pate.

Ant. Let us within.

Peis. Here comes Telemachus.

Enter TELEMACHUS.

Pol. The devil take him.

Tel. Did you speak to me?

Pol. Aye, sirrah. When I was about your age
It was a custom to salute our elders
With some respect.

Tel. That, sir, is still a custom
When these same elders are respectable :
But such a pack of drunken vagabonds
As nightly keep their wassail in these halls,
I loathe to look upon ; and if there be
One particle of justice left in heaven,
Your shameful wrongs will not be unavenged.

Peis. What, will you slay us all?

Tel. Most willingly,

Had I the means to do't. But this same day
I go from Ithaca to seek my father ;
And if my journey bring me to his face,
With clamorous tongue will I relate to him
How you have seized upon his vested rights,
Defamed his orderly and well kept house
Into a toper's lodge.

Peis. Perhaps you'll find him
At old Eumaeus' hut.

Ant. Good, good!

Tel. Peisander,

Do not presume too much upon my youth.
You may abuse and fling your insults at me
As oft as you see fit; but, by the gods,
You shall not slander any friend of mine,
However poor she be.

Ant. Telemachus,

Let me advise you that the sea is wet,
And on the water there are evil men,
Who have a predilection for a prince,
To steal and sell in slavery. Old Eumaeus
Is such a stolen prince.

Tel. I know full well

The sea hath perils, and I also know
That pirates roam upon the fishy deep,
Who spurn the law; yet I am proud to say,
That if I were compelled to take my choice
Twixt that and this,—by heaven I'd rather sink

Into perpetual bondage, than to rise
 Upon a friendly monarch's sacred home,
 And there molest his queen with hateful suit,
 Squander the merit of his husbandry,
 Corrupt his women and abuse his men,
 As you have done, Antinoüs.

Ant. Hold your tongue!

Rash boy, I can not brook such raillery.

Peis. Nay, let it pass, Antinoüs. Come away.
 Will you go quarrel with a saucy boy?

Ant. I'll beat him like a dog. Unhand me, sir.

Tel. Strike, if you dare offend the gods so much,
 To kill an orphan in his father's house.

Peis. (*To Antinoüs*) Be ruled by me; nay, I
 will have it so.

Why, man, have you forgot the learned bard
 Who told us, men in wine should ever quarrel
 Among themselves, and seek not to offend
 A sober man. However brave they be,
 The odds are one to nothing. Let us in.

Ant. We'll meet again.

Tel. I hope so.—Until then
 Carouse and swagger to your heart's content,
 Abuse all sense of hospitality,
 Strip Ithaea as barren as a rock,
 Polute and strangle her unsullied fame,
 Until her piteous clamors reach the ear
 Of great Ulysses. Woe upon you then!
 For justice and revenge shall breed a storm
 Whose rumbling clouds will wrap the affrighted earth

With huge eclipse. In semblance like a god,
Laertes' son shall light upon his kingdom,
And with an eye, twice racked, with tears and fire,
Behold his mangled home. No prayers shall move him,
For in the flash of his uplifted sword
Lives less remorse than in the forked light
That struck the Titans from the dizzy top
Of famed Olympus. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—THE COAST OF ITHACA.

ULYSSES—AWAKING.

Ulys. Asleep, but where? What country may
this be,
And what should I do here? Now, let me see—
How came I hither?—I am growing old,
And my poor memory like a jaded horse
Begins to halt. But, stay: now, as I live,
This should be Ithaca.—'Twas yester night
When at Phaeacia in a nimble galley
We hoisted sail, and plashed the furrowed sea,
That with the break of day I might behold

My native land again. If it were true,
Methinks, the monarch of his soil would feel
Some touch of recognition when he walks
Where he is master. Pirates!—No, not so.
Had I been set upon an alien coast
For sake of plunder, these unvalued gifts,
Rare tokens of esteem from worthy men,
Had been the germ of knavery, and escaped
With those they did provoke. But there's not one
But has been ranged with more than common care
About my side. There is no room for doubt:
This is the country where my fathers lived,
This is the land of great Arcecius' stock,
This is Ulysses' realm. I stand and look
Upon the mountains of my long lost home,
And ere the virgin shepherdess of night
Steps on her boundless pasture, I will enter
The chambers of my palace, and will hold
My wife, Penelope, and my dear son
Within these empty arms. Ho, not so fast;
Soft, soft; or else this passion jumps my wit
And gallops to perdition,—breaks his neck:—
I have been absent almost twenty years:
And twenty years with four times twenty seasons,
And twelve times twenty everchanging moons
May wear so wide a breach 'tween man and wife,
That constant faith environed with temptation
Can build no bridge across. Pallas Athenë,
Let me be wary, let me be advised:
Atrides Agamemnon came to grief

When in his joy he was by craft forsaken ;
Ulysses shall not be surprised nor taken.

Enter DAPHNE.

Whom have we here? God bless you, pretty maid.
Nay, stay awhile : there is no cause for fear
I can assure you. Being new arrived,
And stranger here, I'd thank you very much
To have some question with you. Come, you'll find
That all my rudeness is my iron coat,
And i a very meek and gentle man.

Daphne. Well, sir ; what is't? I am no coward,
sir ;

But I confess your sudden visitation,
Together with the bright habiliments
That prove a prince or monarch, tie my tongue.
And even now I stand twixt here and hence :
Your harsh accoutrements bid me to fly,
Your gentle havior bids me to remain,
To take a heart and be so bold to ask
Who may you be?

Ulys. True, very true :
I had forgot. You should, indeed, know that.—
But tell me, fair one, is Penelope
A widow yet? and young Telemachus,
How goes't with him?

Daphne. Penelope, good sir,
Is yet a widow, but will soon be wed.
Telemachus is well for all—

Ulys.

Yes, yes:

Whom do you think she'll wed?

Daphne.

None knows but she:

For one in hundred is too hard to guess.

Ulys. She contemplates them kindly, does she not?*Daphne.* No sir; but they insist upon their suit.*Ulys.* Indeed: well, that is rude.*Daphne.*

I think so, too.

Ulys. These hundred suitors; are they merry fellows,

Or glum philosophers?

Daphne.

Eat, drink and sleep,

Is their philosophy.

Ulys.

A hundred men.

Great Jupiter, what would Ulysses say!

Well, well; now I did come in happy time.

Since when is this?

Daphne.

About three years or four.

Ulys. I wish I had been here.—A hundred men.*Daphne.* I'll show you to the palace if you wish.*Ulys.* Thanks, I can wait. You see, these trifles
move me,

Because I also travelled many miles

To claim Penelope. But hundred rivals,

For one so ill prepared to cope with them.

Might well perplex a man. Are they much followed?

Daphne. Some more, some less; but many Ithacans

Whose principle is born of policy

Contrive in their behalf.

Ulys. (*Aside.*) Down, furies, down :
I must not yet release your horrid shapes ;
There's time for that hereafter. Now for means
To cover what I am, and then proceed
To ferret out the germ of this revolt ;
How, where, and what degree of punishment
Each stands deserved in. Zounds ! 'twill be a course
That hath some relish in't.

Daphne. (*Aside.*) He seems to falter ;
But will a man like he confess defeat
Without an effort? I will speak to him,
Because Penelope will hardly find
A properer man. I wonder who he is.
The very tip and crown of majesty
Would rest familiar on his regal frame ;
And I am sure Penelope might find
Some reparation for Ulysses here.
If she were Daphne now, and Daphne, queen,
I know what I would tell him.—Pardon, sir :
But shall we to the court?

Ulys. No, no ; not so.
I will explain : You see, my little friend,
I am a prince of Crete.

Daphne. I knew you were.

Ulys. What do you know?

Daphne. You are a prince.

Ulys. Of Crete?

Daphne. You said, of Crete.

Ulys. Yes ; I believe I did.

But hark you now.

Daphne.

I will.

Ulys.

My native land

Is well beloved of Pallas : and her chiefs,
 Among whom I profess no menial rank,
 Have, by the favors of the blue-eyed queen,
 Excelled the sons of many a warlike isle
 That flecks the Aegæan sea. Men covet fame,
 And envy sprouts wherever greatness grows.
 These suitors—more than hundred did you say?

Daphne. Aye, many more.*Ulys.*

Well, hundred is enough

To let me know among them I would find
 At least a score who'd rather break my head
 Than hold my hand.

Daphne.

Are men so cruel, sir?

Ulys. Not all, but most of them. Hence I propose
 To doff these trappings for a beggar's garb,
 That without fear of malice or prevention
 I may proceed to mingle with the guests,
 Observe whatever strikes me worth the while,
 And find occasion to submit my suit
 To queen Penelope.

Daphne.

You'll rue it, sir :

For at the table of these festive lords
 A poor man's portion is contumely.
 I've seen it, sir ; I know whereof I speak.

Ulys. (Aside.) Has all our one-time justice
 shrunk to this,

That there is nothing left twixt misery
 And wild extravagance.—Leave that to me ;

I am on terms with hardship many years.
Do you but help me to a tattered robe,
A beggar's scrip, and whatso else may serve
The manner of my seeming. — Hereabouts,
Aye, there it is. — Hard by yon olive tree
There is a cave where Naiads used to dwell,
And there may I assume my new disguise.
If you will bring as many squalid rags
As will transform me to a shabby knave,
Your bounty shall exceed the richest dower
That ever princess owned.

Daphne. Without delay :

For I am proud to have the means to help you.

Ulys. No word of what I am to anyone.

Daphne. I know of nothing.

Ulys. Then away at once,

For I would have you hence and here again.

Daphne. It shall be done. Zeus and his Mercury.

Ulys. 'Twere better far it had been done already ;
For will do and have done, like night and day,
Step one on the other's heel ; but hell and heaven
Show more similitude, are closer kin.

[*Carries out his goods.*]

Daphne. (*Aside.*) Here is a man strange and familiar, too :

We never met, still I have seen him often ;
We never spoke, and yet I know that voice
For many a day in the year. — He'll woo the queen,
And I must be assistant to his suit.
Well, I will do't. — If he had but a son,

Then Daphne's love would be or lost or won. [*Exit.*

Ulys. To live a beggar, or to die a king.—
I have known men to smile in the face of death
For justice' sake; yet 'tis a nobler strain
To live for one's conviction than to die for't.
Clear-featured honesty, I love thee well,
But knavery best is baffled with his like.
There is no armor forged in Vulcan's fire
So proof as flimsy rags. These evil men
Will strike a beggar, and the hurt is small;
But when a blow falls on a monarch's head,
His life is aimed at. I'll avoid the sting,
And play the beggar, but to be a king. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in ULYSSES' Palace.*

Enter ANTINOÛS and PEISANDER.

Peis. The boy grows desperate.

Ant. There is more in him
Than shows at the surface. Wonder where he went?

Peis. None seem to know. I have been up an
hour
To question those that are most like to know;
But neither threat nor promise did avail
To make discovery: still, I have a mind
Which tells me that he went to Nestor first,
In sandy Pylos; being cognizant
How in the wars old Nestor and his father
Were close companions.

Ant. We must take to sea
And cut him off: I do not fear the boy;
But, as Ulysses' son, he'll gain admittance
To all the great ones that came back from Troy.

Peis. This troubles me.

Ant. We'll after him to-night:
If fortune smiles, we'll feed him to the fish,
Before the next new moon. The boy being dead,
Then haply he who wins Penelope,
Wins Ithaca besides. At all events,
There can be nothing lost by't; for his death,
Being young and inexperienced on the seas,
Will come three parts expected: none will dream
We had a hand in't.

Peis. What a towering rage
Possessed the lad when he berated you.

Ant. Did'st mark him well? I saw the very light-
ning
Which I beheld these twenty years ago
Flash from Ulysses' eye; and since I know
That every frog was once a polliwig,
I know this polliwig may be a frog.
Now, for prevention.

Peis. Stay, here comes the queen.

Enter PENELOPE.

Pen. Good morrow, gentlemen. Where is my son?

Peis. That we would learn of you.

Pen. Alas, good sirs,
If you bear any malice towards my child,

You bear it both unjustly and unwise :
 If that your suit be honest, he will be
 No block to your desires, but will prove
 A step to come by't: for I am resolved
 To hold this kingdom's rule a sacred trust,
 Which my Ulysses gave into my charge
 When he set out for Troy. Nor will I quit
 My husband's realm to be the wedded wife
 Of e'en the most deserving of you all —
 The proudest prince o' the earth would plead in vain,—
 Until my husband's heir and proper son
 Is here installed as king.

Peis.

So let it be.

Good madam, you do much misjudge our minds.
 Do not, I pray, think us such stupid fellows,
 So unacquainted with the way o' the world,
 That we propose to win a mother's favor
 By plotting mischief 'gainst her son.

Ant.

Indeed,

As you approached, Peisander and myself
 Considered how 'twere easiest to divert
 Impending danger. He is even now
 Exposed to all the hazards of the sea,
 And if by any means we could discover
 His journey's end, we'd mount our swiftest vessel,
 And so provide for all contingency,
 Our enterprise would prosper.—If by chance
 You do remember any circumstance
 That points in one direction or the other,
 Let us be one in't. Any little trick

May be to us the key to his intention ;
And this unbolted, nothing more remains
To foil our purposes.

Pen. I know of nothing.

Save I would have him quickly back again.

Ant. Then grant your leave, Peisander and myself,
With such addition as may serve our cause,
Employ all best endeavors to relieve
Your grace from this suspense.

Pen. Good gentlemen,
I have no ground to doubt your purposes ;
And yet, I know not why, but something tells me
You do not wish him well.

Peis. I do not see
That his misfortune could advantage us.

Pen. Then get you gone and bring me back my son.

Ant. For this permission, thanks.

Peis. We take our leave.

[*Exeunt.*]

Pen. There's not a dame in Greece but looks on me
With envious eye ; whereas the least of them
Is rich compared with me. Ah, my poor boy ;
Thou, too, wert born beneath the luckless star
Of thy great father, and your danger now
O'erwoes his absence. 'Tis a way we have ;
With passing years we ever learn to bear
Our ancient wounds with an acquired patience ;
While lesser ills, be they of recent date,
Purge old affliction with a deeper pain.
I fear the welfare of my husband much,

But fear my sons condition even more :
 Ulysses bears a mind as swift as light
 To penetrate the evil men would do,
 And never fails by dint of shrewd invention
 To foil his enemies. Our wayward son
 Is green in danger ; therefore, gentle gods,
 Do not forsake my boy, Telemachus. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A PART OF THE ISLAND.

Enter ULYSSES, *disguised as a beggar*, and DAPHNE.

Ulys. How say you, is it well done?

Daphne. Passing well :

The rudest churl will find himself enforced
 To grant your question.

Ulys. Ah, my little friend,
 I fear, I shall o'erstep a beggar's boundary,
 And ask for more than any choose to give.—
 Now, tell me, who are you ; that I may know
 To whom I am beholden for this finery?

Daphne. Pray, do not mock me ; you did not ask
 no more.

Ulys. Why, I speak truly ; sooth, I would not sell
 This cloak for all the gold we found in Troy.
 There is more merit in this frail surrounding
 Than in Ulysses' crown. Now, who are you?

Daphne. My name is Daphne, old Eumæus'
 daughter.

Ulys. Eumæus, I have heard that name before.
 Well, Daphne, when you meet your true Apollo,

I'll take occasion to requite your gift
Beyond expectancy.

Daphne. I thank you, sir.

Ulys. But have a care, that your unheedy tongue
Betray not who I am.

Daphne. Believe me true.

I could do much —

Ulys. Then lead me to your home.

Methinks, the father of a child like his
Will not refuse me shelter.

Daphne. Truly, no.

But all the suitors hold him in contempt,
Because he still persists to serve none else
Than his lost master. Many impious wrongs
He therefore suffered, and has now grown old
Before his years.

Ulys. But he will be rewarded
As sure as Jove claps thunder in the clouds.
Lies here the way?

Daphne. Look you, how dark it grows.
We'll have a storm anon.

Ulys. 'Tis very like.

Daphne. Think you, there is much danger in a storm?

Ulys. Oh, yes.

Daphne. And men are often drowned at sea?

Ulys. Quite frequently.

Daphne. Tell me, saw you a ship
As you approached?

Ulys. None in particular: why?

Daphne. Because, this very day, Telemachus
Went forth to seek his father, and the queen
Will be uneasy for her son's escape.
Oh, he is now at sea and will be lost!

Ulys. Indeed! well, well, 'tis very kind of you
To take such interest in a mother's sorrow.—
(*Aside.*) If love and reason were no paradox,
And sudden lightning constant as the sun,
These bright, impulsive creatures were to man
Perpetual re-creation. If I thrive,
As I do think I shall, we'll weave this flower
Into the garland of our kingly house.
Her looks speak legion, yet I'll stake my crown.
She'll not confess one word.—My little friend,
Your fear is rather for his mother's son,
Than for his mother—but no matter for't.
Telemachus must well-nigh be a man,
And as Ulysses' heir doth ever walk
With Pallas' spear and great Olympus' shield.
He will return again; and if you love him,
I'll give him my consent to marry you.

Daphne. You give in jest, and so in jest I thank
you;

But, sir, I do not wish to marry him.

Ulys. Oh, is it so. Then let us to your father,
And speak no more of him who seems to be
Indifferent matter both to you and me.

Daphne. You do not like him then?

Ulys.

As much as you.

Daphne. See, how the breakers dash on yonder cliff,
He must not perish!

Ulys. Let us pray for him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—EUMAEUS' HUT.

Enter EUMAEUS.

Eum. My droves are sheltered. What a coil is
here!

I'll not believe that cloud-compelling Jove
Would in his wrath take many good men's lives,
And let these overweening suitors here
Revel regardless of his mighty anger,
But that he hath resolved to cut them off
With keener instrument. Who knocks? Come in!

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulys. A poor old man, bereft of food and shelter,
Makes application here.

Eum. You are right welcome.

My lot is little, yet the meanest having
Will bear division, be it e'er so small.
Old man, whence came you? Take this cup of wine;
Nor shall you want for food. Daphne, I say!

Ulys. My beggar thanks could not be overplussed
Were I a king.

Eum. Ulysses is my master.

And when these twenty years he sailed for Troy.

He took me by the hand and parting said :
 Eumæus, be a father to the poor,
 They are the special children of the gods :
 In proof whereof the deities themselves
 From time to time assume a beggar's garb,
 And walk 'mong men in quest of charity.

Ulys. I saw your master.

Eum. When?

Ulys. Far, far from here.

'Twas shortly after Noman did put out
 The monstrous eye of uncouth Polypheme.

Eum. How long is that?

Ulys. About eight years or nine.

Eum. The last we hear was that he safely passed
 Twixt Scylla and Charybdis.

Ulys. That came later.

Eum. Old man, do not attempt to win our favor
 With tales of own invention. Many beggars
 Come to this isle, and feed our hungry ears
 With specious lies, considering these the coin
 To buy the bounty of Ulysses' friends,
 And his most noble queen. We punish all
 Whom we discover in't.

Ulys. I am none such.

Ulysses was my friend, and in the wars
 That crumbled Priam's city, have I oft
 Served as his charioteer. 'Twill not be long
 Before you'll see I know Ulysses well ;
 For in the days that Mars was out of humor
 He used to tell me of his wife and boy.

And other dear ones he had left behind,
I tell you, he was loath to leave his home,
And for a lesser stake than Helen was,
Had never joined with Agamemnon's host.

Eum. True, very true.

Ulys. How fares his country since?
I love this man so equal with myself,
That any circumstance of him or his
Comes close to me.

Eum. Nay, you shall rather speak
Of our lost monarch, and to-morrow morn
Without delay crave access to the queen:
For every tidings of her ill-starred king,
Comes like a holiday within her dole
Of twenty weeping years.

