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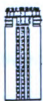
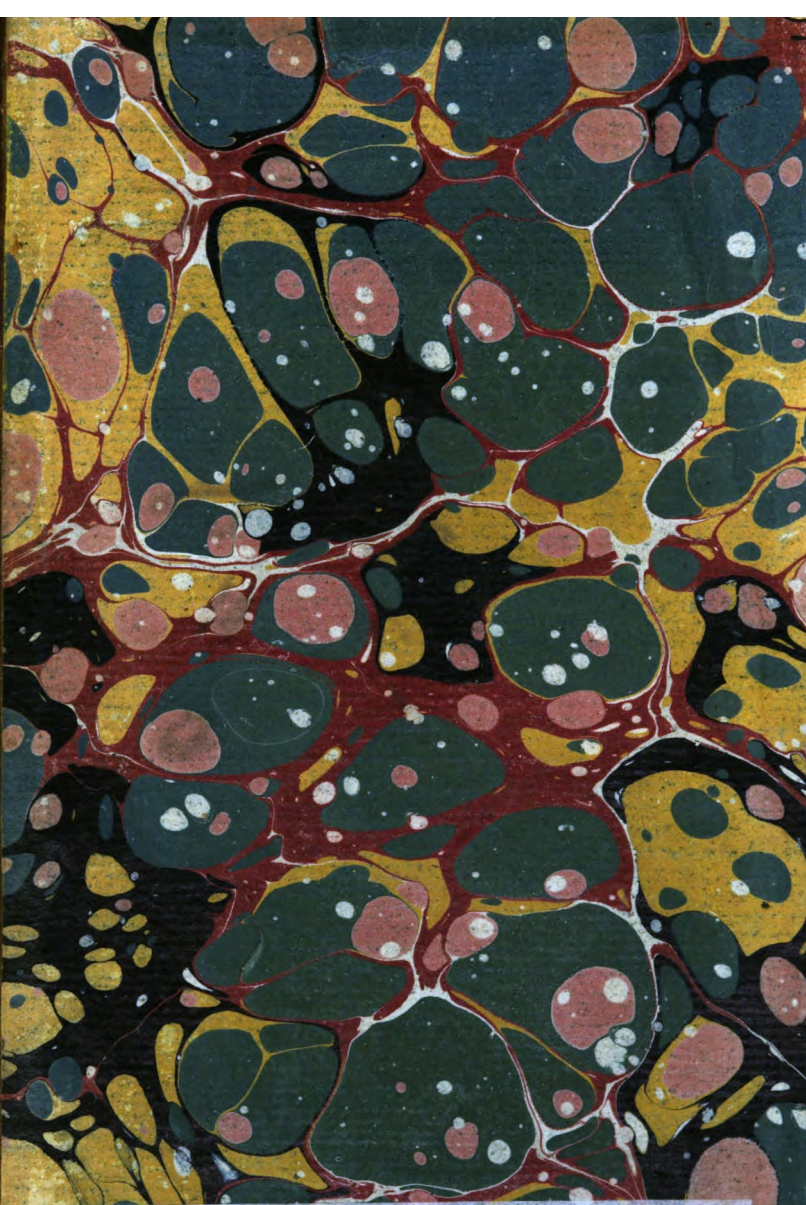
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XIMENA, by Mr. CIBBER.
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L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, at the British Library, Strand.

M DCC LXXX.





*M^{rs} HARTLEY, in the Character of MARY QUEEN of SCOTS.
 "These Checks are none of mine, the Roses look not like
 Tempest-beaten lillies as mine should".*

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BELL'S EDITION.

THE
ALBION QUEENS:

OR, THE DEATH OF
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

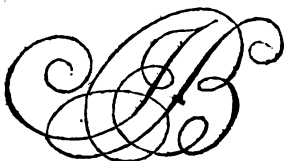
A TRAGEDY,

As written by Mr. BANKS.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden,

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,
By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,
By Mr. WILD, Prompter.



LONDON,

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand.

MDCCCLXXII.



P R O L O G U E.

WITH farce and sound too long you have been tear'd;
 Tho' some are with such wretched joys most pleas'd;
 But we, this night, in other paths shall move,
 That lead to honour, innocence, and love:
 A queen distress'd, to touch the ladies' eyes,
 A noble prince, that for her beauty dies;
 A British queen, lamenting their sad fate,
 And mourning over the unfortunate.
 Who is there here, that could so cruel be,
 As not to mourn at their sad tragedy?
 To see such honour and such beauty fall,
 And England's Queen mourn at their funeral.
 Our noble Britons, tho' for arms renown'd,
 Have for the fair a tender pity found;
 And in the midst of slaughter still took care
 Not to destroy, but guard the tender fair.
 Then let this night your courages be seen,
 And guard the British and the Albion Queen.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

			<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
Duke of <i>Norfolk</i> ,	—	—	Mr. Smith.
<i>Davison</i> ,	—	—	Mr. Thompson.
<i>Morton</i> ,	—	—	Mr. Clarke.
<i>Cecil</i> ,	—	—	Mr. Hull.
<i>Gifford</i> ,	—	—	Mr. Gardner.

W O M E N.

<i>Queen Elizabeth</i> ,	—	—	Miss Miller.
<i>Mary</i> , Queen of <i>Scots</i> ,	—	—	Mrs. Mattocks.
<i>Douglas</i> , the Page,	—	—	Miss Macklin.

Ladies, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

THE

THE ALBION QUEENS.

. *The lines distinguished by inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the Representation, and those printed in Italics are the additions of the Theatre.*

ACT I.

Cecil and Davison discovered.

CECIL.

REMEMBER, Davison, thou rising star!
 Who took thee from thy lowness, made thee shine
 A living monument of thy mistress' favour;
 ' Then plac'd thee on this height, whence to look down,
 ' Men will appear like birds or insects to thee ;'
 Remember too, ' thou now art in a sphere
 ' Where princes to their favours set no bounds,
 ' And their rewards, though large and bottomless,
 ' Yet' statesmen have no mean betwixt
 The extremest pinnacle of height and ruin.

Dav. Wisest and justest that in courts e'er dwelt,
 Great oracle of Britain, prince of statesmen,
 Whom men nor angels scarce can praise enough !
 • Nor divine Plato ever spoke like you ;
 • Plato, on whose sweet lips the Muses sung,
 • And bees distill'd their honey in his cradle.'

Cec. No more ; 'tis worse than death for me to hear
 A fawning cringer or submissive praiser,
 I should suspect thee, did I not believe
 Thou art as far beyond a sycophant,
 As I'm above the reach of flattery.
 Thou art my equal now, nay more, my friend ;
 Thou art an honest man, ' of parts, a compound

A 3

• That

6 THE ALBION QUEENS.

‘ That I have chosen ’mongst the race of men,
 ‘ To make a phoenix in the court.’

Dav. The pow’rs above, the strongest guard of kings,
 Still place such men about our royal mistress.

Cec. But now especially she needs their aid.

‘ Now, when the madness of the nation’s grown
 ‘ To such a height, ’tis to be fear’d. Death walks
 ‘ In masquerade, in strange and many shapes :
 ‘ The court that was the planet that should guide us,
 ‘ Is grown into eclipse with these confusions ;
 ‘ Fears, jealousies and factions crowd the stage :
 ‘ Two queens, the like was never seen before,
 ‘ By different arts oppose each other’s interest ;’

Our virgin constellation shines but dim,
 Whilst Mary, Scotland’s Queen, that northern star,
 Tho’ in a prison, darts her rival light.

Dav. The champions of her faction are not few ;
 Men of high birth and titles plead her cause,
 ‘ Mongst whom, the gallant Duke of Norfolk’s chief,
 A prince that has no equal in his fame,
 ‘ A man of power and wealth, to be reclaim’d,
 ‘ For his own sake, as well as for the Queen’s :’
 And should he plunge himself too deep in this,
 England may chance to lose the best of men.

Cec. The Queen’s peculiar safety be thy care ;
 Therefore the secretary’s place be thine ;
 ‘ In which high post, as from a perspective,
 ‘ Thou may’st discover all her foreign foes,
 ‘ And home conspiracies, how dark foe’er.’
 But most of all, let Mary be thy fear,
 And what thou hear’st inform me of : I’ll act
 But in thy shape ; be thou my proxy still.

Dav. Not Cromwell ever trod with so much care
 The subtle steps of the most famous Wolsey,
 As I the dictates of the wiser Burleigh——
 The Scottish Regent yesterday arriv’d,
 With new-discover’d plots to accuse his queen :
 And since, (to poise these heavy articles)
 The Duke of Norfolk is from Mary come,
 And both are to have audience straight——Behold
 The man I speak of.

Cec. Wait you on the Queen.

[Exit Dav.
 Enter

THE ALBION QUEENS.

7

Enter Norfolk.

Your Grace is welcome from the Queen of Scotland.
How fares that sad, and most illustrious pattern
Of all misfortunes?

Nor. 'Dost thou pity her?

'Oh, let me fly, and hold thee to my bosom,
'Closer, and far more dear than ever bride
'Was held by hasty bridegroom in his arms!

Cec. My Lord, you make me blush.

'*Nor.* Should the hyena thus bemoan,
'And thus the neighbouring rocks but echo him,
'My queen, I would devour the precious sound,
'And thus embrace him from whose lips it came,
'Tho' wide and gaping as the mouth of hell.'

My Lord, I came to seek you; I've a secret
T' unfold, which, while I keep it, weighs me down,
And when 'tis out, I fear it will undo me.

Cec. Then hold it in your breast; let me not know
What is not fit for you to speak, nor me to hear.

Nor. Now, only now's the time; the traitor, Morton,
The false, usurping Regent, is return'd,
With all the magazine of hell about him.
The Queen, my lovely Albion Queen's in danger;
And if thou wilt not straight advise thy friend,
Mary's undone, and Norfolk is no more.

Cec. What is't, my Lord?

Nor. First wear the looks of mildness,
Such as forgiving fathers do to sons:
Yet 'tis no treason, unless love be treason.

Cec. Out with't, my Lord.

Nor. *Wilt thou forgive my bold aspiring hopes,
If I confess I love the Queen of Scotland?*

Cec. Ha, love her! 'how?

'*Nor.* How should she be beloved,
'But as mild saints do to their altars bow,
'And human patriarchs kiss the copes of angels?

'*Cec.* Love her! for what?

Nor. Not for a crown, I swear.
Oh, hadst thou seen her in that plight as I did,
And hadst been Alexander, thou hadst kneel'd,
Thrown all thy globes and sceptres at her feet,
And given a crown for every tear she shed!

Cec. I dare not hear you out.

Nor.

THE ALBION QUEENS.

Nor. You must, you shall ;
 Nor let your ears be deaf alone, nice statesman !
 ‘ And see yon crystal champion o’er our heads,
 ‘ Throng’d with immortal warriors to her aid,
 ‘ Whose voices, louder than the breath of thunder,
 ‘ And swifter than the winds, proclaim’ to ‘ earth
 ‘ Bright’ Mary’s wrongs, and my eternal love.

Cec. My Lord, you’ve said too much ; I dare not hear

Nor. Is pitying the distress’d, and loving her [you,
 Whom none but envy hates, a crime ?

Cec. You would not marry her ?

Nor. Not marry her !

Yes, tho’ she stood on *Ætna*’s sulphurous brink,
 Tho’ its dread mouth ran o’er with liquid fire,
 ‘ And mounting flames higher than *Phœbus* shot,’
 I’d swim the burning lake to make her mine.

Cec. For pity, recollect your banish’d reason ;
 Consider what you’ve said ; it must undo you :
 ‘ The danger’s greater far than I can feign.’
 Do you not know that she’s accus’d of treason ?
 That for the royal crown our mistress wears
 She yet stands candidate, against all force,
 And hopes to snatch it from her rightful head ?

Nor. By those eternal rays that bless the world,
 ’Tis malice foul, as that bright orb is clear.
 Oh, *Cecil*, tell me what thou truly think’st !

‘ Thou hast a soul with shining wisdom crown’d,
 ‘ Whose virtuous honest steps whoever tracks,
 ‘ May challenge to be blest : Oh, tell me then !’
 Can Scotland’s Queen with such a guilt be stain’d ?

Cec. I dare not utter every thought that pains me,
 Nor can I longer with my oath dispense,
 An oath that charges me, for life, to hold
 No dangerous secret from the Queen——Farewel ;
 Repent, my Lord, and urge this thing no more ;
 For ’twould be fatal, should our mistress know it.

Nor. The Queen must know it, you shall tell her too ;
 ‘ Therefore I came, that thou shouldst intercede,’
 You, from whose lips the Queen takes nothing ill.

Cec. Not for the crown she wears, would I acquaint her.
 Beware ambition, Sir ;

The

THE ALBION QUEENS.

The Queen has jealousy to giv't a name,
Disloyalty, ambition is the least.

Nor. Rash man ! thou wrong'st the faithfull'st of her
I'd touch a scorpion rather than her sceptre : [subjects ;
Her proud regalias are but glittering toys,
And the least word, a smile from Scotland's Queen,
Is worth whole pyramids of royal lumber.

We only ask for love and liberty :
Give us but these, we'll quit her all the rest ;
For where love reigns so absolute as here,
There is no room for any other thought.

Cec. My Lord, consider what you'd have me say—
I dare not speak nor think of it—Farewel.

Nor. Tell her, or, by my desperate love, I swear,
' I'll shout it in her ears, were she herem'd in
' With basilisks, or were she Queen of Furies ;
' Love, mighty love, should lead me and protect me.
' And by those Powers that pity the distress'd,
' If she'll not hear me,' I'll proclaim yet louder,
And trumpet to the world the hated sound
Of royal Mary's wrongs. [Going.

Cec. My Lord, my Lord, come back ; to save your life,
(For nought but death can follow such a rashness)
Restrain your passion but a few short moments,
And I'll acquaint her favourite, Leicester, with it.
'Twill be more welcome from his mouth than mine ;
Him I will arm with reason for your sake,
As shall the least incense the Queen's displeasure.

Queen Elizabeth, Morton, Davison, *Women, Gentlemen,*
Guards, all discovered at the Throne.

Behold she appears ; the Scottish Regent too.

Nor. Confusion seize him !

Cec. Be sure, my Lord,
Whate'er you see, and hear, contain yourself.

Qu. El. Alas, my Lords ! when will you cease com-
And when shall this poor bosom be at rest ? [plaining ?

To see you still thus persecute my soul,
My cousin, sister, every thing that's dear ;
' No, rather bury me beneath the center,
' Or, by some magic, turn me into stone ;
' Men fix me like a statue, high as Atlas,
' Round me such gaping monsters as yourselves,

' And

10 THE ALBION QUEENS:

‘ And underneath be this inscription written,
 ‘ Lo, this was once the curs’d Elizabeth,
 ‘ The Queen of wolves and tygers, not of men.
 ‘ *Nor.* What’s this I hear? ’Twas some immortal spoke-
 ‘ Down, all ye stars, and every gaudy planet,
 ‘ And with your lambent brightness crown her head.’

Mor. The Parliament of Scotland, mighty Queen;
 (Begging protection of their infant King)
 Have sent me to your Majesty—— [Mary?]

Qu. El. What king, what queen have you, but royal
 I’ll hear no more; go home, and tell your masters,
 And the crown’d property, your cradle prince,
 That here his mother, Mary, shall be owu’d
 His queen, and absolute, while I am so.

Mor. Most gracious Queen——

Qu. El. You shall be heard—My Lord, [*To Nor.*]
 You’re welcome, welcome, as you most deserve;
 The noblest subject, and the bravest friend
 That e’er adorn’d a throne—How does the Queen?
 How fares my excellent and royal sister?
 Oh, quickly tell me!

Nor. Desolate she is:
 Alas, I tremble, fearing ’tis a crime
 To stab your ears with such a doleful accent!
 ‘ Could I draw half that pity from your Majesty,
 ‘ As she extorted from the prison walls,
 ‘ Then she might hope; for they would echo her,
 ‘ And sometimes weep at the relation.’

Mor. I beg your royal hearing, now, before
 The Duke has charm’d you with a syren’s story.
 By the impartial right of embassies,
 And justice, that still waits upon your throne,
 I humbly claim first to be heard.

Qu. El. You shall.
 Say what you please, my Lord, you have my leave;
 Beware there ’scape no malice from your tongue.

Mor. So thrive my hopes, as there is nought but truth,
 And grounds most just, in what shall be alledg’d.
 Our Queen, most mighty Princess, Europe knows,
 Has long been wrapp’d in such a cloud of crimes,
 That have eclips’d the lustre of a crown.
 Who sees into her life——

Qu. El.

THE ALBION QUEENS.

11

Qu. El. My Lord, I do command you cease ; ‘ or if
 ‘ You speak one word again to blot your queen,
 ‘ I shall suspect, as all the world has done,
 ‘ You had a hand in that vile regicide :
 ‘ Why were the traitors else too black to name,
 ‘ Suppos’d by all contrivers of the murder,
 ‘ By you protected from the cry of justice ?’
 If you have nought else to say, be dumb for ever.

Nor. Let Justice now be silent, whilst from high
 Astrea looks, and wonders at her oracle. [*Aside.*]

Mor. Your Majesty must give me leave to speak,
 And plead the right of nations for my guard—
 Your subject I am not.

Nor. Audacious traitor !

Mor. If innocent, why is she then a prisoner ?
 If guilty, why against the law of nature,
 And clamours of a kingdom, your ally,
 Do you bar the gates of justice, and secure her ?

Qu. El. To such a daring insect as thyself
 I give no other answer, but my will.
 But as thou represent’st a power above thee,
 I tell thee, proud ambassador, ’tis false ;
 My throne’s an altar with soft mercy crown’d,
 Where both yourselves and monarch may be bless’d,
 And all your wrongs be equally redress’d.

‘ At home was she not scandal’d and betray’d ?
 ‘ Nor dignity, nor tender sex was weigh’d ;
 ‘ She flew to me for refuge from a crown,
 ‘ As safer in my castle than her throne.’

Mor. Nay, then I will be heard.
 If your confederate’s danger will not wake you,
 Then your own kingdom’s must. Behold a letter,
 By Navus wrote, and sign’d with her own hand,
 Sent to the noblemen, her friends in Scotland,
 Wherein she does asperse your Majesty
 With treachery, and breach of promise to her ;
 But bids them be of courage, and expect her ;
 For now she is assur’d of other means,
 Some mighty man, your subject, by whose aid
 She hopes to be releas’d, and suddenly.

Nor. Most wise, discerning Princess, did you hear ?
 ‘ Hear this bold man, how loud he mouths at princes ?’

The

The base, degenerate coward, dreading you,
Now turns his back; but worries still a queen.

Qu. El. Let him be heard.

Nor. Oh, stop the traitor's mouth!
Hear not a monarch by her rebel stain'd:
By that bright throne of justice which you fill,
'Tis false, 'tis forg'd, 'tis Lucifer's invention.

Qu. El. My Lord——

Mor. We've letters too, and witness,
To prove that Allen, Inglesfield, and Ross,
Have bargain'd with the Pope and King of Spain,
To excommunicate her son and you,
And give a resignation of both crowns,
To that most catholic tyrant for his service.

Qu. El. Defend me, powers! this is a mountain treason!

Nor. Prodigious monster!

Qu. El. Are you not amaz'd?

My guard, my faithful Cecil, ' more my friend!
' Thou art my Delphos; to whose oracle,
' Where should I have recourse, but unto thee,
' Whose bosom is my guide, whose breast my council?'
What think you now, my Lord?

Nor. 'Tis all conspiracy.

Cec. Rest, and refer this matter to your council:
Something may be in this, but more design.

Mor. If all's not true, I'll give my body up
To torments, to be rack'd, and die a villain:
Or stand the test with any he that dares.

Nor. Quick, let me take him at his word——
Oh, that I had thee in some desert wild,
As far from man as thou art from humanity,
' Where none could save thee but thy fellow-monsters!
' I'd crush the treason from thy venom'd throat,
' As I would do its poison from a toad.

Mor. My Lord——

Qu. El. My Lord of Norfolk, you are to blame.

Nor. I beg your Majesty to grant the combat;
And I, as champion for that injur'd saint,
I, Thomas Norfolk, with this arm, will prove
That Mary, Queen of Scotland, is abus'd,
' That she is innocent, and all is forg'd.
' Nay, till I have made him own to all the world,

That

- ‘ That he’s not born of noble blood, but that
- ‘ Some ruffian stept into his father’s place,
- ‘ And more than half begot him.

‘ *Nor.* Gracious Queen ——’

Qu. El. If Norfolk can so suddenly forbear
That noble temper was so long admir’d,
And trample o’er so rudely, in my presence,
The dignity of crowns and law of nations;
I can as soon recall the lavish bounties,
That made this mad-man equal with myself;
Nay, were you Duke of all your fancy’d world,
Your head as high as your aspiring thoughts——
Confess ‘tis frenzy, so go home and rest;
But take this caution, Sir, along with you——
Beware what pillow ‘tis you rest upon.

Nor. If to proclaim the innocence of her
Who has no liberty to do’t herself,
Be such a crime, take then this life and honours,
They’re more your majesty’s than his that wears them;
But while I live, ‘ I’ll shout it to the skies,’

I will aloud proclaim,

‘ Whilst echo answers from this ball of earth,’
Queen Mary’s wrong’d, Queen Mary’s innocent.

Qu. El. And must I endure all this?
Hence from my sight, be gone, be banish’d ever.

Nor. I will obey your anger; but, alas!
You’ll hear my message first from the sad princess.

Qu. El. What said she?

Nor. Here is a letter from that guilty fair one;
She bid me thus present it on my knees.

Qu. El. Before I read it, you may speak, my Lord.

‘ *Nor.* Mark but the superscription—is’t not to
‘ Her dearest sister, queen Elizabeth?’

‘ *Qu. El.* It is.’

Nor. But had you seen her write it, with what love,
How with a sigh she perfum’d every word,
Fragrant as eastern winds, or garden breezes,
That steal the sweets of roses in their flights:
On every syllable she rain’d down pearls,
And said, instead of gems, she sent you blessings;
For other princely treasure she had none.

Qu. El. Alas, what mean’st thou, Norfolk?

B

Nor.

Nor. Then she sigh'd, and said,
Go to the Queen, perhaps upon her throne ;
Tell her, mine is an humble floor, my palace
An old dark tower, that threat'ning dares the sky,
And seems at war with heaven to keep day out :
For eighteen years of winter, I ne'er saw
The grass embroider'd o'er with icy spangles,
Nor trees majestic in their snowy robes ;
Nor yet in summer, how the fields were clad,
And how soft nature gently shifts the scene,
From heavy vestment to delightful green.

Qu. El. Oh, duke, enough, thy language stabs my soul.

Nor. No feather'd choristers of chearful note,
Salute my dusky gate to bring the morn,
But birds of frightful omen. ' Screech owls, bats,
' And ravens, such as haunt old ruin'd castles,
' Make no distinction here 'twixt sun and moon,
' But join their clattering wings with their loud creaks,'
That sing hoarse midnight dirges all the hours.

Qu. El. Oh, horror ! Cecil, stop thy ears and mine.
Now, cruel Morton, is she guilty now ?
She cannot be ambitious of my crown ;
For though it be a glorious thing to fight,
Yet, like a glittering, gaudy snake, it sits,
Wreathing about a prince's tortur'd brow :
And, Oh, it has thousand stings as fatal.
Thou hast no more to say ?

' *Nor.* I found this mourning excellence alone:
' She was asleep, not on a purple bed,
' A gorgeous palate, but upon the floor,
' Which a mean carpet clad, whereon she sat,
' And on a homely couch did lean her head :
' Two winking tapers, at a distance stood ;
' For other light ne'er bless'd that dismal place,
' Which made the room look like some sacred urn,
' And she, the sad effigies of herself.

' *Qu. El.* No more ; alas ! I cannot hear thee out—'
Pray, rise my Lord.

Nor. Oh, ne'er till you have pity.
' Her face and breast I might discover bare ;
' And looking nearer, I beheld how tears

' Slid

- Slid from the fountains of her scarce clos'd eyes,
- And every breath she fetch'd turn'd to a sigh.
- *Qu. El.* Oh, I am drown'd! I'm melted all to pity.
- *Nor.* Quickly she wak'd, for grief ne'er rested long,
- And starting at my sight, she blush'd and said,
- You find me full of woe; but know, my Lord,
- 'Tis not for liberty nor crowns I weep,
- But that your Queen thinks me her enemy."

Qu. El. 'My breast, like a full prophet, is o'er charg'd,
 • A sea of pity rages to get out,
 • And must have way.'—Rise, Norfolk, run, haste all,
 Fly, with the wings of darting meteors, fly
 • Swift as the merciful decrees above
 • Are glided down the battlements of bliss:
 • Quick, take your Queen's own chariot; take my love,
 • Dear as a sister's, nay, a lover's heart,
 And bring this mourning goddess to me straight;
 • Fetch me this warbling nightingale, who long
 • In vain has sung, and flutter'd in her cage;
 • And lay the panting charmer in my breast;
 This heart shall be her gaoler, and these arms her prison,
 And thou, kind Norfolk, see my will obey'd.

Nor. I fly to execute.

[Exit.

- Oh, run, and execute the Queen's commands,
- Prepare her golden coach, and snow white steeds,
- The pattern of that innocence they carry.

[Exit second Gent.

- And fly more swift than Venus drawn by doves.
- Should all the clouds pour down at once upon you,
- Make your quick passage through the falling ocean:
- Not the dread thunder, let it stop, not lightning stay
- Mor. Madam——* [you:"

Qu. El. No more, you shall have justice, Sir,
 The accuser, and the accus'd, shall both have justice.
 Why was I born to empire, to a crown,
 Now when the world is such a monster grown!
 When summer freezes, and when winter springs,
 When nature fades, and loyalty to kings!

- *Nor.* When first the fox beheld the awful lion,
- He trembl'd, couch'd, and saw his Lord, with fear;
- Kings once were gods, but now like men appear;
- 'Tis for the royal fur, they hope to win,

B. 2

• The

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- The ermin might be safe, but for the skin :
- If kings have any fault, 'tis but the name,
- And not who wears it, but the crown's to blame.'

[*Exeunt.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

Norfolk *solus.*

- **S**HOUL the loud world, sound all the vast creation,
- Let proud Augusta, clad in robes of triumph,
- Through her glad streets, with golden trumpets sound,
- And echoe to the ocean that she comes :'
- Maria comes, proclaim it to the world,
- Let the four winds from distant corners meet,
- And on their wings, first bear it into France,
- Then back again to Edina's proud walls,
- 'Till victim to the sound th' aspiring city falls.'

Enter Morton.

Mor. My Lord, I come to find you.

Nor. Pardon me ;

The mighty joy that has since fill'd my breast,
 • And left no room for other tongues,' has made me
 Forget that you and I were foes.

Mor. And I, my Lord——

• Brave spirits should be stirr'd to wrath,
 • As seldom as the centre is with earthquakes ;
 • Not like the sea disturb'd with every blast:
 I came to speak with you but as a friend.
 Last night when laid to rest, prepar'd for slumber,
 That gives soft ease to all but sorrowful
 And guilty minds, a sudden dread assail'd me——
 • Inspir'd by some superior power that aw'd
 • And stole quick passage to my cruel bosom.'
 My barb'rous zeal, for a more barb'rous cause,
 Began to slack, whilst true remorse and pity
 Surpriz'd my soul, and held it for the Queen.

Nor. Oh, may they ever hold possession there !

Mor. They shall ; all she's accus'd of is no more,
 But that she strove to cast her fetters off:

• The

- * The lion, when he's hunted to the toil,
- * Spares not himself, nor foes within his reach,
- * But wounds his bristly hide, and tears the ground,
- * And all for precious liberty he roars :
- * Freedom, which Heaven and Nature gave to all ;
- * But cruel man, and yet more cruel laws, deny.*

What if some nobleman should be found out,
A subject of this realm, to wed our Queen ?
For here are subjects of estate and rank,
May weigh their coronets with princes' crowns.

Nor. Some such there are, if she would think them
worthy.

Mor. She must, and will, she has no other hopes.
* Steering thus wise in a Sicilian freight,*
Your jealous Queen will then be freed from fears.
By such a match, who all her reign has dreaded
Her marriage with some prince of France or Spain,
So to convey her title to the crown,
To the worst enemy this nation has.

Nor. Name but the man who dares aspire to be
Her kneeling slave, much more her royal husband ?
Say is't not Leicester ?

Mor. All but yourself——
Would first have nam'd the duke of Norfolk.

* *Nor.* Ha !

* *Mor.* Wonder not, Sir.*

Nor. I ne'er can be ambitious of a throne ;
But if I were, I swear to thee, Oh, Morton !
I would prefer the lovely Albion Queen,
To crowns, to empire, or ten thousand lives.
Queen, did I say ? the name's too great, too distant,
And sounds too mighty for a lover's hopes.

Mor. The planets all above, and men below,
Have mark'd you out to be that happy man.

Nor. Oh, were she not a Queen,
But born of Sylvan race, her royal seat
Some mossy bank, instead of Scotland's throne :
Under no canopy but some large oak ;

- * A crook in that bright hand that once a scepter sway'd,
 - * And coronet of flowers her temples wreathing,
 - * Whilst round her all her bleating subjects feed ;*
- Glad I would be to dress me like a swain,

B 3,

B 3.

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Beg from her looks alternately my doom,
Mingle our smiles, and mix our woes together,
Sit by her side, freed from the chains of power,
And never think of curst ambition more.

Mor. Come, come, my Lord, 'you wrong your hopes
to hide

' This secret from the only man can serve you.
' I know you love the afflicted queen; confess,
' And,' soon as she's arriv'd, I'll wait on her,
Fall on my knees, nay, prostrate on the earth,
Implore my pardon of that injur'd saint,
And make it my request for all her subjects,
To take you for her husband, and our king,
And for her dower, her crown and liberty.

Nor. By all my shining hopes, if thou art real,
And mak'st us one, as we're one soul already,
I will reward thee with that crown thou proffer'st,
And thou shalt reign for infant James, and me;

' But, if I find thee false——
' Hear, mighty Vengeance, and aid me with thy scorpions,
' Lend me thy surest thunder thus to grasp,
' Give me the strength and rage of Hercules,
' That I may take the monster in these hands,
' And when he proves a traitor, shake his body.'
The Queen's approaching, one of us must part,
It is not fit we should be seen together;
You will go wait upon the queen of Scotland.

Oh, Morton! be thou faithful, and be great. *[Exit.*

Mor. Farewel; greatness I'll owe unto myself, not

' Mary, like a proud fabric, safely stands, *[thee.*
' Supported by great Norfolk as a column;
' Saw but this pillar off, the building falls.
' This hot-brain'd heedless duke, to save the Queen,
' Runs, blind with love, himself into the gin;
' Thus, when the king of beasts, hears his lov'd mate,
' Roar in the toil, with hopes to free her strait,
' Scours to her aid, and meets the self same fate.'

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Cecil, Attendants and Guards.

Qu. El. My Lord, the queen's already in our walls,
And passing through the city to our palace.

Mor. I hope this meeting will be kind and lasting,

And

THE ALBION QUEENS. 29

And prove as joyful to your Majesty,
As is our welcome queen to all your subjects.

Qu. El. My Lord, what mean you? Who has wel-
com'd her?

Mor. I mean the shouts, the joyful ring of bells,
Bonfires, that turn'd the night to shining day,
Soon as your orders were dispatch'd to bring her.

Qu. El. Were they so much transported at the news?

Mor. No doubt to please your majesty they did it.

Qu. El. It does not please me; why was I not told it?
'I would have added water to their flames,
'Dug up their wharfs, and sluices, at their gates,
'To quench their saucy fires.'

Mor. 'Twas ignorance——

Qu. El. 'Twas insolence!