Ulys. I prithee, swincherd,
Let me defer. Were I now to begin
A true rehearsal of what I do know
Of him we speak of, all the live-long night,
Albeit it did extend from moon to moon,
Would not suffice for me to tell it in,
The shorter tale should still precede the longer:
And, therefore, you shall first relate to me
All the occurrences, both good and evil,
That here befell since twenty years ago
Ulysses left his home.

Eum. To say it briefly,
There were none good: for as our monarch's glory
Ascended to the zenith in the east,
E'en so it fell and faded in the west.

He was a man of such consummate skill
 In ways of government, that all his people
 Were well content to leave affairs of state
 Alone to his discretion. So it came,
 That when he went, our body politic
 Seemed to have lost its head. Ulysses' wealth,
 Our impotent condition, and the fame
 Of his most beautiful and noble queen,
 Drew ship on ship of bold adventurers
 From every corner of the populous earth.

Ulys. But was there not an arm in Ithaca
 Could wield Ulysses' sword?

Eum. His ablest friends
 Would not remain behind when he set out
 To cope with Hector: every Ithacan
 That had the strength to buckle armor on,
 Ranged with Ulysses on the plains of Troy.

Ulys. Aye, so they did. He took them, every one;
 And all his greatness was too weak a power
 To bring a single soldier back again.

Eum. Things grew from bad to worse: there's
 not a law
 Prescribed by him who rules the universe,
 But hath been here offended: even here,
 The very spot which once the civil world
 Considered its example.

Ulys. Speak no more:
 I can not listen to your piteous story
 With barren eye. Good night, good night, my friend.
 Where shall I lay me down?

Eum. There's room within. —
To-day I hear it noised about the town,
Antinoüs, more ambitious than the rest,
Seeks to usurp the throne of Ithaca
And wear Ulysses' crown.

Ulys. No, fellow, no!
He can not do't and live a single day.
He may as well storm up the hill of heaven,
And pluck the golden circle from the brow
Of thundering Jove!

Eum. Ulysses!

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A HALL IN ULYSSES' PALACE.

Enter TELEMACHUS and EUMAËUS.

Tel. Eumæus, it has been our common fault
To hold these wandering tell-tales to our ears,
Because they fondle hope; our eyes we close
For fear their frauds are all too palpable,
How many times have we not raised a cup
Of information to our thirsty lips
That held a draught well pleasing to the taste,
But poison to our inwards. From this on,

My stomach, not my palate, shall prescribe
The stuff I feed on.

Eum. Good Telemachus,

This man seems so removed from his vocation,
That I beseech you listen to his story
Ere you pronounce it false.

Tel. Well, send him hither.

I'll speak to him, and with a score of questions
Persuade his tongue to turn upon himself, —
No father ever had a fonder son
Than I am to Ulysses; but, methinks,
I owe him better duty than to stare
With gaping mouth at every gossip's tale.

Eum. Will't see him now?

Tel. See whom?

Eum. This beggarman.

Tel. I care not when; or now or any time.

[*Erit EURYCLIDUS.*

Nine days will ope the eyes of any cur,
While boastful man gropes blinder than a mole
With twice so many years. — I fled these halls
Because I fancied all the world bound up
In dread conspiracy against myself;
But now I see my mightiest enemy
Dwells here within.
When Agamemnon's son became of age,
He slew the villain that did kill his father,
While I, who have more cause to strike than he,
Can wag no other weapon but my tongue
Against my malefactors. — Here I strut

Beneath the purple handicraft of Helen,
Of Helen, foremost woman of the world,
Who wound this purple mantle on my shoulder,
But never knew how base degenerate
Ulysses' stock had grown: for Helen's garment
Was never woven for a coward's back.—
In my young days I prayed to Jupiter
Above all else to give me back my father,
Yet now I dread his coming more than death.

Enter ULYSSES.

Suppose he entered his dominion now,
Things standing as they do, what would he say
To his delinquent son?

Ulys. Your pardon, sir:
I interrupt because I would not be
Unwelcome listener to your meditation.

Tel. What man art thou?

Ulys. I have a mind to tell;
But you will not give credence to my word.

Tel. That's very like; I've met your kind before.

Ulys. Are you Telemachus?

Tel. That is my name.

Withdraw awhile; here comes the queen, my mother.
I'll speak to thee anon. [*Exit ULYSSES.*]

What follows now,

It will indeed go hard, but go it must,—
There's no alternative.

Enter PENELOPE.*Pen.* Telemachus!

Tel. Forgiveness, mother: I am much to blame
 For my unceremonious going hence;
 But, my good mother, I was so beset
 I had no choice but go; and this much granted,
 I knew 'twere ten times harder to obtain
 Your leave of go, than pardon having gone.

Pen. I have you now: what further recompense
 Could I desire. Let this present joy
 Illume our hearts, for seldom comes the day
 That Phoebus' golden arrows pierce the clouds,
 Whose weeping shadows hang above our house.

Tel. O mother, there is something more in life
 Than tears and sorrow; but our eyes are dim,
 And hence we cannot look beyond the griefs
 That rise about us. Since I saw you here
 My days have doubled, and my twenty years,
 Consumed in crawling round about this isle,
 Are poor compared with any single day,
 I lived in foreign lands. Beyond the sea
 There lies a world of fame: illustrious men
 Direct the government of vast dominions,
 So large that you might set all Ithaca
 Upon one field of grain. I saw a king
 Deliberating on the people's weal,
 In council with the great ones of his realm;
 Wise men, in silvery hair, that had achieved
 Such close communion with the blessed gods,
 That every word they speak hangs like a jewel

Upon the listeners ear. The march of time
Develops miracles of art and commerce
In yonder world, while here in Ithaca
The idle sand is clogged in Kronos' glass.
I blush to say so, yet I too have seen
Young men, no more completed than myself,
Whose deeds the tongue of immortality
Will praise unto the children of the earth,
When they are dead and buried. And for me,
I stand for less than nothing. Pardon, mother:
But I as leave had not been born at all,
Than live to suffer such humility.

Pen. Where is your father?

Tel. Heaven knows, not I.

Pen. Where have you been?

Tel. Most truly will I state

My journey's incidents from first to last;
But I shall find no words to let you know
How vile a thing your miserable son
Waxed in his own opinion.

Pen. Ah, my son,

The flash and circumstance of majesty
Have struck your envy; be you comforted.
Promotion is an honor oft achieved
By tricks of little merit.

Tel. Thus it was:—

Our ship set out with zephyr in her wing,
And in the morning of the second day
We pulled our bottoms on the sandy beach
Of Pylos, where Gerenenian Nestor rules.

An ancient warrior, under whose command
 Three generations of his warlike people
 Were crowned with victory. He bade me welcome :
 And though a stranger, he befriended me
 With that benign assurance which proceeds
 From large-souled men. I told him who I was,
 And then he drew me to his manly breast,
 And gazed upon my face until he saw
 Convincement of my words. His valiant sons
 And all the eager multitude advanced
 To catch a glimpse of him, whom Nestor there
 Declared to be the son of that one man
 Than whom there was none greater. When I saw
 That Pylos' people and their glorious king
 Heaped all the honors on Ulysses' son,
 And not a jot for poor Telemachus,
 It almost broke my heart ; and I implored
 Grim Atropos to cut my thread of life.

Pen. Are these the thanks you owe to Jupiter
 For such a father ?

Tel. Do not chide me, mother :
 I need no other tutor than myself
 To show my imperfections. Let me speak :
 When thirst and hunger had been satisfied,
 The ancient monarch pulled me by the cloak,
 And arm in arm we left the banquet-hall,
 That in seclusion he might speak to me
 Intently of my father. Half the night
 The eloquent narrator held my breath
 With curious incidents that had befallen ;

How in the war my father and himself
Had been as 'twere the brain of the enterprise,
While Ajax and Achilles were the arm
To carry out their ends. His greatest boast,
Which ever formed the burden of his song,
Was to have been Ulysses' nearest friend ;
And how in ten long years of disappointment,
Brought on by jealousies among the great,
Who each a king, refused to recognize
The law of discipline,—their two opinions
Did never clash, but like co-mingling waters
Augmented one the other.

Pen. But, my son,
What recent information could you win
From ancient Nestor: he was first of all
To hurry home; and now must well-nigh be
These nine years re-established in his realm.

Tel. That's very true, and therefore he commended
I visit Menelaüs, whose return
Was of but recent date. It was my wish
To hold more converse with this sage old man ;
For though his news was staled with many years,
There is much learning more than nine years old
I stand in need of. Nestor's valiant son
Proposed to go along; and having bound
His fiery horses to an oaken car,
We galloped through the echoing portico,
And, driving hard, upon the second day
Encountered Sparta's realm, whose western boundary
Joins Pylos on the east. Without delay

We walked into the royal palace-hall
Of Lacedaemon, where the fair-haired spouse
Of Helen holds his sway.

Pen. And saw you Helen?

Tel. I can not speak of her; but 'tis no wonder
That where she went, all Greece was bound to go;
That hundred thousand men gave up their lives
For Helen's ransom. Had I been of age,
When "on to Ilium" rang a nations voice,
I might have perished on a Trojan lance,
But had been happier dead than living now.—
This glorious daughter of all-seeing Jove,
Whose beauty bears the palm from Cupid's mother,
Stretched forth her hands, and ere my stricken tongue
Could tell my country or my parentage,
She said, "Telemachus, most welcome here.
Be not amazed, for in your countenance
I trace familiar lines: you are, indeed,
A youthful copy of an ancient friend,
Of my Ulysses, whose enduring heart,
Replanted me in Greece from Barbary."—
The Spartans worship their immortal queen,
And led by her example, cheered aloud.
There was no end of welcome: day on day
Saw Lacedaemon in her best attire,
To honor him, whose father's deep invention
Made up the boon of the world But let that rest;
I'll speak of it hereafter. Tell me now—

Pen. Knows Menelaüs of your father aught?

Tel. The monarch said, Ulysses will return.

Pen. And so he will. If Menelaüs' reason
Applauds the strain of my divining soul.
I need not falter. He will surely come.

Tel. But, mother, when?

Pen. The gods have set the day.

Tel. Perhaps they have. — I am right well aware
My father was a most unusual man,
And it were folly to suppose his person
Unguarded 'gainst all trivial circumstances,
That fret the aims of ordinary men.
But, mother, let us ever bear in mind
That death is life's condition: we are born
To live and die; and oft the best of us
Are summoned to the shades of Pluto's realm
When least expected, and when least deserved.
My father may return, I grant you that;
But since it stands not in the pale of reason,
Let us accept what seems more probable,
That is the opposite. I speak not now
Alone from my opinion; these are words
That sound the echo of my journey's counsel;
For I have learned the wind will never blow
From here or there, because we wish it so.
And, therefore, mother, let us now regard
His coming as an unexpected joy,
His absence, as a known calamity
That justly claims attention.

Pen.

What's to do?

Tel. Before all else, deliver Ithaca
From every rank and festering parasite
That battens on her blood.

Pen. What can we do?
Did not I put them off from year to year
With old Laërtes' shroud?

Tel. The worse for us.
In all this time their number did augment,
And we advantaged nothing; so that now,
This alien serpent rears his venom head
Above our house, while, like a stricken doe,
Our kingdom chokes within his closing coils.—
Procrastination cures a trivial scratch,
Great wounds increase with age.—Still, there is hope;
For where there is no hope, there is no life.
Our cause is set upon a desperate throw,
But you possess the skill to cast a die
That signifies salvation.

Pen. You affright me:
For if your plan proposed a sacrifice
Less grim than death, you would unfold it to me
Without a preface. Do not look upon me
With woeful eye: men are not used to pity,
And when they do, their object of compassion
Is pitiful indeed. Ha, now I see!
But no, I'll not believe, that my own child
Would press his mother into shameful dust,
That her dishonor, like a stepping-stone,
Exalt him to promotion.

Tel. If I rise,

While you, my mother, sink, it will result
From circumstances greater than ourselves.
There is no give and take twixt good and evil;
'Tis ever good for good, or ill for ill:
And those are wise who quickly can discern
Twixt good and better. You have now the choice—

Pen. I comprehend; there needs no explanation.
Your cold unfilial words are proof enough,
That you have fallen from me like the rest;
That henceforth you will shape your arguments
With nicely balanced reasons. You have severed
The tie of blood that binds a son and mother.

Tel. Not so, dear mother: if you knew me well,
You would not say so. For my single self,
Most willing would I die to do you good:
But there's the torture, I am damned to live,
And lack the liberty most men possess.
To die when so they please. The mighty gods
Have strewn my path with many onerous duties:
And, by the aid of Pallas, I will strive
To live and liquidate my fateful debt;
Which thing to do, I would not hesitate
To perish ten times o'er. I love my country—

Pen. Or else you were a traitor. Every slave
Yearns for his native soil, no villain hates it.
But who permits a son to cast his mother
Into the harsh and rude indifferent world?

Tel. The kingdom's weal.

Pen. There is no justice in't,
Do you propose to loose the wedded bonds

That join me to your father? Shall I perjure
 The sacred vow we pledged to one another,
 And which for twenty years I have defended
 Against temptation, threats and argument?
 By what authority do you promulgate
 Commands like this? There's not a man on earth
 Dare step between Ulysses and his wife.—
 Tell me, by what divine prerogative
 You bear the power to inflict upon me
 A stain that cracks my honor and my will?
 Who bids Penelope renounce her husband?

Tel. The state.

Pen. I know not what you mean by that.

O, do not break my heart, Telemachus:
 Forget not that you are my only child,
 My only friend in an unfriendly world.
 Our house was once replete with kin and kind,
 But my true faith, by these called obstinance,
 Made them deserters: one by one they parted,
 And whatsoever love I owed to them,
 I paid it thee. I was so sure of you,
 That had the Delphian oracle foretold
 What here transpires: that the very tongue
 I taught to speak would testify against me,
 Then I had slandered Phoebus with a lie.

Tel. No more, I pray; or else my purpose
 crumbles,

And resolution must again rebuild
 With anguish, tears, transgression and remorse.

Pen. Shame, shame upon you! Were my soul so
black

To yield in deference to your impious wish
And marry one or the other of these suitors,
How would Ulysses look upon his wife
Lodged on the bosom of his enemy?

Tel. With adoration. He would worship you,
And his enduring heart would swell with pride
To know himself the husband of a woman
Who bore a mind so great, that she unlaced
The very pith and essence of her honor
To save her country. Oh, it were a deed
To raise Penelope among the gods;
To make her name a nation's household word,
Which all mankind would cherish and revere,
E'en like the men of Argos bend their knee
To Iphigenia. [*Exit* PENELOPE.]

Allmighty goddess,
Thou spirit-child of aegis-bearing Jove,
I know you love me for my father's sake;
And therefore I conjure thee by his greatness,
Let fall a beam of your intelligence
Tillume my narrow vision, that it find
Some gentler means than my shortsighted brain
Can now discover. Yet, I pray thee, too,
If my dear mother be the unvalued sum
Which fate demands to release Ithaca,
Inspire me with the courage of your wisdom,
That step by step unfaltering I proceed,
Regardless of whatever sacrifice

May be involved: for such an end as this
 Will justify the use of any means,
 No matter what they be.—I will not censure
 This mother's reprobation of her son:
 She is my mother, still she is a woman;
 And being such, the motion of her heart
 Directs her judgment. For a woman's heart,
 That emblem of devotion, loves to cling
 With tender passion to particular things,
 And reckes not why the warring elements,
 Huge offspring of creation's intellect,
 Should rip her tendrils from the chosen oak,
 If it so please them. There's the conjurer
 That starts our passion for these gentle creatures,
 Whose love alone doth teach men how to love.
 Whenever reason, like a torrid sun,
 Glares on the rainbow petals of this flower,
 The colors fade, the fragrance wafts away,
 The blossom wilts, the woman is no woman.

Enter CYNICAL.

Cyn. I am right glad to see your highness back.

Tel. No, not a whit; but you are prone to lying.
 Why don't you speak your notions like a man,
 And tell me candidly that my return
 Jumps not with your desire?

Cyn. By your leave,
 It were poor policy for any servant
 To tell his master that. And for myself,
 Had I been honest, I had not been wise.

Tel. Nor ever will be, while your brash conceit
Breaks your astuteness down.

Cyn. I'll mend my fault
By seeming humble. Thanks for good advice.

Tel. No, Cynical, your fault lies somewhat deeper. You are one of those clever fellows, who, on finding themselves endowed with enough shrewdness to battle the honest argument of the simple ones, do thereby lose all respect for honesty, and so overestimate their ability, that they have taken upon themselves to out-wit wisdom with satire. Why, I met a man once who had abjured telling the truth altogether; and for no other reason, than that he considered his superior intellect worthy of a more palatable diet, than the ever recurring monotony of truth.

Cyn. Better a nimble tongue than a slow wit.

Tel. That depends on the wit. These quibblers are sterile birds, Cynical: they lay nothing but empty shells, and would have us believe them eggs. But their cackle avails them nothing: the knowing housewife will not accept their shallow pretenses.

Cyn. Pretenses! why, my lord, the world consists of appearances; appearances are deceptions, and deceptions are lies. Lies create misery, and in a miserable world the cynic is alone to be envied, for he is proof against misfortune.

Tel. Perhaps he is. But to my mind, his armor is of the kind a beggar bears against the brigand: the poverty prevents the theft. You claim to be exempt from sorrow; but where is your advantage, when

those that do not weep, do not laugh?—Above all, you must learn to respect humanity. You can not treat men like numbers: there is something more in man than you can buy or sell. You sneer at this, and why? Because your own nature is so incapable of any noble sentiment, that you will concede none to others. And mark you what results: you misuse the weak, and they avoid you; you flatter the strong, and they tolerate you: the former speak ill of you, and the latter hold you in contempt. In one word, your foundation is out of plumb; and therefore your structure cannot endure. One lie will not lie straight on another; you must still eke out the first with a second: and in this manner you will continue to the end. You talk much and say nothing, you work much and do nothing. Mend and be honest.

Cyn. Your lordship thinks not well of Cynical.

Tel. I do not hate, but neither do I love you.

Cyn. I never yet was loved by any man;
Good cause, methinks, why I should love myself.

[*Exit.*

Enter PEISANDER and POLYBUS.

Peis. Why, here we are. Antinoüs?

Ant. (*Without.*) What's the matter?

Peis. Call up our friends, be careful how you walk;
For here's a desperate fellow.

Ant. (*Without.*) Who is he!

Peis. His royal highness, prince of Ithaca.

Pol. Where is my weapon? I'll defend myself.
I prithee, lion, do not eat me first.

Enter ANTINOÏS and other Suitors.

Ant. Ah, you speak true. How fares our wandering youth?

Tel. I thank you, well.

Ant. What news?

Tel. Oh, nothing much.

Ant. We learn that you have been in sandy Pylos.
And Sparta, too; moreover, we are told,
You there endeavored to persuade these kings
To take up arms against us. Let me tell you,
That henceforth we may understand each other.
We'll not endure your pranks. The queen, your
mother,

Gave us her promise, she must make it good.
If you resist our firm and just demand,
You'll pay the penalty.

Tel. Antinoïis,

You cannot fright me with your boastful tongue;
Nor you, nor you, nor any of your number,
I have forgot to fear.

Ant. Then have a care.

Or we'll refresh your memory.

Tel. Gentlemen,

I do not wish to quarrel with you now:
For being only one, and you so many,
My sword could never prove his argument.

Since last I saw you all, I have resolved
 A thing or two, and if you'll listen to me,
 Methinks, you'll quickly grant me your consent—
 Nay, more, your approbation. This it is:
 My father, sage Ulysses, now is dead.

All. Ulysses dead!

Tel. He is: and, being dead,
 There's not a man alive that dare dispute
 My claim to Ithaca; and being mine,
 I owe it both to heaven and myself,
 To rule it as a king. But, stay awhile.
 I know right well whatever I attain
 Must be by your concession: for I see
 Among your host a hundred valiant men,
 Each one of whom were more than match for me.
 But all of you are likewise in pursuit
 Of something that evades your eager hands
 From year to year. What further means you have,
 As yet unused, I do not claim to know:
 But judging by the past, it seems to me,
 That neither of us can attain his end,
 Without the other's help. Like tired men
 That jog along a steep and rugged path,
 We still have pushed and jolted one another;
 But were't not easier if we joined our arms
 And marched together? Verily, to me
 It seems the wiser course—what think you of it?

Pis. Let's meet his offer with a show of welcome,
 My good Antinoüs, for I almost think
 He speaks from's heart.

Ant. It likes me not, Peisander :
If he were any other than he is,
We might suppose him honest and direct ;
But since we never gave him cause for kindness,
I fear his love more than his enmity.

Peis. You overrate the boy. He can do nothing
To work us mischief ; while it stands to reason,
He would do much to favor us withal,
If by our favor he became a king.

Ant. (*Aside.*) You touch me there. What care
I for the queen ;
Penelope did never move me much,
And when I drew my sword in that direction,
It struck beyond the woman to the crown.

Peis. We cannot well decline this proffered friend-
ship.—
Telemachus, you have right nobly spoken :
These words had well become an older man.
We will consider them.

Tel. I pray you, do.

Ant. You would be king? What service can you
render
For this distinction?

Tel. Service did you say?

Ant. Aye, that's the question.

Tel. None, whatever, sir.
I come not as a beggar to your door,
I wish to buy and sell ; and here propose
To use my best persuasion in your cause,

If all of you agree to quit our island
 In ten days after queen Penelope
 Is wed the wife of any suitor here.

All. That will we do.

Tel. Then let me have your hands.

Good gentlemen, I loathe to lose my mother,
 But I am bound to choose between extremes,
 And being bound, I do it manfully.
 Do not consider me an ingrate child,
 For truly I am none. And, gentle sirs,
 I have already spoke in your behalf,
 Because I knew your wisdom would not fail
 To find advantage in my proposition.

Ant. Where is Penelope?

Tel. I pray you all,

Let me alone with her a day or two,
 And then assail her with redoubled suit.
 Good friends, our joint ambition is at stake,
 We must not fail. Let fortune smile or frown:
 You'll have a queen, Telemachus, a crown.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—EUMÆUS' HUT.

Enter TELEMACHUS.

Tel. Where can she be? No sailor ever searched
The cloudy heaven for a twinkling star
With keener eye, than I have searched the isle
For gentle Daphne. Haply she abjures
My company; and flies from where I go,
Like Atalanta shunned the sight of men
Before she met the shrewd Hippomedes.
I'll not believe it till she tell me so;
And since I have a mind that follows after,
I prithee, Argus, let me have your eyes,
Your hundred eyes, that wheresoe'er she be
I may not fail to find, but find and see. [*Erit.*

Enter DAPHNE.

Daphne. Was ever pride so punished. Two long
days
Telemachus proceeds from house to house
Extending thanks to every strangers welcome,

While I, who held his favor most of all,
Have most escaped his memory. But, alas,
We never value anything we have,
Until we have it not. Well, let it go:
He is no more to me, than I, to him;
And my delight must be to bear in mind,
That when this very man was sick with love,
Both he and his possessions were a sum
Too slight for my acceptance. I shall find
Some comfort here, when once I teach my heart
To feed the present only on the past,
Without a grain of future. How is that?
I undertake to do I know not what:
Forswear all future, and subject myself
To living death? That were a punishment
Too great for my offense. My proper penance
Must be to look on tall Telemachus,
To gaze aloft, while his indifferent eye
Falls unobserving on the shepherd girl,
That might have been his queen. His queen? not so.
To be a queen, a woman needs must be
The consort of a king. I love him now
For nothing that he was, but what he is.
And am I much to blame? Telemachus
Whom once I knew, although a faithful lover,
Was nothing more. Oh, what a different man
Is this Telemachus, who hardly home,
Hath won the good opinion of his friends
And adversaries, too.

Enter TELEMACHUS.

My love was born
Twin sister to his courage: both began
The very day he braved the elements
To find his father. He is now returned,
And every honor laid upon his back,
Adds fuel to my passion. I behold
My foolish love instead of dwindling down,
Grow with his greatness.

Tel. (*Aside.*) May the bounteous gods
Sprinkle this passion with a fruitful rain.—
Your love shall never soar beyond my bounty,
For I will double all my future honors
By sharing them with you. I make thee promise,
That my ambition shall not pause for breath,
Until the arrows of my enterprise
O'ershoot the moon.

Daphne. Is this a dream or no?

Tel. I care not, Daphne: for awake or 'sleep
I have you now. If it be thus to dream,
May Morpheus wind us in his drowsy arms,
Changing our days to one perpetual night.
Hush, not a word: I will not have you speak,
Until I read the tenor of your tongue
In these bright eyes. And to be doubly sure,
I'll seal the gate, within whose tempting guard
I have so often found an enemy.

Daphne. You are too bold.

Tel. That is a soldier's fault,

Which, in the estimation of your kind,
Exceeds our greatest virtue.

Daphne.

Telemachus,

How could you leave me so? I loved you ever;
But love is blind, and hence I knew it not.

Tel. I'll not repent my absence, gentle Daphne:
For only by my absence am I here.

Daphne. You reason merrily; but I have found
Remorse and love a torture more severe
Than any fiend that dwells in Tarturus.
Bear patiently with me a little while,
This joy comes all too sudden.

Tel.

My desire

To win your heart so compassed my affection,
That not the fairest princess I encountered,
Moved more than friendship.

Daphne.

I'll requite you for't.

You shall have proof, that any princess' love
Were poor compared with Daphne's.

Tel.

Let us hence:

I hear some footsteps coming.

Daphne.

'Tis a friend.

Tel. Were he our father I'd avoid him now.

Daphne. Hst! not a word. Step lightly: here's
the way.

Enter ULYSSES.

Tel. Oh, let me gaze upon this wondrous night,
Until the brighter wonder of your love

Illumes my heart's horizon like the sun.
 Look, Daphne, look, for in a mortal's life,
 There never comes another like to this.
 There's not a constellation in the sky
 But sings of love to-night. Far in the East
 Diana's lamp hangs from the dome of heaven,
 Silvering the couch where sombre Neptune sleeps,
 While all the world is hushed with harmony.
 But hark, I hear a melancholy strain
 Throb on the bosom of the stilly night.
 O lonely bird, attune your plaintive voice
 And be the bard in this Elyseum.

Daphne. Let me remain forever where I am
 Ye gentle gods: then whatsoever I ask,
 Deny it me.

Tel. Nay, Daphne, come away:
 I have a world of love and talk in store,
 And you must listen to me.

[*Exeunt DAPHNE and TELEMACHUS.*]

Ulys. How now, how!
 I meant to catch this couple with a trap:
 But Cupid hath already killed my game
 With bow and quiver. Well, 'tis better so:
 The little marksman often shoots the bird,
 No toil can capture. Webs are frail or awkward:
 His bolt is certain.—All things prosper well:
 I find, I have more friends in Ithaca
 Than dare confess allegiance. Timid men,
 Albeit they are honest, will submit
 To tyranny; yet are they ever ready

To strike a potent blow for justice' sake,
 When certain of success. I have a plan
 Will freeze the blood of all iniquious men,
 And not an Ithacan but shall rejoice
 To own a monarch so beloved of Pallas,
 Than hundred kings, conspiring for his death,
 Can not prevail against him. Let me see:
 'Tis time Telemachus should know his father,
 That henceforth we together go to work.
 He 'gins to move already; for I learn,
 He thinks to free this suitor-ridden isle
 At no less cost than marriage of his mother.
 Both queen and suitors having pledged their word,
 The contract stands; the day alone remains
 To be decided on.—Penelope,
 There's not a wonder on the face of the earth
 Unknown to me: thou art a miracle
 I do not understand, I marvel at it.
 Your deed is noble, yet is passing strange:
 Is wisely done, and still I like it not.
 I had resolved to clasp thee to my heart
 When next we met, but I must first discover
 The reasons of your choice, and know beside
 How far your liking goes along in this.

Enter PENELOPE.

Pen. Is none within?

Ulys. (*Aside.*) My wife; in happy time.—
 Your servant, madam.

Pen. Is Eumæus here?

Ulys. No, lady; shall I fetch him?

Pen. Prithee do,

Unless I may expect him speedily.

Ulys. He should be here by this.—Pray, have a seat.

Pen. Thanks. I have seen you somewhere, have I not?

Yes. I remember now: you are the man
That claims some recent knowledge of my husband.

Ulys. Aye, truly.

Pen. Let me hear you speak of him.

There was a time, I welcomed such as you
With dear attention; but I never found
Agreement in your stories: all were shaped
To please, not to inform. Howe'er, speak on:
For yours will be the very tale of tales.

Ulys. You must excuse me. When I first arrived
It had been pleasure to obey you, madam:
But not so now. I grant, I am a beggar;
But every beggar is not poor in love.

Pen. No ceremony; speak the substance of it.

Ulys. I am too proud of your great husband, lady,
To mention him where any other man
O'ertops his estimation.

Pen. Very well;
That is a privelege you may apply
In proper places.

Ulys. Where's a properer place
To pass in silence o'er a husband's name,

Than here. before his well-beloved wife,
 Who, mindless of her honor and position,
 Rejects her husband, and with jocund heart
 Becomes the consort of a second spouse.

Pen. Base villain, take that slander back again.
 Or, by the never perjured oath of Styx,
 I'll stab thee to the heart! No, no; not so.
 I dare not freight my almost sinking bark
 With any further murder than my own.
 Cold, cruel guide, have patience but awhile:
 Here lies the vessel your unflinching hand
 Must pilot to the dim and unknown shore,
 Where neither moon nor sun illumine the sky.—
 If ever after you have cause to speak
 Of queen Penelope, inform your friends,
 That she had rather slumber with the bones
 Of dead Ulysses, in the slimy deep
 Where monsters house, than press the driven down
 Whereon Olympus sleeps. [*Erit.*

Ulys. True, true as steel!
 How could I settle any moment's doubt
 On her fidelity. It was unjust
 To make probation here; yet heaven knows,
 That men must choose twixt knowledge and belief
 To gain conviction. What we know, we know;
 But who can give assurance to our faith?
 I was not always prone to skepticism.
 And in my young career did oft accept
 A fable for a fact. Now I have seen
 Nigh two score years of an adventurous life.

And can no longer trust but what I see.
It is a fault, but our declining years
Increase the malady. Experience doubts,
And doubting, looks for proof.

Enter PENELOPE and ANTINOÛS.

Ant. Your pardon, lady:
I heard a noise, and, if I heard aright,
Your gentle voice was raised in angry storm
Against this beggar.

Pen. He forgot himself;
And yet no further than his little soul,
Untutored in the nobleness of woman,
Did prompt his tongue.

Ant. Nay, there is more in this,
For you are strangely moved. I do beseech you,
Let mercy not so far outweigh your wisdom
To mitigate offense deserving death.
One word, and I will send him on a journey
Whose path shall never cross your eyes.

Pen. Let be.
Good night.

Ant. Fair lady, do not leave me so.

Pen. Not so? how then?

Ant. Show me a spark of welcome.
Look not amazedly, but let your eye
Fall gently on my heart. Forget your sorrow,
And walk no longer with down drooping lid
Like stony marble: for I know full well,

Beneath your pale complexion dwells a flood
 As rich as Venus'. Do not frown upon me,
 Or else my love, too timid to intrude,
 Will shrink away and chide me with presumption.
 Look you, Antinoüs kneels.

Pen. He kneels for nothing.

Ant. Is there no hope?

Pen. No hope without deceit.

You ask for love, and since I have no love,
 I can not give it.

Ant. You are cruel, queen:

I ask for welcome and receive rebuke.

Pen. Not so: there's no offence if I decline
 To promise what I know impossible.

Ant. Impossibilities do not exist,
 And therefore nothing is impossible.

Pen. Then is this nothing. You must know, An-
 tinoüs,

That my intention, to accept the hand
 Of some one suitor, bears no blessing with it:
 Who weds Penelope, weds but a name;
 And all the joy that any prince can win
 From this ignoble bargain, shall consist,
 In that he may acquaint the babbling world
 He holds possession of Ulysses' wife.

Ant. If your unchallenged husband were alive,
 The goodly qualities than I can boast
 Might dwindle with compare: but, gracious lady,
 The gods, considering him too great for earth,
 Have raised him to the clouds. Do not expect

To see a man whose fame and fair proportion
Can match the counterfeit in your mind's eye.
But he is dead, beyond your pale of choice,
Which needs must fall, according to agreement,
On one of us.

Pen. And so it shall, Antinoüs.

Ant. Then find a freedom in necessity :
Do not forever linger in the past,
But let remembrance, learning to forget,
Subdue his blazon, and no longer vex
Your days to come with unsubstantial joy.
For one dead husband, fortune sends you now
A hundred suitors, kings and noble men,
From which to choose another.—We all know,
There are some days in every mortal's life
Whose rapture and content so fill our soul,
That we stand still, lest any act of ours
Uncharm the spell : and we conjure the gods
To stretch these blessed days unto our death.
But when our hearts are sick with many sorrows,
A change, an active change, alone can cure.—
Who lives in hope should learn in haste to act :
The future ever lingers with his like,
We must persuade it hither : you are wise :
And wisdom will not let occasion pass.

Pen. I will consider well what you have spoken ;
But, for the present, pray you, pardon me
From any further compromise than this :
Penelope esteems your love as highly
As any suitor's else.

Ant. No more?

Pen. No more.

Ant. O gentle lady, if this tongue of mine
 Had grown as quickly in the art of speech
 As you have grown in this poor bleeding heart,
 You would not say me nay. But my vocation,
 E'er since a boy, was in the ranks of war ;
 And my rude tongue, accustomed to command
 Where shrilly trumpets blow, has lost its music
 And can no longer sound the notes of love.
 There's not a gilded youth among our number
 But hath advantage of the candied phrase,
 Which I do not possess ; but here's a heart
 Holds more affection than the total sum
 Of twenty other men.—My kingdom lies
 Far towards the rising sun ; our glorious clime
 Knows not what winter is ; our bounteous fields,
 Which fruitful Phoebus kisses day by day,
 Produce abundance of the richest grain ;
 My people love their monarch, and would die
 To humor his caprice ; my gallant soldiers
 Are called the children of the fiery Mars,
 By those who fear our anger. Come with me ;
 There you shall hold a station that no woman
 Did ever reach, and none are worthy of
 Except your perfect self. Speak but one word.
 And all is well where all before was ill.
 I will not, must not, can not be denied.

Ulys. Antinoüs!—I beg your pardon, sir :
 I was asleep, and in my dream I felt
 Your fingers on my throat.

[*Exit* PENELOPE.]

Ant. Perfidious wretch,
If your condition crawled not in the dust,
I'd think your dream a lie; and for a lie
I'd cut your stumbling throat. Begone, I say.
Abandon Ithaca as it were hell.
If three days from to-night you still are found
Within the confines of our territory,
I'll bring your dream to pass; for, by the gods,
When next we meet, 'tis death.

Ulys. So let it be.
Three days will answer.

Ant. Hence!

Ulys. Three days will do.
[*Exit.*

Ant. She's gone. No matter; I will have her yet:
Being bound to choose, she'll do the best she can;
And who of all the suitors can propose
An honest offer that will show so well
As my good seeming.—I suspect this fellow,
And sometimes do believe he is not that
I know he is. He squirms about the city,
And I have seen him in a dozen places
Stand close in talk with men not of our faction.
Who parted company with careless mien
When one approached. I'll have an eye on you.
[*Exit.*

Enter TELEMACHUS and ULYSSES.

Tel. You saw them here?

Ulys. I did.

Tel. How long is that?

Ulys. Why, even now.

Tel. Antinoüs and my mother?

Ulys. Were both together here a wink ago.

Tel. That's very strange.

Ulys. I pray you, let me follow.

Tel. Came they together?

Ulys. No.

Tel. Nor went together?

Ulys. I can not tell. May I inform the queen
That I am sent by you to bring her here?

Tel. You may. [*Exit* ULYSSES.

This fellow is a curious chap.

They say, his tribe is lazy; but, indeed,
This is a busy beggar. Night and day
He bustles through the town, and but I knew
He holds me well, I'd sift him. He's a mole
That digs unseen, and these unseen contrivers
Are doubly dangerous. Still, I fear him not,
Because he dearly hates my enemies,
And every foe of theirs is friend to me.
He pressed me hard to spend the night with him,
Having, he says, some secrets to impart
That touch upon the kingdom and myself.
I wonder what he means.

Enter ULYSSES and PENELOPE.

Tel. Good even, mother!

Ulys. (*Aside.*) Her wedding day will bring her
burial with it,

Unless I strip this outside beggar off.
No, time is not yet ripe for this delivery,
And if I force it off, it may miscarry.
Besides, some guilty fellows will escape,
And I have sworn, that every man of them
Shall have his just deserts. My net is cast,
But I am not prepared to draw it out
For some few days; still, in the interim
I might confess myself to her in private.
Yet there's a risk, however slight it be,
That by some fault in nature she may fail
To recognize me. No, that will not do.
There must be something yet. Help, Pallas, help!
This brain, that cut a breach in Priam's city
Enough to let a thousand chariots in,
Will not be long in labor to discover
Some slight escape from this predicament.

Pen. Telemachus, since last we spoke together,
I have with much reluctance shaped my will
To your desire, which, I am content,
Goes hand in hand with honor to ourselves
And duty to our country. I am ready
To wed at once.

Tel. And whom have you selected?

Pen. Alas, I had forgot to think of that.

Ulys. Let me suggest, that all things being equal,
So far as inclination gives the bent,
Suppose you set these suitors on their merit,
And by some rival contest find the man
Superior to the rest?

Tel. I like it well.

Although the best of them is less than welcome,
Yet will the best be least objectionable.

How say you, mother?

Pen. I am satisfied.

Tel. Now, let me see.

Ulys. Tell me, have you not seen
A weapon that Ulysses used to wear?

It was a bow, cut from the stubborn tree

That Phoebus clipped his Pythean arrow from.

Pen. I know it well: 'tis in my chamber locked.

Tel. Oh, let me see that bow.

Pen. My gentle son,
No man did ever bend that sounding bow
But your great father. It were labor lost
If these attempt it.

Tel. That's the very thing:
If none can draw the bow, none draws the prize.

Pen. Penelope would be the victor then.
But, no: they will not be so foolish proud
To venture all for nothing.

Tel. I'll be sworn,
They'll make the bargain.

Ulys. (*Aside.*) Aye, and break it, too.

Tel. I pray you let me look upon the weapon
That knows no master.

Pen. Follow me. Good night.

Tel. Wait here awhile, I will return again.

[*Exeunt* TELEMACHUS and PENELOPE.]

Ulys. To-night, Telemachus shall have a father :
To-morrow, every subject firm and true,
Each loyal Ithacan, shall have a king :
And next day after, we will spring the trap
That kills a hundred suitors at a clap.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—BEFORE ULYSSES' PALACE.

Enter TELEMACHUS and ULYSSES.