But how behav'd the Queen? Inform me, Morton?
Did she not look as one that came in triumph,
Deck'd with the spoils of all my subjects hearts?
Didst thou not read upon her guilty cheeks,
Strugglings, to shew a false dissembl'd grief? [*Shout here.*
Ha! in my ears! and at my palace doors,
'Thus they would dare me, had they forts and canons.'
Mor. This sounds, as if the queen were near.

Enter Davison.

Qu. El. Speak, Davison; what means this shouting?

Dav. The Queen is come; these thundering accla-
mations,

Proclaim your people's joy, where e'er she passes.
It was your royal pleasure, I should meet
This wish'd for princess, ere she reach'd the town,
But could not pass it for the gazing throng;
So numerous, that, had your majesty beheld them,
You would have wept, as Xerxes o'er his armies,
To think, perchance, that in a few short years,
None of those god-like creatures would be living.

Qu. El. Thou art mistaken; for had I been there,
I should have smil'd to hear the giddy rout,
That in one moment will their prince adore;
And sacrifice the next.

Dav. Mistake me not, nor your kind subjects' loves;
I hope they did not mean it to offend.

Qu.

THE ALBION QUEENS.

Qu. El. Proceed ; did they not strive to give thee way?
Not for my sake, nor for my dignity and place ?

Dav. Alas ! 'twas past their power ! I might as well
Oppose my breast against a gushing torrent,
Or driven the ocean from its deep abode,
As stem the multitude—but mark what followed ;
For this was but the curtain to the scene.
You look displeas'd, I doubt I've said too much,
And fear I've done them wrong.

Qu. El. I'll hear ; go on.

Dav. The Queen no sooner did appear, but straight
The obedient croud shrunk back at her command,
• Making a lane to guard on every side ;
• Not Æolus with his commanding breath,
• Did the unruly waves so soon controul,
• As she with her mild looks the rout dispers'd.'

Qu. El. 'Tis well ; and what am I, ungrateful people ?

Dav. But when she spoke, they hung like cluster'd grapes,
And cover'd all her chariot like a vine ;
• The loaded wheels, thick as the dust they hide,
• And swarm'd like bees upon her coach's side.
• Matrons and virgins in her praises sung ;
• Whilst tuneful bells in grateful changes rung ;
• All harmony from discord seem'd to flow,
• And shouts from tops of towers, meet shouts below ;
• Nurses, when they with joy, her face had seen,
• Would, pointing to their children, shew the Queen :
• Whilst they (ne'er learn'd to talk) for her would try,
• And the first word they spoke, would Mary cry.'

Qu. El. 'Tis false ; thou wrong'st my subjects,
They durst not do this ! Durst not, did I say ?

My people would not. [Shout hers.]
What's this I hear ?

Are these the perjur'd slaves, that at my sight,
Have left their callings, young men left their sports ;
• The old, their crutches too would fling away,
• And halt to see my face ?' The bridegroom at the altar,
That had his bride by th' hand, at my approach,
Left the unfinish'd rites to see me pass,
And made his eager hopes wait on his Queen.

Dav. And there are millions yet, that so would do.

Qu. El. No, I'm forgot ; a new thing has their hearts :
I am.

- I am grown stale, as vulgar to the sight,
 As sun by day, or moon and stars by night.
 Oh, curse of crowns! Oh, curse of regal power!
 ' Learn you, that would such pageantry adore,
 ' Trust whining saints, the cunning harlot's tears,
 ' And listen when the perjurd lover swears;
 ' Believe the snake that woman did delude,
 ' But never, never trust the multitude. [*Shout here.*
 ' Cec. Run, and proclaim the Queen's commands to all,
 ' On penalty of death, they cease this shouting.
 ' Qu. El. No, let them stun me, kill me; yet, vile
 traitors!
- ' Ye shall have her ye long for, in my throne;
 ' False Queen! you shall enjoy your sister's crown;
 ' But it shall be with stings of scorpions guarded;
 ' And a worse plague to thee, than mine is now;
 ' It shall be in the Tower, there thou shalt sing
 ' Thy Siren's song, and let them shout in answer: do:
 ' I'll teach ye how to flatter and betray——
 ' Run, seize the Queen, like lightning straight obey.
 [*Offers to go out and comes again.*
 ' Where wou'dst thou go? Where would thy fury drive
 ' What has my sister, what has Mary done? [*thce?*
 ' Must she be punish'd for my subjects' crimes?
 ' Perhaps she's innocent of all this joy,
 ' And bears the sound with greater pain than I.
 ' Where shall I wander? In what place have rest?
 ' The cottage floor with verdant rushes strewn,
 ' Is easier than a wretched monarch's throne. [*Shout here.*
 Dav. The Queen is just on entrance.
 Qu. El. Does it please ye?
 Behold she comes, meet, and conduct her in;
 Why stay you here? Each do his office straight,
 And set her in my place; my crown present her,
 And with your hollows echo all the rabble.
 The deed is done, that Mary is your queen:
 ' But think not to be safe, for when I am dead,
 ' Swift as on-dragon's wings from high I'll fall,
 ' And rain down royal vengeance on you all.' [*Exeunt.*
 Enter Queen Mary, Dowglas, two Gentlemen, four Ladies.
 Qu. M. Come, poor remainder of my lost estate,
 Once I was served in pomp, had many friends,

And

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And found no blessing in the gaudy crowd ;
But now I am beholden to my fate,
That after having plunder'd me of all,
Left me the gleanings of so kind a few ;
' Friendship to misery is reviving food.'

Dow. What will betide us now ?

Qu. M. Come near your mistress,
Methinks your Queen, and her poor humble train,
Look like a crew of shipwreck'd passengers,
Shuddering and wet, thrown on some land by night,
Without a friend to cheer, or fire to warm them.

Dow. Like them perhaps, we are cast upon a shore
Where no kind creature lives to pity us,

' But wolves, dread basilisks, and gaping monsters.'

Alas ! what meant those shouts of joy to mock us ?

Is this the court of fam'd Elizabeth ?

' And this the throne where she was serv'd with throngs ;'

Is this our welcome ! ' where's her glittering train ?

' Here are no crowds, no face of either sex,

' But all abandon'd, like the place we came from.'

Qu. M. Sure it was all a dream, was it not Dowglas ?

Thou little angel that preserv'st my Queen,

Appear'd like Mercy, and unlock'd my prison ;

But I, ungrateful, ' and my fortunes worse,'

Took thee young rose, from thy own faithful garden,

And planted thee within a cold dead soil,

To nip thy youth, and with my sorrows kill thee ;

But shortly I'll release thee from my woes,

And leave thee to enjoy, when I'm dead,

What thou ne'er found'st in me ; Content.

Dow. Surely the Queen will see you now y'are come,

Else we do walk enchanted, and this place

Is not Whitehall, but Pawlet's prison still.

Qu. M. Lend me your hands, for I am faint and weary,

My feet too tremble, and methinks the floor

Sinks under them ; and now it fares with me,

Like a poor mariner, that has been condemn'd

To a close bark, a long and tedious voyage,

Who, coming to the shore, scarce feels the ground,

And thinks the earth does like the ship go round.

Dow. Here sit you down a while.

Qu. M. What in her chair ?

Then

Then she indeed may say I am ambitious ;
Ambitious of her crown, which I am not ;

[Sits on a stool.

Now you upon the floor encompass me.

So, this is as it should be, is it not ?

Thus have we oft beguil'd the time at Fotheringay—

Lend me a glass, and pr'ythee tell me truly,

How do I look.

Dow. To see yourself, is strait to banish woe,

And make you happy for that day : I am sure

It does your servants when they look on you ;

You are so good, so perfect, and so fair,

Beauty and sorrow, never was so near

In any but in you.

Qu. M. Alas ! thou flatter'st me. [Reaching the glass.]

Dow. In all the fatal time of your confinement,

You rarely saw yourself ; or, if you did,

'Twas through such dismal clouds of 'garb and' sorrow,

You scarcely knew that visage so adorn'd ;

' But now 'tis hard to tell which strives the most,

' Your dress or beauty to adorn each other.—

' Behold else.

' *Qu. M.* Give it me—ha ! d'ye mock me !

' Who looked in the glass ?

' *Dow.* Madam.'

Qu. M. Alas ! these cannot be thy mistress' eyes,

Mine were dim lamps, that long ago expir'd,

And quite dissolv'd and quench'd themselves in tears :

' These cheeks are none of mine, the roses look not

' Like tempest-beaten lilies as mine should ;

' This forehead is not graven with the darts

' Of eighteen years of sharpest miseries ;

' Nor are these lips like sorrow's blubber'd twins,

' Ne'er smiling, ever mourning, and complaining—'

False glass ! ' that flatters, and undoes the fond :

[Throws away the glass.]

False beauty ! ' may that wretch that has thee, curse thee,

' And hold thee still detestable as mine.

Why tarriest thou to give me yet more woe :

' The earth will mourn in furrows at the plough,

' Birds, trees, and fields, when the warm summer's gone,

' Put their worst looks, and sable colours on :

' The

- The fullen streams, when the least tempest blows,
- Their crystal smoothness in a moment loose ;
- But my curst beauty, this malicious charm,
- No time, long griefs, nor blasts of envy harm.'

Enter Duke of Norfolk.

Nor. What do I see, the person, or the shadow
Of the most royal majesty of Scotland !
And these the weeping mourners of her fortune ?
• Bright as Diana with her starry nymphs,
• Descending to make fertile sea and land,
• T'enrich the waves, and bless the world with plenty.'
Oh, rise ! most charming of all creatures, rise !
• Or yon bright heavenly roof, that weighs the world,
• Will turn the scale, and mount the globe above it.'

Qu. M. Who sees the needy traveller on foot,
When he approaches to his long'd for inn,
Welcom'd, caress'd, and shew'd the fairest room,
And richest bed to rest his weary limbs ?
Or who beholds the beggar on his straw,
Crying for alms, before the rich man's door,
And bids him rise ? Go, Duke, and shun this wretch ;
Fly Mary's face, ' for such and worse is she.'

Nor. Rise, charming excellence ! Or by yourself,
The greatest oath that I can take,
• I'll bear your precious body in these arms,
• (Forgive the sacrilegious violence)'
I'll place you in that proud imperial chair,
• Beneath whose scornful feet you meekly lie ;
• Nay, I would do't, were this she tyrant by ;
• Though she stood here, and dar'd me with revenge,
• I'd seat you in that place in spite of her.'

Qu. M. May all that's great and good forbid.

Nor. The powers above, and mortals all below,
Would praise me for that deed—Who can behold
England's bright heirs, queen of France and Scotland,
Whose veins thus treasur'd with the sacred blood
• Of Fergus, and a hundred Albion kings,'
Lie thus neglected, in a state thus mean !
Who can behold it, and at once be loyal ?

Qu. M. Oh, tempt me not with thoughts of any state,
But this that I am in ; it was a vision,
The world till now was but a dream to me.

When

When I was great, I always was in danger;
Giddy, and fearful, when I look beneath;
But now with scorn I can see all above me,
Happy in this, that I can fall no lower.

Nor. Oh, say not so, for pity of mankind,
Lest fate descends in battles, plagues and fire,
To scourge the earth for so profane a fight,
And treating thus the majesty of queens.

' Had I the thunder, Nature's self should wreck,
' The frightened world should at my burthen groan,
' Whilst thus I fell with my immortal weight,
' Thus at your feet, and crush'd its soul away.
' But as I am Norfolk still, the meanest wretch,
' Let me dig out of thee a grave, and say,
' As raving Aristotle to the sea,
' Since I can't conquer thee, thou bury me.'

2d. M. Speak, gallant Duke, and shew me if you can,
[Rises.

Where shall the wretched fly to be at rest?

' It was but yesterday I 'scap'd the wreck,
' And now so soon again set out at drift,
' To rocks, wide seas, and vast extended ruin;
' That nothing but a miracle can save me.'

Nor. Oh, could I dare but whisper it in your ear,
Or claim the sacred promise once you made,
Here you should meet that calm repose you want
In Norfolk's grateful breast.

2d. M. Oh, name not love!

Love always flies the wretched and abandon'd,
And I am both; sorrow has play'd the tyrant.
Plow'd up this once fair field, where beauties grew,
And quite transform'd it to a naked fallow;
That you had once my word 'tis true, but 'twas
When I had hopes to be a queen again;
I thought to give you with some charms a crown
Which you deserve, but now they all are fled,
I am not worth the taking, cease the thought.

Nor. You are above all wealth, all queens to me,
Your glorious head was shadow'd with a crown,
' And brighter body seem'd but coarsely clad
' With robes of majesty, like stars o'er-clouded,
' Those cast away, the cherubim appears,

C

Bright

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‘ Bright as the world was in its infant years ;
 ‘ Has’d of this sumpture, take your happy flight,
 ‘ The lighter by the load of ponderous crowns,’
 You bear the badge of Heaven where’er you go,
 And beauty’s mine, more worth than all below.

Qu. M. Where shall I fly ?

Nor. ‘ To Scythia, wilds of beasts.

‘ Or’ any where but this accursed court ;
 To Scotland fly, where the repenting Morton.
 (Whom real pity of your matchless sufferings
 Has turn’d a faint) has writ to all the states
 To meet, receive you, and approve your choice.

Qu. M. First let my virtue with my mind consult.

Nor. Nay, while we think we stumble on our graves,
 Or prison ‘ else,’ you know not what the Queen,
 And your vile foes are now consulting of.

Qu. M. To fly suspected, is to make me guilty :
 Yet she condemns, and shuns me like a monster,
 Denies what to the meanest criminal she grants.

Nor. A moment will undo us.

‘ *Qu. M.* Whilst fears, and hopes, to be victorious strive
 ‘ Like seas with bold contrary winds oppress,
 ‘ They rouse the quiet ocean in my breast.’

Enter Davison and Guards.

Dav. The Queen, my mistress, to her royal sister,
 The wrong’d and beauteous majesty of Scotland,
 Sends by her slave, the dearest of all loves,
 Not such as wanton fickle lovers give,
 But such as royal friendship owes to virtue ;
 She lovingly intreats you would accept
 Of this her guard.

Nor. Ha !

Dav. Not as a restraint,
 But to protect your life against your foes,
 Which still she prizes dearer than her own.
 Without are officers prepar’d to wait you
 To an apartment nearest to herself.
 My Lord, it is the Queen’s command,
 You leave this place, and instantly attend her.

[*Exit.*

Nor. Immortal Powers, a guard !

Qu. M. Haste, noble Duke, prevent her threat’ning
 rage,

Plead

THE ALBION QUEENS.

27

Plead for yourself—behold I am not worse,
Than when you saw me first at Fotheringay,

Nor. Oh, rigid caution! Virtue too severe!
You have done a cruel justice on yourself,
And quite undone your Norfolk.

Qu. M. Give me your hand;
I will be yours, or never be another's,
'That as my heart!' but, Oh, most gallant Norfolk!
Some time allow to weigh the nice regards,
Of jealous honour in a prince's breast;
Cruel example, cruel greatness awes
Her sex and monarchs with the hardest laws——
Farewel. [Exit]

Nor. Oh, tyrant law! more cruel greatness still;
Man till forbidden knew not what was ill;
And till ambition sow'd the fatal strife,
Husbands were blest, each bride a happy wife;
'Virtue once reign'd, and then was so renown'd,
'Valour made kings, and beauty oit was crown'd;
Merit did then, much more than interest plead,
The happy pair but lik'd, and soon agreed;
'But now love's bought, and marriage grown a trade,
'Estate and dower are in the balance weigh'd;
Love still was free, till pride got in by stealth,
And ne'er a slave, till undermin'd by wealth,
[Exeunt severally]

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

Enter Morton and Davison.

MORTON.

NOW, famous Davison, 'tis in your power
To be the genius of our threaten'd nation;
And the protector of your crown and laws;
'A glorious merit offers to espouse you,
'And make your name in England's cause renown'd;
Your mistress must not see the Queen of Scotland,
This you must study to prevent, for 'tis

C 2

To

28 THE ALBION QUEENS.

To give a dagger to a lunatick !

How does she hold her yesterday's resolve ?

Dav. Just as I fear'd ; for in her bed-chamber,
Early this morn, I found the Duke of Norfolk,
Upon his knees petitioning for the Queen ;
At first she started, whilst her eyes shot flames,
And bid him in a fury straight be gone ;
Then, with an elevated tone, she cry'd,
What must I ne'er be kneel'd to, but for her :

- All knees, all hearts, must bend to her alone ;
- Whilst I, like the dull slavish animal
- That bore the goddess' image on his back,
- Am worship'd only for her.'

Mor. Said rarely !

Dav. Then on a sudden, call'd him back again,
Blotting a tear that fell in spite of her,
And bid him go to the distress'd poor queen,
Sending her ring, and with it many a sigh ;
'Tell her, said she, though jealousies of state
Forbid that we should meet ; not many days,
Not many hours I am resolv'd to live,
Unless I hold her in these arms for ever.

Mor. Then all my fears again return.

Dav. The Duke

Rose from the ground, exalted and inspir'd,
Leaving the Queen with Cecil and myself ;
But soon on us, presuming to advise her,
She thunder'd, as th' immortals on the giants,
And made us feel what 'twas to war with heaven :
• Then in a rage she darted from her closet,
• And threw the door so hard with such a fury
• (As I have seen her father Harry do)
• That made us tremble.'

Mor. What would you advise ?

Dav. I know not, for she wearies her attendants,
And fain would shake them off ; ' surveys each chamber,
• And measures every apartment in the palace
• A hundred times.'

I know the cause, and though her soul's too proud,
And would not stoop to see the Scottish Queen,
Yet she seeks all occasions out to meet her ;

• And

THE ALBION QUEENS.

29

' And therefore loiters like a miser's ghost,
' About the treasure that it lov'd on earth.'
Mor. This mighty Duke must be lopp'd low, or fall;
' His towering branches are too vast, and high,
' Under whose tops our Queen securely lies,
' And mocks the just avenging storms above.'
Hé thinks he's clear'd from all accounts of guilt;
But I have that will set him in arrear,
Ne'er to be paid, and ne'er to be forgiven.
I'll to the Duke.

[Exit.]

Dav. And I'll go seek the Queen.

[As Davison is going out, Gifford meets him,

What art thou that has haunted me so long?
' Thou look'st as if thou mean'st to draw my picture;
' I saw thee in the presence of the Queen,
' Which as I left, thou follow'd'st me,
' And still survey'st me with a curious eye.
' What wouldst thou with me? Say, what art?'

Gif. A man;
And what indeed is rare in such a place,
A miracle at court; an honest man.

Dav. That were in truth, a wonder.

Gif. I am a priest.

Dav. How dar'st thou shew thy head within these
walls?

I'll have thee seiz'd.

Gif. Thou had'st better, if 'twere possible,
The guardian-angel of thy mistress seize:
I'm hir'd to kill the Queen.

Dav. Oh, monstrous villain!

Gif. I am no villain, but a scourge to villains.

Dav. Oh, horrid! most unheard of impudence!
Durst thou say this to me that am her servant?

Gif. Because you are, therefore I sought you out;
I came not here to act it, but reveal it:
' Hell could not rest, and know it.'

Dav. 'Thou sayest well;
What dire companions in this tragedy
Hast thou? Who set you on?

Gif. Oh, they are mighty;
Nor was the Queen alone to have felt the blow.

C 3

Dav.

30 THE ALBION QUEENS.

Dav. Is not the Queen of Scotland in the plot?
Speak as thy virtue prompts thee, 'and the throne,
'Thy innocence, and heaven, be all thy guard.'

Gif. I know that for her sake this was contriv'd,
Am witness too she was consenting to it.

Dav. Wert thou alone to act this monstrous treason?

Gif. No; five bold traitors more, beside myself,
(Curst that my name should e'er be read for one)
All made of Nature's roughest, fiercest mould,
Have enter'd in a damn'd association,
'(Start all that's human and divine to her)'

To kill the Queen! to murder majesty,
Their several instruments of Fate, in sport,
They made the guilt of chance; to one by lot
A sword fell to his share, the next a gun,
The third a pistol, poison had the fourth,
The fifth chose water for the deed, who was,
If all the rest had fail'd, to have sunk her barge,
Rowing some evening, as her custom is,
From Greenwich; and this dagger was my lot.

Dav. Thou'st gain'd a glorious and immortal credit.

Gif. I can produce what will amaze you worse;

- No necromancer ever shew'd the face
- Of a suspected stealer in a glass,
- As I' the lively figures of these monsters,

In glorious ostentation of the deed,
Painted on tables, set in gold, with Babington
High in the midst, and in his threat'ning hand,
Grasping the weapon that should kill the Queen.

Dav. Oh, villains! Didst thou ever see Queen Mary?

Gif. Yes, and have seen her letters to the Pope,
To the confederates, and to Babington.

Dav. To Babington! Say! Does she write to him?

Gif. To him!—I am the intrusted messenger.

Dav. Dost know them to be hers? Who gave them to

Gif. Her secretary, Curl. [thee?

Dav. But are you sure they are the Queen's own hand?

Gif. Her hand I know, and this I'm sure's her writing.
To me they are first deliver'd to convey.

[Producing letters.
And henceforth, as they come into my hands,
To you I'll bring them.

Dav.

THE ALBION QUEENS.

31

Dow. Do so ; which I'll open,
And cause them to be neatly counterfeited,
Then send the false, and keep the true ones by me.
But hold, we are perceiv'd ; come, follow me,
And when time serves, I'll bring thee to the Queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Queen Mary, Dowglas, and Attendants at the other Door, and sees Davison and Gifford.

Q. M. Shew me the unfrequented'st gallery
To walk in ; for we have not chang'd our state,
We only have a little larger prison.

Dow. Ha !

Q. M. What ails the guardian genius of his Queen ?
Why this disorder ? Wherefore didst thou start ?

Dow. Saw you that fellow, Madam ?

Q. M. Yes ; why ask'st thou ?

Dow. I know not ; but a sudden horror seiz'd me
At that man's sight——

Was not that Davison and he together,
In private talk ? Ah, Madam, Davison !
A spy of quality, a legier here
Of plots against your sacred innocence.
By your unspotted soul ! just such a person
(I wish he's not the same) I often saw
With Navus, during your imprisonment :
Oh, my prophetic heart warns and foretels me,
There's mischief gathering in your scarce clos'd wound.

Q. M. There's no fear ; for my kind sister's love,
And my own innocence, shall conquer all
That hell or malice can invent against me.

Dav. What mean these drops ? Oh, stars ! what
meant this shaking ?

Your prophets never wept, nor trembled so,
For pity when they told the fate of kingdoms.
Ah, brightest star that e'er adorn'd the world !
Take, take, young Dowglas' counsel, and retire !
Oh, shun the barb'rous place ; and fly this moment.

Q. M. What dost thou mean ?

Dow. I know not, but am pull'd
By some strange Destiny, that seems to you
As if I rav'd, but blest were you 'twere madness.
Last night, no sooner was I laid to rest,
' But just three drops of blood fell from my nose,

' And

' And stain'd my pillow, which I found this morning,
' And wonder'd at.

' *Qu. M.* That rather does betoken
' Some mischief to thyself.

' *Dow.* Perhaps to cowards,
' Who prize their own base lives ; but to the brave,
' 'Tis always fatal to the friend they love.
' Mark farther : I was scarcely fallen asleep,

But you were represented to my fancy,
Deck'd like a bride, with Norfolk in your hand ;
The amorous Duke, that smiles with every glance,
Whilst you return'd them with more piercing darts ;
But strains it seem'd to lighten, and a peal
Of dreadful thunder rent you from each other,
Whilst from the cissing, painted o'er like heaven,
Methought I saw the furious Queen of England,
Like angry Juno mounted on a cloud,
Descend in flames, at which dread sight you vanish'd.

' *Qu. M.* These are but starts of an o'er-watchful soul,
Which always represent to us asleep,
What most we fear or wish when we're awake.

' *Dow.* Ah, my best mistress ! on my knees I beg,
Though the brave Duke be as renown'd as any
That e'er the antients first chose out for gods ;
' Though never man so rival'd all the sex,
' And left them bare of virtue, like himself ;
Yet for your precious life's sake, that's more worth
Than thousand dukes, break off your marriage with him.

' *Qu. M.* My little guardian angel, thou hast rous'd
And beat a war within my breast, between
The interest of my love, and preservation :
Thou know'st 'twas long consulted, and at last
Concluded best for my uncertain state ;
Leicester and Cecil both have given their words,
And Morton too, to gain the Queen's consent.

' *Dow.* There's Morton in it, therefore go no farther.

' *Qu. M.* Thou would'st not have me wed the gallant
Duke,

' Yet thou would'st have me fly. Where shall I fly ?
' I dare not go to Scotland, that lays wait
' To catch me in a hundred shares of death ;
' And into France I must not, will not go ;

' For

THE ALBION QUEENS.

33

' For then my sister might with reason say,
' I went for help to drive her from her throne.'

Dow. See where he comes, just in the moment. Fate,
Lo your ill stars against themselves are kind,
And send to warn you, that you might avoid it.

Qu. M. What shall I do? Say, Dowglas! Lo, I stand
Like one that in a desert lost his way;
Sees several paths, yet knowing not the right,
Stands in amaze, and fears to venture any.

Enter Norfolk and Morton.

Nor. What! what in tears, thou mourning excellence!
Shed not the precious balm in vain; ' but spare it
' To heal the world, when Nature is a dying,
' And Chaos shall be threaten'd once again;
' Oh, save those pearls to buy large empires for us;
' And when we have lived long centuries in love,
' To purchase twice as many years from Fate.'

Mor. Weep you, when love and Hymen gladly wait?
To banish grief for ever from your breast?

Qu. M. Morton, I will proceed no farther in this mar-
My Lord, I fear it will be fatal to us. [riage.

Nor. What do I hear!

Qu. M. By all my hopes I must not:
Most gallant Norfolk, to your generous love
I owe my freedom, nay, what's more, my life,
And Mary's heart is but the least return
That she can make; but if that heart proves fatal,
A wretched load to curse with woes the owner,
And sink the noble vessel that it freights,
Pity forbids me then to be so cruel—
Think I deny you for your own dear safety;
Think I deny myself—run, fly, forsake me,
Seek not for shelter in a falling tower,
But leave me to be wretched here alone.

Nor. ' Should all the fiends break loose, and stop my
' And yon blue marble roof and stars descend, [way,
' To crush me and my hopes; I'd on this moment,
' And perish with my love, but I'd enjoy her.'
Give me thy trembling hand; the whitest lily,
Set in the fairest garden of the world,
Chaster and purer than the virgin snow—
If 'tis a sin to blot out with a tear;

Oh,

Oh, could it speak, 'twould expiate its crime,
 ' And say my soul still wants a rougher language,
 ' To chide my Albion Queen.'

Qu. M. Cease, Norfolk, cease.

By all your hopes of happiness and mine,
 Your kinder genius, not my own, foretels
 This deed will be the ruin of us both :
 First break it to the Queen ; gain her consent.

Mor. That is already done ;

Leicester long since implor'd her royal leave,
 She knows it, and in not forbidding it,
 Her silence may be taken for a grant.

Qu. M. Delay it but a day, and let me haste,
 (If shame, your cruel foe, will give me leave)
 And ask the Queen's consent.

Mor. You yet create new hazards,
 And still forget the Queen denies to see you :
 Besides, that were to wake some new firmize
 Of state ; perhaps she'll then demur on the request,
 And call your foes to council ; but, if done,
 And past prevention, she'll not blame the deed.

Nor. Oh, gallant Morton ! let me hold thee thus ;
 ' More pitiful than sighing virgins are,
 ' And kind as interceding angels, thou.'

Mor. Go quickly then, and tie the sacred knot,
 Due to your interests, due to matchless love.

Elizabeth shall jealous be no more,
 ' Nor fearful then that any foreign prince,
 ' Too soon should join his kingdom to your right,
 ' And claim your lawful title to the crown——'

Go instantly—howe'er she seems to frown,
 She'll smile within her heart when once 'tis done.

Nor. By all your woes now felt, and joys to come,
 And more, by all your precious vows, I charm you.

Qu. M. Why do you hold me ? Where d'ye hurry me ?
 To be your fate ! To be your enemy ?

Nor. Remember, Oh, remember Fotheringay !
 Forget not what is heard, and echoes still,
 Your oft repeated vows, and Norfolk's groans.

Qu. M. Some pitying angel from above look down,
 And shew me straight the path that I must follow.

Mor.

THE ALBION QUEENS. 35

Mor. Away; the sun sets forth like a gay bride-man
with you.

Qu. M. Come then, conduct me, since I must
And now ambition, empire, all be gone,
I leave you with your heavy weight, a crown;
And if I err, bright register above,
Mark, with forgiveness, all my fault was love.

Mor. Curs'd accident! The Queen is here.

Qu. M. What's that you say? Oh, take me from her
Joy and pale fear within like giants fight; [fight;
Hope bids me go; my trembling heart forbids:
But who can love and reason both obey?

Do what you will with me, away, away. [Retire.
Enter Queen Elizabeth, Cecil, Davison, Lords, Attendants, Guards. Queen Elizabeth sees Queen Mary and Norfolk going off on the other side.

Qu. El. Ha! see, my Lords! behold!
Is that the Queen and Norfolk so officious?
Traitor!

Cec. May it please your Majesty, it is.

Qu. El. Bid him come back. See, he comes with him
My Lord, how durst you to approach that hand? [too.
Nay, talk with an offender against your Queen,
And slight thus plain my absolute commands?

Qu. M. Alas! let not the noble Duke for me be blam'd,
Nor bear a weight so heavy as your anger,
When I am thought by you the foul aggressor!
He only met a poor abandon'd wretch,
Lost in a wild, and put her in the way;
For here I wander by myself forlorn,
Know few, and taken notice of by none.

Qu. El. She has a royal presence, awful form!

By those bright constellations o'er our heads,

Which story feigns were charming women once,

There is not half that beauty in those orbs,

Nor majesty on earth.

[Aside.

Think you, my Lords,

That she appears so beautiful as fam'd?

Give me a glass—Ha! how's this jewel plac'd?

What a vile curl and aukward patch is here!

Look but on her! And yet, methinks,

She's much beholden to her fable dress,

As through a sky of jet, stars glitter most.

‘ *Cec.* Not to deny the charms of Scotland’s queen,
 ‘ Yours rival hers, and all the sex.

‘ *Qu. El.* Nay, now you grossly flatter me, my Lord;
 ‘ ’Tis long of such mean sycophants as thou,
 ‘ That princes are so wretched, ne’er to know
 ‘ The errors of their persons, or their minds.’

Qu. M. What, not a word! Am not I worth one word!
 Now, stars, I dare you now to do your worst,
 You cannot curse me more now if you would.

Qu. El. Ha! she shoots magic from her very looks,
 And every word’s a charm that lulls my rage;
 ‘ Like falling drops of mild and gentle rain,
 ‘ They wear into this breast of adamant.’
 Assail me now, my courage, pity, friends;
 Support me all! How shall I bear it now?

Qu. M. Nor yet a look! Not one kind look upon me!
 No token that I once was Scotland’s queen!

Qu. El. Hear’st thou this, Burleigh—cruel Davison!
 ‘ Ye seed of rocks, ye brood of wolves and tygers!
 ‘ Y’ve turned me into stone, more monstrous than your-
 ‘ If I but look on her, she awes my sight; [selves!
 ‘ Like a loath’d fiend I dare not see the light.’

Qu. M. Did I e’er think our meeting would be thus!
 Thus Mary and Elizabeth should greet!

‘ So do the Christians with the Pagans treat,
 ‘ The brave Plantagenet with Ottoman,
 ‘ The golden eagle with the silver crescent,
 ‘ But never thus the white cross with the red.

‘ *Nor.* This needs must charm, were she more fell
 than woman—

‘ She melts, yet fain would hide it—Happy sign!’

Qu. M. The friendly ocean, when the world was made,
 Took care to join our kingdoms near together;
 And shall not we our loves and tender hearts?
 We, who one happy loving island holds,
 Of the same sex,

And one rich blood travels through both our veins.
 Should we thus meet, and at a distance talk?