Tel. The day is ours if you can bend the bow :
But I do fear it. Twenty years ago
You may have done so : but consider, father,
Then is not now. Each of the twenty years,
Wherein the bow unstrung lay in the closet,
Did serve to make it more inflexible,
Unused to obey your lusty arm,
Which, in the years that rendered it so proud,
May have grown humble.

Ulys. Leave the bow to me :
It is a trick of skill, no brunt of power.—
But Menelaüs, and my old friend Nestor,
How is't with them? I know they welcomed you ;
But was it in a fashion that evinced
An interest in our cause? or was it such

As current ceremony bid them pay
To one of your estate?

Tel. Their love is honest.

I do not know a thing they left undone,
Which, having done, could set me more at ease,
To know their friendship mine.

Ulys. To what effect?

What proof of friendship did they offer you?

Tel. A thousand, father. Every man I saw
Professed some obligation to yourself;
And, like an honest debtor, seemed full glad
That my necessity might yield occasion
To balance credits. Menelaüs said:
He fought for me, and I will fight for you;
Command me when you will.

Ulys. He loves me well.

Tel. Here comes my cue to go.

Ulys. In happy time.

Telemachus!

Tel. How now?

Ulys. Know you his daughter?

Tel. Whose daughter?

Ulys. His?

Tel. Aye, slightly: what of her?

Ulys. I want some pretty and courageous girl
To undertake a dangerous business for me,
And thought, perhaps, you had acquaintance with her
Beyond a compliment.—But get thee gone:
The suitors will draw hither by and by.
Receive them with a bounty of affection,

As you were one of them: be free and merry,
And let a careless havior be a guide
To misdirect them.

Tel. I have known the girl
For many years. What is it—

Ulys. Nothing now.
We must not walk together: fare you well.

[*Exit* TELEMACHUS.]

Enter EUMAEUS.

How now, my friend?

Eum. The city swims in wine.
By your command the cellars are unbolted,
And now the rabble fill their senseless trunks
With golden streams, won from the mellow years
Of your old grandsire. Oh, 'tis pitiful!
You had enough to drown them, and to keep
The best for better uses.

Ulys. Let it go!
We'll charge them for't: each drop of ruddy wine
Is writ against them, and a drop of blood
Alone can wipe it out.—There's no suspicion?

Eum. None certain: yet our secret can not sleep
For many hours.

Ulys. Is our shipping safe?

Eum. Aye, sir: our trusty vessels we have drawn
High on the beach: while many treacherous bottoms,
That can not live so long as one tells hundred,
Appear in full equipment.

Ulys. You gave word
To bar the gate behind the suitor-train?

Eum. My lord, I did.

Ulys. Then let the dance begin.
Set three parts of our men along the road
That leads unto the harbor; and the rest,
They shall appear disguised as foreigners,
And mingle with the suitors. None shall stir
Until my trumpet sounds; and tell them, too,
From then until the setting of the sun
Is all the time I'll give them to avenge
The grievous tyranny of twenty years.—
So fare thee well, Eumaeus. If we die,
We die for something; and if we do live,
As I do think we shall, we need not blush
Nor make excuses for't. Send me your daughter.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—THE GREAT HALL IN ULYSSES' PALACE.

Enter EUMAEUS and servants with poles and rings.

Eum. Nay, here begin, and plant them in a line
Directly hence; a step apart will bring
The last one here. The second is too high:
There, that will do. Evander, take this cord,
And draw it through the rings from first to last.
Hold me this end. Now I will bend the rings
So to a common centre, that a man

Standing before will seem to have a task
One twelfth of what it is : one ring he'll see,
And nothing more.

Enter a troop of Suitors.

Good morrow, gentlemen.

How say you to the rings?

1 Suit. A school boy's game.

Eum. My lord, I think you speak it hastily.
Your comment is quite pretty, I confess ;
But were it not a trifle more in the meaning
To speak it after?

2 Suit. If Telemachus
Will give a queen to all that shoot the rings,
He'll have to crown them first ; and then, methinks,
He'll fall behind his promise, lest he have
A trick to fashion women.

3 Suit. 'Tis a toy
A beggar might display to win a crust
From children and old women.

4 Suit. Why, my friend,
I have a boy at home not ten years old
Would do't and feel offended at your praise.

Eum. You should have brought him with you.

Enter ANTINOÛS, PEISANDER and more Suitors.

Peis. For myself,
I have no faith in all this flummery,
Which is a task beyond our scope and power,

Or else a bauble that the most of us
Can reach without an effort.

Ant. Ne'ertheless,
We'll use the bow-test as a flail, Peisander,
To winnow out the chaff. If few survive,
We may effect a peace by compromise:
For instance, if yourself and I alone
Should prove the victors in this controversy,
How easily might we yield each other all,
And both be satisfied.

I Suit. Antinoüs!

Ant. Well?

I Suit. Since when are we obliged to stand and
wait

Until this half fledged bawcock feels an itch
To flit before us?

Ant. Where's Telemachus?

Suit. What, ho! Telemachus!

2 Suit. Let be, I'll fetch him.

Ant. Stay, here he comes.

Enter TELEMACHUS and PENELOPE.

Tel. Your pardon, gentle sirs,
For this detention. Had I been arrested
By any ordinary incident
I were to blame; but you shall be convinced,
It was a matter bearing hard upon
Our present enterprise.—Shall I ascend,

And with a few brief words prelude the action
Of this day's business?

Peis.

At your service, sir

Enter ULYSSES and DAPHNE.

Tel. Kings, princes, potentates, and noble men
Come hither from the four winds of the earth,
I bid you welcome. If Telemachus
In years gone by did lack civility,
And that his havior smacked unpalatable
To many here, I charge you to remember
The greenness of his years. I pray you all,
Let this cojointure of our dual purpose,
Proceeding as it did from me, not you,
Rest proof sufficient, that the present day
Comes inly wished for:—nay, doth please me more
Than any one of you. When I behold
This martial concourse of heroic men,
I feel indebted to the generous gods,
Who fill my house with more celebrity
Than any one roof sheltered heretofore.
And my good mother need not hang her head
To see her fame and fortune win a crown,
Which to create, a hundred warlike nations,
Crete, Samos, Chos, Dulichium and the rest,
Have sent this flowery garland to our house.
The fabled loadstone, whose magnetic power
An ancient man of the sea did use to still
Into my infant ears, did not entice

The wailing mariners to grim perdition
 More quickly than our queen. Good gentlemen,
 Look you, here is the bow.

Ant. Let me examine.

Tel. Stand back, Antinoüs!

Ant. Let me have the bow.

Tel. Stand back, I say; or by the spleeny Mars,
 I have a sword.

Ant. And so have I. Come down
 And cross it, if you dare.

Daphne. Good gentlemen,
 Forbear your weapons.—But a breath ago,
 A gentle harmony pervaded here;
 Such holiday conditions as befit
 A merry wedding-day: when, at a jump,
 A dozen weapons start into the air,
 Quick drawn for battle. What will be the end,
 If now, in the very germ of what's to come,
 There sprouts a discord to propel your arms
 Against each other? All the skillful care,
 Enlisted to preserve this glorious day
 A landmark in the flood of running years,
 Will never save it, lest your sudden hands
 Are reft of these peace-breaking implements.—
 Give me your sword, Antinoüs; you are older,
 And therefore wise. Yours, prince Telemachus,—
 I am a judge that stands on equity,—
 Come, give it me. Yours, too, my noble lord;

[*Deliver their swords as requested.*

Yours, yours and yours—nay, I will have them all.

Ant. If any man retains a weapon here,
I call him coward.

Ulys. (*Aside.*) Better cowed than killed.

Tel. Here, Daphne, take the bow,

Daphne. Keep you the bow,
And make division of it.

(*The weapons have all been cast on a heap.* DAPHNE
gradually carries them out. *Erit* DAPHNE.)

Tel. Heaven forbid,
My sword should injure any honest man.
The canons of almighty Jupiter
Were never forged to kill; and these, our weapons,
Being as 'twere an umbrage of his greatness,
Are better marshalled to maintain a peace,
Than cut a breach in't.—I do much repent
My hasty humor. I forgot myself;
Pray, you forget it, too.

Peis. Telemachus,
A fault confessed is fit to be condoned,
And we forgive you. Is't not so, Antinoüs?

Ant. I care not.

Tel. Thanks.

Ant. Methinks, we talk too much:
I move we take the matter now in hand.

Tel. We shall proceed with our solemnity
In all due course and proper ceremony.

Ant. I came not here to listen, nor to talk;
I came to work.

Ulys. (*Aside.*) And shall't be satisfied.

Tel. You all do know, that queen Penelope
 Married my father, for he was a man
 Unequaled in the exercise of skill:
 And by the dint of this, Ulysses' bow,
 She means to make discovery, which of you
 Comes next to him. If more than one succeed
 In piercing all the rings with a single shaft,
 The several winners shall be left to choose,
 In any manner that to them seems good,
 The winner of the winners.—Then again:
 If this poor weapon have too proud a back
 To stoop before such honorable men,
 Your prize is nothing, and we needs must think
 Than manhood perished on the plains of Troy.—
 Penelope, I charge you by the love
 Which you profess to harbor for your husband,
 That you'll consent to marry him who proves
 More potent than the sum of all the rest.

Pen. I do consent.

Tel. Ye rivals of her hand,
 Confirm the part of contract you do bear
 With stubborn oath: swear by the doom of death,
 Which now or later strikes the best of you,
 That whatsoever be the end of this,
 That end is welcome. Swear!

Suit. and Ulys. By Stix, we swear.

Ant. Who bids thee speak? Have I not pledged
 my word
 To strike thee dead? How dare you cross me here?

Ulys. My lord, you gave me three days to depart :
And by your leave, to-day is only two :
If you can find me anywhere to-morrow,
My head is yours.—(*Aside.*) But yours is mine to-day.

Peis. Why, what a wrangler this is grown to be.
My good Antinoüs, you forget yourself
To loose the spleeny humors of your wrath
So far from your degree.

Tel. My loving mother,
The while contention sits upon our brow
Withdraw into your chamber : when we know
The issue of it, we shall summon you.

[*Erit* PENELOPE.]

Antinoüs, you shall be the first to try,
For you were ever anxious to precede.
Bring him the bow : and from this mortal quiver,
Whose nimble dwellers never yet did leave
Their housing for a lesser mark than man,
Let him select an arrow for the nonce.

Ant. Strange wood: I never saw the like before.
Telemachus, we understand this bow
To have been your father's customary weapon?

Ulys. Aye, sir.

Peis. What proof or witness can you show?

Ulys. That I have seen him use it many a time.

Peis. And where was that?

Ulys. Why, here in Ithaca :
And in Messene, whence he journeyed once
To free his stolen shepherd, and their sheep.

Peis. You were right well acquainted with him
then?

Ulys. Oh, yes.

Peis. And, for a need, you could supply
Some further information, could you not?

Ulys. Mere trifles, sir.

Peis. Well, you may keep them in.

Ulys. Most willingly, good sir. Yet, by and bye,
I know your highness will not spare attention.

Ant. Bend, bend or break. O'erwhelming Her-
cules,

Ingraft me with the iron of your arms.—

Telemachus, you'd make a fool of me:

No mortal hand can ever stretch a cord

Across this bow.

Tel. Nay, not so quick, Antinoüs.

Think you, the flaming sun above our head

Stands still, because the motion of his car

Depends not your puny impotence?

You've had your turn, now let another try.

Peis. I can not do it.

Tel. Pass it further on.

1 Suit. Nay, after you.

2 Suit. I have no mind to try.

Tel. What, so dejected?

3 Suit. Here, we waste our time
To make endeavor where Antinoüs fails.

Tel. If in the virtue of your noble number
There lives not nerve enough for one poor weapon,

I'll join the list; and if I bend the bow,

It shall be trumpeted from age to age,
That, once in Ithaca, a weakling boy,
For you were ever fond to call me so,
Did there defy a hundred war-proof men,
With unstrung sinews. Let me have the bow.

Peis. Your tongue betrays your heart, Telemachus,
And we do see it's color. Be assured,
We carry lines can fathom your affection.

Ulys. Let me essay.

Ant. I'll pitch him out of doors.

Ulys. How now? does great Antinoüs fear a
beggar?

I Suit. And if the rascal have the trick to do't,
May he not wed the queen?

Tel. Perchance, he may.

Ant. Hold, villain!

Tel. Get thee back. Antinoüs.

Ant. Where is my sword?

Suit. See, how he bends the bow.

Ulys. Here's one—

Ant. What do I see?

Ulys. And here's another.

Ant. I fall, Peisander.

Ulys. (*Drops his disguise.*) Look upon me now!
Behold, I am Ulysses!

Suit. Treachery!

The king, the king! Where be our weapons, ho!

Fly for your lives!

[*Exeunt Suitors pursued by all but ULYSSES.*]

Ulys. Now I can breathe again.
 Have at them, friends: the gates are barred without.
 Kill whom you must and capture those you can,
 For we shall fix a ransom on their lives,
 Tenfold of what they've stolen.

Ant. Stay, awhile.

Ulys. Art thou alive?

Ant. No, I am dead, Ulysses,
 And slain by you. Oh, it was nobly done:
 It was the kind of death that Paris gave
 To great Achilles. You have won much honor,
 To slay a man unweaponed, as I was;
 And you in arms and iron, top and toe.
 You are right welcome to't. (*Dies.*)

Ulys. So perish all
 That creep like vipers on the holy shrine
 Of Juno's temple, and with slippery tongue
 Try to corrupt an undefended wife,
 In absence of her husband. Would to heaven,
 That all the future husbands of my race
 Did follow my example.—What's the news?

Enter EUMAEUS.

Eum. Great monarch, we have won. The day is
 ours,
 And not an enemy without the walls
 Knows what hath chanced within.

Ulys. Go, call my wife.
 How fares Telemachus?

Eum. He is on fire,

And strikes his sword upon the guilty heads
Like Vulcan's hammer on Achilles' mail

Ulys. Let him have scope. But see, here comes
my wife.

Enter PENELOPE.

Penelope!

Pen. My husband!

Ulys. Twenty years
Of toil and danger is a beggar's price
For this completment. I am satisfied,
That I have suffered nothing, but in this
Finds his requital.

Pen. You are here a month,
And I did look upon you, day by day,
And you were silent.

Ulys. You must pardon that.
In Pelion's lofty head there's not a voice
Would shout the echo of loud thundering Jove
More quickly, than this tongue of mine had sounded
The echo of my heart; but, my dear wife,
When I beheld our garden grown with weeds,
I knew that I must need assert myself
With something more than words,—and so I did.
Here comes our son.

Enter TELEMACHUS.

Tel. Give me your blessing, father.
And mother, yours.

Ulys. Arise, Telemachus :
 For, in to-day's occurrence, we have seen
 That you possess the skillful qualities
 That kings are made of : and, when I am dead,
 The tribe of Ithaca will have a monarch
 They need not blush to own.—Now, one thing more :
 'Tis proper that a man should have a wife,
 And therefore I have ta'en upon myself
 To furnish you.

Tel. But, father—

Ulys. Still, awhile ;
 And tell me not your liking more inclines
 To war than women.

Tel. Listen to me, father.

Ulys. Do not deny my choice until you know it,
 For she is one that dearly dotes on you ;
 A woman proud enough to be a queen,
 Albeit she is a shepherd. And, beside,
 I have already promised her my son
 In lieu of weighty service rendered me.

Tel. Daphne ?

Ulys. The same.

Tel. O, this is more than kind.

[*Exit* TELEMACHUS.]

Ulys. What say you, wife ?

Pen. The match was in my mind
 Since they were children.

Ulys. Are you one in this,
 My faithful friend ?

Eum. She is my only child,
And prince Telemachus the only man
That shall possess both her and my consent.

Enter TELEMACHUS and DAPHNE.

Tel. Here is my angel. Daphne, speak to him.

Ulys. We need no introduction, my good son,
For she and I have been familiar friends
Since my recurrence is an hour old.

Daphne. There was a kind of favor in your voice
Which told me from the first we should be friends.

Ulys. And are you satisfied to be my daughter?

Daphne. Great sir, I am unworthy of such honor;
But my fond heart so loves Telemachus,
I must accept your greatness, and the pains
To equal my advancement.

Ulys. This is well:
When father, mother, bridegroom, and the bride
Concur with liberal heart in these elections,
We close the contract with as firm a seal
As man can fashion 'gainst the hand of time.—
Nor shall we be the losers in this match,
For in the heyday of our children's love
Our joys will find reflection.

Pen. I do fear,
Your restless spirit will again set out
To win new honors from immortal fame;

And I, your wife, will be again ordained
To wait and weep for you.

Ulys. Believe me, no.
I have restored our Helen to her home,
And that was e'er the end of my ambition.
I shall no more depart from Ithaca,
But here abide by you, my faithful wife ;
Whose constancy shall never be forgot
While poets have a tongue. Penelope
Will shine as everlasting as the sun ;
And as the husband of so good a wife
I, too, will be remembered.

ÆNEAS,

A DRAMA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ÆNEAS, *a Trojan Hero.*

MISENUS,
EURYALUS, } *Followers of Æneas.*
GYAS, }

CORINTHUS, *a Trojan.*

LYSANDER, *a Carthaginian Statesman.*

HERMES, *Messenger of the Gods.*

The Ghost of Anchises.

DIDO, *Queen of Carthage.*

ANNA, *Sister to Dido.*

BARCE, *Nurse to Dido.*

*Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, Sailors, Trojans,
Carthaginians, etc., etc.*

SCENE--CARTHAGE.

ÆNEAS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—COAST NEAR CARTHAGE.

Enter CORINTHIUS AND ANOTHER TROJAN—*wet.*

I Tro. What, ho, Sarpedon!

Cor. Let the villains go.

I Tro. We've lost our way.

Cor. But have acquired that

Which made it worth the losing. Simple gull:

He told me he was royal messenger

Commissioned by the state to bear this gold

To King Iarbas. I have heard, Aletes,

Experience makes a dull man often wise:

And, by the sum of this, it were not strange

If he grew wise as Greek Ulysses was,

For he experienced something, did he not?

I Tro. Come, let us kindle fire; I am cold
With Neptune's salty wash. From this day on

I will not budge an inch but I do walk it ;
 Nor will I tempt the anger of a god,
 Who sometime yet will send us all to Styx
 If we offend him further.

Enter two more Trojans.

3 *Tro.* Fear not that :
 We have appeased the watery deity
 With offerings of a bull and floods of wine.

4 *Tro.* And so we did : our hearts are big with
 thanks
 For Neptune's kind escape.

Cor. You mock the Greeks,
 Who burn the bones and tallow to the gods,
 And eat the rest themselves. [*Singing heard without.*]

3 *Tro.* Had they but eaten
 You would not hear this song. Now Bacchus rides
 them
 With lash and spur.

1 *Tro.* Come, let us rein them in ;
 For if they plunge not into some mischance,
 Their stars have credit for't.

4 *Tro.* This is not well.
 All indications lead me to suppose
 A flux of habitation hereabout ;
 Some well developed state of peaceful men
 Who ill receive such riot.

Cor. Here we are.

Enter more Trojans—drunk.

5 Tro. Let Neptune swamp me into Pluto's den,
But this wine came from Chios.—Years ago,
When I was sent with Priam's embassy
To win the island kings,—Look, Nantes, look!
Here sits a bunch of Trojan water-rats.
Heigh, are you dead or drowned?

Cor. But wet without,
Whilst you are drowned within.

5 Tro. No quarrel now:
I would not harm my enemy to-day,
Much less my brother. Bacchus' friendly fire
Inspires me to surround the world in arms,
Including hell and heaven.

I Tro. Where's Æneas?

5 Tro. By Hector's mighty arm 'tis one to me.

Cor. And where Sarpedon, and the rest of you?

5 Tro. Plague take the lynx-eyed rogue! While we
were eating
His knavish eye lit on a sylvan dame,
Which he pursued like wind; and by the bustle
The hunter had his game.

Enter a Carthaginian officer and soldiers.

Off. What make you here?

Cor. No kin of yours, I hope.

Off. Forbear your arms: for there are more of us
Than you would wish to fight with. Bind them sol-
diers.

[Soldiers bind the Trojans.

Lodge them securely in the prison-house
 Where we have stowed the others; I'll to court,
 There to communicate the rank behavior
 Of these sea-roaming pirates.

I Tro. Pirates, sir!

We are Trojan soldiers, fellows of Æneas;
 If you molest us, he shall know of it.

Off. Silence! I doubt not, by your argument
 We, and not you, should be to prison sent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ANOTHER PART OF THE COAST.

Enter ÆNEAS and GYAS.

Æn. Who told you so?

Gyas. Why, our Sicilian friend,
 Acestes, at whose court there was a man
 Who had seen the end o' the earth. From him I heard
 That eastward from the gate of Hercules
 The long-lived Ethiops dwell; and next to these,
 A tribe of people, neither white or black,—
 Numidians, that's the name; their king, Iarbas;—
 And east of these, the colony of Tyre
 Which erst I spoke of, and where now we are.

Æn. But, for all that, you may be wrong, good
 Gyas;

Since the tumultuous bandits of the sea
 Robbed us of all direction, and the clouds
 Did wipe the face of Phoebus from our eyes
 For three successive days.

Gyas. I'll not be sworn on't ;
Our judgment warps with wishing,—still, I hope.

Aen. If I remember right, a queen rules here ;
One Dido, whom the king Acestes praised
Beyond the ken of speech : unparalleled
In mind and person, did he draw her out ;
A Helen and Ulysses, two in one.
If he spake true, and your presentiment
Runs not more nimbly than the gait of truth,
We shall not lack caparison to reach
Our e'er receding goal.

Enter EURYALUS.

Gyas. Euryalus !

Eur. 'Tis well I find you here.

Aen. Good news, or bad ?

Eur. Both.

Aen. Know you where we are ?

Eur. Near Carthage, sir.

Gyas. Thus may a strange conviction come to pass
E'en when our working-day conclusions pall.

Aen. And furthermore,—proceed.

Eur. That one word, Carthage,
Exhausts the measure of my joyful tidings,
And the remainder message savors ill.

Aen. Out with't, Euryalus. You speak to one
That winks not at the random strokes of fate :
And, as for you, misfortune's Mercury,
Art but an instrument, no part of it.

Eur. Then know, *Aeneas*, some of our companions

Have by a troop of Carthaginian soldiers
 Been bound and lodged in prison ; there to rest
 Until the queen pass sentence.

Æn. Their offence?

Eur. I know not, sir ; but by the stir o' the people,
 They stand accused of such indignities
 As may offend their lives.

Æn. I'll stay the queen.

Some little while hereafter seek me there.
 These Trojan spirits have been reared in war ;
 I cannot blame them much : the season's circle
 Hath swung a tenfold passage o'er the earth
 Since they were one with peace. Farewell. till then.

Eur. But that your wisdom suffers no addition,
 I'd urge my company. [*Exit* ÆNEAS.

Gyas. Euryalus!

Eur. What say you, Gyas?

Gyas. Look you, follow him ;

In the same distance will I after you ;
 For though his mother's guardage hover o'er him,
 He may have service of a friendly arm.

Eur. Your kindness prompts me.

Gyas. I'll be with you soon.

[*Exit* EURYALUS.

Henceforth I'll shift alone ; for to continue
 In obstinate allegiance, renders me
 His lackey, nothing more. The torch of fame
 Burns so refulgent on Æneas' brow,
 That his surroundings are incased with black ;
 And I, his chosen friend, by contrast show

The direst difference.—I must break with him,
Albeit I cannot cross him: for 'tis said,
He stalks beyond the confines and the stops
That nature marks for ordinary men.
And I myself had proof on't when in Troy:
For once, upon Scamander's fruitful plain,
He dared confront the devil Diomed,
Shrieking for slaughter; head to heels in blood
The Greekish monster burst our brazen ranks,
And swept the field like whirlwind. With a shout
Æneas calls on Diomed to stand;
And that, forsooth, had been his final challenge,
But for the intervention of a god.
Thrice did the giant warrior make essay
To crush Æneas with o'erwhelming bulk,
And thrice Apollo smote Tydides' shield,—
The brunt whereof did shake the walls of Troy,—
Till balked in his intent, grim Diomed
Slunk from the field disgusted, with a curse
Against the biased god.—Things standing thus,
A seeming service towards Æneas' cause
Will most advantage me in my behalf,
Until occasion claps. Till then, sit still:
A blessing often bears a show of ill.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—DIDO'S PALACE.

DIDO, ANNA, LYSANDER, *dignitaries, officers, guards and attendants.* DIDO seated on a throne. In the rear, soldiers guarding the captured Trojans.

Dido. What needs our presence here? Lysander, speak;

And speak it roundly, for the cares of state
Weigh more oppressive on the composition
Of woman's volatile and restless nature,
Than on the staid and tempered qualities
Of man's unruffled spirit.

Lys. Gracious queen,
Your wisdom and that undefined power,
By means whereof you sway the will of all
To do you homage, have so far prevailed,
That we no longer need molest your ear
With pitiful relation, or the tale
Of sad defeat. By your auspicious guidance
A kingdom sprouts upon this desert sand,
Whose branching foliage offers peace and plenty
To all who seek it here. And were it not
That such full flushed abundance rouses envy
In our unprosperous neighbors, you might challenge
The ruler of Olympus to the lists,
And tell him proudly, this domain of Carthage
Co-rivalled his.

Dido. Thanks for your praise. Lysander,
Is there no further business to conclude?

Lys. None touching Carthage; though I have for
you
Some private grief in store.

Enter ÆNEAS and GYAS, unseen by those present.

Dido. Unfold it here:
Dido is Carthage's queen; hence, Dido's danger
Endangers Carthage, too.

Lys. Without the palace
There stays a horseman from Numidia,
Who bids me tell our queen, that great Iarbas
Requests her hand in marriage. She refusing,
He will eclipse us with a cloud of horse,
And override the realm with fire and sword.

Dido. While this comes somewhat sudden, I have
heard it
Through unofficial channels. Bid the fellow
Grant me some little time for contemplation;
Meanwhile, in special council, we'll consider
Our best expedience. If our senate there
Conclude my exile for my country's good,
Most willingly will I accept the sentence,
And bow to their decree for Carthage's sake.
Come sister, let us in.

[*ÆNEAS about to speak, retires when LYSANDER begins.*]

Lys. But one word more:
Our soldiers have this morning apprehended
Some dozen base marauders, whom the sea
Belched over night on shore; since which befell,
They have committed every heinous deed

Within the scroll of crime. We led them hither,
 Because they claim allegiance to Æneas,
 The Trojan prince; the only man of note
 That 'scaped the sack of Troy.

Dido. Came he along?

Officer. Aye, madame; so they say.

Anna. Why start you so?

Dido. How? Why, why should I start? Go fetch
 him hither. [*Exit attendant.*]

We'll teach this seion of barbarian stock
 We are not german to his country's customs.
 What does he here in Carthage? Have the bounds
 Of human habitation so contracted,
 That all the unmeasured regions of the earth
 Afford no other spot but our dominion
 For him and his allies? Night's wandering stars,
 Bent on their timeless journey, never noted
 So gross a contradiction as appears
 'Tween Troy and Carthage:—We have still persevered
 To grace our brow with Ceres' coronet,
 To rival Vulcan in our artifices,
 And to assail the vast array of Neptune
 With thousand brazen beaks. We seek no conquest,
 But strive to bind all nations near and far
 With peaceful interchange of arts and commerce:
 And, therefore, do our watery convoys seek
 The farthest nooks and corners of the sea
 With untold treasures in their hollow wombs.
 Recharged with products of a distant country.
 Swift Æolus expands their canvas wings.

Bending their course to Carthage once again,
Our harbingers of plenty.—And for Troy:—
E'er since the sun looked down upon her walls
She was a nest of robbers, whose adventures
Bore death and desolation in their tracks:
No profitable occupation theirs,
Theft, pillage, rapine, murder and the like
Made up their whole existence. Such a one
Was Priam's youngest son, deluded Paris:
For he had choice 'tween wisdom, law and lust,
And chose the latter, when he stole away
Jove's golden daughter, Menelaus' wife.
For which offending Troy no longer lives
Save in the songs of martial minstrelsy.

Lys. You speak most true; and yet, dear queen,
remember,

That many rumors riding on the wind
From Troy to Carthage, led us to conclude,
That Hector and Æneas both requested,
Helen should be restored.

Dido. Well, let that rest.

I am right well resolved, that Troy and we
Are charged with such unkindred elements
As can not be co-mingled. This for all:
By charter of my high authority
I ask you to inform this unstaïd Trojan,
That Dido's realm invokes no such addition
As might be rendered by a lawless rabble
Of exiled vagabonds: nor can we welcome
A prince of Priam's house.

Æn. Look, where he stands!

[*Guard makes motion to rush upon ÆNEAS.*]

Dido. Hold! or you die.

Æn. Let not my danger fright you:
A bulwark of divinity invests me,
Which mortals can not pierce.—I am Æneas,
Whose fame reverberates the cerule welkin
And echoes twixt the stars.

Dido. Then—are you he?

Æn. By Jupiter, I swear it! And for you,
Transcendent witchery is busy here
So like you are my mother. Do but banish
Proud indignation from those ruby lips,
And melt your anger in those orbs of pity,
And I will bend my iron knees before you,
Thinking my mother had come down from heaven
To bless her hapless son.

Dido. No, no; not so.
Amazement binds our tongues within our throats,
And clogs the flow of speech.

Lys. By your good leave,
Were it not meet, since we are all assembled,
Our noble visitor disclose himself
For why he landed here?

Dido. We pray you do.

Æn. Ask Neptune: we approached not willingly.
Though I am good at horse, his foaming chargers
Have shook me from their backs.

Dido. No more but these?

Aen. Aye, madam; many more. If you will send
Some little distance up the brim o' the sea,
You'll find my beached companions strewn between
The timbers of their barks.

Dido. This should not be.—
Yoke me a dozen cars with sturdy mules,
And whip them to the coast with ample stock
Of food and raiment. [*Exeunt several attendants.*]

Aen. Gyas, go along,
For you best know the way; and tell Misenus
To issue order that all depredation
Is done as done 'gainst me—look to't yourself:
If there be any flagrancy committed
It will go hard with some. And one thing more:
Euryalus shall come to me in haste—
I likewise wish some conference with Misenus
Before he goes to rest.—Should there be question
Of my protracted absence, tell them, Gyas,
That I am doing well.

Gyas. My lord, I will. [*Erit Gyas.*]

Aen. Pardon my rash usurped authority;
I am accustomed to command and rule,
Have broke with patience, and have almost grown
A stranger to obedience.

Dido. You and service
Were a most ill-matched couple.

Lys. Great *Aeneas*,
You have forgot what first we did inquire.

Aen. No, reverend sir; not so.—By your good
grace,

Will I with brief unfringed speech discover
 All those occurrences which tend to show
 Why I am here at Carthage.

Enter EURYALUS—converses with ÆNEAS.

Dido. Hark you, ANNA!
 Set all my household round about at work
 To feast our stranger. Do not halt at numbers:
 My gold and credit is at your disposal
 To stretch the bounds of hospitality
 Beyond extremes. We must outblaze the sun;
 One of the immortals walks beneath our roof—
 We'll rival his Olympus.

[Exit ANNA, notices EURYALUS.]

Æn. *[Aside to Eur.]* Get thee gone,
 And bear a wary eye perchance to gather
 Some mischief lurking in this show of love.

[Exit EURYALUS, following ANNA.]

Fair Queen, you know Anchises was my father,
 Descended through a line of many kings
 From cloud-compelling Jove. He now is dead.—
 On Ida's summit, where the rustling winds
 Linger in dalliance on the cedars' tops,
 There is a vale sequestered in the shade
 Of sky-ascending trees. The curious day
 With prying glances can not enter there;
 No mortal foot hath pressed the hallowed ground
 Laid thick with velvet moss; nor may the gods,
 Save only one, intrude. E'en here it was

My goddess mother, Venus, gave me birth.—
My boyish days seem now a filmy dream,
As unoffending as the laughing brook
That runs unwittingly into the sea.
Upon the grassy slope of hill and dale
I browsed my sheep, and mocked the lazy hours
Upon a shepherd's pipe; the shrillest music
I then had ever heard—except, when Pan,
In holiday exuberance all unwrapt,
Trooped through the woods with his commandery
Of sprites and goblins and such ill-shaped truck
As haunts a traveller in a summer night.
And as the years went round, my mother came,
And gave me eyes to see Diana's train
In brook and glen.
With many a sylvan charmer did I stroll
In dear enchantment through the lonesome shades:
And on the shore, when Neptune was asleep,
I used to rest within a Nereid's arms,
Beneath the spangled canopy of night,
And watch the sea-nymphs wind their curious
measures.
Stepping the yellow sands. With sylph and siren
My years as in Elyseum passed away,
Till sweetest repetition 'gan to cloy
My changing appetite. I yearned to grapple
With tougher sinews than the yielding flesh
Of love and dalliance: top to toe in arms,
I longed to lock an iron enemy
With joints of steel against a forged breast.—

I went to Troy, where my unpruned ambition
Lacked no employment. In the neighboring wars
I gathered many laurels by addition
To Priam's coffers: all the region 'round
Delivered tribute to the crammed vaults
Of Ilium's treasure-house.—There lay the germ
Of our succeeding sorrow: flushed with gold.
In surfeit of abundance, we neglected
All peaceful occupation, choosing rather
To lead a life of lust and luxury
By dint of spear and sword. Curs'd be the day,
When Alexander, steeped in arrogance,
Pondered how he might supersede all others
In reckless expedition. All alone
He shipped to Sparta with the fell intent
To steal the Jove-born wife of Menelaüs,
And coming back again to cry exultant:
Behold, the fairest blossom of the earth
Blooms on my bosom.—and, indeed, he did.
But at his heels came Agamemnon's host
In quest of retribution: Peleus' son,
The swift Achilles; Ajax Telamon:
Idomeneus, Deucalion's son, of Crete:
The towering Diomed, who dared assail
The fiery Mars in battle; Nestor came,
The silvery tongued persuader of the Greeks,
From sandy Pylos;—and from Ithaca
Our boding spirit like a lowering cloud
Hove 'cross the water: sage Ulysses, queen,
In wisdom like to Jove.—From morn to even,

The roomy entrails of a thousand ships
Discharged their bristling contents on our shore.
For ten long years, the din and clash of arms
Rang from the field, and many warlike heroes
Went home to Orcus. What my portance there
Might I, without extravagance or shame,
Unboastingly promulgate, were it not,
That idle iteration of a noble act
Stales its performance. Yet our cause was wrong:
We fought with Mars and Venus, while our foe
Wielded his weapon with Athene's aid
For Juno's sacred rites.—Now comes the end:
While Dian's weary eyelid drooped in slumber,
And every Trojan couch was hung in black,
A trickster's cunning overerowed our portals,
And Ilium sank in dust. As I awoke,
The brunt of battle shook the quaking earth
With frightful clamor; thundering at my gate
Stood glittering Mars, all buckled up in brass,
Shouting a threat of vengeance to the sky.
We crushed the Greekish vanguard with our bulks,
And cut our way through sword and singeing fire
To Priam's house—when lo! before my eyes
An apparition Hermes-like appears.
"Ænchises' son"—thus Mercury began,
For he it was,—"why rage against the gods
In unprevailing anger? Jove commands,
That from the smouldering residue of Troy
You gather what remains and take to ship,
Holding thy course due west towards Italy.

For there, with every blemish purged away,
 Our sacred Ilium Phoenix-like shall rise
 On Tiber's bank as Rome: where bleeding Greece
 Shall crouch for mercy at thy children's feet."

With this, the spirit seemed to soar away
 On unsubstantial air.—In eager haste
 I summoned all my friends and followers:
 My household gods and what so else was dear,
 I carried on my shoulders from the wreck
 Of burning Troy.—Our hawsers cut away,
 The tumbling billows and the inconstant wind
 Summed up our hope.—Now might I speak, O queen,
 Of passing strange adventures, hairbreadth 'scapes
 By water and by land; of Neptune's wrath,
 Of wily Proteus' and of Circe's drug;
 Of our retention in the Cyclops' cave,
 Where one-eyed Polyphemus gorged himself
 With my companion's flesh: of Scylla's rage,
 Who pounced upon us, dragging from our decks
 A sixfold sacrifice: and of Charybdis,
 The seething whirlpool spouting up from hell.
 And I might speak of shipwreck and delay,
 Of thirst and of starvation, and the pangs
 Of rupture with oneself—but not so now.
 Let it suffice, fair queen, that yesternight
 The blasts of Boreas dashed our creaking bottoms
 On Carthaginian soil.

Dido.

For this, our thanks.

You shall remain our welcome guest in Carthage

Until the zephyrs of a new-born spring
Breathe from the south, and kiss your navy's wings
With lips of eglantine.

Lys. And for Iarbas?

Æn. A Trojan answer may suffice for him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A STREET IN CARTHAGE—NIGHT.

Enter two Carthaginian Sailors.

1 Sail. Come on, come on, the Pleiades are out,
And we should be aboard.

2 Sail. Why haste you so?
The night is dark, and many of our flock
Are straggling far behind.

1 Sail. The worse for them.
See, how the winged horsemen of the air
Chase one another o'er the houses' tops.
The swelling wind blows stiffly from the south,
And our commander will not brook delay
When wind and weather show a friendly mood.

2 Sail. Give me your hand, for my declining years
Press me to be remembered. So, so, so.

A willing spirit in a feeble body
 Augments the hardship of an old man's fate.

Enter MISENUS and GYAS.

I Sail. Some one approaches: step aside awhile.
 Stand there!

Mis. Who may you be?

I Sail. Of Carthage, sir.

Gyas. And we of Troy.

I Sail. Most welcome are you then:
 For by the proclamation of our queen
 Each Trojan is our brother.—Fare you well,
 We must to ship.

Mis. What, in the dead of night?

I Sail. Why not? oh, I perceive. Your sailanship
 Is somewhat crude in Troy; for I have heard
 You can not swim there but in Phœbus' eye:
 And then, no further from the muddy shore
 Than seaman's eye can see. But in Phœnicia,
 Our deep magicians and astrologers
 Did ferret out the secret of the stars
 With mystic computation, and device
 As intricate as strange. What seems to you
 A glittering host of shifting accidents,
 Appears unto our pilots as a state
 Of organized condition, yielding them
 Direction, time and place.—Do you observe
 Yon little sparkle in the northern sky

Where Dian's jewels are more thinly set
Than either here or there?

Mis. Aye, what of that?

I Sail. Of all the untold myriad scintillations
This one alone unshaken holds his place
From age to age; while all the other fires
Draw their diurnal circles round about
This centered pole, varying with rise and set
The season's difference. So confidently
Our mariners behold these constellations,
That we seafaring men conduct our vessels
Directly from the shore, where danger lurks
In shoals and shallows and in hidden rocks.
Across the wide dominion of the wave
We sail in due direction, guided only
By heaven's arithmetic.—So fare you well.

Mis. Stay: whither are you bound?

I Sail. For Spain, good sir.
I must not tarry longer.—Come away. [*Exeunt* SAILORS.