Qu. El. Support me, Cecil, *I sink with shame.*

‘ *Qu. M.* The beauteous Margaret, your royal aunt,
 ‘ Whose right and lawful grand-daughter I am,
 ‘ Met not my grand-father, the valiant James,

‘ With

- ‘ With such a scornful and neglected brow ;
- ‘ For if she had, I never had been born,
- ‘ And you not known the hated Queen of Scotland.

Qu. El. Come, lift me from the place where I am

- ‘ On wings of angels bear me to her arms. [rooted,

Qu. M. Whate’er may be the effects of Nature’s power,
In your hard breast ; I’m sure that part of you
That is mine, torments me to get forth,
Bounds upwards, and leaps from me to embrace you.
My whole blood starts !——

Qu. El. And mine can hold no longer——
My sister—Oh ! [Run and embrace.

Qu. M. Can this be real ?

Qu. El. Throw thy lov’d arms, as I do mine, about thee,
And never feel less joy than I do now——

- ‘ Oh, ’tis too great, it is unspeakable ;
- ‘ Cleave to my breast, for I want words to tell.’

Qu. M. Then injuries, farewell, and all my wrongs,
Forgiveness now, and pleasures fill my breast.
They were not half so great when I espous’d,
And threw these arms about young France’s neck,
And laid me down the Queen of half the world.
I feel the blood of both our ancestors ;
The spirits of Tudor and Plantagenet
Glow through my veins, and start up to my lips,
To parley with, to wonder and to kiss
Their royal brothers hovering upon thine.

Qu. El. Witness, ye Powers ! Take notice how I love
Worship this token, as glad saints receive [her !
Embassadors from heaven.

Qu. M. Oh, let me go !
Give my wild joy some breath, ‘ some room to walk in ;
‘ Oh, I shall burst into a thousand pieces !
‘ As many atoms as my Queen has charms—
A thousand years of pain is not enough
For this one moment of seraphic joy.
That she is kind, and thinks me innocent !
Innocent ! That one word’s far above
The wealth of crowns, nay, all but you, and love.

Qu. El. Ah, royal sister ! urge my guilt no more,
But blot it from thy breast, as I from mine.
Down on your knees—all that regard my frowns :

D

Behold

38 THE ALBION QUEENS.

Behold your queens, both Scot and English here ;
 Hear, thou wide ocean, hear, thy Albion queens :
 Let my dread voice far as thy waves be heard,
 From silver Thames to golden Tweed proclaim,
 With harmony of drums and trumpets sound,
 Not me, not her alone, not one, but both ;
 Sound Mary and Elizabeth your queens.

*[Kettle-Drums and Trumpets sound, and beat here ;
 then all rise again from kneeling.]*

Qu. M. Oh, be less kind ! lest Fate should snatch my
 And hoard them up for an immortal treasure, [joys,
 ' For they're too great for mortal sense to bear.

Qu. El. I do her wrong to keep her from new joys :
 ' Each moment shall beget, each hour bring forth
 ' Fresh pleasures, and rich welcomes, to delight her.
 ' Prepare her table, deck the bed of state,
 ' Let her apartment shine with golden arras,
 ' Strew perfumes in her way sweeter than incense,
 ' Rare as the sun draws every morning up,
 ' And fragrant as the breath upon her lips ;
 ' Soft music sound where e'er she wakes or sleeps,
 ' Music as sweet, harmonious, and as still,
 ' As does this soft and gentle bosom fill.'

Thus let us go, with hand in hand combin'd,
 The white crosses with the red thus ever join'd.
 England with Scotland shall no longer jar ;
 And Albany with Albion no more war ;
 But thus we'll live, and walk thus every day,
 Till from the verge of life we drop away :
 So have we seen two streams, with eager pace,
 Hasten to meet, and lovingly embrace,
 Making one current, as we make one soul,
 Till arm in arm, they in the ocean roll.

[Exeunt.]

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

Enter Cecil and Davison severally.

CECIL.

‘ **W**EEP, Davison, and drown thy head in tears;
 ‘ Or let thy tongue, for eloquence so fam’d,
 ‘ Be mute for ever; once like angels sounding,
 ‘ To charm the ears of our offended monarch.’
 The gallant Duke, the darling of his country,
 The Scipio, the delight of all mankind,
 The nation’s glory, star of shining virtue,
 Is lost. You came from searching of his closet;
 We are his friends; say, have you any hopes!

Dav. Oh, none! The false and treacherous Morton,
 That fir’d the Duke’s fond passion for the Queen,
 Then, like a villain, to his foes betray’d him:
 This serpent of delusion has discover’d
 Whate’er the brave and generous-hearted man
 Did in his harmless mind entrust him with.

Cec. What token, or what circumstance of treason,
 Amongst his papers found you?

Dav. Very little,
 Besides his aim to wed the Queen of Scotland.
 ‘ Yet one thing points some colour of a guilt;
 ‘ It did appear he furnish’d her with money,
 ‘ To aid her friends in Scotland; who, you know,
 ‘ Now at this time invade our English borders.
 ‘ Here is the paper, which, alas! was found
 ‘ Under the quilt, beneath poor Norfolk’s bed,
 ‘ Plac’d there on purpose, as suppos’d by all,
 ‘ By Hickford, a domestic of the Duke’s.
 ‘ Who, apprehended, has accus’d his master.’
 Read here a list of several lords, his friends,
 As Arundel, Southampton, and some others,
 All order’d to be taken.

Cec. Cruel chance!
 What temper holds the Queen in this extreme?

Dav. Fiery, and cool, and melting in a breath,
 At one she sighs, and pities the fall’n man,
 And the same moment rages and upbraids him.

Cec. Oh, she must worse be stung before to-morrow!

D 2

‘ How

‘ How will she bear herself, when she shall know
 ‘ The foul conspiracy of Babington ?
 Place Gifford ready as the Queen comes forth ;
 ’Tis dangerous to conceal it any longer.
 Methinks I pity less the fate of Mary,
 Now it has cost the ruin of the Duke—
 See where he comes ! Would Cecil had no eyes ;
 Yet he bears manly up, rears his stout head
 Like a bold vessel in a storm, and scatters
 Bright beams of majesty through all his clouds.

Enter Duke and Guards.

Room for the Duke—

Nor. Room for the Duke ! Room for no Duke, no
 substance now ;

The emblem of dissembling greatness rather.
 Man is the truest dial of his fate ;
 His prince’s favour, like the sun at noon,
 Shews not a thing so beautiful and gay ;
 But as the planet sets, too soon he spies
 His growing shadow painted on the ground ;
 Oh, Cecil ! thou and Leicester have undone me ;
 Brought by thy cruel caution to my ruin,
 And by the traitor Morton thus betray’d.

Cec. These tears be witnesses, I never meant it.

Nor. I must believe you, yet you are
 Too good a statesman, and too nice a friend.

Cec. By all that’s just, you wrong the love I bear you—
 Behold the Queen—I’ll gain your life, brave Duke,
 Or hazard now my own.

Enter Q. Elizabeth, Morton, Gentlemen, Guards, Ladies,

Most merciful, most royal, and belov’d !
 Behold your Cecil bends, who ne’er yet su’d
 To you in vain—Oh, spare the gallant Duke,
 Who in this act of adoration, vows
 Henceforth to prove the faithfull’st of your vassals,
 And from this hour to abjure the Queen of Scotland.

Nor. Hold, Burleigh, hold ; proceed not for the globe ;
 If the least word that I’ll abjure the Queen
 ’Scapes from thy mouth, by my bright hopes, ’tis false.
 Thus I’ll ask pardon, though I never wrong’d you.

[Kneels.

’Tis but a word, and I’ll do it again :

For

THE ALBION QUEENS.

45

For kings are like divinities on earth,
Whom none can serve, but must sometimes offend..
But to deny my love, and to disclaim her!
Oh, ye bright Powers! abjure my Albion Queen!
First let me grovel in some loathsome dungeon,
And feed on damps and vapours like a toad..
'What, to save my life! a hated skull!'
Had I as many heads as I have hairs,
Reap'd from this body like a field of corn;
Yet after all, not one should be so base. [much,

Qu. El. You'll find, bold Duke, this one has said too
'And done more than a thousand heads can answer.'

Go, send him to the Tower:
I'll have him try'd to-morrow; and, if guilty,
Beheaded straight; send his ambitious head
To travel for that airy crown it look'd for:
And tell me, when 'tis off, if then it talks,
Or calls out for his Albion Queen to help him..
'Oh, where, my soul, is there a friend that's just?'
'Or, after him, a man that I can trust?' [Aside.

Nor. You need not doubt it;
That dying martyr who invokes her name,
Calls for more aid than all the queens on earth;
'She is herself thy genius; but for her,
'This isle had been like flaming Ætna found,
'Or, as the world was, in a deluge drown'd.

Qu. El. She's false, and thou a most ungrateful traitor!
Here's Morton, Cecil, all the world can tell,
Thou didst aspire to marry her, and get my crown..

Nor. By my immortal hopes, I am betray'd,
And she's abus'd by traitors——
No, Cecil won't, no honest subject dares;
But Morton, as the worst of furies, may..
'Oh, she's so good, so innocent and mild,
'That, Scotland, wert thou curs'd to that degree,
'Should all thy scatter'd seeds yield nought but poisons,
'And pregnant women bring forth none but Mortons,
'Thou hast aton'd for all those plagues in giving her.'

Qu. El. Away with him; 'and let me never see
'That head again, but on a pinnacle.'

Nor. Be witness, all ye powers, I bear it mildly;
And for my fate, I kneel again, and bless you:

D 3.

May.

May you live ever ; and for Norfolk's death,
 No dire remorse disturb your balmy rest ;
 But may your soft eternity glide on,
 In dreams of Paradise and golden slumbers.
 But for the injur'd Queen, inspir'd I rise,
 And tho' a threaten'd prophet, yet dare speak :
 Whene'er she falls, may her accusers all
The stings of conscience feel within their breast,
And never know the transport of the bliss :
 ' Prometheus' vultures in their bowels feel,
 ' And with their King of traitors roar in torments.
 ' But thou, a queen, that judg'd this royal martyr,
 ' Loud cherubims to earth your guilt shall sound,
 ' Which worse than the last trumpet shall rebound ;
 ' Wake or asleep, her image shall appear,
 ' And always hollow Mary in your ear.' [*Exit guarded.*
Cec. Now, Davison's the time.

Dav. May't please your Majesty—
 What shall be done with the offending Queen ?
Qu. El. Nothing, bold saucy penman, I say, nothing—
 Send Norfolk to the Tower ; but, on your lives,
 I charge you, use no violence on her.
 Make not such haste ; too soon you'll break this heart,
 Then glut yourselves with slaughter of my subjects.

Cec. Then so much for the Duke—Call Gifford in.
Enter Gifford.

If you are steep'd as in a lethargy
 Of love, and o'er-grown mercy to the Queen,
 And will not let your eyes behold your danger,
 Then we, who are your watchful servants, must.
 Behold and hear ; for 'tis so loud and plain,
 That 'twill astonish ev'ry sense about you.
 This man, this honest man, whose statue ought
 To be set up in gold in all our streets,
 Inspired from above, discovers that himself,
 With five bold ruffians more, were all set on
 By Mary Queen of Scots, to murder you.

Qu. El. To murder me !

Dav. With sacrament they bound it,
 More horrid than e'er Catiline invented,
 Who, t' enslave Rome, ty'd it with human blood.
 First view the monsters pictur'd to the life,

Each with their several instruments of fate
 Wav'd in his hand, with which to hell they swore,
 ' If either of them fail'd,' to write your doom.
Qu. El. Protect me, angels!
Cec. What, does this make you start?
 ' Do these strange hieroglyphics raise your wonder?
 ' The slave that fir'd the gaudy fane at Ephesus,
 ' Deserv'd to be a saint to these; he strove
 ' But for an odious credit after death;
 ' But these, alas! presumptuously defy
 ' Heaven and the world to anticipate the blow,
 ' And tell mankind they glory in the deed.'

Qu. El. What's here? A Latin sentence, which their
 Does seem to bellow from his hellish mouth. [chief
 ' These are the men whom danger only leads—
 Here is thy face makes one among the ruffians.

Gif. With horror I confess it.

Qu. El. Tell the rest.

Gif. I will; but wonder when you hear what men
 Of several stations join'd to do this mischief:

' The elements are not so aptly mix'd
 ' To make a perfect world, as they to act a deed
 ' Would startle nature and unfix the globe,
 ' And hurl it from its axle-tree and hinges.'

The first is Babington; rich, and of birth
 Might lift him to be rank'd amongst the nobles;
 Young, proud and daring, fiery and ambitious.

Qu. El. I know the gentleman; of Derbyshire;
 He came to me for leave to go to France.

Gif. The same.

Qu. El. Oh, horrid! who can read a villain?
 How subtly nature paints, hides a false heart,
 And shrouds a traitor in an angel's garb!
 The next.

Gif. Tilny—a courtier,

Cec. What, the Queen's own servant!

Dav. I know him too; his father's only hopes,
 Heir to a great estate. Oh, parricide!

Gif. This Barnwel—turbulent and precipitate,
 A bloody-minded wretch, fit for the deed;

' Of Ireland,

' *Cec.* I believe each word thou say'st;
 ' Without his country it could have been no plot.'

Gif.

Gif. Savage—a ruffian of the worst degree,
And never to be painted as he is ;
Stew'd in a brothel-house, and tann'd in blood. [now ?

Qu. El. Oh, Queen ! Oh, Mary ! where's thy refuge :

Gif. The fifth is Charnock, student of the law.
Lately, to make the compound great, myself.

Qu. El. I've heard too much ; hence, and be dumb for—
Oh, for the quiet that my mind has lost ! [ever !

Strip me of glory, titles, and renown,
I'll give them all for that so blest repose
Last night I felt. ' Deny me not this prayer ;

' Curse me with madness, blast me with diseases,

' Turn all these hairs to snakes upon my head,

' To hiss me from the stage of mortal life ;

' Melt this loath'd diadem with lightning down,

' Not as it ran before it was a crown,

' And to a desert let me strait be sent ;

' I'll suffer all, make her but innocent.'

Cec. 'Tis fit you double all your strength about you,
And let the Queen immediately be seiz'd.

' *Qu. El.* 'Tis false ! she is abus'd, and this is forg'd :

' She is not ; nay, she shall not guilty be.

' See, monster, fury, traitor, altogether Jesuit !

' Be sure thou prov'st this crime upon my sister,

' Be sure thou dost, without the smallest doubt,

' Or I will rack thee with ten thousand tortures :

' No, I will have thee long, long years a dying ;

' Feed thee by weight, to starve a grain a day,

' Whilst thy vile flesh whole ages shall decay,

' And spirits by slow degrees distil away.

' Yet, Oh, 'tis all too little to recall

' That wealthy mass of quiet thou hast lost me !

' *Cec.* 'Tis the request of all your faithful subjects,

' That you'd be pleas'd to seize the Queen of Scotland,

' Lest she should act what is but yet design'd.'

Dav. Your sacred life's in hazard every hour :
For your poor kingdom's sake, and for your own ;
For all your nation's lives depend on yours.

Qu. El. Rise——

Let the conspirators be apprehended,
Of whom this Gifford gives you information.

Cec. And not the Queen ?——

Qu. El. Oh, spare my fister's life !
If nothing but a queen's blood will content you,
Take mine, ye barb'rous hunters.

Cec. Alas !

Qu. El. Begone ! Why was this hid from me : so
If this were real, I had soon been dead, [long ?]
And then ne'er felt the blow, 'cause unsuspected.
But now ten thousand deaths are not so painful
As this curs'd life, which thou dost strive to save.
My soul's in torment, reputation, all
In this loath'd act, which thou wouldst have me do.

Cec. Whose soul, whose reputation will be rack'd,
And censur'd with severest pains hereafter ?
If by your fond neglect you lose that life,
Intrusted by the powers to guard your nation,
And leave your laws and liberties betray'd ;
Your people, all a prey to foreign monsters,
Die, and bequeath the dagger in your breast,
To brood, and get an hundred thousand more,
Perhaps as many as your subjects throats.
Nay, we must speak, think what you will, and weep ;
For, not to tell you, 'tis to be more cruel.

Qu. El. But how shall I be censur'd,
To throw this charming guest so quickly from
My bosom, and then shut her in a grate ?
'Twas but last night she had another prison.

Cec. There's now no time for answer or dispute ;
Either resolve her fate, or bear your own.'

Qu. El. Begone, I charge you, tempt your Queen no.
Woman was form'd of mildness, love and pity : [more.
Take from me first the softness of my sex.
Were I the hot, revengeful monster, man ;
A man, a savage, fierce Hyrcanian tyger,
Yet I could not be so cruel.

Cec. Then since you'll shut your ears to all safe counsel,
Bear witness, you celestial Powers, and you,
My Queen, I have discharg'd my duty,
And clear'd myself of your approaching danger.
But ere that dreadful day of your eclipse,
Come, Davison, let thee and I go wander ;
Far we'll remove, where such a horrid deed
Shall neither blast our eyes, nor reach our ears.

England,

England, farewell ; I've serv'd you well and long ;
 We'll not stay here to be good-counsel's martyrs,
 And to be torn in pieces by the rabble,
 When you are dead, which we forewarn'd you of :
 Tho' ne'er so just, and cautious of your fame,
 A king's miscarriage is the statesman's blame.

Qu. El. Stay, I command you——
 Arrest a crown ! impeach a sovereign queen ! [*Aside.*]
 Here, take my crown, depose me first, or kill me ;
 Let Gifford's dagger do its fatal office :
 Then like a nest of tyrants you may reign,
 And under public laws do public wrongs ;
 ' But royal pow'r can never be so cruel.'

Cec. Behold she comes. Command we apprehend her.

Qu. El. You have my leave ; do with us as you please.
 But, tyrants, send me straight, where, by your power,
 These cruel eyes may never see her more. [*Going off.*]

Enter Q. Mary and Dowglas, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Qu. M. Turn, turn, your face, and give one long'd-for
 My charming Queen ! the morning's gone, and yet [look,
 I have not seen those eyes, that bless the morn.
 Hide not those looks where beams of justice shine,
 And pity sits enthron'd with majesty.
 I hear the Duke of Norfolk's in displeasure ;

Forgive the brave, unhappy man.

Why sighs my Queen ? Why bend your royal head,
 As loth to grant ? Can mercy, ha ! can I too plead in vain ?
 Nay, then I'll bind you with those chains of love ;
 Lean my sad cheek on yours, and mix your tears with

Qu. El. Now rescue me, or I am lost. [*mine.*]

Dav. Guards, execute your orders on the Queen.
 We beg your Majesty, for love of fame,
 By your unbiass'd rule, and charms of justice,
 Rouze your imperial courage, and display
 An awful and offended Majesty.

Cec. For now your wisdom, crown, and life's at stake ;
 Nay, and the lives of all your faithful subjects,
 For this one precious moment of your conduct.

Qu. M. I will obey ; your orders fright not me,
 Nor stir my soul, so lately us'd to wrongs.
 What is my crime ? Yet wherefore do I ask ?
 ' For chains look lovelier far about these arms

' Than

- Than diamonds; and tears hang on my neck
- More beautiful than strings of orient pearl.'

Qu. El. Ah, cruel Princess, we are both undone!
You've robb'd your sister's breast of all its treasure,
More than my crown, you've robb'd me of yourself.

Dav. Mary, late Queen of Scotland, y' are impeach'd,
By the name of Mary Stewart, of high treason;
For plotting to usurp your sovereign's crown,
And hiring Babington to kill the Queen.

Qu. M. Hear thrones and powers that guard the inno-
The Gorgon is at last disclos'd to view. [cent!

What, kill my sister! hurt your precious life!

Oh, monster of invention! cruel falsehood!

And, Oh, vile calumny, begot in hell!

Nay, then I see my ruin is decreed;

The Duke must die, and I must suffer too.

But, cruel foes, had you no way but this,

To blast me with eternal infamy?

And canst thou, canst thou close thy eyes against me?

• Oh, bright vengeance! is there none in store?

• Will Fate, that Providence from me debar,

• When every living insect claims a share?

• Will you lock fast your adamant doors,

• Now, when a queen, an injur'd queen implores?

Qu. El. Incroaching pity stop thy flowing torrent,

• And ebbing nature sink to that extreme

• Of cruel Brutus, that condemn'd his son;

• For this is now my trial.'

Qu. M. Say, amongst you,

Who is that man or devil, that dare accuse me?

Dav. The traitor has confess'd his guilt, and yours,

With letters that you sign'd, to do the deed.

Qu. M. Hear, hear, just powers, and all your guard of

• Hear, royal maid, for virgin pity fam'd! [kings?

Heard you how they did slander majesty?

And can you bear it? Half these veins are yours,

My royal title, tender sex the same,

Doubly of kin, in royalty and blood;

And can you hear your sister, hear yourself so stain'd?

Qu. El. Oh, blame not me, but curse the fate of princes;

We are but guardians of our subjects' rights,

And stewards of our own, none bound so fast

To

To keep the laws they make, as the creators selves.
 Alas, I am like one that sees far off,
 Have all the wishes of a friend to save you,
 But ty'd by oath, and cannot stir to help you !

Qu. M. This Babington, *who ne'er yet curs'd my fight,*
 Must be some villain hir'd to do this treason,
 And lay it upon me. But bear me witness all, and you,
 That of disjointed atoms form'd the sun,
 The shining heavens, the planets and the world,
 So wonderful and glorious as they are,
 Who sees into the soul, and all its walks,
 Thro' this dark mould, transparent as a glass !
 Oh, may these fatal eyes, worshipp'd like stars,
 Drop from this visage, once like Heaven ador'd,
 And leave this face a death's-head, to be shunn'd ;
 Or may this horrid hand, this hand, or this,
 That once was fragrant with the breath of kings,
 That kneel'd to kiss this wrong'd, this innocent hand,
 May it drop from me, like a wither'd branch
 From this vile stock, and never sprout again,
 If I e'er will'd the deed, or sign'd such letter.

Qu. El. 'Tis time for me to go ; is't not, my jailors ?
 I have seen more than any tiger could.
 Oh, pity'd Queen, farewell !

Qu. M. Is then your boasted love debas'd to pity ?
 Oh, stay, and mingle kindness with your justice !
 I beg not for myself, but for my fame.
 To die's no pain, but to die branded is a thousand deaths.

Qu. El. Enough ; 'tis cruelty in me to go,
 And worse to stay.

Qu. M. Yet I intreat you stay.
 Are you so cruel to believe me perjur'd ? [*Holds her.*]

Qu. E. Yet loose, for pity of us both, let go :

The world has not so griev'd a wretch as I ;
 And thou lay'st hold upon so weak a bough,
 That the least weight will sink me quite with thee.

Qu. M. Hear me, thou deaf and cruel queen ! Ah, no !
 Thou mild as babes, and tender as their mothers !
 Hear me but this, this once, this last—What, neither ?
 Then to just Heaven I kneel, and not to thee —
 Here let my knees take root. [*Kneels.*]

Dav. Tho' clear and spotless as the light you are,
 Yet

Yet that must be examin'd by the laws ;
The Lords must quit you.

2x. M. Must the law then judge me ?
Nay, then I'll rise with shame from this mean posture ;
' And now I feel the majesty of kings
' Dart from above, to hear itself profan'd,
' Stretching my soul and limbs to such a vastness,
' As the first race of mankind ere the flood,
' When heroes more than mortal rul'd the world.'
Come, bring me straight to this contemn'd tribunal ;
Then all the courage

Of my imperial ancestors inspire
' This breast from Fergus first, to James, my son,
' Last of his breast that sway'd the Scottish globe
' For fifteen hundred years, shine through my face :
' Print on my forehead every awful look,'
Defend your royal right, and for me plead,
Shoot from my eyes, and strike my judges dead.

2u. El. If Mary's fate were sentenc'd by this breath,
If that were judge, I would this hour acquit her.
Depend upon thy innocence and me :
When that is clear'd, we shall both yet be happy.
I can no more—Farewel—Grief ties my speech,
And pity drowns my eyes—*Farewel!*

2u. M. Pity'd by you ! I will not die so meanly :
No, tho' in chains, yet I'm more brave and free,
Scorn thy base mercy, and do pity thee :
Thou canst not take my life ; but if thou dares,
I'll leave a race as numerous as the stars ;
Whilst thou shalt fall with barrenness accurst,
And thy tormented soul with envy burst,
To see thy crown on Mary's issue shine,
And England flourish with a race of mine. [*Exit guarded.*]

2u. El. Stay, sister, stay——
' Oh, 'tis too late !
' She's gone ! dragg'd from me by the merciless laws,
' Nor can I tear her from the vulture's talons ;
' But, Oh ! like the distracted mother roar,
' Whose child a wolf had from its cradle bore ;
' Hastes to its aid, and all the way, in vain,
' To Heaven, and to the savage does complain,

E

' Speaks

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' Speaks the beast kind, still hearing, as he flies,
' Betwixt his teeth her tender infant's cries,
' Then she adds wings, and in her flight does rave,
' With eager hopes its precious life to save;
' But finds the monster with her bowels gor'd,
' And in her sight its panting limbs devour'd.'

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

Enter Morton and Davison, severally.

MORTON.

WELL have we met, thou Machiavel of England,
And rival to great Cecil in his fame!
There's something of importance on thy brow,
Whereon I read the great delinquent's fate.

Dav. Queen Mary is condemn'd, and which is worse,
The sentence of the Duke must rest no longer,
And Norfolk is this hour to lose his head.

Mor. The plot of Barny, to release the Duke,
Was thought the means to urge his speedy end.

Dav. He had obtain'd his pardon, but for that,
His circumstance of treason was so slight.
Poor Duke! the most unfortunate and brave!
He comes to meet his death within these walls,
Where she must enter and prepare for hers;
And chance, alas! may be so kind or cruel,
To let them meet. Her sentence was pronounc'd,
And she repairing hither in her barge.

Mor. How did the haughty Queen submit herself?

Dav. This great commission, which consisted of
All the Queen's lords and counsellors of state,
(Of which myself was one, with five of the judges) made
The highest throne of justice upon earth;
Yet she contemn'd, and scorn'd them as too base
To sit upon, and judge a sovereign queen.

Mor. How could you then proceed?

Dav. The court o'er-rul'd it as a slight objection,
And said, they did not try her there as queen,
But as a private prisoner to the law.

Mor.

Mor. A nice distinction that, 'and like your lawyers.'

Dav. At last, having deny'd, with constancy,
The legal power of this imperial court,
And finding all too plainly prov'd against her,
'As a rare swimmer, shipwreck'd on the ocean,
'A vast and dreadful distance from the shore,
'And hopeless grown, with all his arts to reach it,
'Gives himself o'er contentedly to drown,'
So she sat down, and mildly then submitted.

Mor. But what was the most stabbing proof against her,
Her correspondence had with Babington?

Dav. Behold, the Duke's just coming forth to die:
The Queen is entering too; 'tis as I fear'd. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Queen Mary and Guards. The Duke of Norfolk
and two Guards, as going to execution.*

Qu. M. Must the brave Duke receive his death to-day?

Dow. Alas, see where he comes! a sight will kill you.

Qu. M. Quick, lead me, drive me from this dismal ob-
ject. Will the Queen's malice hunt me to the last,
Nor leave me when I'm at the bounds of death?

Was there no time but now, no way but this?

Oh, hide me in the bosom of yon cloud,
Or cover me with mountains to avoid him!

Nor. My Queen, my lovely Albion Queen!—Sure I'm
Already dead, and this the happy region,
Where souls like hers receive their blest'd rewards.

Qu. M. Turn, much-wrong'd Duke, ere death seals thy
'This moment tear them out, as I would mine;' [*eyes;*
Shun me, as here thou wouldst thy horrid fate,
'Or mouth of basilisk.'

Nor. What says my Queen?

Qu. M. Is not thy wrong'd and valiant spirit shock'd,
And death a much more welcome guest than I,
And worse to see me than to feel the blow?

Nor. By all your wrongs and mine——

Qu. M. Oh, come not near me!

'Tis said, a murder'd body, tho' 'tis cold,
'And all its veins frozen and congeal'd in death;
'When he approaches nigh that did the deed,
'Warm'd by the mighty power of just revenge,
'Pours a warm flood, and bleeds afresh.'

Why dart you not a peal of curses on me?

E. 2

• Your

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- Your eyes Promethean fire, to blast my soul ?
- And why's not every hair upon thy head
- Arm'd, like the bristly porcupine, against me ?

Nor. Love's wounds may bleed in Death's; but no grief
The axe, these guards, and this grim pomp of fate, [cast.
Stir me no more than acted in a play.

My love's immortal, too divine to fear,
And feels no horror, but to part with you.
Oh, could I but redeem your precious life,
I'd fly to meet the torments of the fiends
A thousand years, and die thus every day !

Qu. M. Alas, most pitied Prince ! force not these drops,
Tears, the kind balm, to ease all tortur'd breasts
But mine, and mine finds no relief. Begone—Oh, no !
For you must ne'er return—Let me begone.

Nor. For death I am prepar'd, but not to part with you.

Qu. M. 'Twill not be long, ' some two or three short
• Or hours, perhaps,' ere we shall meet again. [days,
We both are in the balance weigh'd for death,
• You in the sinking scale that's near the grave,
• And I hang tottering here, in hopes to follow.'

Nor. By Mercy, that still guards the thrones of princes,
The Queen, nay, Morton, ne'er can be so cruel.
What, shed the blood, the sacred blood of kings !
'Twere blasphemy unpardon'd to suspect it.

• But if she dare, I will myself descend,
• Arm'd with a legion in the shades below,
• Guarding like gods, the utmost fort of life,
• And drive your lovely spirit back, to be
• Inshrin'd within this sacred mould again.'

Qu. M. Oh, Duke ! ' are you so cruel and unkind ?'
I had but two priz'd friends in all the world,
The Queen and you ; and she forbids me earth,
Will you deny me heaven ?

Nor. Away ! your danger spurs me on the race ;
Swift as the mind can think my soul shall fly,
And make the scaffold but one step to heaven.

Qu. M. And till I come, your happiness to see,
Kneel, and atone th' offended Powers for me.

Nor. Oh, doubt it not ! One last farewell—
Yes all the shining host shall plead your cause ;

Round

THE ALBION QUEENS.

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Round the æthereal throne Queen Mary's wrongs
 Shall be the theme of their immortal songs ;
 Whilst for revenge their crystal trumpets sound,
 'Till their shrill voice to frightened mortals bound ;
 The stars shall shake, the elements be aw'd,
 And both the globes shall feel th' avenging rod.

' Qu. M. No more ;
 ' Our souls shall soon a joyful meeting have ;
 ' But to our mortal parts, a long farewell.'

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE, *an Alcove, with a Table, Pen, Ink, Paper, and Chairs.*

Enter Queen Elizabeth and Ladies.

Qu. El. A midnight silence sits upon the morn,
 The eye of day shuts, as afraid already,
 And seems the setting, not the rising sun.
 I want no glories that the world can give ;
 Crowns on my head, and kingdoms at my nod :
 Yet where's the quiet, where's the freedom here ?

Enter Cecil and Davison.

Dav. My Lord, I fear we have transgress'd too far
 Upon the Queen's most private thoughts.

Cec. ' Thoughts, or no thoughts, we must and will awake
 ' Yet hold ; ' let us retire within hearing, [her.
 Till she is pleas'd to call. [Retire.

Qu. El. Norfolk is now no more ;
 His body's free from pain, his mind from fear,
 And feels, like mine, no doleful beatings here.
 ' Curs'd be this crown, and this loath'd scene of power,
 ' And curs'd this head, that e'er the magic wore.
 ' The careless shepherd's breast feels no such sting,
 ' More lov'd, obey'd, and happier than a king ;
 ' His subjects do not one another hate,
 ' For malice, or for jealousy of state ;
 ' But harmlessly the ewe and crested ram
 ' Walk side by side, and guard the tender lamb.'
 Who's there ?