Gyas. A prattling knave.

Mis. Whose every word was born
Of firm conviction. Let me tell you, Gyas,
Though we are wise, there may be something yet
Uncatalogued in our experience
Which these Phœnicians are apprised of.

Gyas. A dream without a lucid interval.

Mis. It merits much reflection.

Gyas. Let us in.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A CHAMBER IN DIDO'S PALACE.

DIDO. *Enter BARCE.*

Barce. What, child; already stirring. Good my days,

When my exhausted blood was fresh as yours
 These were the very hours I loved to lie
 In drowsy Morpheus' arms. Alas, alas,
 That soothing sleep should be an enemy
 To waning years! now do I ever hear
 The midnight greetings of the chanticleer
 From barn to barn. What is the matter, lady?
 Pray, let me know of't.

Dido. Nothing, nothing, *Barce.*

Barce. I'll lay my life, some scheme of black Iarbas
 Defeats your quiet. Fear him, fear him, lady.
 He looks upon us with an eye of envy,
 For that you did acquire this spacious kingdom
 For what he held a jest.

Dido. Where's Anna, *Barce*?

Barce. I'll call her. [*Exit.*

Dido. Do so. Yesterday, Iarbas,
 You were only darkness in the heaven:
 But now, methinks, there brews a mightier storm.
 Oñ folly, folly: 'tis the moment's flurry
 That starts his image in my vacant bosom,
 And nothing more. And yet, since first I saw him,
 The semblance of this god-descended man
 Consumes the pith and marrow of my being
 Beyond endurance.

Enter ANNA.

Anna. You are up betimes—
Good morrow sister—and 'tis well you are :
Our Trojan guests outstrip the earliest lark,
And walk about our hospitable streets,
A merry-making throng. E'en great Æneas
Hath shaken slumber from his storm-tossed limbs,
And gazes on our shipyard's busy bustle,
Admiring all he sees.

Dido. What think you of him?

Anna. Not more than you, Elisa; yet enough.—
Do not attempt to play the juggler with me,
For your dissembling garments are too narrow
To drape so big a secret.

Dido. How now, how!

What secret can there be 'tween you and me?

Anna. Oh, is it so? I'll tell you—three small
words

And we are one again—you love Æneas.

Dido. Hush! breathe it low. The music of my
passion

Falls unaccustomed on my timid ear.

How came you known on't? Speak: for I was prudent
With bare considerance of it.

Anna. Every motion

Proclaims a transformation, and the culprit
Jumps out at every inch. Had I neglected

To mark your angry artifice 'gainst Troy

When his approach was mentioned; had I winked

When with a primal glance he made a conquest
 Ere yet he spoke ; or, had I been asleep
 While like a conjurer he cast a spell
 With piteous story on your eye and ear,—
 The very night would have revealed your love :
 For when the din and clamor of the day
 Had faded in the soothing hours of night,
 And every weary mortal laid him down
 To gather respite in the vale of sleep—
 You tossed from side to side ; in your wild bosom
 There was nor peace nor rest : and on your features
 The clouds of anguish and the beams of joy
 Compelled each other like an April day ;
 While from your lips Æneas name broke forth,
 Now wreathed in smiles, now clad in bitter tears.

Dido. Oh, speak no more : but be my counselor
 In this abrupt infection ; guide my steps,
 For my discernment falters in the jostle
 Of opposite extremes.

Anna. Be comforted.
 If you do love the hero, and regard him
 A worthy consort, is it very like
 That Dido's charms will prove a losing weapon
 'Gainst Venus' son ?

Dido. Grant me assistance, heaven !
 And you, the ministers of grace and beauty,
 Pity my hard condition, and rain down
 Such rare effulgence on Elisa's frame,
 As once you lavished on the Olympian queen
 When she bewildered Jove on Ida's top.

Anna. The day invites our coming, let us walk.

Dido. Why should I blush? Am I not queen in
Carthage?

And may I not indulge in that election
Which every simple subject claims his own?
No: banish secrecy! my quick devotion
Shall soar upon the wings of Æolus
E'en to the crooks and corners of the world
Where chaos breeds.

Anna. Æneas' reputation
Need suffer no abridgment in the jointure
With such a one as you.

Dido. My courage grows.

Anna. In all the number of the visiting kings
That sojourn'd at our court, there was not one
But had rejoiced to barter half his kingdom
For what Æneas wins with asking for't.

Dido. Soft, soft: some one approaches.

Anna. Come.

Dido. 'Tis he!

I have not heard that footfall twenty hours,
And know the gait already. Leave me, Anna:
Delays are dangerous when the time is ripe.

[*Exit ANNA.*]

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æn. What, all alone?

Dido. Not so: or else Æneas
Contemplates only for his friends' advancement
And so forgets himself.

Dido. Indeed, nor I.

Æn. You stand on tip-toe now ; but 'tis no
matter :

Her grace was loftier, while your constellation
Reveals a sweet perfection more completed
Than Helen's lithesome beauty. In the balance
You'd prove as true as she.

Dido. Her hair was yellow?

Æn. Like yours, a flush of Phœbus.

Dido. And her voice?

Æn. Pleading and soft : the whispering summer air
Breathed not as low : To hear was to obey.

Dido. Her eyes were blue or gray?

Æn. I can not tell :

In her reflective orbits lived a sparkle,
A witchery of mischief, like to that
Now flashes in your own.

Dido. If you can read

My spirit's meditation in my eyes,
Do so, for they are honest. You shall gaze
Into the windows of my secret soul,
And tell me what you see.

Æn. I hail from Troy.

Where your Phœnician characters are strange :
But in your liquid eloquence, O queen,
I read a story which the gracious gods
Write in the universal tongue of man.—
Why shake you so? Weep not, divine Elisa ;
For while you rest upon Æneas' bosom
All mortal danger steals in fear away.

Come, raise your drooping petals to your sun,
 Sweet-scented flower, he will kiss these tears,
 Bright twin-set diamonds, from a crystal throne
 Whose proper king is laughter.

Dido. Ye gods, what have I done! Oh, pitiful.
 That woman's weaker nature can not master
 The motion of their hearts! Do not despise me.
 This burst of passion will away again,
 If you will have it so.

Æn. Prevent it, heaven!

I love you, Dido.

Dido. Speak it once again,
 I do not understand you.

Æn. Sweet Elisa,

Aeneas loves you.

Dido. Then the rest goes even.

Æn. And from the first I did anticipate—
 E'en while you frowned upon Anchises' son—
 That all the subtle mysteries of Eros
 Passed current 'twixt our hearts. That very hour
 I lacked and loved you, too:—nay, more than that,
 I knew as much of you.

Dido. Psh!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Your commission?

Mess. Of great import: Iarbas' embassy.
 Impatient for an answer, takes to horse,
 And will not be persuaded to remain:

They now persist, you drew this hero hither.
That from his guardage you might safely render
An unpropitious answer.

Dido. Bid them stay

But till to-morrow morning. I may choose—

Well, I may choose—

Æn. No! tell these marriage-mongers
To press their horses' bellies to the ground
And post them like the wind—

Dido. I do beseech you.

Æn. For if I find them when Apollo's wheel
Tips on the pinnacle of the day's travel,
I'll bring them on the way.

Dido. Who governs here?
'Tis I who rule in Carthage.

Æn. But not now.
Send Gyas hither. [*Exit messenger.*]

By the fate of Troy,
Now that I think of it, my jealous honor
Begins to tingle with a sense of shame.

Dido. Oh, you have dashed the vengeance of Iarbas
Upon my weeping city! he will come
With myriad trooping warriors at his heels.

Æn. Let him approach; for as he multiplies,
Our victory increases. Fear you nothing.
Though he appear like the unnumbered stars,
We'll pluck the riders from their nimble steeds,
And brush them from us like a swarm of flies
That pester us in summer.

Enter GYAS.

Welcome, Gyas :

I have a piece of trusty business for you,
As full of fear as honor.

Gyas. Good my lord,
My inclination yearns for that employment
Where skill might baffle danger. You did send me,
While yet the Greek Achilles nursed his wrath,
Into the heart of Agamemnon's council,
And I returned with that you sent me for.

Æn. I well remember it ; and since I know
How you would choose between immortal death
And lengthy days drawn out in ignominy,
Make you such preparations as befit
And seek this same Numidian you have heard of—
Iarbas is his name—

Dido. And this for me ?

Gyas. No, madam ; for myself.

Æn. Expound to him,
That our beloved queen can never choose
To be the consort of a dusky ranger ;
Nor can she strain her fine imagination
To that exalted pitch as would persuade her,
That in the rugged caves of barbarism
The scorching elements of sand and fire
Had bred a man of such complete dimension,
Whose unexpressive merit would requite her
To hang these jewels on the swarthy limbs
Of his vile-perfumed trunk.

Gyas.

I'll do it, sir.

And while I journey thither, find a time
To shape an argument so void of flaw,
That he himself shall thank me for my service,
And hold me as a friend that raised a shield
Between himself and death.

Dido.

This will not fadge :

O gentle sirs, believe me, you misjudge
The reckless humor of this desert child,
Whose honor, wounded in his messengers,
Brooks no persuasion.

Æn.

If he bristle up,

As well he may (and if it be his choice,
Why, he is welcome to't), tell him but this :
Within the sacred circle of these walls
A piece of Troy inhabits.

Gyas.

My weak physic

Must cure Iarbas : for he hath no stomach
For your prescription. Fare you well at once.

[*Exit GYAS.*]

Dido. Since you are wise and mighty, I will banish
These boding dangers, and from this will be
Your minister of pleasure : all my fortune,
As boundless as the gold of Mercury,
Shall call you master ; and whatever else
Of Dido's charms the world calls beautiful,
Take it, for all is yours.

Æn.

Ye mighty gods,

Is this your pleasure or your punishment !

If from the confines of all-judging Jove
 You lead this burning goddess to my arms
 To tempt me from my pre-ordained path,
 I bow to your temptation—be it so.
 Close, closer yet; now, flinty basilisk,
 Strike us to stone, to be forever thus!
 I have drunk fire from your quivering lips.
 Olympus, thou art poor! By dreadful Styx,
 Not all the vasty stretch of your dominion
 Contains another morsel like to this!

Dido. Let me but breathe a little. O Æneas,
 My sides are overcharged with energy
 Panting for breath.—Come, let us in the air.
 I have two steeds of Atalantean stock,
 More swifter than the wind, one white, one black,
 Whose virgin flanks have never known a spur:
 These we'll caparison, and like a flash
 Lighten along the margin of the main,
 Skim over field and stubble, work our way
 Through stubborn brake and tangled wilderness
 To vent the bounding elements of motion
 That riot here within.

Æn. Sweet Amazon,
 The spiey vapor of your ecstasy
 Shrouds all the past and future from my eyes.
 Joys like to this are worth eternity;
 Eternity, the fair prophetic vision,
 That shows us all and yields us but to-day.
 Our yesters drift upon the waves of Lethe
 Irrevocably from our beckoning sight,

And our to-morrows in this fickle phase
May never come to pass.

Dido. I'll teach you how.
From every altar there shall rise to heaven
A cloud of incense and of sacrifice,
An invocation to the gods of mirth;
For jocund Bacchus and the blindfold boy
Shall reign supreme at Dido's festival.

Aen. Jove and his frigid counsel now must rest,
For all my mother rules within this breast.

[*Ereunt.*

SCENE III.—A STREET IN CARTHAGE.

Enter GYAS.

Gyas. Aeneas, you will never see me more.
The while you revel in the rich delights
Of Dido's passion (queen of luxury,
Who would not wish to be thy paramour)
Will I spin out my own advantages.
Now, let me see: Iarbas dotes on Dido,
And I, on fame; if he do furnish me,
I will procure for him,—but how, how, how?
Aeneas' appetite will choke and surfeit
Before three moons are wasted, and his conscience
Begin to prick him with a just remorse:
For howsoever he is Venus' son,
His primal cause will ever urge him on
Towards Tiber's banks.—Aeneas being gone,

It were an easy trick to take the town
 With hundred horse ; then will I bring him Dido,
 And he must make me king of Carthage for't.
 The rabble may rebel ; yet have I noted,
 That whosoever crams the herd with bread
 May sway their rule. The wavering multitude
 Lacks order and degree, lolls, shifts about
 Like some huge cloud, which every straggling breeze
 Bends to and fro at pleasure.—I'll prevail
 Upon Iarbas to desist at present,
 And after prove that he attained his end
 Alone by my contrivance :—That's the way.
 Success is not inherited alone
 By strength and power ; Peleus' giant son
 Could slay brave Hector, yet himself was slain
 Without achieving what that mightier man,
 Ulysses, did achieve, who sacked our town,
 Went home to Ithaca and wears a crown. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A STREET IN CARTHAGE.

MISENUS.

Mis. The self same plague that rotted Ilium's wall
 Now breeds in Carthage. Damned luxury,
 Why wilt thou blast the one remaining sprout

That gave us hope of harvest! Pitiful,
That Hector and his martial galaxy
Are draped in darkness, and his heirs in honor
Let all advantage slip and profit nothing—
No, not a jot. Else would Aeneas here
Unyoke the precious legacy of Priam
In wine and women?—I will seek him out,
(Albeit he abjures my company)
And wrangle with him, though he shake me for't.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Good even, grave Misenus. Make thee
haste,

Our never ending banquet swells at flood,
And all the amorous youth of Troy and Carthage
Swim in a sea of revels. Dido's palace
Resounds with bacchanalian merriment,
While in the dusky halo of the moon
The god of love receives his votaries
In sweet seclusion.—You are troubled sir;
Or else annoyed at our festivities.

Mis. Aye, more: they stick me to the very heart.

Lys. Can it be possible that I have found
Within the girdle of our frenzied city
One reasoning man?

Mis. You'll find in me a man
Not over wondrous wise, yet one who sees
What hapless consummation must arise
From these wild staggers.

Lys. Speak you from the heart?

Mis. Aye, as I am a Trojan.

Lys. Take my hand,
And let us whet our rusty intellects
Against a siege of senses.

Mis. Thrive in this,
And you have earned my everlasting thanks.
The queen's to blame, Lysander: look you now,
She hangs upon his neck at night and noon,
And bars me, who am next to him in rank,
So much as any minute's consultation
With our commander. She is quick and shrewd;
Haply she knows my mind. And for Æneas,
The potent exhalation of her passion
Quite masters him.

Lys. A piteous change, Misenus.
Would you had seen her ere Æneas came:
How wise, how just, how merciful she was
In all contentious matter. Her decrees
Were blended so with affability,
As made the vanquished victor.

Mis. First of all,
We must essay to shake Æneas up
And make him take to sea.

Lys. Meanwhile will I
Speak to the queen, and draw comparison
Between the past and present.

Mis. Tell her, too,
Æneas madness knows no constancy,

But like a sickly humor of the palate
Is quickly sated.

Lys. I'll confer with her ;
Do you but find an opportunity
To stay Æneas, and bring home to him,
How lapsed in dull delirium he foregoes
The proud anticipation of his race.

Mis. If my ability but half eke out
The sum of my intention, all is well.

Lys. Here comes the veriest butterfly of Troy.

Enter EURYALUS.

Mis. What, ho, Euryalus! why haste you so?

Eur. Good even, gentle sirs, a thousand pardons
For thus omitting you.—But come along,
The shrill alarms of the braying trump
Command obedience to the queen's behest.

Mis. There was a time when I did point you out,
A brave example to the rising man ;
For in my mind's conclusion, you were dowered
With ampler wisdom than your narrow years
Could give us warranty.

Eur. Tut, tut, Misenus,
Do not deject me with your melancholy ;
We'll find a time for that in after days,
When stooping underneath the yoke of Mars
We sweat to reach imaginary blessing.
For ten long years we labored in the field
In iron harness, and without regard

Of season, day or night; in heat and cold,
 Through weather foul and fair, we battled fiercely
 Against the Greekish host: and do you now
 Begrudge a soldier's fortune so much booty
 As may be captured from a laughing girl?

Mis. Has all your fine ambition shrunk to this?

Eur. Your music is too solemn for our song.
 Æneas strikes the tune, and I, his ancient,
 Join boldly in the chorus. — Yesternight
 Out-blazoned every possibility
 Of wild extravagance. No minstrel's art,
 No, not Apollo and the sistered nine
 Could frame a phantasy of such delight.
 And thus it was: Æneas and the queen
 Fell into altercation with the praise
 Of woman's excellence; for he persisted,
 The dames of Troy outrivalled those of Carthage
 In physical perfection. She denied it,
 And wishing to support her argument
 With props of proof, dispatched her invitation
 To all the comely women of the court
 (None other had accepted for their lives)
 To entertain Æneas and his fellows
 In such apparel as the queen of love
 Wears in Olympus. Which temptation came
 Like drink to Tantalus: for let me tell you,
 The world may rot, but favor still will find
 Occasion to uncover.—This I speak of
 Was yesterday: and in the middlenight,
 Within the guarded chambers of the palace.

Gathered the paragons of Dido's realm,
Arrayed in pearl and gold. You should have seen
them :

A wilderness of breathing statuary,
That danced and dallied to the drowsy rhythm
Of melting music. So we sang and feasted,
Till Cupid's candle fanned with Bacchus' wing
Gan to illumine a world of charity
In every dusky eye. O'erlooking all,
Queen Dido and Æneas pressed a throne
Like Mars and Cytherea ; she reclining
Her jeweled body on his bulwark breast,
Where her untrammelled beauty seemed to ask him :
"Is not my constellation rich as Troy?"
Flushed with her armorous glances, and inspired
With Candean wine, Æneas rises high
And drains his brimming mazer time and oft
To Dido's health, and with stentorian voice
Recounts the famous battles he had won
'Gainst Greekish kings. Thus many a valiant prince
Was sent a second time to Pluto's home
By eloquent Æneas. Which to hear,
Would every young ambition lift his head
From tender pillow, and applaud his deeds
With clamorous approbation.—But, I see,
My story likes you not, so fare you well.—
Hereafter, when our working days draw on,
Euryalus will clap his goodly trunk
In tougher garments than these weeds of play.

[*Erit.*

Mis. Æneas' counterfeit.

Lys. To-morrow morning
Seek you the general. I must leave you now
To meditate how easiest I may act
My hard commission, [Exit.

Enter CORINTHUS and other Trojans.

Cor. Stoop, stoop, you rogue!
There's one approaching.

2 Tro. I should say there was:
One, two, three, four, five, six; you're drunk to-night,
And see but one in six.

Mis. Stand there!

Cor. Misenus.
A plague upon your stupid villainy.

Mis. What do you here?

Cor. Oh, nothing much, good sir:
We eat, and drink, and sleep, and came this way
To see our worthy betters do the like.

Mis. Hence, to your beds, you minions of the night.
And doze your liquor off! Are you the men
From whom our expedition hoped to gain
A bountiful addition? Are you those
Whom our commander in his roomy ships
Preserved from Pyrrhus' sword—for which compassion
You render him such disobedience?
Or, do you haply think a soldier's honor,
A Trojan soldier's honor, will augment
With breach of discipline? Oh, shame upon you!

Run to your lodge. refresh your tottering limbs
In needful sleep, that with the earliest lark
You rise in fit condition to engage
With horse and lance. [*Exeunt Trojans.*
Our enterprise is sick
From tip to toe. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—IN THE PALACE GARDEN.

Enter EURYALUS and ANNA.

Eur. Yes, yes, I understand: but, dearest Ann,
I know Æneas better.

Ann. Truly, now,
I've seen him, too.

Eur. Yon rustic summerhouse
Invites repose. See, how the gnarled vines
Are dressed with creeping flowers: here we'll sit
Unstartled by the boisterous merriment
That reels about us.