Re-enter Davison and Cecil.

Cec. What would your Majesty ?

Qu. E. Welcome, kind Cecil, to assist me ;
 Welcome, I hope, to rid this breast of tortures.

E. 3

What

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What say the council to their Queen's demand ?
Shall my dear sister live ? Shall I be happy ?
Speak, Davison, and tell your mistress' doom ;
Quick, for my soul now starts to meet the sound.

Dav. May't please your Majesty, your faithful council,
To what you urg'd, that mercy should be shewn
To one of Mary's dignity and sex,
And near relation both in blood and tide to you ;
They humbly offer, that no sex nor greatness,
Nay, were they sprung from the same royal father,
Ought to protect offenders 'gainst their sovereign ;
And boldly tell you, mercy is a crime,
When it is shewn to one that has no mercy.

' She would have ta'en your life,
' Which is not safe as long as Mary lives,
' Whom if you save, in hope that Heav'n will spare you,
' 'Tis not to trust to mercy, but provoke it.'

Qu. El. Is this the censure then, of your most wife
And arbitrary caution ?

Dav. Mightiest Queen !
Do not mistake what is your subjects' love ;
Our only zeal is for your royal safety,
To whom one precious moment of your welfare,
Is far more worth than all our lives and fortunes.

Cec. To that objection of your Majesty,
That this may draw a war from France or Spain,
We all agree, with one entire consent,
If any such should be, to guard your crown
And royal person with our lives and fortunes ;
And such fond fears are held impossible,
For they can ne'er hurt England, but by her ;
And all such dangers at her death will vanish.

Qu. El. Is this your answer to your sov'reign's tears ?
This all the kindness that two queens can beg ?

Dav. All fix'd, and firm as fate, we are resolv'd,
Like rocks, to stand the tempest of vain pity,
Since to deny you this is to be loyal :
And t' assuage the tyrant, Mercy, in your bosom,
No other answer we can give but this :

' I kneel, and humbly offer to your thinking,
' A saying no less true to be observ'd,
' Than once was said of Conradine of Sicily,

' And

THE ALBION QUEENS.

55

' And Charles of Anjou, rivals in a crown,'
Which is——The death of Mary is the life
Of Queen Elizabeth; the life of Mary
The death of Queen Elizabeth.

' *2d. El.* Hear, you immortal and avenging Powers!
' Are kings vicegerents of your rule on earth?
' Breathes the rich oil yet fragrant on our brows,
' And are we thus oblig'd? There are but two
' Main attributes which stamp us like yourselves,
' Mercy and sole prerogative, and those
' Daring and saucy subjects would deny us.'

Cec. May't please your Majesty——

' *2. El.* I'll hear no more——' Hail pious Confessor!
' In vain we sprung from Edward's sacred line;
' I from this hour the tyrant will begin,
Throw off the saint, and be no more a queen;
No more be fam'd for merciful abroad,
But turn my sceptre to an iron rod;
' For if thou wouldst be great, thou rather must
' Be fear'd for cruelty than lov'd for just.
' Hence, and begone; for I will thunder bring,'

[*Ex. Dav. and Cec.*

' Fell as a woman, awful as a king. [*Going, stops.*
' What have I done? With whom shall I advise?
' Heaven keeps at awful distance now, and treats not
' With kings, as it with monarchs did of old,
' In visions counsell'd, or by prophets warn'd.
' Inspire my thoughts.'——Bid Davison come back.
How wretched is my fate!

That on each side on ruin I must run,
Or take my sister's life, or lose my own.

Re-enter Davison.

Dav. I come at your dread Majesty's command.

' *2d. El.* Oh, Davison! thou art a man, on whom
My daily smiles, like rays, adorn thy person;
But thou hast merits that outshine my bounties.

Dav. Oh, whither would your Majesty?

' *2d. El.* Thou seest how thy poor Queen is tortur'd.
' 'Tis vain to hide what thou hast eyes to find,
' How backward I am still to cruelty,
' How loth to drain the blood ev'n of my foes.'

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Is there no way to satisfy my people,
 ' Nor jealous power,' but by my sister's death ?

Dav. ' I would advise ;

' But, Oh, what hopes can ~~that~~ physician have
 ' Of cure, whose patient throws away his medicine,
 ' And says that is a poison ?' Lo, I kneel

To you, the wisest, justest queen on earth,
 The perfect'st pattern to those pow'rs above :

' Yet, Oh ! the more y're good, in mercy shine,'
 They seem more fix'd to save such excellence,

Which cannot be, but by the death of Mary. [monsters,

Qu. El. ' Screech-owls, dark ravens, and amphibious
 ' Are screaming in that voice.' Fly from my sight !

' Run, monster, fiend, and seek thy habitation

' Where such loath'd vermin build their fatal nests,'

Or sink there to the centre as thou kneel'st,

Rather than that should be. ' Rise, and begone !'

Dav. This shall not fright your slave from his lov'd
 Nor from his humble posture ; no, unless [duty,

You take this weapon in your royal hand,
 And thrust it in your faithful servant's breast,

' And let out all my blood that's loyal ; yet

' When I'm dead, so well you are belov'd,

' There's none of all your subjects but would bless you,

' Thus kneel, implore, and hug the fate that I had.' [Rises.

Qu. El. Begone, quick, Davison, thou fatal charmer,
 Thou subtle mouth of the deluding senate.

Dav. Alas ! what ends can your kind people have ?

What private benefit can they propose

By this Queen's death, but to preserve your reign ;

Which is the all, and only blessing aim'd at ?

Believe, consider.

Qu. El. Oh, Davison !

Dav. Remember too your danger—news is brought,

That Spain has an Armada launch'd, so vast,

That o'er our narrow seas will form a bridge

To let in all their forces to this island,

With iron rods to scourge, and chains to bind us.

' Th' affrighted people hasten to their shores,

' And scarcely can perceive a cloud far off,

' Dark'ning the sky, and black'ning all the sea,

' But cry, The Armada's coming.

Qu.

Qu. El. Vain reports !

Dav. Upon this dreadful rumour, strange alarm,
I heard it run in whispers thro' the house,
' And all the lords that sat upon the Queen,'
That this invasion was for Mary's sake ;
And if you will not sign her speedy death,
They must be forc'd to fly, or set up her,
In hopes, that when she reigns, that prosp'rous act
May expiate their crime in judging her.

Qu. El. Ha !

Dav. 'Tis most true ; can you condemn them for't ?
Sign but the warrant, stay the execution,
And then, perhaps, your subjects, when they find
How much their Queen did condescend for them,
May soon relent, and with submissive tears
Request that life which you so long had begg'd
' In vain of them.'

Qu. El. I have consider'd——Write——

Dav. Write what ?

Qu. El. Write what thou wilt ; write any thing ;
A warrant for Queen Mary's execution——
Queen, did I say ?

Dav. Oh, good angels bless you !
Nay, children, whom you've now redeem'd from slaughter,
May live to the full age of man, and sing
Your praise.

Qu. El. Did I say Queen ?
Shall the ' fierce' hand of curs'd Elizabeth
Condemn to die her cousin, and a queen ?
Dispatch, and let thy pen fly o'er the paper,
Swift as the quill upon an eagle's wing ;
For if thou giv'st my thoughts one moment for repentance,
Hadst thou the tongue, the eloquence of angels,
It were in vain to alter my resolve——
Write, write, no matter how ; if foul, the better ;
Foul as the fact I am about to do. [*Dav. writes.*

Dav. See, I've already done.

Qu. El. Quick, quick, it must. [*Reads.*
" To the Lieutenant of the Tower, commanding, that
the next morning, after sight of this, you shall deliver
to our Sheriffs of London, the body of your prisoner,
Mary Stewart."

Oh,

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Oh, cruel Davison ! when thou cam'st here,
Tears should have flow'd much faster than thy ink,
And drown'd her name with rivers from thy eyes.

[*Reads.*] " To be beheaded on a scaffold fix'd without the Tower."

And I to this must sign Elizabeth.
Quick, give my roving thoughts no time for reason ;
But thou, successful devil, put the pen
Into my hand, and hell into my bosom.

Dav. Consider that it is of no more force
Than testaments, that may at any time,
The party living, be revok'd and null'd.

Qu. El. There, there it is. [Signs it.
Yet stay ; be sure thou keep'st it as thou wouldst
Thy soul and body from eternal fires.
Think, when I put into thy hands this paper,
'Tis not the life of Mary, but thy Queen's :
The moment that thou part'st with this dead warrant,
May the just statesman be thy fortune still,
And all thy good rewarded be with ill ;
Tho' honest, may'st thou be a villain thought,
And die a traitor for thy prince's fault.

[*Exit Queen Elizabeth.*

Dav. The deed is done at last.

Enter Morton and Cecil.

Cec. Hast thou got the paper ?

Dav. 'Tis in my hand.

Mor. Victorious Davison !

- Eternal ages shall adore thy statue,
- And wise historians, when this deed they note,
- Shall lift thy name among the stars for this.

Cec. Giv't me.

Dav. But had you heard what execrations——

- Cec.* Oh, no matter ! ours be all the blame ;
- We'll carry to the joyful council this.
- To-morrow she shall die, and the Queen rest,
- When this hugg'd cancer's parted from her breast.'

[*Exeunt.*

Soft

Soft music here.

A Table at the upper end of the Stage.

Queen Mary discovered kneeling, with a book in her hand;
her Women kneeling by her.

Enter to them Dowglas, and Men Servants.

Dow. Behold her kneeling—Oh, ye immortal Powers!
Ye Powers that help so good and mild as she,
Send hosts of cherubs down, to waft those sighs!
Sure all the world's remember'd in those prayers,
And in those tears thy guilty foes are wash'd.

Qu. M. Come all of ye, draw near.

[Queen comes forward.]

How goes the day?

Dow. The sun's now ris'n, whose setting you'll ne'er see.

Qu. M. Suppose I've but an hour of life, that were
The distance up to heav'n tho't seems so great, [enough;
Yet 'tis so nigh, and mercy flies so fast,
That in less while than swiftest lightning falls,
It saves the poor delinquent at the bottom,
That has been ages tumbling to perdition.

Dow. Oh, ye dread Fates! ye sovereign guard of kings!
Must that bright head be snatch'd off by an axe,
Upon whose brow's a crown, a sacred crown?

Qu. M. What matters it how we die?
When dead we're all the same; there's no distinction
Betwixt a prince that on his gorgeous bed
Gives up a pamper'd ghost, and 'me,'
The poor criminal condemn'd to die upon
A scaffold; and with that impartial judge,
That holds the steady equal beams of justice,
A crown weighs light with virtue in the balance.

Dow. How d'ye, and how bears that precious heart,
Th' expected moment of its body's fate?

Qu. M. Ne'er better; for my maids can bear me witness,
I laid me down to rest, and all the night
Slept like a thoughtless infant,
'With smiles imprinted on its lovely cheeks,'
And wak'd with joy to dress me for my travel:
'Like one who on a May-day morn sets out,

' Pleas'd

60 THE ALBION QUEENS.

‘ Pleas’d with the beauties of the lawns and fields,
 ‘ And hopes to come into his inn at night.’

Dow. Oh, miracle of innocence !

Qu. M. Thou, Dowglas,

‘ Art young, may’st live my story to relate
 ‘ To men that now are children in the womb ;
 ‘ But, Melvil, thou hast been long my faithful servant,
 Haste into France and Scotland when I’m dead,
 There tell the Guises, my dear cousins, and son,
 Thou saw’st me die in the true faith I liv’d in ;
 Not Scotland’s crown, nor England’s hopes, could tempt
 Nor eighteen years a pris’ner, to apostatize ; [me,
 Nay, nor my life, which now I seal its martyr.

Dow. Oh, saint-like goodness !

Qu. M. Ye have been faithful all ;
 What poor estate my cruel wants have left me,
 (Here is my will) I freely giv’t among you ;

[*Gives a paper.*

Would it were more, as much as you deserve :
 Nay, weep not ; here are some few trifles,
 I will distribute with my own glad hands :
 Here is some gold and jewels in this casket,
 ‘ Share them among ye, and a kiss to each. [*To her Women.*
 Heaven blefs you all !—Thou, Melvil, take this ring ;
 I would not have thee, every time thou look’st on’t,
 But sometimes, call to mind that it was Mary’s—
 Poor man ! his griefs have choak’d his speech.

[*To Dowglas.*

Receive this bracelet from thy mistress’ arm,
 ‘ And tie’t about thy wrist.’—Go to my son,
 The rising sun, from Mary’s endless setting,
 And he’ll take care of thee, and all of ye.

Dow. Alas, I quickly shall be past all care !
 This fatal day hangs heavier on my youth,
 Than threescore years can do on Dowglas’ head.

Qu. M. I’ve nothing else to give, but, after me,
 Joys in reversion.

Dow. ’Twill not be long ere you will shine a star,
 And light us on our way.

Qu. M. Give me some wine—Your mistress here be-
 Her last kind wishes to you in this draught. [queaths
 I have no friends, no children nigh, but you.

‘ He whom I bore, rack’d from these tender bowels,

‘ Scarce

' Scarce bless'd his joyful mother, for her labour,
' With his infant beams ; but was by villains,
' Like little Romulus, from this bosom torn,
' And nurs'd with wolves. Wherefore, my dearest friends,
My faithful, suffering, mourning, weeping servants !
Your Queen, your mistress, drinks to every one ;
And all revenge and malice bury'd be
In this kind bowl, as is this wine in me.

[Drinks, all kneel.

Dow. Give me the cup—Here's to our mistress ;

[Turns about, puts poison in the cup, and drinks.

And to her health of immortality,
And mine. Behold, they come to fetch you.

Qu. M. They are welcome—

*Enter Cecil, Morton, Lieutenant of the Tower, and
Guards.*

My Lord, I have expected you with joy :
You find me like a chearful, longing bride :
Come, and conduct me to my bridegroom, Death.

Cec. Alas, I must !

Qu. M. Bring you no message from the Queen ?

Nor word of farewell to her dying cousin ?

Cec. Something she would have said, but burst in tears ;

While with a groan her tortur'd speech expir'd,

And only cry'd, Oh, Mary ! and no more.

Mor. Madam, I kneel, in hopes of your forgiveness.

Qu. M. Thou'lt done no ill to me, but as thy nature :

A wolf can do but as a wolf—thou hast it.

Tho' Heaven thy horrid crimes may ne'er forget ;

But let my son revenge his father's murder,

Which thou too surely didst, and laidst the stain on me.

Enter Davison in haste.

Dav. I have strange and sudden news to tell you ;

Just now's arriv'd from Scotland Patrick Grey,

With letters to the Queen, which have disturb'd her ;

But more, my Lord, she seems incens'd at you. [To *Mor.*

I wish this execution had been done,

Or not to do.

Cec. We are gone too far already,

To think of going back.

Dav. Room for the Queen !

F

Madam,

62 THE ALBION QUEENS.

Madam, 'tis fit you would dismiss your servants;
The scaffold will be crowded else.

Qu. M. The Queen, my sister, cannot be so cruel.
Shall this poor body, when its light is out,
' (Which princesses were, kneeling, proud to deck)'
Its bashfulness without a blush expos'd,
And none of all my friends at last allow'd
To weep, and shrowd these limbs when I am dead,
Which these poor wretches all will thank you for?

Cec. Madam, tho' against the orders of our mistress,
Two of your women servants shall attend you,
And of your men the like, which best shall please you.
Now have you aught that we may tell the Queen?

Qu. M. I have but one request, that she'll permit
My friends to bear my body into France.
There to be bury'd with my ancestors
Of Lorraine, whence my mother was descended;
For, Scotland, thou that never gav'st me quiet
When I was living, ne'er shall rest me dead.

Dau. On then, make way there!

Qu. M. Come near, and you two take me by the hands;
For to the last, with decency I will,
' Tho' little pert,' the majesty retain
Of what I am, the rightful Queen of Scotland,
Queen Dowager of France, and England's heir;
A glorious shine of titles, that would, like
The lambent beams around the heads of angels,
Protect a crown——Weep not,
But take me by the hands, as you have seen
Your now expiring, then your blooming Queen,
Brought by two monarchs to the Dauphin's arms,
Adorn'd with all love's pride, and all love's charms;
So lead me to the place where I may gain
Immortal pleasures, and immortal reign.

[Exit led by two Gentlemen.

Manent Morton and Dowglas.

Mor. Why dost thou weep, and grovel on the floor?

Dow. Traitor, because I will not herd with men.

[Faints, and lies down.

'Tis nobler thus to crawl, like snakes and toads,
Than live, and have a face erect like thee.

Mor. Alas, thou faint'st!

I

Dow.

THE ALBION QUEENS.

63

Dow. Hold off thy curf'd hands—I am resolv'd.
My royal mistress shall not fall alone,
But, hand in hand, the joyful course we'll run.
Attend, ye bright inhabitants on high,
Whilst I proclaim th' imperial faint is nigh :
Now, now she starts, and now begins the race,
And now with blushings veils her charming face ;
The lovely pillar that sustains her head,
Her snowy neck now on the block is laid ;
Tears in vast torrents flow from every eye,
And groans, like thunder, rend the vaulted sky ;
The axe is up, and points the way to heaven—
Now, now it falls, and now the stroke is given. [*Dis.*]

Enter Queen Elizabeth, and Attendants.

Qu. El. Speak, Morton, traitor to thy sovereign,
Yet give me comfort, and I'll pardon all :
Where is the Queen ? Say, does my sister live ?
Where is she ?

Mor. Dead, ere this, upon the scaffold. [*Queens ?*]

Qu. El. ' Now, who will swiftest run to save both
Fly faster than the rushing thought to save her.

And he that from the lifted axe the dove

Can save, shall be a king.

Vanish ; a kingdom's thy reward.'

Seize on that fiend ; Truth has at last been kind,

And brought to light 'twas he that murder'd Darnley.

Bind him in chains, and in an iron cage,

Let him be sent to Scotland to be tortur'd—

[*Ex. Morton, dragged away.*]

Ha ! what unthought-of, dismal object's this ?

A second prospect, sure, of grief to none ;

The pretty, innocent, and faithful Dowglas,

Dead with no other wound than sorrow's dart,

Or some unhappy poison.

Enter Cecil and Davison.

Cec. Madam, I wish the ransom of our lives

Could save the Queen's, or mediate our offence,

If you shall think it so ; for she is dead.

Qu. El. How couldst thou be so curs'd a villain !

That boots the thunder, or the bolts of kings,

Which traitors fear no more than summer's hail,

How art thou alive, and why dy'd Mary so ?

F 2

Cec.

64 THE ALBION QUEENS.

Cec. Alas!

Qu. El. Remove that vulture from my sight; and since Death cannot reach him, the Star-chamber shall

• Strip him of all his borrow'd plumes, and leave him

• As naked as he came into the world.' {known,

Dav. Long may you live, till Heaven at last makes The good that I've, so ill-rewarded, done. [Exit.

Qu. El. 'Oh, take away those sad remains for ever!'

Thy dust shall have a royal monument;

High as thy friendship shall the marble rise,

And, with thy soul, thy tomb shall reach the skies.

[They take off Dowlas.

Cec. Oh, calm that before! let no grief Molest your quiet spirit in its god-like mansion.

Qu. El. Oh, Cecil, shall I never be at rest?

We are but gaudy executioners at best:

Fix'd to our crowns, we bear the galling weight

Of censuring fools, and flattering knaves of state;

If we forgive, our pity is arraign'd,

If punish, we with crimes are stain'd.

In some wild desert happier 'tis to reign

O'er wolves and tygers, than more cruel men.

Hence with vain glories! I'll no more contend,

Trust not in greatness, nor on crowns depend,

When virtue is alone our surest friend.

} [Exeunt.

END of the FIFTH ACT.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by JO. HAINES.

*WHO could have ever thought to have seen me
Tack'd to the end of a deep tragedy?
They might as well have dress'd me out to dance,
Or sent me an ambassador to France.
Yet I am forc'd to come; for, say my masters,
Your pbiz will bring us off from all disasters.
Now, you must know, I thought a beau might be
A better suppliant for a tragedy;
His pretty face, his dimple, and his smile,
Might many tender ladies' hearts beguile.
But, nolens volens, Pricky must appear;
And—what am I to say, now I'm come here?
Oh, I'm to tell you, that the players say,
Unless you kindly do receive this play,
There's above half of them will lose their pay.
Nay, more, the poet too will lose his gains,
Unless you're pleas'd to smile upon Count Haines.
Let me not sue in vain, you shining sphere,
Nor you, my pit-friends, that to me are dear;
My middle-gallery friends will sure assist me,
And, for the upper-tier, they never mis'd me.
Then let your hearty wishes all be shewn,
To give the Albion Queens their just renown.*





Roberts del.

Published for Bells British Theatre Aug 3 1777.

W. B. R. sculp.

*MR. SMITH in the Character of **PIERCY**.
"Married!" my Anna Bullen false & married.*

—

1000

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7

BELL'S EDITION.

ANNA BULLEN;

OR,

VIRTUE BETRAY'D.

A TRAGEDY,

As written by Mr. BANKS.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE

VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

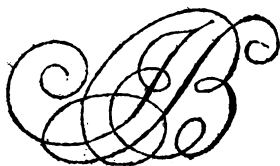
AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.



L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand,

MDCCLXXVII.



P R O L O G U E,

Written by a Person of Quality.

TO all impartial judges in the pit,
 And ev'ry beauteous patroness of wit,
 I'm sent to plead the poet's cause, and say,
 There's not one slander in his modest play:
 He brings before your eyes a modern story,
 Yet meddles not with either Whig or Tory.
 Was't not enough, vain men of either side,
 Two roses once the nation did divide?
 But must it be in danger now again,
 Betwixt our Scarlet and Green-Ribbon men?
 Who made this diff'rence were not England's friends:
 Be not their tools to serve their plotting ends.
 Damn the state-fop, who here his zeal discovers,
 And o'er the stage, like our ill genius, hovers:
 Give us a pit of drunkards, and of lovers;
 Good sanguine men, who mind no state-affair;
 But bid a base world of itself take care.
 We hope there lives not so abhorr'd a thing,
 But loves his country, and would serve his king.
 But in your parties why should we engage,
 Or meddle with the plots of a mad age?
 We lose enough by those upon the stage.
 Welcome mask-teazer, peevish gamester, buffer;
 All fools but politicians we can suffer:
 A God's name, let each keep to his vocation;
 Our trade is to mend you, and not the nation.
 Resides, our author hath this further end,
 'Tis not enough if but one side's his friend,
 He needs you all his weakness to defend;
 And, to oblige you to't, hopes he has shewn
 No country has men braver than your own.
 His Heroes all to England are confin'd;
 To your own fathers (sure) you will be kind.
 He brings no foreigners to move your pity,
 But sends them to a jury of the city.

A. 2

DRA—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

M E N.

<i>King Harry</i>	_____	_____	<i>Drury-Lane,</i>
<i>Cardinal,</i>	_____	_____	Mr. Smith.
<i>Northumberland,</i>	_____	_____	Mr. Giffow.
<i>Piercy,</i>	_____	_____	Mr. Wiltshire.
<i>Rochford,</i>	_____	_____	Mr. Betterton.
			Mr. Jos. Williams.

W O M E N.

<i>Anna Bullen,</i>	_____	_____	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Lady Diana Talbot,</i>	_____	_____	Mrs. Petty.
<i>Lady Elizabeth Blunt,</i>			
<i>Young Princess Elizabeth.</i>			

Ladies, Gentlemen, Attendants, and Guards.

SCENE, LONDON.

ANNA

ANNA BULLEN.

* * The lines marked with inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.

A C T I.

Enter Northumberland and Rochford.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

THIS is the day shall crown your parents' wishes,
And long-expected hopes; the king intends
To publish straight his marriage with your sister,
And make her known by th' title of a Queen.
The reason why it was so long kept secret;
Was our great Cardinal's delays, and tricks
Of Rome, which Harry has with frowns discover'd;
But since, in spite of Wolfey and the conclave,
By rev'rend Cranmer has the cause been try'd;
And Kath'rine is this day proclaim'd divorc'd.

Roch. Heav'n, be my witness, brave Northumberland!
It joys not me, but that it is his pleasure,
Whose happiness we are all bound to pray for:
And may my sister's crown fit lighter on
Her brow, than does the honour upon mine:
Something of boding whispers to my soul,
And tells me, Oh! this marriage will be fatal——

'Methinks I see a sword ty'd to a thread,
'Small as a hair, hang o'er our pageant greatness.
'Believe me, friend, thrones are severest touch-stones;
'And, like the emblem of their guard, the lion,
'All but of royal blood they will destroy.'

North. My Lord, this is severe to all that love you,
And you reflect unkindly on your fortune.

Roch. 'Fortune!' why did she lay her load on her?
'A load, I say, to quiet minds—the should

A 3

'Have

‘ Have cast it upon one that was ambitious.’
 My Lord, it had been kindly done of Fortune,
 T’ have seen my sister wedded to her vows,
 Your Piercy’s wife ; and not at one time made her
 Both cruel to the Queen, and false to him.

North. You know, my Lord, we all are witnesses
 With what remorse she took the regal burden,

‘ That sat upon her like a heavy armour
 ‘ On a child’s back ; she stagger’d with the weight.
 ‘ *Roch.* Oh, may it not be fatal to us, Heav’n !
 ‘ For at the very time she gave her hand
 ‘ To th’ eager king, to fasten’t with a pledge,
 ‘ The ring fell off, and could no more be found.

‘ *North.* Meer chance, my Lord.

‘ *Roch.* And then immediately,

‘ When the glad ceremonies were perform’d,
 ‘ The am’rous King bending to kiss her hand,
 ‘ A show’r of pearls broke passage from her eyes,
 ‘ And all bedew’d his head with ominous tears.

‘ *North.* The common use of ev’ry bashful bride.’

Roch. What will she do when she shall understand
 Our foul designs, and Piercy’s innocence ?
 His letters to her that you intercepted,
 And counterfeited others to deceive her,
 To make her once believe that he was married ?
 But what a mortal grief will seize your son,
 When he shall find his mistress was betray’d,
 And forc’d to marry one she cannot love !

North. To prevent that, soon as he’s come to court,
 ‘ Just but to see she’s marry’d, and no more,
 ‘ (Not giving him the time for second thoughts)’
 I’ll make a match between him and the heiress
 Of Shrewsbury.

Roch. A very gallant lady ;
 ‘ As’ virtuous, beautiful, and richer ‘ far’
 Than all her generation of that sex.

North. ‘ You wrong yourself to flatter me.’ Her father
 Brings her this day on purpose from the country :
 But the Queen thinks already they are marry’d.

Roch. And are you sure to gain your son’s consent
 To what he has been still so obstinate ?

North. Rage and despair, when he shall find her false,
 Will

ANNA BULLEN.

Will make him rashly change to any state;
 ' And, thinking to be miserable, will plunge
 ' Into the dreadful sea of matrimony,
 And make himself, though much against his will,
 The happiest man that ever was on earth.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey musing.

Behold the proud imperious Cardinal,
 With such a furious tempest on his brow,
 As if the world's four winds were pent within
 His blust'ring carcase. ' He has heard the news,
 ' And comes to argue with his friend, the devil,
 ' The reason of his no-intelligence.'

Roch. The popedom now, and all the wealth in Rome,
 Can scarcely recompense him for the fright
 This news has put him in—See how he staggers,
 Giddy with th' height his pride has rais'd him to.
 ' 'Tis then most fatal to unhappy England,
 ' When such church blazing stars appear in it.'

[*Exeunt North. and Roch.*]

Card. Marry'd in private, and declar'd his Queen!
 Kath'rine divorc'd, and Anna Bullen marry'd!
 Now, by our holy father's triple crown,
 It must not, cannot, nay, it shall not be.
 ' Where was your aid that time, ye slothful saints,
 ' Ye whom false zeal created in more numbers
 ' Then e'er the heathen made and worshipp'd gods?
 A Luth'ran Queen upon the throne of England!
 She to lie in the bosom of our prince!
 A buxom king, that for a wanton smile
 Will pawn his faith, and turn an heretic!

Enter the Lady Elizabeth Blunt.

Blunt. Awake, thou wretched dreaming priest, look up;
 Can you behold your proud St. Peter shake?
 The mighty pillar of that spreading church,
 That holds the great religion of the world,
 To stagger, and bestow no help, no aid
 From mighty Wolsey's shoulders to support it?
 ' Is this the great king-cardinal, who late,
 ' From smallest root, began to shade the land,
 ' And stood the tallest cedar of the church?
 ' Shame to thy priesthood, and thy scarlet robe;
 ' Ev'n thou, to whom the lib'ral see of Rome

' Has

- ‘ Has given all, next giving of herself :
- ‘ Unworthy servant of so kind a mistress.’

Card. What does the fairest mean ?

Blunt. ‘ Ha ! must I teach thee ?

- ‘ Art thou the thing, that from the chaff of mankind,
- ‘ From the base scurrilous rubbish of the world,
- ‘ First found thyself a way to thrive by wit ?
- ‘ Then edging it with sharpest villainies,
- ‘ Mow’d thee a passage to thy prince’s breast,
- ‘ And cut down all the virtuous from his sight ;
- ‘ Who chose thee for the champion of his vices,
- ‘ Whilst thou with labour let loose all their sluices,
- ‘ And pour’d them like a torrent in his bosom :
- ‘ This you did once confess to me, and more,
- ‘ When you declar’d how hot you were in love——’

Bullen is Queen ; the crown you promis’d me.

Now wreaths her head—Are these the hopes you gave me,

When once you said my son should be a king ?

The news not stirs your wonder ! Hell and furies !

‘ *Card.* What would you I should do to serve you ?

‘ *Blunt.* Forgive me, tender Wolsey, pious Cardinal !

- ‘ Shall I then teach your scarlet priesthood blood ?
- ‘ I would have done as Alexander did,
- ‘ The Sixth, and the most merciful, so nam’d.
- ‘ Are there no consecrated weapons left ?
- ‘ Or have you lost the pow’r to make them so ?
- ‘ Give me Saint Dagger, or Saint Poison, straight,
- ‘ And I will do that meritorious act ;
- ‘ Dispatch her straight to hell, from whence she fetch’d
- ‘ Those looks that robb’d me of the King and crown.’

Card. Have patience, Madam.

Blunt. Preach it to the winds,

To those that feel the rack of inquisition——

Curse on your gown-apologies ; but more.

Be curst the time of Bullen’s fatal birth ;

Wrinkles like age anticipate her youth ;

Mildews and blasts devour her wanton beauties ;

‘ Small-pox and leprosy rough-cast her o’er ;

‘ Dig up her charms and features by the roots,

‘ And bury them in pits as deep as graves.’

Card. Study some act that may revenge this fury.

This hurts no more than barks of coward curs ;

She

ANNA BULLEN.

9

She lives, and is as beautiful as ever.
Be rul'd by me ; who, like a dreadful piece,
Am sure to kill, where e'er I take my aim,
' Before they hear the noise, or see the flame.'

Blunt. Oh, tell me how to quench this fire within !
That burns me up with thoughtful injury.

Card. An easy way I'll chalk to your revenge ;
A road not steep, nor dangerous, but smooth ;
So unexpected, and so fatal too,
That the Queen's fancy and deluded genius
Shall tempt her in the same dissembled path,
Taking her by the other hand with us,
And lead her in the pit prepar'd for her.

Blunt. Go on, my Wolfey, charming as the young,
And more melodious than a choir of angels.

Card. This then it is : the King you know's inconstant,
And jealous, and as testy as old age ;
So cov'tous of the pleasure he possesses,
That he who does but look upon't, must die,
With her, whose innocent charms did force him to't.

Blunt. But how shall we be back'd with a pretence ?

Card. 'Tis easy to give fire to that fond breast
That is already charg'd with jealous sulphur :
The Queen loves Piercy, that may be a means ;
And spies may be laid ev'ry where to watch
Their private meetings, and their very looks,
And then acquaint the hot-brain'd King with it.
So straight their joyful destinies are seal'd.

Blunt. Most admirable !

Card. If we fail in this,
Some cry'd-up beauty, ne'er yet seen at court,
Must be found out, to tempt
And take the am'rous King : 'twill certain do ;
' For then no greedy falcon, when he sees the lure,
' Will fly down swifter to be catch'd and hooded,
' Than he into the fetters of her charms.'

Blunt. ' Oh, come to my embrace,' thou godlike priest !
Balm to my wounded and my tortur'd bosom.

Card. Go straight, and haste about th' intelligence.

Blunt. I will. Good fortune has been so propitious,
To make young Rochford, Anna Bullen's brother,
Enamour'd of my beauty ; him I'll mould,

Sound

Sound ev'ry thought of his unguarded soul,
 ' Linking him close in amorous intrigues,'
 Till I've discover'd from him our design
 Of Piercy's love, and of his sister's conduct.

Card. An accident, the luckiest that could happen !
 Behold the Queen in her first state and greatness—
 But yet she bears it with no welcome mien :
 Piercy hangs heavy on her heart, and in her eyes ;
 It works, it manages, as we would have it :
 And in her heedless innocence she fails,
 Shunning no rocks, no quicksands, nor no danger,
 But runs into her ruin faster than
 We wish.

Blunt. Her crown is hideous to my sight ;
 Its jewels fatal as the eyes of basilisks :
 Oh, Cardinal ! this rival Queen and I
 Should never meet but in the scales of death,
 That weigh all mortals even and alike.

Queen Anne appears seated upon a throne. Northumberland, Rochford, Lords, Ladies, Attendants, and Guards about her.——

' *Omnes.* Long live King Henry, and Queen Anne of England.'

North. Immortal live great Queen of England, France,
 And Ireland, and for ever rule the heart
 Of conqu'ring Henry, as he reigns o'er us
 And all his faithful subjects—

I speak it as the wishes and the voice
 Of your most loyal kingdoms ; to confirm it,
 Sound straight your loudest instruments of joy,
 ' And shout as I do, all that love their Queen.'

' *Queen rises from her throne.*' [*Shouts and Trumpets within.*
Queen. These sounds might lift another to the heav'ns !

But what is music to the ear that's deaf ;

' Or crowns and scepters to a dying wretch ?

' Despair turns all alike that comes to me,

' Blind to the pomp that glads all eyes but mine,

' Deaf to its charms, and dead to all its glories.'

[*Trumpets and shouts again.*

Cease, ye more empty flatterers than winds !

Be silent as the sorrows in my breast :

If ye will give me ease, forbear such flatt'ries ;

' For

For I receive them with as little joy,
 As ev'n those filly wretches utter them,
 Having no other reason but vile custom.
 My noble Lords,
 I know you all are loyal to the King,
 And for his sake you are thus kind to me :
 But for the rabble, who can read that sphynx ?
 Their very breath, that now proclaims, with joy,
 Sad Katherine to be no longer Queen,
 And my unwelcome coronation,
 Would the same moment, should my stars permit,
 Shout louder at the sentence of my death.

Card. Most glorious and belov'd of England's Queens!

Oh, lay not on our nation such a curse,
 As a suspicion of its faith to you !

I dare be bold, and say it as a priest,
 As confessor to all my country's guilt,
 There's none, how mean soever, with myself,
 But loves you more than life, or darling riches ;
 Wishing to feel severest penance here,
 And hell hereafter, rather than behold
 You less a Queen, or less ador'd, than now.'

Queen. They have my thanks, next kind good-natur'd
 It cannot but be real, 'cause he says it. [Wolsey,

Card. Oh, that your majesty would think so ever ;
 And that my proud endeavours, with success,
 First whisper'd in the bosom of the King
 The secret wonders of your mind and person,
 And made him soon discover all your beauties,
 Those rare perfections that above your sex
 Have merited his passion and his crown.

Queen. Oh, reverend, pious, best of Cardinals !
 Who too well knows

By whose high hand I climb'd this malic'd greatness,
 And wear this envy'd crown.

Card. May heav'n and stars
 Pour their just hatred on——

Queen. Cease execrations ;
 For should they come to pass, as heav'n forbid,
 What would the miserable nation do ?
 Besides, 'twere pity to the King and me,

That

- ‘ That we should lose so exquisite a head,
- ‘ And such a prelate should be damn’d so soon.’

Card. Ten thousand saints more than my royal master,
Are witnesses to th’ truth of what I say.

- ‘ *Queen.* As many saints and myriads of bright angels
- ‘ Can witness of the blackness of thy soul,
- ‘ That canker’d fist the conscience of thy master,
- ‘ Misleading him with hopes to purge a sin,
- ‘ To act the worst, ev’n a religious guilt.

‘ *Card.* The wise and just in omnipotence—

‘ *Queen.* No more.

- ‘ Hell’s not so full of torments, as thy soul,
 - ‘ Has blasphemies to be rewarded in it—
 - ‘ Give me some ease, just Heav’n! if there be any—’
- My Lords, if there’s no more for you to act,
To perfect or unmake this ceremony,
(Oh, that it could be done) retire a while,
And leave me with my women for some moments—
- ‘ What! am I then a pris’ner to be guarded?
 - ‘ Has then a throne cost me so dear a price,
 - ‘ As forfeit of my liberty of thinking?
 - ‘ Do princes barter for their crowns their freedoms?
 - ‘ Good Heav’n! not think! nor pray, if I have need!
 - ‘ If I’m a Queen, why am I not obey’d?

Card. We’ll all perform your Majesty’s command.

[*Exeunt all but her Women.*]

- Queen.* Am I got loose, ‘loose from this worrying sense
Of dismal state, that always loads a monarch,
And racks him with dissembling tortures?
Oh, wretched state of princes! that want nothing
But a retreat from business and from crouds;
Yet wanting that, want ev’ry thing that’s happy,
A soul at ease!’—Oh, sacred solitude!
How airy and delightful are thy walks!
No stinging serpent, nor worse insect, man,
Disturb thy fragrant and enamell’d paths;
No winter blasts, nor autumn winds, molest
Thy sacred grottos; all around is summer;
Nothing broods there but an eternal spring,
Mild as all May, and beautiful as Eden:
‘ Thou charitable good, that from th’ afflicted

‘ Un-

‘ Unloads the heavy burdens that oppress them,
‘ And plants repose in ev’ry breast instead !’

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Lady Diana Talbot begs admittance,
To pay her duty to your majesty.

Queen. What say’st ! Thou’st rous’d a dragon in my
Which I had thought for ever to have hush’d : [breast,

‘ That name sets ev’ry pulse again at work
‘ Within me—Talbot ! how art thou mistaken ?
‘ She’s Piercy’s now ; and Piercy is all her’s.’

Lady. Shall she be brought to your presence ?

Queen. Ay—No—Yes—

Do any thing, so ’twill be sure to kill me :

Oh, Piercy ! Piercy ! would thou ne’er hadst been

Unfaithful ; or, at least, in being so,

Hadst never taught me how to be reveng’d :

But, Oh ! the dismal pain is all my own ;

‘ And, like an arrow from an o’er-bent bow,

‘ The hasty dart turn’d back, and hurt myself,

‘ Wounding that breast where I least meant my aim.

‘ How soft and tender were our mutual vows !

‘ Which since another’s charms like lightning blasted ;

‘ Whilst parents’ threats, and king’s authority,

‘ Rent me, like thunder, from my fix’d resolves ;

‘ Thou’rt marry’d now ; and all those am’rous sighs,

‘ And passionate tears, with thousand extasies,

‘ Which we both learnt and taught to one another,

‘ Like innocent children, in the school of love,

‘ Are now the arts with which, false man ! thou’st taught

‘ Another’s fond believing heart, they are.’

Enter Lady Diana Talbot.

‘ She comes, triumphant in her eyes the joy

‘ That once, like tides, o’erflow’d my fruitful breast.

‘ How proud she bears herself to see my pain !

‘ Whilst I look up to her, and sigh in vain !

‘ But I will hide it ; and forgive me, Heav’n,

[Diana kneels.

‘ For ’tis the first time that I e’er dissembled—’

Rise, dear Diana, you have been a stranger ;

Could nothing but a Queen drag you to court ?

I owe this kindness to my royalty,

And not your friendship.

B

Diana.

Diana. Pardon, mighty Princess!
 I had been blest for ever in your presence,
 'Charming in all estates as well as now,'
 Had I been mistress of my inclinations.
 But——

Queen. 'Tis no matter, I'll allow you reason,
 A cause so indispensable and just,
 That 'twere a fault in me to blame such virtue.

Diana. Indeed a parent's will ought still to be
 Obey'd, next duty to your majesty.

Queen. And something yet more binding--Do not blush--
 Come, I'll unriddle all, and spare your tongue
 The trouble, and your bashful cheeks the fire.

Diana. What fire, what blushes, do you tax me with?
 I feel not any but what wonder raises;
 And blush, because I cannot comprehend.

Queen. You are unkind; why make it you a secret?
 And but to me, when all the world reports it.

Diana. There is no secret, nothing I would hide
 From so ador'd a friendship as my Queen's.

Queen. Why, d'you suspect me then? [*Aside.*] How
 To tell it me! as loth as I to hear it. [loth she is

'Sure she suspects how fatal 'twill be to me;
 'And the proud man has triumph'd o'er my weakness,
 'And told her all my passion with a scorn——
 'Tis so; whilst poor regardless, innocent I
 'Was all the while their censure and their pastime,
 'The fool, whose story acted, made them sport,
 'And gave new edge to all their sated joys;
 'Nay, and perhaps drew pity from their pride.
 'Pity! good gods! must I endure their pity?—'
 You will not own it then? but 'tis no matter. [*To Diana.*
 When saw you Piercy?

Diana. Piercy, Madam!

[*She starts.*

Queen. Yes;

Why did you start? Has he a name so horrid?

'But now you spoke as though there were not such
 'A man i'th' world, and wonder'd at my meaning;
 'But yet have all the agonies to hear him nam'd:
 Him you would hide, but cannot hide your blushes.

Diana. Good Heav'n! by what strange miracle have
 you

Re-

Reveal'd my secret passion to the Queen?
I never told my grievance but to you,
And that but silently in broken sighs
And stifled tears——

[*Aside.*]

Queen. 'Tis plain she is disturb'd——

What can this mean? Sure one of us is mad!

' Why all this care to hide a truth from me,
' That is the common talk of all the world?
' There's something in it more than yet I know,
' Which I must search into by other means.
' Madam, I thought when I had condescended

[*Aside.*]

[*To Diana.*]

' To ope my breast, and mingle friendship with you,
' You would not then deny so small a secret;
' And now, when I'm a Queen, and may command it—
' Therefore' begone. Leave me without reply.
Henceforth I'll know the persons better, out
Of whom I mean to choose a friend—Farewel—
Piercy, no doubt, is not so fondly nice,
Who brags, and tells the world of his proud conquest.

Diana. Forgive me first, then give me leave to tell you—
How 'twas disclos'd to you, the wonder stuns me,
This secret which I thought scarce heav'n found out.

' *Queen.* Racks and worse tortures, frenzies of the
mind!

' Hence; take her from my sight; she will distract me.'

Diana. 'Oh, hear me first: your fury's not so dreadful,
' As is my pain to tell:' yet I'll confess:

[*Kneels.*]

A fatal truth it is; Piercy I love——

Now pity me, and quench my tort'ring blushes:
For Heav'n reveal'd it for no ill.

Queen. 'I am amaz'd: still worse and worse, she stabs
' And they're abuses all.'——Ingrateful woman! [me;
Would'st have me think thy lawful passion such a wonder!
Is it a crime for thee to love thy husband?

Diana. Ha! what's that you say? My husband, said
Meant you to mock th' unfortunate Diana? [you?

Queen. No, I will say't again; thy perjur'd husband!

Diana. Ah, royal Madam! Piercy is more blest;
We are not marry'd; he is not my husband.

Queen. Ha!

[*Aside.*]

Diana. That were to me too great a happiness!

Queen.

Queen. Should this be true, what would become of me?
[*Aside.*]

Diana, rise! Are you not his wife?

‘*Diana.* So far from that, his person I have not seen
‘ In twelve long months, this last long tedious year.

‘*Queen.* Art not his wife?’

Diana. By all your precious hopes
And mine, I’m not.

Queen. Is Piercy then not marry’d?
Support me, Heav’n! and with a wonder save me;
[*Aside.*]

Call all thy virtue and thy courage straight
To help thee now, or thou art lost for ever.

‘ Am I then cheated, and is Piercy faithful?

‘ If I can bear all this, I challenge Atlas

‘ To live under a load so vast as mine.

‘ Ah, Piercy! injur’d Percy! injur’d Bullen!

‘ But hold, there’s yet a greater task behind,

‘ And that is, to dissemble well.—Diana!

‘*Diana.* Madam——

‘*Queen.* Thou wonder’st at my curiosity,
‘ As though I were concern’d at this false story.

‘ I’ll tell thee why:’ it has been long reported,
That you and Piercy were in private marry’d.

Diana. Such a report came likewise to my hearing;
But how ’twas rais’d, by whom, or why, I know not.

Queen. Too well the dreadful cause of it I know.
[*Aside.*]

This, when I heard, I took unkindly from you:
I was your friend; ‘ you ought no more to steal

‘ A marriage from a friend, than from a father:

‘ And when you aggravated, as I thought,

‘ By your unkind denial, it enrag’d me;

‘ For which,’ I hope, Diana, you’ll forgive me——

‘ Methinks I do it rarely——
[*Aside.*]

Diana. Best of Queens!

Thus on my knees I ought to beg that pardon:
I own I did offend my gracious mistress.

Queen. Rise to my arms—This kiss now seals thee mine
For ever.

Diana. Oh, most admirable goodness!

‘*Queen.*

' *Queen.* This tenderness betrays me, melts my soul !

[*Aside.*

' A fatal engine, that draws all my griefs
' Up to my eyes and lips, just ready to unload
' And pour them in at once into her breast,
' Whom I, of all the world, should hide them from.'

Oh, for some wild, some desert, to complain in,
Some vast and uninhabitable place ;

Or else some precipice that butts the ocean,
' That wide, and never to be fathom'd ocean,
' That I might tell th' echoing rocks my woes,
' And count my sorrows to the winds and seas,'

More pitiful, and more relenting far,
Than false and cruel mankind is to me.

Diana. You seem disturb'd ! Ah ! what inhuman grief
Dares seize your royal breast ?

' *Queen.* Come, dear Diana ;
' Go to my closet with me ; there, perhaps,
' Some rest may quell this melancholy monster ;
' And there it may not be amiss sometimes
' To talk of Piercy ; will it ?

' *Diana.* Sacred Queen,
' 'Twill not ; and, Oh ! I wish that the discourse
' Would soothe your soul with as much joy as mine.'

Queen. These are the first miseries, the rest
Come rolling on apace ; and, Kath'rine, now
Thou art reveng'd !—Just Heav'n, whose is the sin ?

Punish not me, I sought not to be Queen ;
But Henry's guilt amidst my pomp is weigh'd,
And makes my crown sit heavy on my head ;

' To banish from his bed the chasted bride,
' That twenty years lay loving by his side !

' How can I give it, without tears, a name,
' When I reflect my case may be the same ?

' And I, perhaps, as slaves are to the priest,
' Thus gay and fine, for sacrifice am dress'd !'

Ah ! Kath'rine, do not envy me thy throne ;
For thou art far more happy, that hast none.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

Enter Northumberland and Rochford.

ROCHFORD.

THE news is strange you tell me of the King.

North. Most wonderful, nor can I guess the mean-
 He came just now from hunting as his use, [ing:
 And at Sir Thomas Seymour's house he was
 Most splendidly and kindly entertain'd
 At a repast.

Roch. Took he there any thing
 Amiss?

North. No; quite contrary, so good-humour'd,
 I never saw him in my life more pleasant;
 But now, instead of going to the Queen,
 With words that shew'd more discontent than rage,
 He order'd all about him to retire;
 And, which is still more strange, enquir'd for Wolsey;
 Wolsey, whom all men thought quite out of favour!
 ' Then shut himself in his bed-chamber,
 ' And there remains; nor durst the boldest venture
 ' To follow him, and ask him what he ails——'
 May not the Queen your sister, think you, be
 The innocent occasion?

Roch. That's impossible!
 For but last night he came to her apartment,
 With all the heats and love that could inspire
 A bridegroom, scarcely of an hour's making:
 With haste he ran, and where he should have sat,
 He kneel'd down by her as his deity;
 Printing soft kisses on her lovely hand,
 And sigh'd as if he had been still a wooing.

North. Right Harry still; for by this flood of passion,
 The nearer he's to ebb and change.

Roch. See! the King.

North. You're brother to his wife, and may be bold;
 But I'll not venture. [Exit North.

Enter King Henry.

King. Who are you, that durst peiss on my retirement?
 Ha, Bullen! get thee from my sight——Be gone——

Who waits there? Why am I thus troubled?
Let none but Wolsey dare to be admitted.

[*To the Attend.*

Who can withstand so vast a shock of beauties,

[*He sits down.*

So many wonders in so bright a form?

' When Heav'n designs to make a perfect face,
' A beauty for a monarch to enjoy,
' 'Tis feign'd, that the most skilful spirits are all
' Employ'd, and just before their eyes is plac'd
' Th' exactest, loveliest angel for a pattern;
' If it be true, this only must be she,
' And must be mine'—Who's there? the Cardinal?

Enter Wolsey.

Card. The humblest vassal of his god-like master,

King. Come hither, Sir—I sent for thee, my Wolsey;
And dost not wonder, when but yesterday
I took from thee the seal and chanc'llor's place?
But 'tis no matter: do not care, I say;
I love you still, in spite of all your foes—
You have malicious enemies at court;
Besides, the Queen, my Lord, is no good friend
Of yours.

Card. Wretched am I, that have incurr'd
My King's displeasure, and my Queen's dire hatred!
But m'innocence, when I am dead, perhaps,
May to my royal master, though too late,
Appear.

King. Talk not of death, good Cardinal,
For I have business with thee first—' By Heav'n

' He that dares mutter Wolsey is a traitor,
' Shall die for a worse traitor as he is:
' Keep thy own still, the bishoprics of York
' And Winchester, and Cardinal, that is
' Above my grant; and when I give thee leave,
' Go to thy diocese, and live to spite them.

' *Card.* Immortal wreaths, and diadems of saints,
' Crown you in heaven for this royal goodness.
' I am grown old, too weak to guard me from
' My foes, but for your majesty's protection.'

King. Oh, Wolsey! be to me but half so kind!
As I shall be to thee. Seymour, my father!

The

The lovely Seymour whom thou told'st me of,
 I did devour her beauties from thy lips,
 And fed my ears with the delicious feast;
 But since, I've seen this wonder of her sex!
 The charming'st creature e'er adorn'd the world;
 And find her all as far above thy praises,
 As heav'n can be beyond man's frail description.

Card. Have you then seen her, Sir?

King. Oh, yes, my Wolfey!

And having seen her, guess, I needs must be
 But wretched without her, or thy assistance.

Card. This goes as I expected.

[*Aside.*

King. Help thy prince!

Why art so slow? Has Wolfey lost his courage?
 That wit that emperors and popes has sway'd?—

' So let thy brain begin to travail now;

' Bring forth, thou more than king, thou more than man;

Thou hast a mine within that subtle breast,

The stone which dull philosophy has toil'd

In vain for— Make me master of thy Indies—

Lend me thy wit to purchase Seymour for me.

Card. You have the means already in your hands;
 Pow'r is the greatest charmer of that sex.

King. Command my pow'r, my kingdoms, to thy aid:

' Join to thy fox's tail my lion's skin!

Take thou my scepter, bind it to thy cross,

And to thy mitre add my humble crown;

'Tis all my Wolfey's; Wolfey shall be king:

I ask but only Seymour in exchange.

Card. You bid too much; send for her straight to court;

Make her a marchioness, or else a duchess:

There's hardly now a woman but will sell

A foolish honour that none sees, for that

Which makes a noise and splendor in the world.

King. How thou deceiv'st my eager expectations!

This I have done without such rare advice:

But, Oh, she is inflexible to all!

Deaf to the sounds of vanity and pomp,

And more remorseless than a saint or hermit;

' Her chastity cold as the frozen stream,

' And then as hard, and never to be thaw'd,

' As crystal rocks or adamantine quarries.'

That, Oh, I fear, had I but what I covet,

The

The crown from Bullen's head, to offer her,
'Twould scarcely tempt her to thy prince's bed.

Card. Then, Sir, I doubt 'tis hardly in my pow'r
To help you.

King. Ha! false and ungrateful man!
Is that then all the hope your brain can give me?

Card. It is impossible, if she be virtuous,
That e'er she would be had by force or cunning:
Therefore apply this remedy a while,
Have but a little patience till 'tis lawful.

King. Traitor and pois'ner of thy master's rest,
Must I despair? Is that thy precious counsel?

'Did I descend to ask advice from hell?

'Consult thy wicked oracle for this,'

Totell me what is lawful?

Card. Understand me.

King. Give me some hopes, or, 'by thy damn'd am-
I'll crumble thee to dust, puff thee to nothing; [bition,
And make thee less, and more dejected far,
Than the base fellow that begot thee, priest.

'*Card.* Hear me but——

'*King.* Why didst thou infect my breast,
And with thy ven'mous tongue deceive me, worse
Than the old serpent, that in Paradise

Betray'd the first of mankind with a bait?

So thou, lurking and hid amidst the charms

Of Seymour's rare and unsuspected beauties,

Sung'st me her praises in such tempting words,

That I with ravish'd ears swallow'd the sound,

And never saw the sting I suck'd in after.

Card. You will not give me leave t'explain myself,
Nor yet to give you remedy.

'*King.* Tell me;

For remedy I'll have from heav'n or hell,

Or I will take thy blood, thy scorpion's blood,

And lay it to my grief till I have ease.'

Card. Your fury will not let you understand me.

When I advis'd to stay till it was lawful,

At the same time I meant to let you know,

'Twas not a thing so hard to bring to pass.

King. Ha! said again like Wolsey! Tell me straight,

'My soul waits at the portal of thy breast,

'To

‘ To ravish from thy lips the welcome news,
 ‘ Ere they have minted into words thy thoughts.—’
 Quick, what can lawfully make Seymour mine?

Card. Make her your Queen.

King. Make her my Queen!

Card. Yes, Sir.

King. Sure I but dream: what dost thou mean? or
 how?

Card. Invest her head with Anna Bullen’s crown?

King. Sure thou art mad, and would’st make me so too—
 What, whilst she lives?

Card. Ay, whilst she lives, I said:

Is that so strange a thing that ne’er was done.
 Divorce her.

King. Ha!

Card. What is’t that makes you start?
 Divorce her, and take Seymour to your bed.

King. How! Take good heed what ’tis thou pullest
 Thyself—Divorce my lawful, virtuous wife [upon
 Without a cause!

‘ *Card.* There is a cause.

‘ *King.* What is’t?

‘ *Card.* Pretend remorse of conscience.

‘ *King.* Gods!

‘ *Card.* Ne’er wonder:

‘ Say you are troubled and disturb’d within.

‘ *King.* Eternal villain! Lucifer the damn’d! [*Aside.*

‘ Traitor, at what?

‘ *Card.* At that which seiz’d your mind.

‘ When Kath’rine you divorc’d for Anna Bullen!

‘ Conscience! conscience!

‘ *King.* Horrid, tormenting fiend!

‘ Thou know’st she was my brother’s wife; and Bullen

‘ On no such just pretence I can disclaim.

‘ *Card.* No matter; on the like distrust of conscience

‘ That made you do the one, you may the other.

‘ Give out that she’s not lawfully your wife,

‘ The first alive; and that you never had

‘ A dispensation from his Holiness.

‘ *King.* His Holiness! I’m blasted with the thoughts.

‘ Pernicious traitor! how can this be done?

‘ *Card.* Leave it to me; consent you, ’tis enough;
 ‘ And

‘ And I’ll engage, on forfeit of my life,
 ‘ To get a licence from our holy father,
 ‘ To disannul this marriage, and to take
 ‘ Into your lawful bed the beauteous Seymour.
 ‘ *King.* But then shall I remain unfree from Cath’rine?
 ‘ *Card.* The Church shall grant a dispensation too
 ‘ For that.

‘ *King.* What horror’s this I hear? Can this be true?
 ‘ In all my wanton and luxurious youth,
 ‘ Or in my blackest thoughts of lust and rage,
 ‘ I ne’er yet found one with amongst them all
 ‘ Of such a deep infernal hue. The horror
 ‘ Has kindled my whole blood into a flame,
 ‘ And made me blush a deeper scarlet than
 ‘ This villain’s robe. Disloyal, wicked monster!
 ‘ But I will strive to hide my just resentments. [*Aside.*
 ‘ Divorce my second wife without a cause!’

Could it be done, what would the nation say?
 What would the action look like, but a hell,
 To warn succeeding princes from the like,
 And blot me from the scroll of pious kings.
 Could it be lawful, Wolsey, I would hearken.

Card. Then lawful shall it be, in spite of scruples:
 I see your conscience is an infant grown,
 A child again, and wants to be instructed——
 Come, let me lead you by the hand, and point
 A way ‘ for you to walk on even ground;
 ‘ So safe,’ the nicest conscience shall commend
 And chuse it.

King. Now thou dost rejoice thy prince.

Card. What if she be unfaithful to your bed,
 And prov’d so?

King. Ha! there’s thunder in that word;
 The bolt ran thro’, and shiver’d me to pieces.
 Disloyal to my bed! adult’rous! ha!
 Saidst thou not so? ‘ Yet hold; if this be true,’
 There hangs a shower of cordial in my reach,
 To cure this horrid fit. Wolsey, beware
 How thou dost dally with my hopes and fears;
 Look to’t, and see you wrong her not: ‘ for if
 ‘ Thou dost, by all the plagues thy soul deserves,
 ‘ All hell shall be too little for thy carcase;

‘ New

' New hells shall be created, and more hot
 ' Than what's prepar'd for traitors, parricides,
 ' For ravishers of mothers, lustful nuns,
 ' For Lucifer himself t' endure ; nay, more
 ' Than villain, pope, or cardinal e'er felt.'
 Speak how thou know'st it—Quick.

Card. Alas, my Lord,
 I never meant it enter'd in my own
 Particular knowledge ! but it is reported.

King. Reported, saidst thou ? Is not that enough ?
 Report ! Why, she's damn'd, if she's but thought
 A whore, much more reported to be so.

' 'Tis not the act alone that wrongs thy king ;
 ' Each smile, each glance, and every wanton look,
 ' That's meant t' another, if I leave unpunish'd,
 ' Shall brand me with the ignominious name
 ' Of wittol, which is worse——Make me but sure
 ' That the least breath has utter'd such a sound,
 ' Or whisper'd to the air that she's unchaste,
 ' By all the horrid fiends that punish lust,
 ' And by the black concupiscence of hell,
 I'll tumble her from the throne into a dungeon——
 Name me the man that is suspected.

Card. Piercy.

King. Piercy !

Card. Yes, Sir, he's the man she doats on ;
 'Tis he lies deeper in her breast than ever ;
 For him she sighs, and hoards up all her wishes ;
 ' Gives him her person warm, inspir'd with passion ;
 ' Whilst for yourself, she only treats you with
 ' The cold dead body of departed love.'

King. Is Piercy then at court ?

Card. He is this day
 Arriv'd.

King. How ! come without my leave, say'st thou ?

Card. He is, no doubt, to consummate their joys,
 Their signs and tokens to compare ; which they,
 By letters and devices in their absence,
 Have hourly plotted to deceive you, Sir,
 And put in practice when the time is ripe.

King. Hell and tormenting furies !——I believe thee.

Card.

Card. Nay, in your bed, and in her dreams, she thinks
'When pleasures made you dull, it whetted her.' [on't;

King. Hold, I can hear no more. By all my wrongs,
And cheated hopes, thou bring'st to my remembrance,
How all complaisances to me were dragg'd
And forc'd from her, like mirth from one in torture !
Sometimes I found her face all drown'd in tears,
With gales of sighs, just blowing off those storms
In fear away : sometimes again in blushes,
As if then all the wanton heat of love
Were darting thro' her eyes to meet my flame ;
But when, with eager haste, I catch'd her in
These arms, and press'd her lips, alack ! I found
Instead of summer there, no ice so cold ;
Instead of breath that would revive the dead,
No air so chill, no winter blasts so keen.

Card. Thus all her actions will be still to you :
The roses of her blood she keeps for him,
The thorns for you—Had you been Piercy then——

King. Let me embrace the savor of his prince,
The dear preserver of my life and honour !
What shall I do for thee, my friend ?

Re-enter Rochford.

Card. Here's Rochford !
Pray, smoothe your brow, and hide your discontent :
And, now y'are going to the Queen, smile on her ;
Mean while she'll stumble, like a hasty child,
'And act more plain and open to your justice ;'
Then when you find her tripping, on the sudden
Strike, like the hand of Heav'n, a sure revenge,
And never let her rise again.

King. I will ——
My Lord, you may come near ; where is the Queen ?

[To Roch.

Roch. I left her in the drawing-room.

King. Ah, Wolsey !
What angel e'er so bright as woman was,
Had not the first scorn'd her creator's laws ?
For nearest his own likeness they were made,
Till they by falseness did their sex degrade.

[Exit King and Cardinal.

Roch. What means this sudden alteration ?

C

Is

Is not that Piercy? Oh, too true! he comes
 Not like a joyful bridegroom, as was told thee,
 Poor cheated sister! but like one, alas!
 That knows already the base wrongs our friends
 Have heap'd upon him. Where shall I avoid him?
 Ah, why must I, of all the plot, be curs'd,
 To look upon a face so full of horror,
 That, like a hell, at once upbraids my guilt,
 And lashes me with the remembrance?

Enter Piercy.

Pier. Methinks I walk like one that's in a dream,
 A horrid dream, and fain would be awake:
 These rooms of state look not as they were wont,
 When Anna Bullen oft has ran to meet me;
 ' But seem like Fairy-land, a wilderness.
 ' My friends, like beasts that never yet saw man,
 ' Start at my sight, and shun me worse than fire. [sions?]
 ' What mean you, Heav'ns? What mean those boding vi-
 Oh, that some friends, some friends indeed, would meet
 And wake me out of it!—Behold, 'tis granted—! [me,
 Is not that Rochford there? My dearest brother!—

Roch. My Lord, my Piercy!

Pier. Come thou to my arms—

Methinks thou art concern'd to see thy friend:
 When I embrace thee, 'tis a pain, I find;
 Thy friendship is as cold as winter blasts,
 ' Or chill as age is to a tender virgin.'
 What ails my friend? ' Say, quickly.'

Roch. Nothing ails me.

Pier. Nothing! why look'st thou then so full of horror?
 Thy down-cast eyes call to my sad remembrance,
 How, passing by yon gallery of pictures,
 That happy gall'ry, that was once the scene:
 Of many a joyful meeting with thy sister;
 ' Looking with wonder on these famous persons,
 ' Whom the rare painter had with so much art
 ' Describ'd, to make posterity amends
 ' For their bright forms, now moulder'd in their urns,
 ' With their immortal shapes of beauty here:
 ' There, as we us'd to walk, none e'er so kind,
 ' With loving arms and tender wishes join'd,
 ' A glad remembrance in their looks we spy'd,

• Of

- Of what their bodies had on earth enjoy'd ;
- With stedfast eyes they watch'd us all the while,
- And when we smil'd, they would be sure to smile ;
- Or if we chanc'd to weep, or sigh our woe,
- They seem'd to pity us, and do so too ;
- Such sympathy they drew from all our fears,
- Our very griefs, and every look was theirs.