Ann. Did you ever see
A man so hungry for a woman's love
As he is for Elisa's?

Eur. There's the point:
Where passion burns with such unsated fury
'Twill die for lack of fuel.

Ann. Do you think
Æneas will forsake her?

Eur. For the world
I would not say so: yet I know him well.

A mighty spirit rules within his soul
 Yearning for Italy, which some one day
 Will rouse him from a sleepy lethargy
 To desperate action; and this temporal lapse
 May jump him into guilty opposites.
 Let us prepare for either.—I have wrung
 A sweet confession from you, have I not?
 You swore you loved me dearly.

Ann. So I do,
 And will forever.

Eur. Make me promise, child,
 That howsoever doubtful my career—
 As I am bound in fortune to Æneas—
 You'll bide by me in spite of circumstance.

Ann. Take me, Euryalus, and I will try
 To prove a soldier's consort.

Eur. You were born
 To be a hero's wife.—But look you, love,
 The queen of night peeps over yonder hill
 Flooding the foliage with her silver fire.
 In such a time, Leander doffed his armor
 And plunged him in the heaving Hellespont
 To seize the joy of Hero's dimpled arms,
 Who stood with gleaming torch on Sestos' hill.

Ann. And so it was, when Cynthia slipped from
 heaven
 In quest of love, and all affrighted ran
 Full many a league until she found her lover,
 Her boy, Endymion, couched in rosy sleep.

There stooped she low, and on his downy lip
Unlaced the passion of her latent fire.

Eur. In such an hour, Achilles girt his loins
With gold and purple, and by Venus' hand
Walked into Helen's chamber; who received
This king of kings with such regardless welcome.
As made his entertainment rich reward
For all his years of battle.

Ann. So it was,
When Tyro bathing in the limpid waves
Of pebble-banked Enipeus, roused the love
Of deep Poseidon, who enticed the maiden
With stilly murmurs to his big embrace.

Eur. In such a night did even Jove forget,
And sail from heaven into Leda's lap
In semblance of a swan.

Ann. We, too, forget:
The matin wakes upon the hallowed night.
And pales her twinkling tapers one by one.

Eur. Let us within, and may you ever be
Resolved to follow us across the sea. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æn. Apollo's oracle foretold me once,
That Greece united would be more than match
For singled Troy. And so it was.

Enter MISENUS.*Mis.* Good morrow!*Æn.* Her strength was union: which of all her
kingsAlone had wiped us out? They came as one,
And Agamemnon's arm struck down our walls
With twenty kingly swords.*Mis.* I beg your pardon
For this abrupt intrusion—*Æn.* Is it like,
The brittle spirit of the touchy Greek
Will bend in peace for any length of time
To Agamemnon's will? I doubt it much.
Peleides rebelled ere he raised his sword,
And Ajax, fiery son of Telamon,
As late I am informed, dashed out his brains
Because Ulysses wears Achilles' arms.*Mis.* Misenus would a word or two with you.*Æn.* If this might be prevented—*Mis.* So it might,
If you delay not.*Æn.* Didst thou speak to me?*Mis.* Aye, worthy general; your persuasive
tongue

Can quell dissension ere it grows to seed.

Æn. Indeed! you think me wiser than I am.—
How many fine exertions chafe to death
In idle opposition. Let me see,—
I had it even now. If we could turn
The single stream of every great man's mind

Into one common channel, and make proof
 That private welfare flows from general good,
 Then might we fashion wonders, rear a frame
 That would expand with every hero's birth:
 A state like man himself, whose every member
 Doth recognize his own in others' right:—
 Where one is nothing, and where one is all
 Supported by the rest. This arm cut off,
 It rots like carrion flesh,—

Enter MESSENGER.

Mess. Good morrow, sir;
 Queen Dido stays your coming.

Aen. So she does;
 I am to blame for my forgetfulness. [*Exit.*

Mis. Sirrah, what sport?

Mess. They hunt a boar, my lord.
 Your leave. I must attend them.

[*Exit.*

Mis. Hold, *Aeneas!*
 Look back and blush! Upon the field of war
 You stretched in full equipment 'mongst the dead
 To spy for vantage in the Greek defense.
 Your pillow was a blood and rain washed soil,
 Your drapery the bleak rheumatic night
 Thick with unwholesome vapor; and your arms
 Embraced the reeking carcass of a foe
 Like bride and groom; whereto the carrion crows
 Like filthy shadows hovered o'er the field

To feast on princes. Then your dauntless eye
 Did not so much as wink; your forged limbs
 Were proof against the baleful elements
 That propagate diseases; Neptune's choler,
 Athene's artifice, and Juno's wrath
 Dashed unprevailing on your charmed front:
 And now, these fresh dimensions droop and wilt
 Before a gipsy's breath!—All-guiding Jove,
 If in the wise provision of your will
 You purpose further than to make this man
 A butt and target for the wrangling spleen
 Of gods and men,—send down from heaven's hill
 Your sandaled Mercury, or speak to him,
 Whose ears are sealed 'gainst mortal argument,
 With peals of shaking thunder.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—A FOREST.

Æneas.

Æn. Stay you within, Elisa; for I see
 The tumbling dolphins of the upper main
 Coiling their huge backs to a lowering bulk.—
 How dull and heavy is the silent air,
 Save when a sullen gust of fitful wind
 Sweeps through the hollow caverns of the earth,
 And straight is hushed again. The yellow leaves
 Circle affrighted from their lofty perch;
 The timorous burghers of this ancient wood

With boisterous exclamation? I am sent
 By him who shapes the destiny of men
 To bring these summons—listen and obey:
 To-morrow, ere Apollo lift his eye
 Above the level of the shining sea,
 You must to ship and sail for Italy.
 This dalliance with the love-sick queen of Carthage
 Merits most high rebuke; which to atone,
 The remnant of your days shall lack the blessing
 Of woman's love. Jove's wisdom doth decree
 To cure the greater evil with the less.—
 There lies your way. [*Exit.*

Æn. For Italy! 'Tis well.
 I am resolved: my theme is Italy!

Enter Dido.

Dido. *Æneas*, wait a minute; I'll along.

Æn. Why plunge another weapon in this corpse,
 Relentless gods! Ye might have spared me this.—
 Sweet rose of Carthage, what will 'come of thee!

Dido. See, I am dry and merry: not a drop
 Of heaven's sorrow reached me. Let us in,
 And change your garments. Here's my cloak, *Æneas*;
 'Tis soft and warm;—nay, let me do my office.
 These colors are becoming—what's the matter?

Æn. A flash of lightning struck me even now.

Dido. You fright me, where?

Æn. Pity me not, *Elisa*;
 Your anxious eyes augment the wasting fires
 That fate has kindled here. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

—

SCENE I.—A ROOM IN LYSANDER'S HOUSE.

LYSANDER.

Lys. Another season of such husbandry
Will bankrupt Carthage. What a prodigal
Our one time thrifty Dido grows to be.

Enter ÆNEAS.

A rare but welcome visit; pray you sit.

Æn. Lysander, when I yet was green in Carthage,
You gave me promise to assist me hence
When it so pleased me.

Lys. Very like I did:
And what I promise I am wont to keep.—
But you are jesting: what would Dido say
To your departure.—Pardon me, Æneas,
But undisputed rumors give it out
You had resolved to stay; and all appearance
Led us to think so, too.

Æn. Yourself included?

Lys. You gave no cause for thinking otherwise.

Aen. Be not deceived with thinking: Look,
Lysander,

I am right well aware, my reputation
Grows dull and tarnished in the fair opinion
Of many wise and proper lookers-on,
Among the which, Lysander, you are one:—
But my repentance shall regild my honor,
And raise me to that jealous seat again
Where once I sat.—The brief of all is this:
I go to-night. If you'll assist me, well;
If not, I'll ship without.

Lys. The time is short.

Aen. So much the better: I am well resolved:
And twixt convincement and the hour of action
Æneas knows no difference.

Lys. Let me see—
How many ships?

Aen. I can not tell, Lysander:
Perchance a goodly number of my friends
May choose to stay behind; and then, again,
There may be some adventurous stuff in Carthage
Will range along.

Lys. Is Dido one in this?

Aen. Not yet.

Lys. 'Tis well; if it should please her not.
She'll get prevention.—Still, I have no fear:
She bears a circumspect and prudent mind,
Whose judgment needs must tell her, it were best
For Troy, for Carthage, for herself and you,
To strangle any friendship that might seem

To tend into affection. Though she loved you
Beyond example, you could never wed her:
For she, as queen, as ruler of her country,
Foregoes the sweetness of dependency,
Which teaches women to obey their husbands,
To shape their softer natures to his humors,
And cling to him in favor and in fear,
No matter where. Queen Dido's lofty state
Makes her a paradox: and, as for you,
One so intent to dwell in Italy
Can not be king in Carthage.

Æn.

Let us then

Make hasty preparation:—It were well
To bring the vessels of our expedition
Some distance from the town, and thus avoid
A curious multitude whose wagging tongue
Might else commit us. All things being yare,
Misenus shall collect our scattered kinsmen
Close by the ships: when twilight winks in heaven,
I'll speak to them, and charge each craven heart
With bounding valor. Fare you well till then.

Lys. But one thing more, Æneas: shall I broach
Your parting to the queen?

Æn.

I pray you do.—

But not directly: see, you sound her first
To know how she will take it. If she weaken,
Tell her you speak of possibilities,
And interlard your wary exposition
With ample ifs: but, should you find her firm,
Then lay foundation with a skillful tongue.

Upon whose basis I may later on
Build many reasons, and my last adieu.

Lys. Aye, truly —

Æn. Well, what is it?

Lys. Good my lord,

Remember she is fair and eloquent ;
Her atmosphere has never been invaded
By prosperous opposition, and her tears
Might even melt *Æneas*. Therefore, sir,
I hold it best you circumvent this danger,
As more or less it is, and take your journey
Sans taking leave of Dido.

Æn. What? shall I
Slink like a thankless beggar from the house
Wherein an angel ministered my wants?
No, not for Carthage!

Lys. Very well, good sir;—
I'll see you then to-night.

Æn. To-night.

Lys. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

Æn. Now must *Æneas* shed his silken trappings
To creep into a coat of rugged mail ;
Must now forsake Elisa's fragrant bosom
To rock awake on surgy Neptune's breast.—
The trump of war o'ershalls the pipe of peace,
The serried march outsteps our nimble dances,
The shout of battle drowns our songs of mirth,
And every dulcet harmony doth split
To jangling discord.—See, the waning day
Now furls a misty mantle o'er his brow,

And hies him to the mazy labyrinth
 Where Thetis dwells,—So many dread events
 Crowd on the brink of time, these next two hours
 Are crammed with twenty years.

Enter MISENUS and EURYALUS.

How now, Misenus!

I'm glad to see you well.

Mis. Good evening, general.

Æn. You, too. Euryalus! well met, indeed:

Let us walk in together, gentle friends;

I have a thousand matters in my mind

We must converse together.

Eur. By your leave.

A trifling quick appointment stays my coming,—

I will return anon.

Æn. Nay, come with us:

When you perceive the drift of our intention.

My life on't, you will thank me for prevention.

[*E.reunt.*]

SCENE II.—A CHAMBER IN DIDO'S PALACE.

ANNA.

Anna. Barea is old and feeble, or ere this
 She had returned. Perhaps, she cannot find him.
 Or hath consigned her task to nimbler feet.—
 Oh, prating men! in war, caprice and honor.

You cavil on the twinkling of an eye ;
 While in affairs of love, you lapse and linger
 Regardless of your faith: To-day, if't please you ;
 If not, perchance, to-morrow.—Here she comes.

Enter BARCE.

Where is he, Barce?

Barce. He's a truant lover ;
 But I have sent a dozen messengers
 To bring him here.—was it so proper, lady?

Anna. Yes, yes, dear Barce: I am sick to see
 him.

Barce. I thought as much.

Anna. You saw nor heard of him?

Barce. Nothing for certain,—yet, as I came back,
 I stood within a window of the tower,
 From where, methinks, I saw Euryalus
 Pass by our gates with unabating speed:
 Some three or four were with him, whom he held
 In quick attention; now to this, now that,
 He turned his speech, and with emphatic gesture
 Laid stress on all he said. My traitor eyes
 See not as they were wont, but for all that,
 I think 'twas he.

Anna. Went they up or down?

Barce. Towards Juno's temple, lady: whence they
 turned

Directly to the harbor.—More strange news
 I can report: our house is all beset

With armed men, who like dumb statues stand
At every door, and shake their visored heads
To all inquiry. Near the outer court
I met Lysander, pale and out of sorts :
I questioned him, but he went surly by
Without so much as looking who I was.
Something is stirring.

Anna. Here Elisa comes.

Good Barce, hold your tongue, and get thee gone :
Perhaps you now can find Euryalus.

Barce. I'll try again. [*Exit.*

Enter Dido.

Dido. What, no attendance here?

Anna. Aye, dear Elisa.

Dido. Keep me company.—

I am not well to-night : believe me, sister.

I have a fearful heart.

Anna. What should you fear?

Dido. Hark you : what noise was that?

Anna. I heard none.

Dido. Listen!

My merry chambers are forsaken quite,
As lonely as a churchyard. Not a soul
Did I encounter, though I paced about
From hall to hall until I fled the echo
Of my own footfall.

Anna. I will walk with you :

And as we go, dispel your troubled temper
With consequent diversion.

Dido. Nothing grievous :
I could not bear it now.

Anna. Nay, fortunate :
But I had hoped an abler tongue than mine
Would come to plead for me.

Dido. And who's the man?

Anna. You know as well as I.

Dido. Euryalus?
Would you had chosen elsewhere than of Troy.—
But since I have an inkling of the pain
That rankles in a parted lover's bosom,
I dare not make denial.—Love him well ;
You have a sister's blessing.

Anna. Thanks, thanks, thanks !
My wildest wish dared not expect so much ;
So quick, so freely given.

Dido. There again !
A rumbling noise like distant mutiny
Swells on the air ; and even now I hear
The click of muffled arms about my doors.
Conspiracy, by Juno !—Summon guards !
Where are my women ?

Anna. Here Lysander comes.

Enter LYSANDER.

Dido. What means this heavy silence ? Whose
command
Unpeoples Dido's palace ; makes her court
A breathless tomb, where fiends from Erebus

Gambol in spectral shape? I charge you, speak!

Lys. Most mighty sovereign, if my wintry years
Entitle me to speak as most I think,
I can but say, this hushed solemnity
Becomes the royal house of Carthage better
Than unrestrained carousal.

Dido. Is it so?
What other moral did your wisdom win
From my delinquency?

Lys. A simple one:
That when the fruitful rains descend from heaven
Our wheaten bounty prospers; but, without
The nurture of propitious elements,
Our sheaves stand empty.

Dido. And your simile?
Lys. Our kingdom's coffers, madam. From the
which
All flow of wont revenue is cut off
By this unsettled Trojan and his train.

Dido. You speak too bold, Lysander.

Lys. Just; no more.
For when he stepped on Carthaginian soil
Our misery began:—You first he touched,
And now his eastern habits hang upon
The simplest of our city. His example
Outsplendored industry with indolence:
The web of commerce, nice and intricate,
Sheds his unraveled fibres; half built ships
Cry shame upon our shipwrights from the dock
In crippled mockery; the peaceful peasant

Forsakes the pasture for the tournament :
 The sturdy mason and the carpenter,
 The skillful artisan and mean mechanic,
 All quit their tools and proper occupation
 To join this band of foreign revelers.
 Yea, e'en the greedy merchant shuts his shop
 To feed with great Æneas.—Would to heaven—

Dido. Know you of whom you speak?

Lys. Aye, madam, well :

I speak of one who ran away from Troy
 While yet the battle raged within her walls ;
 Of one who came a suppliant to our house,
 And now assumes commandment like a king ;
 Of one who prodigals our rightful treasures,
 Our country's honor, and our sacred queen ;
 Of one who wrought more mischief in our confines
 Than all our enemies.

Dido. No more, Lysander.

Lys. Would you had never seen him.—Jove be
 thanked,

His time has almost come.

Dido. If you contrive
 Against Æneas aught, your life shall pay for't.
 He dwells beneath the consecrated roof
 Of hospitality ; which none of you—
 No, not myself, can tumble.

Æn. [*without*] Stand aside !

Ye fret my passage.

Dido. 'Tis Æneas' voice !

Lys. Come, Anna, let us go.

[*Exit* LYSANDER and ANNA.]

Officer. [*without*] Advance no further!
Another step, and by Alkmene's son,
I'll give command to strike thee to the ground.

Æn. [*without*] Withdraw your puny weapon from
my breast.—

Now, by the gods, I'll spit thee on my sword!

Away, I say! [*Struggle without.*]

Dido. Æneas!

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æn. Here I am.

Dido. Alive or dead?

Æn. Alive!

Dido. I can no more.

Æn. Your panting bosom hides a quivering heart
That beats more sternly on my guilty body
Than all the threatening lances of your guard.

Dido. Believe me, love, I had no hand in this;
But I suspect Lysander, who e'en now
Stole from my presence.—He shall answer for't.

Æn. Lysander is a most ingenious fellow,
A scholar in discretion.

Dido. No, Æneas!
He rails against you with malignant tongue,
Accuses you of treason and deceit,
And packs the blame of all adversity
Against your single self, who seem to him
A boding raven on our house's top.

Æn. Think you he would delight to see me gone?

Dido. No doubt, no doubt.

Æn. Suppose I had concluded
To do e'en so, and made admission here
To take my leave of you ;—what would you say?

Dido. What would I say? Now let me, let me
see.—

Why, I would say :—farewell my gallant fellow,
Your little sojourn was a merry hour,
I shall be loth to lose your company ;
So, when you chance to pass this way again,
Forget not in your haste to call on us :
I shall be glad to see you.

Æn. Nothing more?

No sympathy, no sorrow, and no tears?
Well, haply, better my unpitied love
Lies not so deep imbedded in your heart,
As yours in mine.—So fare you well, Elisa :
Perchance, we'll meet again.

Dido. Stay yet awhile.

Your pale complexion starts a horrid fear :
Unfold the tenor of this juggling humor,
I can not understand it. Stay, I say!
Your jest is damnable!

Æn. I know no jest.

Dido. If you speak true, Æneas, kill me first,
And travel after. Speak, oh, speak to me!

Æn. What shall I say? Our dismal conversation
Requires no words. My love is yours, Elisa :
And what of poor Æneas goes from Carthage
Is no more than his ghost, constrained by Jove

To further duties in this vexed world.
 There lies the torment of humanity :
 We guide our vessels to the tranquil shores
 Of friendship, and abundance, and of love,
 But in the clouds a mightier pilot rules,
 Who shapes our journey towards unwished-for ports,
 And bends our barks beyond the finite sea
 Of human recognition.

Dido. No, no, no!

You must not, shall not leave me! Cruel gods!
 I had been happier born a neatherd's daughter,
 Than Carthage' queen.

Æn. And I, a shepherd-swain.

Forsooth, the lowly bramble scorns the blast
 That cracks the proud top of the mountain pine :
 So you and I might in a hut of marl
 Have reached our destiny in sweet conjunction,
 Like Philemon and Baucis did of old.
 But, as it is, a kingdom's general weal
 Draws life from you, while I must seek the country
 Where Dardanus was born.

Dido. But why, *Aeneas*?