• *Roch.* The overflowing of your love-sick fancy.

- *Pier.* But mark me now, Rochford ; mind the sad
- Catastrophe. They look not now like friends
- Of comfort, but like boding Sybils rather ;
- Their smiles converted all to darting frowns,
- Whilst, with their seeming voice and hands, methought,
- They chid and beckon'd me to shun the place ;
- As if they did intend to say aloud,
- Ah, Piercy, 'tis not now as heretofore !
- Piercy, begone, for thou shalt happy be no more.

Roch. Ah, my Lord !

- Pier.* Ha ! what say'st thou ? 'Tis enough ;
- There hangs a dreadful tale upon thy brow,
- And there's some horrid meaning in that word——
- Let thy dire look speak all the rest, I pr'ythee ;
- Thou'st pierc'd quite thro' me, like an ague-fit,
- Stopp'd every circling passage of my blood,
- And made me sweat big drops as cold as ice——
- Say, quick, how fares thy sister ? Is she well ?
- My love, my wife ?——Did I not call her wife ?
- Speak, is she living ? Is she dead ? If so,
- And thou dar'st utter it, plant thy dread voice
- Just like a cannon to thy Piercy's breast,
- And shiver me to pieces.

Roch. By these words,
I find he knows not of my sister's marriage——
Still worse and worse. [*Aside.*] Alas, my Lord, she lives !
[*To Piercy.*]

Pier. Lives ! Oh, the joy ! But is she ought than well ?
Tell it with speed, why didst thou say alas ?

• *Roch.* Well, she is too.

- *Pier.* Then blessed be that voice !
- But why thou speak'st it with such cold reserve,
- I cannot guess. Oh, tell't with joy !
- Tell it aloud with shouting to the spheres,

- That they may echo, with glad harmony,
- Thy sister lives ! my Bullen is in health !'

Roch. She is in health ; but——

Pier. Ha ! but what ? Speak out.

Why dost thou torture me with dire suspense ?

- If there be any thing can now be call'd misfortune,
- When thy dear sister is in health, out with it :
- Let it be worse than thunder, I can bear it.'

Roch. Alas, kind Piercy, force not me to tell you !
Too soon you'll hear the news, from one, perhaps,
'That can relate it, rocky as he is,
Without a sigh or tear in pity of you.

Pier. Ye heav'nly Pow'rs ! what does my Rochford

- Methinks, the joyful tidings in my breast, [mean ?
- That she's in health, do chide me for my fears ;
- But then again a fatal heaviness
- Straight intercepts this dawn of comfort there,
- And, like a cloud, hides all these new-born beams
- Of hope, and bids me dread I know not what.
- I am in hell, in torments ! worse, in doubt——
- Is there no balsam that can cure this sting ?
- No *Œdipus*, that can unfold this riddle ?'

I pry'thee, gentle Rochford, do not rack me ;
Take off this heavy weight that sinks thy brother.
Come, flatter me, if thou'rt afraid to tell
The truth, and say, that all these killing words
Were not in earnest.

Enter Northumberland.

Roch. See, your father's here.

Pier. He will take pity, and release me, sure.

North. Harry, thou art most welcome to thy father ;
Welcome to all, and welcome to the King.
Rejoice, my son, and deck thy face with smiles ;
'There's love and fortune coming towards thee.

Pier. Pardon me, best father ; spare my answer.

[*Kneels.*

Oh, tell me first, what news is from my love ?
How does my mistress fare, and what's become
Of beauteous Anna Bullen ? Quickly, Sir.

North. 'Why, what's become of her ? She's very well.'

- What should become of her ?' She's marry'd, son.

Pier. Marry'd !

North

North. Marry'd ! ay, marry'd, and a Queen,
A joyful Queen, ' I tell thee.'

Pier. Marry'd ! and to the King ! ' By all my hopes,'

' By all our chaste, eternal vows of love,
' It cannot be, altho' my father says it ;
' You, whom I'll credit sooner than an angel.
' Marry'd !' my Anna Bullen false and marry'd !

Persuade me that the sun has lost its virtue ;
' The earth, the teeming earth, forgot to bear ;
' That nature shall be nature now no more ;'

That all the elements shall vanish straight,
Turn to confusion, and in chaos shrink ;
' And you and I, and all the living world,
' Are what we were before we were begot ;'
All this must be, when Anna Bullen's false.

North. I tell thee, rash and disobedient boy,
Marry'd she is, without such miracles.

Pier. Ah, dearest father ! on my knees I beg you,
Repeat that horrid, dismal word no more ;

' To be obedient, and at once to hear
' My mistress wrong'd is not in Piercy's pow'r.
' Here, crush this insect, pound me into dust ;
' I'm at your foot, Oh, lay it on my neck,
' And punish me with death, ten thousand deaths ;'
For, whilst I live, I ' must be guilty still,
' And ne'er can think that Anna Bullen's false.

Oh, Sir, be merciful and just at once,
And say you did it but to try your Piercy.

North. Rise and repent, and do not tempt my anger,
Which thou shouldst feel, but that I pity thee,
And think thy folly punishment enough.

Pier. See, Sir, her brother's more concern'd than I,
To hear such words. Come, tell them, dearest Rochford ;
Proclaim her virtues loud as cherúbims ;

' Tell them these rocks, they may in time relent,
' And hear the sad complaints of injur'd honour.'

Is she not chaste, chaste as the virgin light,
And constant as the turtle to its mate ;

' Her person sacred still to all mankind,

' And beauties less corrupted, less defil'd,

' Than is the lovely blue that fragrant hangs

' On autumn's fruit, or morning dew on roses.'

North. Tell him, my Lord.

Pier. Oh, hear thy charming sound ;
Tell them, and undeceive them, friend ; tell them,
How thou wert by when first we plighted troths,
And swore eternal faith, eternal love,
‘ By every saint, and every star that shone,
‘ Who then look’d down as joyful witnesses,
‘ And darted forth in all their bright array,
‘ To see our loves that shin’d more bright than they.’

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord, the King and Queen are passing by.

North. Look you, romantic Sir, behold your mistress,
Whose bride she is. [Exit.]

Pier. By the immortal pow’rs that gave me life,
And eyes, and senses to believe, ’tis she ! ——
It is the King, and Anna Bullen crown’d !
Why, father, Rochford, friends, is it not so ?
And did she not like haughty Juno walk ?
Who, as she held the thund’rer by the hand,
Look’d down with scorn on the low world, from whence
She came ; so did she cast a loathing eye
Upon the place where humble Piercy stands ——
‘ Now you are mute, dumb as those conjurations
‘ You hir’d just now from hell to be my ruin.’
Ha ! is’t not so ? Confess that it is so,
And I am blest’d ; own it, and make poor Piercy happy.

Roch. Alas, my Lord, afflict your mind no more !
’Tis torment to your friend to see you thus.

Pier. Friend, say’st thou ? I disclaim that name in all,
In father, brother, sister, and companion ;
Nature itself abhors it like the plague,
And banishes that guest from all her creatures ——
False brother to the falsest woman living !
Was it for this that I was sent from court ?
Was it for this, the subtlest of her sex
Sent me a letter with ten thousand charms,
To let me know that I should write, and should
Be written to no more, till my return ?
T’ avoid suspicion, as she said ; but ’twas
To flatter me, that I should not mistrust her.

Roch. By Heav’n, and all that’s true, she’s not to blame.

Pier. Here, Rochford, rip and tear her from my heart,

Fast rooted as she is—' The poison swells ;
 ' Oh, lance it with thy sword,' and give me ease !
 ' She's hell, she's worse, she's madness to the brain !
 ' I am possess'd, and carry an host of devils ;'
 For he that wears a perjur'd woman here,
 Has in his breast ten thousand fiends to scourge him.

Re-enter Northumberland.

North. Come, my best son ; the King salutes thee, Pier-
 Come, see the bride he has prepar'd for thee, [cy ;
 And think no more of Anna Bullen now.

Pier. Ha ! bring me to her straight ! Is she a woman,
 A bright, dissembling, and protesting woman ?
 ' Smooth as the smiling, pitiless ocean is by fits ?
 ' But then her heart as rocky, deep and fathomless ?
 ' Has she a face as tempting as the fair
 ' Deceitful fruit of Sodom, but when tasted,
 ' Is rottenness and horror to the core ?'
 Is she so kind, that nothing can be kinder ?
 Nay, were she Anna Bullen all without,
 And Bullen all within, I'd marry her,
 To be reveng'd.

North. Thou dost rejoice thy father :
 She is as good and beautiful as angels,
 And has ten thousand pounds a year ; which, added
 To thy estate, will make you far more happy
 Than Harry with his crown, or Anna Bullen. [ry'd ?

Pier. Come, bring me to her : when shall we be mar-

North. ' When my son pleases : ' if thou wilt, to-morrow.

Pier. To-morrow ! Now : to-morrow is too-late :

What ! must I waste a day, and lose a smile ?

The King with Bullen revels all this while.

Haste, thou slow sun ! when wilt thou bring the morn ?

And when, Oh, when, shall the long day be worn !

That these triumphant arms may seize my bride,

And clasp her gently like a wanton tide.

' In floods of extasies I'll drown and say,

' Thus Harry and his Queen liv'd all the day ;

' Thus he embraces her all o'er and o'er ;

' Whilst for each kiss I'll reap a thousand more :

' And for each pleasure they shall act that night

' I'll pattern them, and double, with delight :

But

But for that rarest bliss we blush to own,
Spite and revenge much more my joy shall crown.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

Enter Cardinal and Blunt severally.

CARDINAL.

HAIL to the sacred Queen of wit and beauty !
' Hail to the Empress of the world that should be !'

Blunt. What news ? what song of comfort brings my
Wolsey ?

- ' Methinks your looks shine like the sun of joy,
- ' And smiles, more glitt'ring than your robes appear :
- ' Come, for I long to be partaker of it.'
- Say, ' is it great ? shall Bullen sink to hell ?'
- Shall this proud exhalation vanish straight ?
- Or, shall she still be queen, r'affront my Wolsey ?
- ' *Card.* No ; I'd first pawn both body and soul to hell,
- ' For a dram of poison that would kill
- ' The heretic.

- ' *Blunt.* Oh, famous Cardinal !
- ' Rome's sacred champion, and the saint of Rome !
- ' What can reward thee but the mitre here,
- ' And when thou'rt dead, a mighty throne, as high
- ' As was great Lucifer's before his fall ?
- ' *Card.* Have I not liv'd more splendid than the King ?'
- ' More aw'd and famous than was Harry still ?
- ' Have I not scatter'd with a lib'ral hand,
- ' And sow'd more seed to charity, than all
- ' The kindom else ? built such vast palaces,
- ' As neither Italy nor Rome can pattern ?' [*En.*]
- ' Which England's monarchs have been prond to dwell
- ' *Blunt.* And but for thee the nation had been scorn'd.
- ' *Card.* Who fram'd such sumptuous embassies as I,
- ' With such a glorious train of servants deck'd,
- ' As Germany and France both wonder'd at,
- ' And thought that all the nation follow'd at,
- ' Whilst Tudor here, as a less King than I,
- ' Was serv'd but with the gleanings of my pomp ?

Blunt.

Blunt. 'Twas Wolsey, our great master's greater
 ' Who, as he rode to meet the emperor, [servant ;
 ' Ere he approach'd, first check'd his pamp'ring steed,
 ' And stood at distance to receive that monarch ;
 ' Whilst Maximilian, as became him best,
 ' First did alight, and first embrac'd my Wolsey.

Card. And have not I rul'd Harry and the nation ?
 ' Shall then this strong foundation of my greatness
 ' Be undermin'd by such a wretch as Bullen ?
 ' By the weak practice of a spleenful woman !
 ' A thing that I have made ; a puppet Queen,
 ' Drest up by me to act her scene of greatness,
 ' And all her motions guided by this hand !

Blunt. Shall she then mount the same to ruin Wolsey ?

Card. ' No : by myself, the moment she attempts it,
 ' She pulls a dreadful tow'r upon her head,
 ' When I begin to totter, if I must,
 ' Like a huge oak that's leaning o'er the wall,
 ' I'll take my aim, and crush her with my fall——'
 Piercy's arriv'd ; there's aid for your revenge.

Blunt. I heard so, and perceiv'd it by the Queen.

Card. By that she has discover'd the deceit,
 And finds him innocent, now 'tis too late :
 This makes her careless to her own undoing ;
 For when the am'rous King comes, loaded with
 Big hopes, ' and thinks to take his fill of joys ;
 ' Straight, like the sensitive nice plant, that shrinks,
 ' And on a sudden gathers up its leaves
 ' When 'tis but touch'd, she will contract her charms,
 ' And shut 'em from him in her sullen bottom ;'
 She's cold as winter to his warm embraces :
 This, when the vex'd and passionate King perceives,
 He'll hate, and cast her from him in a rage.

Blunt. See ! yonder's Rochford coming towards us,
 Big with glad looks ; I hope to be deliver'd
 Of something that will forward our design.

Card. I will retire, and leave him to your care,
 To manage him with all the art of woman ;
 ' All hell, if Heaven won't, inspire your wit
 ' And malice.'

[Exit.
 Enter

Enter Rochford.

Roch. Brightest of thy dazzling sex,
 ' That wears the charms of all the world about thee ;'
 How have I been this long, long hour in pain,
 In torments, and in darkness ' all the while !
 ' Sun of my joy,' to waste the tedious day ;
 ' And star, to gaze the live long night away.'

Blunt. O, you are grown a courtier now indeed,
 My Lord ; but 'tis no wonder, now you are
 Exalted, and are brother to the Queen :

' 'Tis hard for one to gain a look from you,
 ' Without the purchase of—I will not tell you—'

Roch. Ha ! brother to the Queen ! ' to Jupiter :
 ' And ' if my ravish'd sense deceives me not,
 I will not change my state to shine in Heaven,
 To be the darling brother of the sun,
 ' Or one of Leda's twins that deck the sky ;
 ' No, Castor, I defy thee.

Blunt. Hold, my Lord !
 I will not chide you, tho' you have deserv'd it :
 For all those raptures are but starts in love,
 And seldom hold out to the race's end :
 ' Or else like straw, that gives a sudden blaze,
 ' And soon is out.'

Roch. Oh, say not so, ' my goddess !'
 The Negro, nearest neighbour to the sun,
 That lives under the torrid burning line,
 Feels not the warmth that does possess my breast.
 ' And Oh ! forgive the vast comparison,
 ' Hell's flame is not so vehement or lasting !'

Blunt. Enough, my Lord ! I'll put you to your trial ;
 Prepare, and see how well you can obey.
 But that you may not strive without all hope,
 ' Like slaves condemn'd for ever to the galleys,'
 Here is my hand, an earnest of my promise.
 That as I find you faithful, I'll reward you.

' *Roch.* Your hand ! where am I ? tell me, god of
 love.'

Blunt. But mark me ; hear, as from a prophet, this :
 Be sure you merit well this first of favours,
 And keep the oath you vow upon this hand ;

Exit

Else I'll denounce a worse than hell shall follow—
Your sacrilegious crime.

Roch. Lo, here I swear——

'But tell me, Heav'n! what signifies an oath,

'When 'tis impossible I should be false?'

I swear upon this altar, breathing incense!

Eternal love! eternal constancy——

'Divinest, softest——sweetest——' [*Kisses her hand.*]

Blant. Go, my Lord;

And now you have it, brag to my undoing;

For never any but your King can boast

The like.

Roch. And he th' unworthy 'st of mankind;

Who having such a jewel in his breast,

The crown not half so sacred, were it mine;

To sell it for a false and glittering trifle:

'So silly Indians barter gold and pearls

'For baubles.'

Blant. What, your sister! treach'rous man!

You do not mean it; nor can I endure

To hear her so degraded, if 'twere real:

She's as goodness, and has beauties more than I;

And merits what she does possess; a crown:

And much the more, because she sought not for't;

Which is the cause, I fear, that she's unhappy——

'You visit her, not only as a brother,

'But as a friend, and partner of her counsels;

'You love like twins, like lovers, or indeed

'As a fond brother and kind sister should.'

How bears she this unwelcome state? or rather,

How does she brook the wrong that's done to Piercy?

Roch. All her reflexions on it straight will vanish;

A King and crown are charms invincible:

No storms nor discontents can long abide

Where love and empire plead; but soon will fly,

Scatter'd like mists, before the sun of pow'r.

Blant. You speak indifferently, my Lord, and like

Mistrust of her you love. I long to hear

The more what you would fain disguise from me——

Have you so soon forgot the oath you took?

'Or is't so lately, that you think 'tis scarce

'Reach'd down to Hell, to claim you perjur'd there?'

Or

Or think you that I e'er can hate the sister,
When with a blush I own I love the brother?
False and ungrateful man! farewell.

Roch. O stay!

Rip ope my bosom to my naked heart,
And read whate'er you think is written there.
Had I no tongue to speak, I'd suffer that,
Rather than once deny you any thing,

Blunt. He softens, turns, and changes, as I'd have
him; [*Aside.*]

' His waxen soul begins to melt apace ;'
He is my slave, my chain'd and gally-slave.
Oh, that I had but Harry so to torture!
' But I'll revenge myself on this soft fool,
' On Bullen, and on all their race at once,
' That were the curfed cause of my undoing.
' You find my passion and good-nature quickly, [*To Roch.*
' That makes you use me thus.'

Roch. Ten thousand pardons——

Blunt. No more; I can forgive, if you deserve it:
I charge you, as a sign of your repentance,
Go visit straight the Queen, and Piercy too:
You hear he's come to court; and what you learn
From them, that aught concerns their former loves,
From time to time acquaint me with the story;
And you shall lock the secret in my breast,
As safe as in your own.

Roch. 'Twere blasphemy
But to suspect it.

Blunt. I require this of you;
Not that I doubt the virtue of the Queen:
But know, that worse than hell I hate the King,
' (To which just hatred 'tis, you owe my love)
And wish your sister and all human-kind
Would hate him too.

Roch. I'll instantly obey you.

Blunt. Come back, my Lord; this readiness has charm'd
And now I can't but give you some kind hopes— [*me:*
You may have leave to visit me hereafter,
And talk of love; perhaps I'll take it kindly.

' *Roch.* Blest harmony! Happiest of mankind, I.'

Blunt.

Blunt. And you may write to me, and best by proxy:
For tho' the King not visits me, as he was wont,
Yet he is jealous——

Let all your am'rous letters be disguis'd
Under the borrow'd name of brother still,
Directed to me by the stile of sister.

Roch. In all things I'll obey, Madam.

Blunt. ' These papers once shall be of consequence.

See the Queen comes, her soul in discontent, [*Aside.*
And longs to be disburden'd. I will leave you——

A fit occasion's offer'd, now she's on

The rack, to ease her by a fond confession. [*Exit.*

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. Where am I now?—My brother! Is it you?
I hear that Piercy's come to court.

Roch. He is.

Queen. Where shall I hide my guilty face from him,
And shut me where he ne'er may see me more?
For now I start at ev'ry human shape,
And think I meet wrong'd Piercy in my way;
' Like one escap'd for murder, in his flight
' Shuns ev'ry beast, and trembles at the wind,
' And thinks each bush a man to apprehend him.'——

Enter Diana.

I sent thee to the Queen; Diana, say,
How fares she in her hopeless, sad estate?
What answer bring'st thou, that is death to hear?
Come, talk of misery, and fill my breast
With woe: I'll lay my ears to the sad sound,
And thence extract it, as the bees do honey.
Grief is the food that the afflicted live by——
Talk any thing; there's nought so dreadful as
The thoughts of Piercy in my breast.

Diana. The Princess Dowager is dead.

Queen. What Princess!

Art thou a temporising false-one too?
And hast so soon forgot she was thy Queen?

Diana. Queen Katherine is dead.

Queen. Alas! then is she dead?

Then she has got the start of Anna Bullen——
Came you too late to pay my duty to her?

D

Diana.

Diana. No; for she enjoy'd her senses to the last;
And then not seem'd to die, but fall asleep.

Queen. So bold is innocence, it conquers death,
'And after makes amends for all the wrongs
'Sustain'd in life.'

Diana. When I began to tell her,
I came by your command, to make a tender
Of your most humble duty, and condole
Her Majesty's misfortune and distemper;
She check'd me at that word, 'and as you've seen
'A clear sky with a travelling cloud o'ertook,
'And quickly gone, so she put on a frown,
'Which did not last,' and answer'd with a smile;
Why did you say, Your Majesty to me,
'She said, a name I loath?' Go, tell your Queen,
Let her not fix on greatness to be happy,
But take a sad example here by me;
I who was daughter, niece, and sister too,
To three great Emperors, and wife, alas!
To the most potent Prince in Christendom,
Must die more wretched than the meanest creature,
'In a strange country, 'midst my enemies;
'Not one of all my great relations here
'To pity me, nor friend to bury me.'
And then she wept, and turn'd her gentle face
The other way, and quickly after dy'd.

Queen. Go on; why dost thou cease this melody?
Thy voice exceeds the mourning Philomel's;
The dying swan takes not that pleasure in
Her note, as I in such celestial music:
'Hast thou no more of it?
'Come, play the artist: shew thou to my fancy
'Th' infernal paths that lead to infinite horror;
'Open all the charnel-houses of the dead,
'And fright away, if it be possible,
'The laid remains of injur'd Piercy here.'

[*Exeunt Diana and Roch.*

Enter King.

King. Yonder she is, in tears amidst her glories!
Ye lavish stars, what will content this scorner?
From a mean spring I took this shining pebble,
And plac'd her in my heart and in my crown,

The

The fairest and the best-lov'd jewel there,
And sat her on my throne to be ador'd :
Yet she contemns all this, and would be more,
The Heav'ns are all too narrow for her soul !
' Gods ! you must flatter and descend to her,
' Or she'll not stir one jot to you—she is
' So very proud.'

Queen. My Lord !

King. Sit down again.

I but disturb you, therefore I'll return ;
For sure they must be tender thoughts, for which
You pay such lavish tribute from your eyes.

Queen. Sir, I was thinking of the uncertain state
Of greatness, and amongst its sad misfortunes,
What would become of me, alas ! if you
(Which I've no reason to suspect)
Should change your love ; and that produc'd these tears.

King. Y'are in the right, if that should ever happen—
But what begets such doubts within your breast ?
You have done nothing to deserve such fears :
You love me, and as long as that shall last,
Mistrust not Harry.

Queen. By my hopes, I do not.

King. Blest sound : I will hear nothing but my Bullen.
' Wolsey and devil, tempt me now no more ! [*Aside.*
' Then shake these clouds of sorrow from thy eyes ;
' And dart thy brighter beams, like April sun-shine,
' Into my bosom, and thus lock me ever—'

Oh ! now I nought remember but thy charms,
And quite forget whate'er I was before.

One word of bliss, one word of softness, from thee,
To banish hence suspicions, like the plague,
And clear our breasts from jealousies for ever—
What, not a syllable do I deserve ?

These kisses, faint embraces, and these odours,
Are ravish'd, and not bestow'd upon me—Ha !

Queen. What means my Lord ?

King. What means the trait'rous Bullen !
By Heav'n she wants the cunning trick and skill,
The easy, quick delusion of her sex,
To hide her falseness—Oh, she's damn'd !

Queen. O, gracious Sir !

D 2

King.

King. Too gracious not to kill thee——

For whom, for whom, are your kind looks reserv'd?
Hide you your minion, for his safeguard, do;
For were he 'mongst his happy stars, I'd reach him.

' I'm frightful as a ghost, or a disease :
' For when I think to hold her in these arms,
' She struggles like the quarry in the toil ;
' And yields herself unto my loath'd embraces,
' With such a forc'd and awkward willingness,
' As men, when they are past all hopes of life,
' Resign themselves unto the pow'r of death.'

Queen. What fiend hath put such thoughts into your breast ?

When did I wrong you ? How have I been false ?

' Yet I will not complain against my Lord ;
' Since 'tis your will—Sir, have I not obey'd you ?
' No slave so humbly faithful to your pleasures,
' And in your bed, with blushing, paid those duties
' That modest virgin or chaste wife could do :
' And if I was not wanton, pray forgive me.

' *King.* Yes, yes, I have your outside ; but hell knows,
' And thy false self, who 'tis enjoys the soul !
' You yield to me, 'tis true : but most
' Unwillingly you part with your dear sweets,
' Unless it be to him that has your board ;
' But guard your fatal honey with a sting
' 'Gainst those you hate—Your person you resign,
' But as to prison ; my arms are but the grates
' Thro' which your mind is longing still to be abroad :
' Nay, in the very moment of enjoyment,
' And who would think but then I should be happy ?
' There's still another picture in your heart,
' On which you look, and fancy I am he,
' And all the while I'm sporting for another.

' *Queen.* Can Heav'n hear this ! O cruel, faithless Lord !'

King. No ; to thy syren's voice I'll stop my ears ;
A thousand times, like him, thou'ast cheated me,
Laid my just passion to a gentle calm,
Whilst storms behind were ready to devour me.
On thy false gen'rous charms I'll wreck no more,
But seek for shelter on some kinder shore ;

A grate-

A grateful beauty here shall reign alone,
And chase thee from my heart, and from my throne :
' Ha ! who comes there ? My gentle Wolsey, come,
' And with thy counsel straight defend my breast.'

[The King meets Wolsey, and goes out leaning on him.]

Queen. Did not my Lord fly from me in a rage,
Arm'd in a frown, and darted it quite through me ?
And Wolsey in his favourite's place again ?
Nay, then the wonder is expir'd : that proud,
That great bad man, and Lucifer, ne'er meant
Me, nor my virtue well—The King's inconstancy
Begins to shew its Janus face again ;
And all the doubts of an unhappy wretch,
My fears by day, and horrid dreams by night,
Are come to pass.

Enter Piercy.

Piercy. What, shall I fear to see her !
And tell her face to face the perjuries
And falseness that she's heap'd upon her soul,
And ruin'd mine !—Lo, where the false one is !
In counterfeited grief ? By Heav'n, in tears !
As if her sins already did upbraid her !
' Just pow'rs ! can ye behold a form so fair,
' And suffer falseness to inhabit there ?
' The morning sun ris'n from its wat'ry bed ;
' Less precious drops does on Arabia shed ;
' And sacred phials of rich April show'rs,
' When he alternate rain and sun-shine pours ;
' Nor is he half so beautiful and gay,
' As she a-wiping of those tears away.

Queen. Ha, Piercy ! I'm betray'd. Advise me, Heav'n,
What shall I do ? — ' Be gone ; this place is hell ;
' Vipers and adders lurking under smiles,
' And flatt'ring cloaths of state : Oh ! don't tread here ;
' Under this mask of gallantry and beauty
' Is a rude wild ; nay, worse, a dang'rous ocean ;
' Into whose jaws, love, like a calenture,
' Will tempt us, where we both may sink and perish.

' *Piercy.* What, can so mean a creature tempt a queen !
' Behold a wretched thing of your undoing.'

Queen. See he stands, the mark of pity, Heav'n !
Shut, shut thy eyes, and fly with speed away,

Or view the rocks and quicksands, if you stay ;
 Lest ' this rough Hellsfont,' I venture on,
 And, like Leander, tempt my fate, and drown,

[Exit Queen.

Piercy. Ha ! she's surpriz'd ! shrugs me, and flies from
 me !

' And more affrighted is at Piercy's wrongs,
 ' Than guilty ghosts, that have escap'd to earth,
 ' Hear the cock crow to summon 'em away,
 ' And start and tremble at the sight of day.'
 But yet she look'd not like a foe upon me ;
 And as she parted, told me with her eyes,
 That there was something in those speaking tears,
 Which might excuse her, and condemn her Piercy.

Enter Northumberland,

North. Son, I am come to tell you joyful news ;
 The King has charm'd the fair Diana to thee,
 And is resolv'd to marry her to-morrow,
 And celebrate the nuptials with a pomp.

Piercy. The King ! the King is marry'd, Sir.

North. He is ;

But thou art not : h' intends to give her to thee
 Himself. Why dost thou start ? 'Twas but this day
 You swore and vow'd, with all the signs of joy,
 And duty to your father, you'd obey me.

Piercy. Alas ! I did : but cannot Heav'n, nor you,
 Forgive a rash, unhappy man his vow ?

North. No ; by the blood that honours Piercy's veins,
 I swear, I will not —

For marry'd thou shalt be, and that to her,
 Or live a vagabond, banish'd from wealth,
 From friends and pity ; whilst I will advance
 The younger brother to thy lost estate
 And see thee starve ; nay, more, and loaded with
 The curses of thy father.

Piercy. Hold, Sir —

I'll strive to obey you ; not because I fear
 What misery or death can do to me ;

' Nor to avoid the hungry lion's den,
 ' Or dragon's teeth, just ready to devour me ;
 ' For know, I plunge into a state more dreadful :
 But that I may not be th' unhappy cause

Of dragging wrongful curses from a father,
 ' Which rather turn upon his head that aims,
 ' Than hurt the bosom of the innocent.'

Enter Diana.

North. See! she's coming, brighter than a goddess—
 I'll leave you, and commit you to her cure, [*Ex. Nor.*

Diana. Yonder's the dear lov'd man, whom all must
 love,

That loves another too. What shall I say? [*Afide.*
 Spite of my stars I dote upon a person,
 Who has no heart, no eyes that are his own;
 Nor yet one look that ever can be mine.

Pier. Madam, d'you hear the news? My father tells
 We are to be marry'd. [*me*

Diana. So the King will have it.

Pier. The King! What, would the tyrant be a god!
 To take upon him to dispose of hearts,
 And join unequal souls to one another?
 O, beautiful Diana! you are all goodness,
 A store of virtues in as bright a person,
 As Heaven e'er treasur'd in a form divine:
 If so, what can your eyes behold in me?
 What see in such a wretched thing as I,
 To marry me?

Diana. ' How charming is his person!
 ' And much more charming is his grief! and, Oh——
 ' How can she e'er receive a wound more deadly, [*Afide,*
 ' Than I, tormented with a double dart
 ' Of love and pity.'——Some kind deity
 Assist me now, lest I should shew I love him;
 And teach my tongue how to belie my heart.

' *Pier.* You seem to study for so plain an answer.
 ' Come, tell me straight my faults, and what you think;
 ' For here I stand the mark for truth to aim at.
 ' What is there in this miserable shape,
 ' To look on without scorn.'

Diana. ' Now, kind Heaven,
 ' Lend me the cunning now of all my sex! [*Afide.*
 ' I like you just as well as you like me;
 Our persons might, for all you've said of mine,
 Be mended both, and both receive additions;
 ' And for your nature, I'll be plain, and tell you,
 ' I could have wish'd a man of better humour;

' But,

- But, 'tis no matter, since we're both so bad,
- We are the fitter then for one another.
- Just gods ! what miserable things we are ! [*Afide.*]
- Oh ! when shall we attain that bless'd abode,
- Where we may never fear to speak aloud
- What's just, and is no sin ?

Pier. What, do you hate me ?

Then you are happier one degree than I ;
For should you love me, you are truly wretched.

Diana. Indeed he little thinks I am that wretch.

[*Afide.*]

Tell me, wherefore ?

Pier. Because the cruel god
Has robb'd me of my whole estate of love,
And left me naked, desolate, and poor ;
• Not worth one sigh, or wish, if that could pay
• The debt I owe : nay, should you come a begging,
• Cold and half-starv'd, for succour to my door,
• You would not find, in all this ruffled cottage,
• One spark, one charitable spark, to warm you.'

Diana. ' Hear, Heav'n ! hear, cruel one ! whoe'er
thou art

• He loves, tho' I am slighted, scorn'd, nay, hated. [*Afide.*]
• Would thou hadst my kind eyes, my breast, my soul ;
• Would all my vital blood were balm to cure him.
• Yet will our cruel parents have us marry'd :
• Then, since we must, how know we but our bodies,
• And yet more careless and despairing souls,
• In time may grow to such indifference,
• As, quite forgetting of what sex we are,
We may, like faithful and condoling friends,
If not like lovers, live together.

• *Pier.* Ay ;

• And when y'are sad, I'll kiss you like a brother :
• And if you sigh, or chance to shed a tear,
• I will weep too, and ask you, why you grieve ;
• And you shall do the like to me, and straight
• Embrace me like a sister ; still rememb'ring
• The subject of our just complaints shall be,
• You, that y'are marry'd —

• *Diana.* You, for marrying me.

Pier.

Pier. O rarely thought ; 'twill be the only means
To make us happy both against our wills.
We'll moan, we'll sigh, well weep ; we'll all but love—
Instead of loving, pity one another.

Diana. And who can tell, but pity may at last,
By gentle, soft degrees, grow up to love ?

Pier. Come, let's away then, since they'll have it so ;
Meet these glad rites to all mankind but us ;
Where the malicious charm shall join our curses,
And not our persons, but our woes together.

' Then turn us loose, like two condemn'd, lone wretches,
' Banish'd from earth, no creature but ourselves,
' In an old bark on wide and desert seas,
' In storms by night and day, unseen by all,
' Unpity'd toss'd, not one dear morsel with us
' To ease our hunger, nor one drop of drink
' To quench our raging thirst : and, which is worse,
' Without one jot of rigging, sail, or helm to guide us.

' *Diana.* Forgive me, Heav'n ! forgive me, all my
fex, [Aside.

' That ever lov'd, or e'er was scorn'd, like me !
' Tho' 'tis my fate for ever to be hated,
' Tho' we are doom'd to dwell like wand'ring wretches,
' In worse than what his worst of sorrow paints ;
' Yet I must love him, and resolve to marry him.
' And now I challenge all the wond'ring world,
' And more admiring angels, if they can,
' To find who most is to be pity'd, he
' Or I.—Quick, let us launch then with a courage,
' Since 'tis our King and cruel parents' wills.

' *Pier.* And give a rare example to the marry'd,
' Of constancy ; for that which severs them,
' Possession of their pall'd and loath'd enjoyments,
' Our faithful woes shall join our lives the faster.

' *Diana.* And having each of us so mean a stock
' Of love, I in your breast, and you in mine,
' We need not fear that thieves should come to rob us.

' *Pier.* Nor jealousy to part us.

' *Diana.* Well then, Piercy,

' When our expected sentence is perform'd,
' Where shall we take our welcome banishment ?

' *Pier.* To the world's end ! far from all fruitful
grounds,

' From

- From corn, and wine, or any wanton spring ;
- In some dread foil, so barren and so curst,
- Where neither loathsome weeds nor thistles grow.
- *Diana.* Or some deep cave, where winds are all so
- And beasts so far remote, that we shall hear [still,
- No howls, nor groans, but what we make ourselves.
- *Pier.* No : on some dreadful rock we'll chuse to lie,
- Whose dismal top seems fasten'd to the sky ;
- Thence we can look on all the world below,
- So full of vanity, so full of woe !
- And sometimes on the wreck-devouring seas,
- The emblem of our present miseries ;
- Sigh for the creatures, think the storms we see
- Our cruel parents, and the wretches we.
- *Diana.* Or waste our days in wand'ring to and fro,
- And make our lives one harmony of woe.
- *Pier.* Till Heaven shall rain down pity on us——
- *Diana.* No :
- We'll not be pity'd. Pity's half a cure ;
- That will bring comfort, which we'll ne'er endure.
- *Pier.* O, my virago partner !
- *Diana.* Nay, I dare you.
- *Pier.* Then here we'll take an oath, and with this
kiss,
- Let's strike a league with woe ! adieu to bliss !
- And now I challenge the all-seeing sun,
- From his proud prospect, his high seat at noon,
- 'Mongst all the wonders of the world, to 'spy
- A couple half so kind as thee and I,
- Or all the matches that e'er love decreed,
- If over man and wife so well agreed.
- Love oft-times flies from misery and pain,
- But we resolve the closer to remain.
- What tho' we wed in hatred, we may mend ;
- We but begin where others surely end :
- And each of you that marry first for love,
- We are but sooner what at last you'll prove.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

Enter Blunt and Rochford.

BLUNT.

MY Lord, you act a cunning lover well;
 Paint a rare passion under all disguises:
 Yet, Oh! I wish this art had not been learnt,
 But nature in you, and true love the teacher:
 Yet I will prize and hoard your letters safe,
 As I would fragrant flow'rs within my bosom.

Roch. 'O, my prodigious and exalted soul,
 'And my more precious stars! I bless you all.
 'Is there a man 'mongst all your favourites,
 'So rich, so happy, and so lov'd as I!
 Methinks, for my dear Anna Bullen's sake,
 If possible, I love you better now,
 Since I dare call you by the name of sister.

Blunt. And I much more, now I can call you brother.

'*Roch.* O, may too weighty joys! immortal state!
 'And more immortal love!'

Blunt. 'No more: I'll chide you;
 'This is too great, too violent, to last——
 'Hold! give your passion breath, leave some for next,
 'And love not all your wishes out at once——'

Where is the Queen?

Roch. I left her discontent.

Blunt. Why, where is Piercy? has she seen him yet?

Roch. Seen him she has; but would not speak to him,

'*Blunt.* Not speak to him! Oh, cruel, most inhuman!

'Had she but seen him in the state as I did,

'She would have spoke to him, and dy'd for him.

'*Roch.* Alas! her cruelty drew pity from
 'Her eyes and mine.'

Blunt. Would she not speak to him then?

Roch. No, not a word; but quite o'ercame her pity,
 And went away resolv'd ne'er more to see him.

Blunt. The reason?

Roch. She'd not tell—but I must doubt
 Her scrupulous virtue is the cause.

Blunt. Impossible!

Virtue can never lodge with cruelty.

'What

‘ What stain were it to th’ whitest innocence?
 ‘ What crime in the severest virtue once,
 ‘ In her condition, but to hear him speak?’
 Come; she must see him——

Roch. Would my life and fortune,
 Nay all my rights of love, and hopes in thee,
 Could purchase her consent to see him once;
 Pardon the fallies of most mighty friendship:
 So well I wish him, I would hazard all.

Blunt. ‘ Go tell, as from yourself, the sad condition
 ‘ Her horrid cruelty has brought him to:’
 Within this hour he enter’d my apartment,
 Not like the great, the brave, the charming Piercy,
 ‘ Whose person none could see without adoring:’
 But like a dreadful ghost, or horrid shadow,
 ‘ Far worse than what dead melancholy midnight
 ‘ To frighted men e’er painted in a dream.’
 The evil genius of his family
 Ne’er look’d so mad, nor threaten’d half the woe,
 As he did ‘ himself.’

Roch. Unhappy Piercy!

Blunt. At first his sight was pointed on the earth:
 There, with a groan, charg’d with a volley of sighs,
 He lifted up his fatal eyes on me; which I
 Could scarce behold with mine, they were so full
 Of pitying tears——

That ran into such bitter sad complaints
 Against our sex’s loath’d inconstancy,
 That I was forc’d to chide him——

Roch. Oh, no more!
 It wakes my drowsy conscience from its rest,
 And stabs it with a guilt.

Blunt. But then at last
 From railings into blessings straight he fell;
 And on his knees beseech’d me that I’d plead,
 And beg the Queen, but once to see her Piercy.
 ‘ Which I, rack’d with compassion, promis’d him;
 ‘ Alas! I fear, more than I can perform.
 ‘ This said, I rose, and Piercy follow’d me:’
 Therefore I charge you, by the pow’r of friendship,
 By Piercy’s woes, and all the love you owe

To

To me! go and prevail that he may see her:

'He said that you had vow'd to bring't to pass.'

Roch. I'll do it instantly; 'and if she will not,

'I'll bear her body in these arms by force;

'Her mind, I'm sure, is willing to be with him.'

Blunt. She's coming straight this way; go quickly you,

'(The miserable wretch is yet without)'

And give him notice, now's the time to speak t'her!

Then straight return to hold her in discourse

Till Piercy comes.

'*Roch.* So kind and pitiful!

'May all thy cruel sex be bless'd for thee.' [*Exit Roch.*

Blunt. So——this has prov'd a lucky tale; and now

This rare intelligence goes to my Wolfey,

Who'll send th'alarum to the watchful King,

Straight to surprize him with his wife, 'like Jason,

'Just stealing of his golden fleece away—

'She comes, she comes, this Player-Queen; but know,

'This is the last proud act of all thy show;

'This is a bait, kind stars, if you'll not frown,

'With which I'll take revenge, or catch a crown:

'And when she's got her heav'n, and I my aim,

Who then dares tell me, that I was to blame!

For who contemns a prosp'rous wickedness,

Or thinks that ill, that's faint'd with success?

[*Exit Blunt.*

Enter Queen with a Letter.

Queen. What shall I do! where teach my trembling

Their way! 'Was ever virtue storm'd like mine! [feet

'Within, without, I'm haunted all alike:

'Without, tormented with a jealous King;

'Within, my fears suggest a thousand plagues,

'Bid me remember injur'd Piercy's wrongs,

'And brand me with the name of cruel to him;

'Then on a sudden a more dreadful thought

Upbraids me with my guilt,

'And tells me that kind pity is a sin.

'Witness, and blame not me, y'immortal pow'rs!

'When you expose two diff'rent paths, one good,

'The other bad, and tell not which to take:

'If to obey you is my aim, just Heav'n!

'Tis not my fault, if I should chuse the wrong.'

E

Enter

Enter Rochford.

Roch. Sister! most royal, merciful, and fair,
And best belov'd of heav'n and all mankind,
Let your dear brother make it his request
Thus on his knees, as deities are charm'd,
That you would hear th' unhappy Piercy speak
This once, and but this once——Piercy's without:
Shall my best friend take but his last farewell?
Grant it, or never more let Rochford see you.

Queen. Oh, brother, plead no more, 'tis all in vain;
Do not betray thy sister to a guilt,
And stain the crystal virtue of a soul,
Which still she holds far dearer than a crown:
' Seek not by vile enchantments to destroy
' That innocence which yet is all my force;
' All the defence poor Bullen has against
' A jealous husband, cruel foes, and worse,
' Against the malice of invet'rate hell.'

Roch. What dangers can there be, what guilt in you,
To hear the wretched and the injur'd pray?
Come; for you will, you shall, you must now hear him.

Queen. No more! no more! there's yet a subtler ora-
Than you, or pity, pleads for Piercy here, [for
' Here in my firm courageous soul, and stronger
' Than father, mother, or ten thousand brothers;
Yet I can that deny.

Roch. What shall I tell him?

Queen. Tell him, we are undone; I must not see him;
And 'what's far worse, the King is jealous;' tell him,
I love him—tell him, what is false, I hate him;
Say any thing; but let me not behold him:
' For, Oh! my weakness he so fierce assaults,
' 'Twill spoil—'twill wreck my conduct—See, he comes.'

Enter Piercy.

Most cruel!—cruel brother rather—
Help—take and bear me swiftly from the danger.

Roch. Cast but one look, and you must needs relent.

Queen. What shall I do? What passage shall I chuse?
[Aside

Arm me, kind Heav'n! against my foe of pity.

Pier. Still, still she turns, and hides her treach'rous
Is't possible that she can feel remorse, [eyes—
Or

ANNA BULLEN.

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Or pity after all? Oh, no; she loves too well
The fatal cause that purchas'd all this pomp—
Stay, Anna Bullen! stay; my Queen—perhaps
It is expected I should call you Queen:
Behold your hated——

Queen. Fly, good Piercy, fly:

' There's nets preparing for your life and mine—
' There's nought but snares and quicksands where we
' Unfathom'd pits hid under painted grounds, [tread;
' Where vast destruction watches to devour us.
' Farewel——

' *Pier.* Hear me but first, and shew thy face,
' Thy false dissembling beauties——
' Many when wreck'd have been by dolphins borne,
' And safely landed on the welcome shore:
' And in the forests, nay, the monsters dens,
' The passenger, half-starv'd for want of food,
' Has by the lions oft been spar'd and fed:
' But, cruel Bullen, cruel beauty kills
' All whom it fetters, most on whom it smiles:
' Nor can the elements, nor gentler brutes,
' Teach woman to be pitiful or good.

' *Queen.* Now, now, just Heav'n! y'are show'ring all
your plagues
' At once upon my head, and I will bear them;
' Bear them like one of you, and bless the weight;
' Hear my false self upbraided, call'd most perjur'd,
' Deceitful, and the monster of my sex;
' Ev'n I, who (you revengeful Pow'rs above
' Know) love this cruel chider to a fault!
' Ah, Piercy, Piercy——fly;' for life be gone:
Each minute that you stay brings death to both.

Pier. Ah, hold! If not for love, for pity stay;
And if no just complaint can pierce your hearing,
Then blessings shall: ten thousand blessings on you,
If you will hear the curst of mankind speak.

Roch. ' Now, sister, heard you that? By heav'n,' it
melts me!

' Sure I'm turn'd all the woman, you the man.'

Queen. Give me your hand, kind brother, and support
Help, for I stagger with the treble weight [me;
Of grief, despair, and pity!

E 2

' My

- My senses are all charm'd, and feet fast ty'd
- To this enchanted floor—Quick, or I'm lost.'

Pier. Yet turn, if there's one jot of pity in you ;
If Piercy e'er was worth one thought, I charge you,
By the lov'd name of Anna Bullen, stay——

- What then, will nothing move ? Oh, inexorable !
- No, not a look ! not Piercy worth one look !
- Yet, Rochford, hold ! canst thou too be so cruel !
- Fell and obdurate both !
- Is there no hope ? But will you, will you then
- Begone ?'

Queen. Fly, brother, ere it be too late ;
For should I listen but a moment more,
The strength of Hercules were not enough
To draw me hence, ' so unruly is my body,
' And my unwilling soul so loth to part.'

Pier. Then with my knees, thus fast'ning to the ground
Your robe, and thus with my extended arms,

[*Piercy kneels upon her robe.*]

I'll force and charm you, till y'have heard my last
Complaint ; and then forbear to pity if you can.

• *Queen.* Why dost thou hold ?—Why do I hold my-
self ?

- *Pier.* Ten thousand curses light upon her soul
- In hell ; and worse, what mine on earth endures,
- That first taught woman falshood——
- If for a crown she's false ! Oh, may that crown
- Sit loathsome on her forehead as her crimes ;
- May adders nest within th'ambitious round,
- And into stings the fatal ermines turn ;
- When dead, may all the miseries she feels
- Be through the world recorded, as a mark
- For faithful lovers to beware, and ne'er
- Be nam'd without a curse.

• *Queen.* Ah, cruel Piercy !

• *Pier.* But for my Queen, let Heav'n and angels
guard her ;

- Her I except from any bitter fate ;
- Let Anna Bullen's breast be ne'er disturb'd,
- Nor soul upbraided with the wrongs of Piercy :
- And, Oh, kind Heav'n ! if there be any sorrow
- (As sure none e'er can be) ordain'd for her,

• False

' False as she is, I beg, that it may fall
' Only on wretched Piercy's head——May hers
' Be all the pleasure still, and mine the pain.
' *Queen.* Oh, gods! obdurate heav'ns! cruel honour!
' And yet more cruel virtue, hear and see! [*Aside.*]

' *Pier.* And when I shall for ever be recluse,
' As now I go to part with all mankind,
' 'Twill be my joy, sometimes to think of you,
' And make me live perhaps one day the longer,
' When in my melancholy cell I hear
' That the crown flourishes on Bullen's head.
' *Queen.* Ha! I'm o'erwhelm'd, the sluices all are broke,
' And pity, like a torrent, pours me down; [*Aside.*]
' Now I am drowning, all within's a deluge;
' Wisdom nor strength can stem the tide no more,
' And nature in my sex ne'er felt the like——'
Help, Rochford, ere I'm rooted to this earth.
Away, away! the least word more undoes me.

Pier. Yet turn one look upon me, ere you go.

Queen. There take it, with my life, perhaps the purchase——

Take that too; Piercy, thou hast been betray'd;
[*Gives him a letter.*]

Learn there th' unhappy Bullen's fate——Farewel.

Pier. Yet stay—the soul ne'er parted with such pangs
From the pale body, as you fly from me.

Queen. Piercy, adieu——I can——I will——I must:
no more. [*Exeunt Queen and Roch.*]

Pier. ' What never see you more! She's gone,
She's gone, more lov'd and beautiful than ever:
' And now methought, just as she parted from me,
' She shot a look quite through my gory heart,
' And left it gasping, dying, and despairing.'
What's here? a letter! and the character——
That I so oft have been acquainted with?
' If these eternal kisses give me leave,
' I'll break it open with as great a joy——
' As I had leap'd into our marriage-bed,
' And risted all the sweets and pleasures there——'
What's this I read!

[*Reads.*]

By wicked Wolfey, Harry, and our parents,

I was betray'd, and forc'd to wed the King :
 Who intercepted all thy letters, swearing
 With sacramental oaths, that thou wert false,
 And marry'd first—Piercy, adieu, and credit me,
 And that I lov'd thee better than my life.
 Burn this rash paper, lest the fiends disclose it.

BULLEN.

She's innocent ! Oh, ye immortal Pow'rs !
 She's innocent ! and then she loves me still.
 Sound, sound my joy, till my exalted soul
 Is wound up to th' extremest pitch of bliss :
 Let Piercy never after this be sad——
 Yet hold——what dawn of comfort canst thou spy
 In this ?—Oh, none——This glow-worm spark,
 This glimpse of hope, is vanish'd, and I'm left
 In deeper darkness, horror, and despair,
 Than e'er I was before——

• Oh, Anna Bullen ! curst in being true !
 • And I more curst in knowing it too late.'

Re-enter Queen and Rochford.

Ha ! she returns ! the mourning angel comes
 Again ! ' Sure heaven's in love with both our miseries,
 • They look with such a pomp and train in me,
 • And are so beautiful in her !'

Queen. Well, brother,
 And thou far stronger and immortal pity,
 And more immortal love, y'have brought me back—
 Ye have. What ! what will you do with me now ?

Roch. Could any thing on earth, tyger, or panther,
 Much less a creature form'd by Heav'n, like it ;
 Could you, I say, refrain from such an object,
 At the last words of the unhappy wretch,
 And not forbear to balm him o'er in tears,
 Or else but hear him speak ?

Queen. Now I'm inclos'd again !
 The combat now grows fierce and strong ; and, Oh !
 How weak an armour resolution is
 Against our passions, or the man belov'd !
 • Virtue and honour, hence be proud no more,
 • Nor brag of your dominion o'er mankind ;
 • Lest love, most fatal love, too soon should tell you,
 • And make you feel, he's mightier chains than you—

• See

' See where he is——look, heav'n, with tender eyes;
' Give counsel to my just despairing soul,
' And tell me, pity is no sin.'——Ah, Piercy!

Pier. My charming Queen! my Anna Bullen once!
Am I so blest, and yet so wretched too,
As what is written here contains? And tell me,
May I believe that you can love me still?

Queen. Oh, Piercy! Piercy! urge me not to tell you
What Heav'n's austerity will not permit,
Nor force me to declare——
What the Eternal sees already written
In too broad characters within my breast:
How large, how deep thy story's graven here,
And what I dare not, never must unfold——
Oh, I have said too much.

Pier. What! said too much?
Can you repent of one kind thought of Piercy?
And spitefully call back your tender mercy!
' Nay, worse; can you behold the almost naked,
' And starv'd beseeching wretch, and strive to pull
' The tatter'd remnants from his quiv'ring joints,
' And dash the pitcher from the greedy lips
' Of one just ready to expire with thirst?'
Oh, cruel Queen! for Anna Bullen would not,
She would not, would not, use her Piercy thus.

Queen. Cease, cease, such sounds——
And turn thy sad, restless eyes away;
For if I once behold those tears, and hear
Thy just complaints, I can no longer hold,
But break I must through all the bonds of virtue.
Nay, stood the jealous Harry by,
With all his guards of devils, Wolves, cardinals;
In spite of all, in spite of more, myself,
I must both see, hear thee, and speak to thee,
And pity thee. ' Now are you satisfied?'

Pier. It is enough, bright daughter of the sky:
' Y'have conquer'd me, my deity, you have.'
Here on my knees, ' yet at a distance too,
' The posture of a soul in ecstasy,'
I beg a thousand pardons of my Queen.
A look, a sigh, a tear, from Anna Bullen,

Is far more worth than all the trifling wrongs,
Nay, than the life and very soul of Piercy.

Queen. 'Help me, just Heav'n! who sees how I'm be-
' And what a weak, resistless wretch I am! [sieg'd,
' Why d'ye impose on us so hard a task?
' On us poor womankind, feeble and frail,
' Making us here commissioners of virtue,
' Yet put by drams and scruples in the balance,
' To counterpoise and weigh down flesh and blood.
' How weak's my will to draw my body hence!
' And,' Oh! how loth my eyes are to depart!
But wish for ever to be fasten'd on thee,
And look one look to vast eternity:

Yet we must part, ah, Piercy! part for ever——

' *Pier.* Ah, say not so! Must we so soon, my Queen?
' Is then this moment's bliss so criminal,
' That it must forfeit all my precious hopes
' Of an assurance once to meet again?

' *Queen.* My mind now bodes to me that 'tis our last:
' Yet I must bid thee go: there is no joy for us;
' The world's a deluge all to thee and me——
' There is no rest, my Piercy, in this world;
' No sanctuary to lay the weary head
' Of the undone, th'unpity'd and betray'd.
' Farewel; there's somewhat rises o'er my soul,
' And covers it as with a fatal cloud
' Of horror, death, and fear. It cannot be;
' The sting of parting cannot do all this.
' Farewel, farewel.'

Pier. 'Stay;' must we part for ever?
What, never! never meet again!

Queen. Never, 'till we are clay; and then, perhaps,
' Neglected as we were in life, thrown out in death,
' Some charitable man may be so kind
' To give our poor forsaken bodies burial,
' Laying them both together in one bed
' Of earth——

' Ha! the time's come; my fatal doom's at hand.

[Three drops of blood fall from her nose,
and stain her handkerchief.

' Behold, the heav'ns in characters of blood,
' In three inevitable drops,

' Have

' Have seal'd it, and decreed that it is now !——'
 Ah, Piercy ! fly, and leave me here alone,
 To stem this mighty torrent of my fate :
 Begone, while I have life to bid thee go ;
 For now death stops my tongue——

[*She swoons.*]

Piercy. My Lord——
 She faints ! my life ! my Anna Bullen, stay ;
 ' Or your commands shall fetter me no more ;
 ' But break I will through all the bars of distance,
 ' And catch thee thus, thus hold thee in my arms——'
 Rochford ! Oh, help to call her back again.
 ' Hold, stop thy flight ; thou precious air, return !
 ' Far richer than that rare immaculate breath
 ' Which nature's God breath'd in the first of mankind !'
Roch. Wake, sister, wake ! behold, no danger's nigh !
Queen. Ah, Piercy ! now I wake, with courage now,
 To meet my fate ; and see where it approaches.

Enter Cardinal, Northumberland, and Guards.

Pier. Ha ! Wolfey, and my father, ' with guards !'

Card. My Lord, ere we discover our commission,
 Pray let your son be parted from the Queen ;
 Lest the wrong'd King should see him in his rage,
 And execute his worst of fury on him.

North. Son ! though you have committed, in the court,
 The greatest crime against your royal master
 That e'er a subject can be guilty of ;
 Yet, in respect of my grey hairs, and tears,
 He has been pleas'd to spare your forfeit life ;
 Therefore be gone ; a minute's stay is fatal——
 Guards, force him if he goes not willingly,
 And carry him straight by barge to Suffolk-house
 Without reply.

Pier. Obediently I'll go,
 If you will promise me that you have nought
 Against the sacred person of the Queen,
 ' And will not touch her : for 'tis greater sacrilege,
 ' Than 'tis to hurt an angel, could it be :
 ' She is so innocent, so chaste, and pure.
 ' Else I'm resolv'd to stand, no rock so firm,
 ' Fix'd like the center to the massy globe :
 ' You should as soon remove strong Hercules,
 ' With his hands grasping both the poles of heav'n,

As

' As force me from this footing where I stand,
' And see the Queen threaten'd, or in danger.'

Card. My Lord, on both our honours, the Queen's
Shall be inviolate 'and sacred always; [person

' Nor know we ought against her'—but the King
Is coming straight to visit her, 'as kindly

' As he was wont:' therefore you must begone——
We have no other reason but your safety.

' *Pier.* I fear! for, ah! what truth can come from
thee?

' Thou speak'st but at the second hand from hell——

' Kind Sir, may I believe what Wolsey says?

' *Card.* Confirm it, good my Lord, or you'll delay.

' *Norrb.* 'Tis true, what the great Cardinal has told
you.'

Queen. Go, Piercy, and mistrust not more than I:
Be gone, if I have pow'r left to command;
Leave me to innocence and heav'n, that will not
Permit a soul that ne'er did any ill
To fear it.

Pier. Then I'll go——But, Oh, just Heav'n!
' And all you angels, cherubims, and thrones;
' All you bright guards to the Most High Imperial,
' You kindest, gentlest, mildest planets,
' You lesser stars, you fair innumerable,
And all you bright inhabitants above,
Protect the sacred person of the Queen;
And shed your balefull't venom on their heads,
That think to stain a whiteness like yourselves.

Farewel——

[Exit Piercy.]

Queen. Farewel!

Card. John Viscount Rochford, by the King's com-
We arrest you here of capital high treason. [mand,

Queen. Hear, Heav'n! My brother fallen into the
snare!

Card. And 'tis his pleasure that you straight be sent
Close pris'ner to the Tow'r, with the Lord Norris,
Who is suspected with you to be guilty
Of the same heinous crime. Guards, seize his person.

Roch. Base villain! traitor! Wolsey, say, for what?

Queen. 'No matter. Let a woman teach thee courage.
' Ne'er ask for what, since 'tis his wife decrees

' Above

' Above, who gave us with a lib'ral hand,
' And set us on the highest spoke of greatness,
' No longer than he pleas'd to call us down.'——
Well, who's turn next? Come, dart your worst, my
Lords,

And meet a temper'd breast, that knows to bear.
By my bright hopes, y'are more afraid than I:
I did expect you would begin with me!

Card. Most royal Madam, Oh, I wish the King
Had chosen some more willing than ourselves,
To execute this most detested office:

' In witness of it, on our knees with tears,
' And sorrow, we our sad commission tell;'
It is the King's most fatal pleasure too,
That you be sent a pris'ner to the Tow'r,
And thence immediately to both your trials.

Roch. Trial! ' Oh, her wrong'd innocence!' For
what?

Queen. No more, dear brother; let us both submit,
' And give heav'n thanks, and our most gracious King:
' For I'm not so presumptuous of my virtue,'
But think, dear Rochford, that both you and I
Have once committed, in our erring lives,
Something for which we justly merit death,
Though not, perhaps, the thing we are accus'd of.

Enter the King in a Fury, with Letters in his Hand. Attendants and Guards.

Card. The King is here.

Queen. Then he is merciful.

King. Where's this woman! this most abhorr'd of
wives!

This scandal to her sex, my crown, and life!
What, by your minion? Oh, good-natur'd husband!
Down on your knees, and thank me for a favour—
See——here are letters fall'n into my hands,
Where your dear brother says he has enjoy'd you.

[*Gives the Letters to the Queen.*]

Oh, ' thou more damn'd, and more insatiate far

' Than Messalina! she was chaste to thee;
' Her, half the men and slaves of Rome
' Could satisfy; but thou, not all mankind,

' With

‘ With husband, brother, kindred, in the number.

[*She gives them* Roch.

Queen. ‘ Oh, heav’nly pow’rs ! Oh, guard of innocence !
‘ What do I see here ! ’ — Oh, sacred Sir ! [cence !

You took me to your royal bed a handmaid,
The most unworthy of the mighty favour ;
Oh ! throw me into dungeons straight, or take
Away my life that ne’er offended you :
Take all in recompence from Anna Bullen !
’Tis yours ; but do not rob me of my fame,
Nor stain my virtue with so foul a guilt.

Roch. What’s here ? My am’rous letters sent to Blunt !
Has she betray’d me ?

King. I will hear no more — [To the Queen.

Roch. Ah, royal Sir, these letters I confess —

King. ‘ Damn thy hot lustful breath, thy pois’nous
tongue ! ’

Here, take them hence, to tortures, racks, to death.

Queen. Oh, Sir ! I am prepar’d for any death ;
For worse than death, a thousand, thousand torments ;
‘ And if you think them all not pain enough,
‘ Here, take advice of Wolfey, he’ll instruct you,
‘ Tell you how you may plague this hated body.
‘ But do not think that I’m so loath’d a creature.’

King. Quick ; take away thy hands, or I will force
thee —

Queen. You shall not, cannot, till I’ve sworn the truth :
For by th’ unspotted babe ‘ within the womb,’
That yet lies wrapp’d in innocence, unborn ;
By injur’d truth, by souls of martyr’d saints ;
By you, my Lord, my husband, and my King ;
‘ And by the King of Kings, the King of Heav’n,’
I’m wrong’d ! Ah, royal, gracious Sir, I’m wrong’d !

King. Unhand me, or I’ll spurn thee from thy hold —
Seize, seize on Piercy — By my life, who begs

[To the Guards.

In his behalf, ’s a traitor worse than he —

[To North. who kneels.

Here’s another letter too ; it is from Norris,
Who much commends your darling, secret beauties,
And sweetness of your lips : yet you are wrong’d ! —
‘ Here’s notes of your musician too, that charms you.’

Eternal

Eternal hell ! where's such another monster ?
 ' I have more horns than any forest yields ;
 ' Than Finsbury, or all the city-musters
 ' Upon a training, or a Lord-Mayor's day.
 ' Rise ! and begone, thou fiend, thou forcerefs ;
 ' Thy pow'r, thy charms, like witchcraft, all have left
 thee :

Go, you incestuous twins, make haste and mingle
 Your foul, adult'rate blood in death together——
 Oh, they're too long asunder. Why dost weep !
 Go to thy death ; and what's a greater pain,
 May heav'n, like me, see all those tears in vain.

[*Exeunt King, Attendants.*

Roch. Ah, sister ! what dire fiends must punish Roch-
 What will become of me, the cause of all ? [ford ?

Queen. Fear not : Heav'n knows thy innocence, and
 ' What though we suffer here a little shame, [mine !

'Tis to reward our souls above, and with
 ' Immortal restitution crown them there——
 ' We two liv'd in one mother's spotless womb ;
 ' And then we scarce had purer thoughts than now :
 ' And shortly we shall meet together in
 One grave.

' *Roch.* Oh, say not so : death dare not be so cruel.

' *Queen.* Cease, brother, cease ; say not a word in an-
 swer ;

' But lead me, like a valiant man, to chains.'
 Come, let's prepare——But first, my pomp, adieu.

[*Kneels, and lays down her crown.*

From heav'n I did my crown and life receive ;
 And back to heav'n both crown and life I'll give ;
 And thus, in humble posture, lay it down
 With greater joy than first I put it on. [Rises.

' And now I tread more light, and see from far
 ' A beamy crown, each diamond a star.'

But, Oh, you Royal Martyrs ! cease a while
 Your crying blood that else must curse this isle :
 Of the Imperial ask it with my pray'r ;
 For you are still the nearest angels there:
 Then, Richards, Edwards, Henrys, all make room,
 The first of slaughter'd English Queens I come :

F

La

Let me amongst your glorious, happy train,
Free from this hated world and traitors, reign. [*Exeunt.*]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

Enter Cardinal and Blunt severally.

CARDINAL.

LUCKIEST of omens ! do I meet ' my Juno ?'
My fair, illustrious partner in revenge !
Come, tell the news that your glad eyes proclaim :
Speak, by thy looks I know it must be well,
Is she condemn'd ? Shall Rome be absolute ?
Shall Wolsey reign, and shall my Blunt be Queen ?