What fanciful ambition calls you forth?
 Have not your wars achieved sufficient honor
 To grant thee respite for remaining days?
 While prudence governs valor danger flies,
 But you provoke misfortune. Think of it :
 Poseidon and the rugged Boreas
 Conspire to vent their fury on your head :
 Would they not shout to crush your bauble shell,

And swallow all within? And if you 'scape them,
 What cheerless expectation follows then:
 An alien soil, distempered elements,
 Uncivil neighbors, discontented subjects,
 And what diseases else are like to strangle
 The soft condition of an infant state.
 Therefore, *Æneas*, be content to stay
 In our dominion now to manhood grown.
 You shall be king in Carthage! Here we'll rule
 With vantage of co-mingled sovereignty
 Until we enter Orcus.

Æn. Speak no more!

Unclasp your fiery fetters from my neck,
 They melt my resolution.

Dido. Yesterday

You would have pressed me closer to your heart.
 And will you spurn me now?—You loved me once.

Æn. 'Tis false, I love you still!

Dido. Then stay with us.

Go not to Italy. Believe me, love,
 The tranquil waters of felicity
 Run not along the dizzy steeps of fame.
 Oh, when proud man grows overweening bold
 And flaps his pinions in the face of heaven,
 Jove clips his feathers, and he falls to earth.
 While *Æsculapius* made the feeble whole
 His praise was set to music; yet this man
 Olympus smote with thunder, when he dared
 To bring the dead to life. And good *Prometheus*
 For much benevolence was held by man

In estimation equal to a god :
 But he waxed arrogant with big success,
 And pilfered fire from the hearth of Jove ;
 For which most rash presumption he lies bound
 With adamantine chains in Caucasus.—
 Profit by their example, great Æneas ;
 Forswear ambition. take myself instead.
 'Twill be an easy task to learn to love me :
 Were I old or ugly, sick or dull,
 Stale or experienced, or affected else
 By blemish or disease, I would not ask it :—
 But I am blithe and merry, young and fair ;
 My eye is quick and lustrous, and my limbs
 Are straight and round ; my brow is free from wrinkles.
 My lips no poison, and my fervent bosom
 Expands with yearning passion for my king.
 Confide in me, Æneas : my delight
 Will be to please your humors. I will weep,
 Or laugh, or sing, or dance, or sleep, or wrangle
 When you solicit—nay, I'll pledge myself
 To solve intentions, and perform your wishes
 Ere you have time to think them.

Enter ANCHISES' Ghost.

Æn. Look you there!

Dido. What is't?

Æn. Anchises' ghost.

Dido. You dream.

Æn. Not so :

My father's spirit.

Dido. You are mad, Æneas,
And raise constructions on the empty air.

Æn. Peace, peace, or we'll offend him.—See, he
starts
As if about to speak.

Dido. I see no ghost.

Æn. Then 'tis none to you.

Dido. We are all alone.

Æn. Silence!

Dido. Your rigid hand is cold as death.

Æn. Hush, hush! Portentous ghost, O speak
to me!

Ghost. From Pluto's drenching fire have I slipped
To rate your apathy. Grandchild of Jove,
How like the purblind rabble of the earth
You clutch the glittering bauble of the nonce,
And lose eternity. That you might look
Into the timeless chasm of to be,
And note how many millions yet unborn
Tremble and supplicate with wringing hands
Against this doubtful scene. The gods themselves
Neglect their council, and with wistful eye
Peep through Olympus' curtain.—Rouse thee up!
Against your birth the fiery eyes of heaven
Proclaimed Æneas' fame should not grow cold
Until the blazing alchemist himself
Collapsed in ashes. Need I tell thee more?

Æn. Forgive! I can not look thee in the face.
Carthage, farewell! Lead on; for Italy!

[*Exit Ghost, followed by ÆNEAS.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—GARDEN NEAR THE PALACE.

Enter EURYALUS.

Eur. What, ho, fair prisoner!

Anna. [*within*] I come anon.

Eur. How quick a lover's accent touched her ear.

Enter ANNA.

Fair maid of Lybia, your transcendent love
Rivals the lustre of unmingled gold.—
We must not tarry longer, sweet my chuck :
The deepest folds of raven night are hung
Askant the portal of the grayish dawn,
And we must part with Carthage. Even now
Swift Æolus inflates our barren canvas
With soft embraces, with the same caress
That blows a lover's color to your cheek :
Our boatmen lift their dripping blades on high
To speed our dancing shallops,—come away.

Anna. Oh, what a world of love I leave behind me!
 Kind Carthage, Anna takes her last adieu.
 Will I not wander on a foreign shore,
 And strain my eyes to reach your welcome vision,
 Wishing my sight as nimble as my mind?
 Your friendly walls, your marble palaces,
 Your glittering temples, your familiar streets,
 And thousand unexpressive tricks of nature,
 Will cloak remembrance with a garb of tears.
 Farewell, sweet sister; gentle friends, adieu!
 Perhaps, forevermore.

Eur. Tears token sorrow,
 And sorrow is a guise to wretchedness:
 I must suppose your fortune pitiful,
 If you bewail it.—Truly, is it so?

Anna. No; this, and doubly this, would I forego
 To be companion of your weal and woe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—SEASHORE NEAR CARTHAGE.

Enter CORINTHUS and a number of Trojans.

1 *Tro.* What, go to sea? I'd rather go to hell,
 And ship on Charon's ferry.

2 *Tro.* So would I.

3 *Tro.* And I.

4 *Tro.* And I.

5 *Tro.* And every one of us.

Cor. Your choice is not the water, prating knaves.
On which *Aeneas* sails. He wills it so :

And when he nods your highness must obey.

1 Tro. Must, is it? Tell me now, what must I do
Unless I choose to do it? Every act
Cries mother to our will.

2 Tro. Chance, too, methinks.

Cor. And father to our general.

Enter more Trojans.

2 Tro. What's the news?

6 Tro. Strange, past endurance.

Cor. Somewhat musty, too.

6 Tro. We sail for Italy this very night.

1 Tro. As you are friends, may your adventure
prosper :

For my part, Carthage suits me well enough.

So I'll remain behind. My love to all :

I will no longer hinder—fare you well.

2 Tro. Here comes Misenus.

Cor. He who never smiles.

2 Tro. How well you played his counterfeit last
night :

My life on't, he had laughed his belly full.

Had he been by to see you.

Cor. Very like :

And haply I had wept.

1 Tro. I pray you, friends.

Grant me your leave to reason with Misenus.

3 *Tro.* With all my heart.

4 *Tro.* Give him to understand

For why we will not go.

5 *Tro.* Do so—'tis well.

Cor. Why turn your argument against Misennus
When he is nothing but Æneas' tongue?

If you would shift a mountain, set your backs
Against Æneas' base: do not, for shame,
Spurn at a mole-hill with your angry foot,
And flatter your ability to think
That it had moved Olympus.

Enter MISENUS and more Trojans.

Mis. Bustle, bustle:—

Your holiday carousals are at end,
And by Apollo, ye shall work again.
Aboard! aboard! There is no time to question;
For when the foremost herald of the morn
Frets yonder mountain with his dart of light,
Our summons of embarkment will resound
From cliff to sea.—Ye stare at one another,
And seem confounded like a flock of sheep
That lack their leader. What's the matter with you?

Cor. Nothing at all; our state is well enough.

1 *Tro.* And since we are contented with our
having,

We seek no alteration, and prefer
To rest in Carthage, rather than defy
New perils of adventure.

3 Tro. You say right.

All. Aye, aye.

1 Tro. And what advantage will accrue
If thus we jeopardize?

Cor. Tut, foolish fellow :
Why may not you become a famous man
Like Hector was?

2 Tro. I'd rather have my stomach
Filled with good wine, than trace a triple circle
Behind Achilles' chariot in the dust.

1 Tro. Let not the poor contend to grapple honor,
For this commodity is held so high
The rich alone can buy't.

7 Tro. I had concluded
To ship along : but now, I think of it,
'Tis better here.

Mis. I charge you on your lives
To banish this aspect of mutiny.
If any go not willingly along,
They'll go per force : we'll bind you hand and foot,
And stall you on our vessels like a drove
Of stubborn cattle.

4 Tro. I'll not budge an inch.

8 Tro. Nor I.

1 Tro. Let all of us resolve to stay :
If we combine unshaken in our purpose,
No power on earth can move us.

8 Tro. Count me in.

All. Aye, we'll remain in Carthage ; that we will.

2 *Tro.* And if ambition prick Misenus still,
Let him depart alone.

8 *Tro.* *Æneas* comes.

Cor. Now will your roaring lion change his music,
And bleat more gently than a sucking lamb.

Enter ÆNEAS, EURYALUS, and more Trojans.

Æn. A bright good morrow to you, every one.
I must implore forgiveness for my failing,
I should have greeted you an hour ago;
But I perceive your patience pardons me,
For which all thanks.

7 *Tro.* He speaks beseechingly.

1 *Tro.* Come, let us go.

6 *Tro.* Nay, we will hear him out:
Our resolution sticks.

Æn. Ye men of Troy,
Misenus here, our most courageous general—
Though blunt in speech, in honors next to us—
Gives me to know, that you forswear allegiance.
And turn your back upon your dearest friend.

1 *Tro.* We wish to stay in Carthage.

Eur. Not alive.

Æn. Hush, malapert!—I'm very sorry for you,
But have no mind to change your purposes.
If you were beasts, I'd try persuasion with you,
But since you travel 'neath the masks of reason,
I can not choose but think you rational.—
Misenus, get you to the citadel:

There you will find a host of gallant men,
The very bloom and blossom of this kingdom,
Drooping with disappointment.—Ere I came
They did implore to join our expedition,
And almost drowned me with the name of king.—
Yes, I denied them in the fond delusion
That 'mong my brothers I would never find
A single man but he would chide me for't,
If I conferred our sacred privilege
On any but of Troy.—But tell them now:
My Trojans are turned traitors; wherefore they
Shall mount our vessels; their elected king
Awaits to hold them by a brother's hand.

[*Exit* MISENUS.]

6 *Tro.* What think you of't?

7 *Tro.* He touched me to the heart.

5 *Tro.* My blood grows warm whene'er I hear him
speak.

6 *Tro.* You heard him say he doth abjure com-
pulsion:

Therefore 'tis clear he loves us.

4 *Tro.* See him now:

His eyes are melting, and he looks on us
With pity and reproach.

5 *Tro.* Would that he spoke:
I know not what to think.

7 *Tro.* I blush in shame,
For once he saved my life.

5 *Tro.* We'll hear him speak,
And thus be satisfied for here or hence.

4 *Tro.* Aye; that were best.

2 *Tro.* Let him unfold his mind:

If he have anything to say to us,

We'll listen to him.

All. Speak, Æneas, speak!

Cor. Stand back, aside, make passage for Æneas.

7 *Tro.* What needs this crowding; there is room
for all.

5 *Tro.* Silence! he doth begin.

1 *Tro.* We can not hear.

2 *Tro.* Raise him aloft on our combined shields,

That every word find entrance to our ear.

All. All hail, Æneas! Hail, our sovereign chief!
Anchises' son, Jove-born Æneas, hail!

Æn. Ill-guided Trojans, there's no more to say.
Æneas leaves you with no jot of anger,
For every part of his perturbed bosom
Runs thick with pity.—Once I called you mine:
In camp and field, in tempest and adventure,
In penury and plenty, peace and war,
We still have stood together side by side;
And if the smiles of dame prosperity
Did render one or other of us proud,
Misfortune ever made us one again.—
But not so now: the glaring summer sun
Defeats your vision, and you cannot fix
Your eyes beyond the limits of a day.

5 *Tro.* His heart is full of kindness.

Cor. Hold your peace!

Æn. For favors past I now request of you
A promise in return.

All. 'Tis done; what is it?

Æn. That none of you, who had a mind to stay,
Follow me now as 'twere in gratitude.—

I'd rather lose you all. By heaven's fire,
I would not share the bounty of my honor,
Nor tread the path of immortality
With any man who would unwilling go.—
Shame, shame on Ilium's offal! Here's a heart
Cabled to Carthage with a hundred cords,
And when our heaving anchors 'gin to rise
'Twill burst these links of iron. Yet I'd go,
Though Vulcan offered me apprenticeship.—
Swiftly the poor allotment of our years
Sinks in the hungry maw of cruel time;
Fresh-nataled infancy and tottering age
Crawl but an inch apart; to-day, to-morrow:
And thus the ceaseless bustle of mutation
Piles untold æons of forgetfulness.—

But while the tongue of man articulates
Will this narration pass from lip to lip:
When great Ulysses sacked the Trojan town,
There went a prince—Æneas was his name—
With many followers from the burning city,
To re-create his realm upon the banks
Of yellow-crested Tiber. For the gods
Had signified assurance to Æneas,
That he might build an empire bounded only,
Because the earth was finite.—And he went.

But Neptune smote him on the coast of Carthage ;
 And there—now mark ye how the story ends—
 These gems of fortune rebelled 'gainst Æneas ;
 And he, disgusted with their villainy,
 Embarked with half of Carthage at his heels,
 And not a single Trojan followed him.

All. Away, away! make room! for Italy!
 I'll die or follow.—Hail! Æneas, hail!
 What ho! to ship, to ship! to sea, to sea!

[*Exeunt all but ÆNEAS.*]

Æn. Omnipotent, a thousand, thousand thanks!
 Not I, but thou bringst us to Tiber's banks.

Enter MISENUS, another general and Trojans.

O good Misenus, we were born to conquer ;
 There is not wind enough 'twixt earth and heaven
 To wreck our expedition: every vessel
 Shall with the stamp of Jove upon his prow
 Swim into Tiber's mouth. I feel it here,
 From our most weak commencement there shall grow
 An empire reaching over half the earth :
 So honored and revered by other men,
 The humblest member of our commonwealth
 Shall own a passport ampler than a king's,
 To make condition.—Let us, gentle friends,
 Be most exact and proper with ourselves ;
 And stuff our virgin law so full of justice,
 That from her sanctified and pregnant loins

An issue may arise so finely featured,
That e'en the utmost progeny of man
Will gaze upon it with an eye of wonder,
And draw conclusions from his countenance
Ten thousand years from now.—Go search the city.
Call every wayward Trojan to our ships:
We must not leave a single man behind us
Who might in after days cry shame on those
That did inherit like the sons of Jove
And made unjust division. [*E.rit.*

Mis. Rest you here
Till I return, staying each passer-by
As best you can: and let me walk the town.
Since I am looked upon with less suspicion
By Carthage' people and her officers
Than you and many others.

Gen. Truly now,
Here comes a Trojan.

Mis. 'Tis Euryalus.

Gen. Why hastes he so?

Mis. I fear he bears a message
Of evil import.

Gen. He is strangely moved,
And looks about as if he fain would find
Some one to speak to.

Mis. See, he comes apace.

Enter EURYALUS.

Eur. O good Misenus, we are all undone!

Mis. Undone! How so?

Eur. The queen—

Mis. Well, what of her?

Eur. Is dead.

Gen. Not so.

Eur. Aye, truly.

Mis. Dido dead?

Eur. Queen Dido, sirs, is dead.

Mis. How came she so?

Eur. By her own hand.

Mis. Saw you *Æneas* since?

Eur. He knows of nothing yet. I met *Lysander*
Employing every means to hush this matter
Until we were at sea; but I am certain
It will avail him nothing: Twenty couriers
Dashed through the city's gates five hours ago
To spread this information; and *Æneas*
Ere this, perchance--

Mis. It were a charity
To intercept him, and prepare his ear
For this unkindly jangle, which, I ween,
Some inconsiderate groom of *Mercury*
Will startle too abruptly.

Eur. Poor *Æneas*!

Mis. You dwell i' the very home of his affection;
And, therefore, hie thee hence, *Euryalus*,
To bear these tearful tidings to your friend:
He will receive it with a mingled sorrow
From one allied only to his joy.

Eur. What, I?

Mis. Believe me, you are best adapted,
Enjoying, as it were, his doubled love :
Both son and brother.

Eur. Be it so. Adieu. [*Exit.*]

Enter a MESSENGER.

Gen. Here's more news still.

Mis. Well, sir : what is it? speak.

Mess. I bring you news, that Gyas, whom you
know

Aeneas posted to the Numidian chief
In business of the late lamented queen—

Mis. A bold, ambitious man ; I knew him well.

Mess. 'Tis given out, that he and king Iarbas,
Then almost dead for Dido, sat them down
To hatch a plot, by whose fell covenant
The rule of Carthage should descend to Gyas,
And Dido to Iarbas.

Mis. But, in sooth.

The queen is dead.

Mess. And, therefore, Gyas died :
For when the rumors of her taking off
Were noised abroad, Iarbas quick in anger,
Upbraided Gyas with a charge of treason,
A guilty man is fearful of his shadow,
And stabbed him to the heart.

Gen. I thank him for't.

Mis. The rascal ever knows his friend a rogue,
And, therefore, will not trust him.

Gen. Stand aside.

Enter ÆNEAS and EURYALUS.

Æn. With fire, say you?

Eur. Aye, my lord, with fire :
In that same marble court where we delighted
To slumber when the merry fountain sang,
She heaped a pyre of rose and sandalwood.
In pretense of omitted sacrifice,
And set it off with every dear remembrance
Pertaining to these halcyon days of love.
From Eros' temple she obtained a torch,
And mounting to the summit of her labor
She plied the flame, whose vulgar appetite,
As it were conscious of the delicate food,
Crouched for an instant, but an instant only,
And then assailed her with a serpent's tongue,
Whose forked lightning darted o'er her head,
And wound her with a flaming cerement.

Æn. And died so?

Eur. Even so ; a piteous death.

Æn. But proud, by heaven, proud, Euryalus.
Or you or I had not the heart to do it,
And we are soldiers, too.—There is no hope
Your information slips?

Eur. Believe me, no.
Our messages are fraught with such concurrence,

That discord found no passage. And, moreover,
My wife had tidings—

Æn. How?

Eur. I say, my wife
Had messages.

Æn. I thought your wife was dead.

Eur. What say you?

Æn. Oh, methinks we all should die!

Forgive this egoism, noble friend;
I am not jealous, but, beshrew my heart,
A very child to that philosophy
Which teaches us to smile at other's fortune
Without remembrance of our penury.—
Poor, poor Elisa! I will weep for thee,
Since by the edict of mysterious Jove
I 'came the implement to bring about
Your fiery expedition. Tell me now:
Where dwells the nimble motion of your foot,
Your brow of marble, and your cheek of rose;
The melting lustre of your fringed eye,
And where the proud perfection of your lips,
Those crimson portals of a silvery voice,
Compared to which the nectar of the gods
Seemed bitter as the sea?—Forever lost!
Unkind perdition stole it all away
To light the gloomy cells of Erebus;
And we inherit from a world of beauty
No other having but a hand of dust,
Which e'en the stalest wench o' the trooper's camp
Might leave as well as she.

Enter ANNA, weeping.

Eur. [to *Anna.*] I will not chide
Your gentle nature for this dissolution :
For look, the toughest bosom of our host
Quakes with upheaval, and the very eye
That smiled upon the wrath of Peleus' son
Doth run to water.—Shed your tears together :
They are the children of a kindred pain.

Æn. E'en such a one as you was she who causes
This trickling humor to escape my eye.
The world is overrun with contradiction :
Else could the timid passion of your sex
Melt stone and iron? for of these, they say,
A soldier's heart is fashioned. Weep not, child :
You have some comfort in adversity,
A valiant soldier, on whose wedded arm
To hang one half your trouble.—But, ye gods,
What shall *Æneas* do! The earth is empty,
And hope lies blasted with sterility.

Mis. Pray you, no more of this.

Æn. Right, right, *Misenus* :
Albeit this day is darker than the shades
That brood in Pluto's night, the gods have shown me
A blazing meteor streaming through the sky ;
And by the salt of these unused tears,
I'll pluck the dazzling jewel from the clouds,
For I was born to do so.



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