Blunt. 'Tis as thou say'st, most mighty of thy function ;
Greatest that e'er adorn'd the robe, it is :
These eyes saw the bright English sun eclips'd,
And, what is more, eclips'd by thee and me ;
Cast by her awful judges from her height,
Guilty and sham'd, as Lucifer from heav'n,
And forc'd to beg it as the mildest sentence,
To lose her head.

Card. Then there's an end of Bullen.

Blunt. And what to see gave me the greater joy,
Those letters counterfeited by the fool
Her brother, were the strongest proofs against her :
So the same papers, which by your advice
I got convey'd into her cabinet,
Were the substantial'st circumstances found,
For which she dies.

Card. Oh, just and sacred rage !
Revenge ! thou greatest deity on earth !
And woman's wit the greatest of thy council !

Blunt. We ought to veil before your priestly robe ;
My crown of wit shall ne'er stand candidate
' With yours ; and yet I dare be bold to say,
' This I and malice would have done alone,'
Without the mighty aid of Wolsey's brain.

Card. Then nothing's to be done by fate, nor Wolsey,
But

But take the vanquish'd crown from Bullen's head,
And place it suddenly on yours.

Blunt. For which,
My gracious Wolfsey, I will so reward you——

Enter Piercy.

' *Piercy.* Blackness eternal cover all the world !
' Infernal darkness, such as Egypt felt,
' When the great patriarch curs'd the fatal land,
' And with a word extinguish'd all the light.'

Blunt. See, Piercy's here, more mad than we are joy-
ful :

Does't not make young the blood about thy heart,
To see that our revenge not singly hits,
But, like a chain-shot, carries all before it ?

Card. Let us avoid him—You intend to see
The Queen receive her death ; but I, ' to hide
' The pleasure that perhaps the fight would give me,'
Will pass this day at Esther, like a mourner.

Pier. Behold, the sun smiles still ; instead of darkness,
' Yon azure blue unspeckled with a cloud ;
' The face of Heav'n smiles on her as a bride.
' This day the sun sits mounted on his chariot,
' And darts his spiteful beams in scorn of pity ;
' Bates not a jot of the illustrious pomp,
' He should have furnish'd on her wedding-day ;
' Heav'n looks like Heav'n still, nature as it was :
' Men, beasts, and devils ; ev'ry thing that lives
' Conspires, as pleas'd at Anna Bullen's fall.'
Behold, just pow'rs ! the curses of the land ?
Stay, ' you amphibious monsters, priest and devil !

' [*To the Card. and Blunt.*

' And strumpet, if it can be, worse than both !'
You far more dreadful pair than those that first
Betray'd poor easy man, and all mankind :
Thou fatal woman, thou ! and serpent thou !
By whose sole malice (Oh, that Heav'n should let it !)
A greater innocence this day is fall'n,
Than ever blest the walks of Paradise.

Card. My Lord, I shall acquaint the King with this,
And those just lords the judges of her cause,
Whom your base malice wrongs——But I'm above it——
' Farewel——'

[*Ex. Card. and Blunt.*

Pier.

Pier. Bold traitors! hell-hounds! 'hear me first;
'Stay, you infectious dragons;' do you fly?
Does Anna Bullen's chastity and virtue,
Writ in this angry forehead, make you start?—

[*Exit.*]

Enter Diana.

What, the fair, wrong'd Diana's face in tears?
Can Anna Bullen's miseries attract
The noblest of compassion, pity from
A rival's breast? Thou wonder of thy sex!
How far more wretched makest thou Piercy still,
When I behold how much thou dost deserve,
And I so very little have to pay?

Diana. What rocky heart could have refrain'd from
pity,

To see the sight that I did? Any thing
But man, most cruel mankind, would have griev'd;
Tygers and panthers would have wept to see her;
And her base judges, had they not been men,
Would have bemoan'd her like departing babes.

Pier. Is Rochford too condemn'd?

Diana. Alas! he is.

Rochford and Norris both receiv'd their sentence,
And both behav'd themselves like gallant men—
But for the Queen! Ah, Piercy, such bright courage
No thought can dictate, nor no tongue relate:
When she was tax'd with that unnat'ral crime,
Adultery with her brother; ' ('tis a sin
'That e'er it should be nam'd)' at first she started,
And soon an innocent, not guilty, red
Adorn'd her face, and faint'd it with tears;
But straight conceiving it a fault, she smil'd,
Wip'd off the drops, and chid the blush away.

Pier. When I am dead, may my sad tale be blest,
And have no other tongue but thine to tell it.

Diana. Then with the meekness of a saint she flood;
With such amazing oratory, dazzled,
And like the sun, darted quite thro' her judges,
'And sham'd their guilt,' that none durst look upon her.
But, Oh! what's destin'd in the blackest pit
Of hell, what innocence can e'er withstand?
Whate'er she said, that angels could not finer,

And

And shew'd a soul no crystal nigh so clear :
Tho' all appear'd to be the plot of devils,
Yet was she guilty found ; and Oh, sad Piercy !
' (May all eyes weep at it like thine and mine)'
Condemn'd to lose her head.

Pier. Hell dare not think it.

Diana. The cruel Duke of Norfolk, her relation,
As steward for the day, pronounc'd the sentence.

Pier. And my hard-hearted father too was there.

Diana. My Lord ! what said you ? your hard-hearted
father !

O, blotted let it be from all records,
And never be in England's annals read,
What I'm about to tell you : her own father,
The Earl of Wiltshire, sat amongst her judges.

' *Pier.* O monster damn'd ! than cruel Titan worse,
' That eat up his own issue as he got them.

Diana. Behold, the King ! all knees are bent, all hands,
All good men's eyes, lift up to Heav'n and him,
To beg the life of her that glads the world.

Pier. Make use of all thy woman's art to win him ;
Let all petition him that share her blood,
Matrons, wives, virgins, all the charming sex.

Diana. Do you withdraw, you but incense the King—
I've yet a soft experiment to try,
Shall pierce his stubborn nature to the quick.

Pier. That angel thou'rt inspir'd with, prosper thee.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter King, Cardinal, and Attendants.

King. Piercy ! did I not charge he should be seiz'd ?
[*To the guards, who go out and seize Piercy.*]

Now by the sacred crown of England's monarchs,
Let none intreat me upon pain of death.

[*To petitioners.*]

What's here ? a list of base petitioners
For Norris' life ! Hell and confusion seize 'em !
Have I not, like a rock against the seas,
And mountains 'gainst the winds, stood thus unshaken,
Deny'd all England's pray'rs, ' and tears of angels,
' Nay, more, this heart, that pleads with mortal pangs
' For my dear Anna Bullen's life ?' and shall I
Pardon a slave before I would my Queen ?

Enter Northumberland, who kneels.

King. Why dost kneel?

North. I met my son this most unlucky moment,
Just as the guards were ready to obey,
And execute your fatal orders on him;
Who in despair, or rather in obedience,
Making a faint resemblance to resist,
As they were striving to put by his sword,
He on a sudden open'd wide his arms,
And on his breast receiv'd a wilful wound.
I kneel with humble pray'rs, that his disaster
Would mitigate your present and just fury:
And grant my son his freedom, till his hurt
Is cur'd, which is not mortal.

King. Be it so.

Enter Diana, leading the young Princess Elizabeth, with women.

Diana. Pardon this bold intrusion in your presence:
Your daughter, Sir, this little princess here,
Possess'd with woman's rage, and far above
The little sparkling reason of a child,
Scream'd for her father: Where's my father, said she;
And as we brought her to you, still she cry'd,
Unless she saw her father, she would die.

King. What would you have, my little Betty, say?

Child. But will you promise me that you'll not frown
And cry aloud, hough? and then indeed I'll tell you.

King. I do: come, let me take thee in my arms—

Child. No: but I'll kneel; for I must be a beggar;
And I have learnt, that all who beg of you,
Must do it kneeling.

North. Prettiest innocence!

King. Well then, what is't, my little prattler, say?

Child. I'm told that straight my mother is to die.
Yet I've heard you say, you lov'd her dearly:
And will you let her die, and me die too?

King. She must die, child: there is no harm in death:
Besides, the law has said it, and she must.

Child. Must! is the law a greater King than you?

King. O, yes. But do not cry, my pretty Betty:
For she'll be happier when she's dead, and go
To Heaven.

Child.

Child. Nay, I'm sure she'll go to Heaven.

King. How art thou sure?

- Child. Somebody told me so
Last night, when I was in my sleep.

King. Who was it?

Child. A fine old man, like my godfather Cranmer.

Card. Ay, there's the egg that hatch'd this cockatrice.

Child. Pray, father, what's that huge, tall, bloody
man?

I ne'er saw him but once in all my life,
And then he frighted me. He look'd for all
The world just like the picture of the Pope?

King. Why, don't you love the Pope?

Child. No, indeed don't I,
Nor never will.

King. Ay, but you must, my dear;
He is a fine old man too, if you saw him.

Card. Go, y'are a little heretic.

Child. A heretic!

Pray, father, what does that bold-fellow call me?
What's that?

King. Why, that's one that forsakes the right,
And turns to a new, wrong religion.

Child. Then I'm no heretic; for I ne'er turn'd
In all my life. But you forget your child;
Dear father, will you save my mother's life?

King. You must not call me father; for they say,
You're not my daughter.

Child. Who's am I then?
Who told you so? that ugly, old bald priest!
He tells untruth. I'm sure you are my father.

King. How art?

Child. 'Cause I love none so well as you—
But, Oh, you'll never hear me what I have to say,
As long as he, that devil there, stands by
Your elbow.

King. Ha! what devil?

Child. That red thing there.

King. Oh, child, he is no devil; he's a cardinal.

Child. Why does he wear that huge, long coat then,
Unless it be to hide his cloven feet?

Card. Sir, all's design'd by Cranmer for the Queen,
Of whom she's learnt this lesson like a parrot.

King.

King. Take her away : I were a fool indeed,
If women's tears, and children's idle prattle,
Should change my fix'd resolve, and cheat my justice—
Away with her.

Child. Oh, but they dare not :
Father, will you not let your Betty kiss you ?
Why do you let them pull me from you so ?
I ne'er did anger you :
Pray, save my mother, dear King-father do ;
And if you hate her, we will promise both,
That she and I will go a great huge way,
And never see you more.

King. Unloose her ; hough !
Hence with her straight ; I will not hear her prate
Another word. Go, y'are a naughty girl.

Child. Well, I'm resolv'd, when I am grown a woman,
I'll be reveng'd, and cry hough too.

[*Ex. Diana, Princess, women.*]

King. Ha ! spirit !
Mount all the draw-bridges, and guard the gates,
Then bring the pris'ners forth to execution ;
Norris and Rochford first, and then the Queen.
My Lord Northumberland, be it your task ;
Dispatch my orders straight, and fetch the traitors—
What's this that gives my soul a sudden twitch,
And bids me not proceed ? Ha ! is't compassion !
Shall pity ever fond the breast of Harry !
'Tis but a slip of nature, and I'll on.
' Think on thy wrongs ; the wrongs her lust has done
thee,

' And sweep away this loath'd incestuous brood,
' As Heav'n would drive a plague from off the land :'
Think thou shalt have thy Seymour in thy arms,
Who shall restore thy loss with double charms :
And though my Bullen sets this night, and dies,
Seymour, next morn, like a new sun, shall rise.

[*Ex. King and attendants.*]

North. With an unwilling heart I take this office ;
And, Heav'n, if Anna Bullen's innocent,
Forgive me, since it is my King's command :
' My breast is sad, and tender for her, all ;
' Tho' Piercy ne'er can rise but by her fall——'

Enter

Enter Rochford, Lieutenant, and Guards.

Roch. Will't not be granted, that I here may see
My sister ere I die, to part with her?

Lieut. There's my Lord Northumberland, he'll tell
you.

Roch. My Lord, you're come to see a wretched pair
Of Ormond's issue leave this fatal world:

Shall we not meet, and take our last farewell?

North. Norris, my Lord, is now upon the scaffold;
Then your turn follows: but before that time,
I guess the Queen will be prepar'd, and come.

Roch. Forgive me, Heav'n, my passion, and my crime,

'For Nature's choice of a wrong, fatal object,

'Loving too well, what in effect was ill.

'O, all ye strict-idolaters of beauty!

'You fond, severe adorers of that sex,

'Who think that all their vices cannot center

'In one vile woman's breast; see, and repent!

'Behold 'em all together

'In the infernal Blunt; in her they're fix'd.

'Thus have they all been curst, and thus they all

'Have been betray'd, that lov'd so well as I'

Enter Queen going to execution all in white; Diana, Women in mourning. Guards.

Queen. Come, where are those must lead me to my
fate?

To a more happy marriage-bed,

And my eternal coronation-day——

What, Piercy's father! must he do the office?

Still I can bear it all, 'and bear it bravely.'

North. Madam! it is the King's severe command,

That I attend your Majesty to the scaffold.

Queen. Enough, my Lord, you might have spar'd that

Alas! I wish it ever had been spar'd—— [title:

I should have been, if malice had not reign'd,

Your Piercy's wife, the scope of my ambition:

I ne'er had then been mounted to a throne;

Then this unhappy hour had never been.

Roch. 'Mind this, you rocky world, and mourn in
chaos:'

Such words as these the Heavens must weep to hear,

And make yon marble roofs dissolve in tears.

! *Queen.*

Queen. What, do you weep to see your mistress' glory,

- That shall straightway wipe off the stain on earth
- She bears, with an unspotted fame in Heav'n ?
- I charge you, by my hopes, and by your hopes,
- When you are going where I soon shall go ;
- By the illustrious pomp I long to meet ;
- The sacred, just rewards of injur'd truth ;
- Acquaint this noble Lord, and all here present,
- If e'er you saw in all my nights or days,
- Or in my looser hours of mirth or humour,
- The smallest of that most horrid guilt
- That I'm condemn'd for—Why are you all dumb ?
- If you are loth to tell it whilst I live,
- Proclaim it when I'm dead to all the world,
- That Heaven may bar the gates of bliss against me,
- And throw me to the blackest of hell's dungeons,
- Where all dissemblers at their death shall howl.

Wom. Alas ! most glorious mistress, none can wish
 • Themselves more innocent for death, than you.

Queen. What, dost thou weep, unhappy brother, too !
 Oh, shew me not suspected, nor thyself

So guilty, by such softness—Learn of me !

This breast that's perrify'd by constant woes,

By all my wrongs, m'injustice, and my cause,

Who sees me weep, they shall be tears of joy.

• Who grieves to leave the world, shall never come

• Where I am going, where all sorrow's banish'd.

Roch. Tho' I am innocent, my fate is not ;

'Tis that has been unjust to thee and me.

[*A gentleman whispers Northumberland.*]

Queen. ' Tho' tis a common, 'tis a fatal sign ;

• We weep when we are born : but it was

• More ominous, and much more fatal prov'd,

• From these prophetic eyes there gush'd a show'r,

• When Harry gave his faithless hand to me ;

• And on my coronation-day the like,

• My boding heart another tribute rack'd ;

• Methought there sat a mountain on my head,

The curses of wrong'd Kath'rine weigh'd me down,

And made my crown indeed a massy crown.

Roch.

Roch. Deny me not a little tender grief;
For ev'ry drop of blood that's to be shed,
Of that inestimable mass of thine,
My soul must rack a thousand years in hell.

Queen. Forbear such words—You have not injur'd me,
'I might as well tax Providence, as you;
'For Heaven, that heard the perjury of villains,
'Might, if it pleas'd, have choak'd 'em with its thunder,
'Or sent them with a lightning-blast to hell!
'But he has bent their rage another way,

[*One whispers North.*]

'And on their malice we shall safely mount,
'As on a cherubim, to Heav'n.'

North. My Lord,
You must prepare; a messenger is come,
Who brings the news, that Norris is beheaded.
'*Queen.* Alas! unhappy Norris, art thou dead?
'Yet why do I such wrong to pity thee!
'Thou'rt happier by some moments now than I.

Roch. Come, lead me to my rest, my rest from wrong.
Now, Anna Bullen, teach me all thy courage:
Thy innocence, that makes the Heavens amaz'd,
And the more guilty angels blush to see;
Help me to pass this Rubicon of parting,
This mid-way gulph, 'that hangs 'twixt earth and sky!
'Then that blest region all beyond is mine,
'And Cæsar was not half so great as I.'

Queen. Go! be a lucky harbinger for me;
Tell all the saints, and cherubims, and martyrs,
Tell all the wrong'd, that now are righted there,
'Till it shall reach the highest imperial car,
That Anna Bullen soon will join 'em.

Roch. Wilt not embrace thy dying brother first?
One father and one mother gave us birth;
'And one chaste, inn'cent nature's bed inclos'd us,
'These are our parents' arms, and so are thine,'
Then all you saints above, and men below,
Bear witness, and I vow it on my death,
It is the greatest, first, and only favour
I e'er receiv'd from Anna Bullen's person.

Queen. In spite of scandal, malice, and the world;
Nay, were the King and our vile judges by,

Since

Since Heaven is satisfied it is no sin,
 I will embrace thee, think I've in my arms,
 Both father, mother, sister, brother, all;
 And envy cannot blame me 'now for this.'

Roch. Thus, let my soul into thy bosom fly,
 That I may feel the stroke of death for thee;
 And when the fatal axe hangs o'er thy head,
 O, may it lull thee, and not strike thee dead!
 Softer than infants dream, or with less pain
 Than 'tis to sleep, or to be born again.—

[*Ex. Roch. to execution.*]

Queen. So, this is past and vanish'd! but behold
 A greater yet——'Now I begin to dread.'

Enter Diana, with the young Princess, and women.
 Ah, kind Diana, wonderful and good!
 The pity that thou shew'st thy dying friend,
 This little one, I hope, will live to pay.

Diana. Ah! royal Mistress! England's falling star;
 Best pattern that e'er earth receiv'd from Heaven—
 I need not fear these eyes should see you die;
 For ere that time just grief shall strike me dead,
 Or torrents of these tears will make me blind.

Queen. Come, 'lift her to my arms, and let me kiss
 her;

'For 'tis the last kind office you will do me.'
 Now let me press thy little coral lips
 With my dead pale ones now! and Oh, let me
 Infuse some of thy mother's latest breath
 In blessings on thy tender, blooming soul—
 What's this that tempts me with a mother's fondness!
 To break my resolution, and upbraids me,
 That I must leave thee to a father's rage,
 And yet more cruel enemies to both?
 Leave thee a lamb 'mongst wolves; for all who've been
 Thy mother's foes, will certainly be thine.

Diana. Tygers nor devils! or, what's more inhuman,
 Envy of mankind, cannot be so curst.

Queen. See, see, Diana! by my wrongs it weeps;
 Weeps like a thing of sense, and not a child;
 'Like one well understood in grief: the tears
 'Drop sensibly in order down its cheeks,
 'And drown its pretty speech in thoughtful sorrow.

‘ Nothing could shoot infections thro’ my breast

‘ But this : and this has done it———’

Why weeps my child ? ‘ Ay, what a question’s that !’

‘ *Diana.* Behold ! how’t strives ; and, betwixt tears
and throbs,

‘ If it could form a language, it would speak.

‘ *Queen.*’ Strive not for words, ‘ my child ;’ these
little drops

Are far more eloquent than speech can be——

‘ Be pitiful, my Lord ; and thou, my kind

‘ *Diana,* ever faithful to thy Queen :

‘ When I am dead, as shortly I shall be,

‘ Take this poor babe, and carry’t to the King ;

‘ Its lips just pregnant with its mother’s fondness,

‘ Perhaps he’ll take her then into his arms ;

‘ And, though the favour were to me deny’d,

‘ Steal there a kiss of mine :

‘ Say, ’tis the last request of Anna Bullen.’

North. Remove the little Princess

To her apartment ; where we straight will come,

‘ And wait on her, as is the Queen’s command.’

Queen. Yet let me hold her but a moment longer ;

And with this kiss, that now must be my last,

Unlock a secret which heav’n dictates to me.

‘ If e’er there is a light that does transcend

‘ Dark human knowledge in the breast of man,

‘ Fate to foresee, there is a light at death,

‘ And that now bids me speak.’ Thou, little child,

Shalt live to see thy mother’s wrongs o’erpaid,

In many blessings on thy woman’s state.

From this dark calumny, in which I set,

‘ As in a cloud,’ thou like a star shalt rise,

And awe the southern world : ‘ that holy tyrant,

‘ Who binds all Europe with the yoke of conscience,

‘ Holding his feet upon the necks of kings,

‘ Thou shalt destroy, and quite unloose his bonds,

‘ And lay the monster trembling at thy feet.’

When this shall come to pass, the world shall see

Thy mother’s innocence reviv’d in thee.

[*Exeunt Women with the young Princess Elizabeth*]

‘ *North.* Madam ! with greater pain to me than racks,

G

‘ I’m

- * I'm forc'd to let you know your brother's death;
- * And that, alas! you must prepare.

* *Queen.* My Lord,

- * I thank you; you mistake your noble office:
- * It is the voice of angels to wrong'd martyrs,
- * The sound of cherubs trumpeting from heav'n—
- * I've heard it said, amongst our many ends,
- * Beheading is the mildest death of any.
- * If it be so, I thank my gracious Lord,
- * For I was never used to pain—How say you?

* *North.* We cannot wish you less, since y'are to die.

- * And if the headsmen do as he's commanded,
- * 'Twill be no more than 'tis to drop asleep.

* *Queen.* My Lord, I've but a little neck;

- * Therefore I hope he'll not repeat his blow;
- * But do it, like an artist, at one stroke.

* *North.* There is no fear: he has particular order.

Queen. Then let me go; heav'n chides my fond delay—

But tell the King, I say it as I just
Am going to die; I both forgive and bless him,
And thank him, as my kindest benefactor—
First from an humble maid he lifted me
To honour; then he took me to his bed,
The highest state that I could be on earth;
And now, as if he thought he ne'er could do
Enough for me, has mounted me to heav'n—

North. 'Mr.' Lieutenant, 'on, and' lead the way.

Queen. 'If 'tis no sin to skip one moment now,

- * Of what belongs to heav'n, let me remember
 - * Poor Piercy once—Here, take this innocent kiss,
 - * A token to you both—'Tis thine and his—'
- Farewel, Diana. Farewel to you all.

* *Diana.* A long farewell to all our sex's glory.

* *Queen.* Weep not for me; but hear my dying sen-

- * Any that shall hereafter fall like me, [tence:
- * Falsly accus'd by wicked men and traitors;
- * Though in this world y'are great, in virtue strong;
- * Never blaspheme, and say, that heav'n does wrong:
- * Nor think an undeserved death is hard;
- * For innocence is still its own reward.
- * And when th' Almighty makes a saint, sometimes

* He

ANNA BULLEN.

75

- ' He acts by contraries, and villain's crimes :
- ' Whilst thus their malice always cheated is,
- ' And leads us but the nearest way to bliss.'

[Exit Queen to Execution, with Northumberland and Guards.]

Enter Piercy alone.

Pier. I dread the horrid deed is done, or now,
A doing : else what means this sudden gloom
Clad o'er the morning-sky, and all mankind ?
' All pass with horror by, with frightened looks and voice,
' Lift up to heav'n, who sees and hears in vain :
' Then shake their melancholy heads, like Time :
A gen'ral consternation seizes all,
As if the universal empress of the world,
Nature itself, were fled with Anna Bullen——

Enter a Gentleman with a Handkerchief stained with the Queen's Blood.

Hast thou beheld this great eclipse of virtue ?
Speak, is the Queen beheaded ? Hast thou done
As I commanded ?

Gent. Sir, when the fatal blow I saw perform'd,
Swift, as a whirlwind, through the crowd I rush'd;
And as the blood from their rich vessels drain'd,
This linen with the sacred crimson stain'd.

Pier. Give't me ! and leave me to myself a moment—
Now, sacred drops, now, heav'nly nectar, first
I'll kiss, then pledge you with a dying thirst——
What's this ! I feel my soul beat at my wound,
And bid me to remember now's the time,
Now to let out life's navigable stream,
And mix it with this most celestial flood :
' Thus, as kind rivers to their ocean run,'
First, I'll descend by just degrees to earth,
Thus on my knees, and wing my soul to heav'n,

[Kneels.]

Where Anna-Bullen waits her Piercy's coming ;
' And with this bloody sign the pow'rs implore,
' Like a poor wretch shipwreck'd on some lone shore,
' Who spies a sail far off, waves them his hand,
' To come, and waft him from the barren land.'

G 2

Enter

Enter Diana.

Behold the good Diana — by those tears,
Something of horror 'tis thou hast to say.

Diana. Alas, my Lord, what have you done?
Your wound does bleed afresh!
Your looks are alter'd! 'all those masculine beauties,
' That shone in your illustrious face, and made
' The noblest brave epitome of mankind,
' Are vanish'd on a sudden; and you hang
' Like a pale carcase on my trembling arms ——
Ha! let me run and call for help —— I'll fetch
Your father; fetch the King. Quick, let me go——

Pier. Oh, bear me to some horrid desert rather,
Where nought but tygers, wolves, and panthers breed;
They are more merciful than King or parent.
' I feel, like the wrong'd patriarch, a desire
' To do some fatal mischief with my end.
' Stand by me, and correct me with thy virtue;
' Else I shall lose the duty of a son,
' And subject; do a rashness to be fam'd for,
' Pull down a show'r of curses on the heads
' Of this Philistine King, and cruel father.'

Diana. Still, still your looks grow paler, and your
strength
Decays! Oh, let me call some help: 'who's there?'
Pier. Grief, 'like a subtle limbeck, by degrees,
' With still diffusion quite dissolves my heart,
' And steals by drops my blood and spirit away.
But, first, Diana, I'll be just to thee——
I doubt if I have strength to rise again——

[She raises him upon his knees.]

My father made me vow to be your husband;
If I here die——I kneel that you'd forgive me;
But if I live, I'll keep my promise to you.

Diana. You faint, you sink, you die; some creature
help——

' *Pier.* Go, strive to lave the waters of the sea,
' And quench the burning Ætna, 'tis in vain,
' And so are Æsculapius' remedies to me——
' Look, seest thou this? As long as I have this,

[Shews the Handkerchief.]
This

' This here, to waft me o'er death's dreadful main,
' I need no sword, no poison, nor no pain.'

Diana. What's that I see? your blood! your vital blood.

Pier. Yes! of a heart far dearer than my own.
Now, now, my blood, my crowd of spirits, all
Rush to behold, and with their standard fall.

Diana. Why stand I here, 'like marble made of woe,'
And run not for the cure of both our lives?

For should I stay, I shall betray my love,
In dying with him. *[Exit Diana running.]*

Pier. Thus, when the gen'rous lion sees the blood
Of his own royal master shed, like this,
Taking the lawn, stain'd with imperial gore,
He seeks revenge;

' At first he frowns, and then begins to roar;
' Lashes his sides, his fiery eye-balls roll,
And, with his awful voice, revenge he calls;
But finding no relief, at 'length he's mute,
' And weeps, tears falling from the kingly brute;'
Thus gently on it, as his death-bed, lies,
And, with a groan, breaks his stout heart, and dies.

[Dies.]

Enter Northumberland, and Gentlemen.

Gent. He's dead! alas, he's dead! We're come too late!

North. Here let me fix, till my grey hairs shall root,
Or turn to snakes, to plague this aged head;
' And never more be look'd on to upbraid me!'
This is a punishment for what my eyes
Unpitied saw; and now I feel, dear Piercy,
Thy father's curses on his own head turn,
And thou art blest; and I, alas! forlorn.'

Enter King, Lords, Attendants, and Guards.

King. Whom mourn'st thou over? Whose dead body's
that?

North. 'Tis Piercy's: you and all good men should
weep;

For you have lost a faithful Queen, and I a son.

King. Thy tongue's too bold! Are all the traitors
dead?

North. Norris and Rochford, and th'unhappy Queen,
Were

Were all beheaded in one fatal hour;
Yet all the traitors are not dead.

King. What mean'st thou?

Say! who has 'scap'd?

North. The haughty Blunt, deck'd with
Her proudest ornaments of gold and jewels,
Came to behold their ends upon the scaffold,
And saw them with a hellish cruelty;
Till Anna Bullen's head, lopp'd from her body,
'The brightest ornament of that person,' fell
Upon that wretched woman's knees, 'as she
'Was sitting to behold that dismal sight:
'The trunkless head with darting eyes beheld her,
'Making a motion with its lips to speak,
'As if they meant t'upbraid her cursed treason;
When straight the dreadful accident so struck her,
'Swift as a hind she gave a leap, and with'
A sudden shriek she started into madness,
So fierce, that just and speedy death must follow;
Then ut'ring strange and horrid guilty speeches,
In her distraction she accus'd herself,
And Wolsey; talk'd that the Queen was innocent;
Saying, the letters found within her closet
Were false, and plac'd by them to ruin her:
'For which, she said, her cruel ghost did haunt her.'

King. Where is the traitor, Wolsey?

North. Fled to Essex.

King. Go you in person, and secure the villain;
Many foul causes claim his forfeit life;
But if I find him guilty in the least
Of a contrivance with this cursed woman,
(Though the Queen justly merited her end)
I'll rack his soul out with a thousand tortures.

North. 'Twould be some joy to my revenge and Piercy's.

King. For thy son's death, thy King shall be a mourner—
Now heav'n vouchsafe to pardon till this time;
What I by sycophants' advice have done;
I will be absolute, and reign alone:
For where's a statesman fam'd for just and wife,
But makes our failings still his aim to rise?
If subjects thus their monarchs wills restrain,
'Tis they are Kings; for them we idly reign:

Then

Then I'll first break the yoke ; this maxim still
 Shall be my guide, " A prince can do no ill !"
 In spite of slaves, his genius let him trust,
 For heav'n ne'er made a King, but made him just.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIFTH ACT.



EPI.

E P I L O G U E.

WELL, Sirs, your kind opinions now, I pray,
 Of this our neither Whig nor Tory play:
 To blow such coals our conscious muse denies;
 Wit, sacred wit, such subjects should despise.
 The author says, his Heliconian stream
 Is not yet drain'd to such a low extreme,
 I' abuse one party with a cursed play,
 And bribe the other for a large third day.
 Like Gladiators then you straight resort,
 And crowd to make your Nero-faction sport.
 But what's more strange, that men of sense should do it!
 For worrying one another, pay the poet:
 So butchers at a baiting take delight,
 For him that keeps the bears, to roar and fight;
 Both friends and foes such authors make their game,
 Who have your money, that was all their aim:
 No matter for the play, nor for their wit,
 The better farce is acted in the pit.
 Both parties to be cheated will agree,
 And swallow any nonsense, so it be
 With faction fac'd, and gilt with loyalty.
 Here's such a rout with whigging and with torying,
 That you neglect your dear-lov'd sin of whoring:
 The visor-mask that ventur'd ber half-crown,
 Finding no hopes but here to be undone,
 Like a cast mistress past her dear delight,
 Turns godly straight, and goes to church in spite;
 And does not doubt, since you are grown so fickle,
 To find more cullies in a conventicle:
 We on the stage stand still, and are content
 To see you act what we should represent.
 You use us like the women that ye woo;
 You make us sport, and pay us for it too.
 Well, we're resolv'd that in our next play-bill,
 To print at large a trial of your skill,
 And that five hundred monsters are to fight;
 Then more will run to see so strange a fight,
 Than the Morocco, or the Moscovite.





Roberts del.

Published for Belle's Drury's Theatre Aug. 9. 1777.

Thornhill sculp.

M^r. BARRY in the Character of **MARIAMNE.**

— I wish my Innocence
 wanted that mark of honour, which the Tongue of
 Malice will miscall the brand of Guilt.

THEEK

that mark of honour which the Tongue of
will miscall the brand of Guilt.

BELL'S EDITION.

M A R I A M N E.

A TRAGEDY,

As written by Mr. FENTON.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE

VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

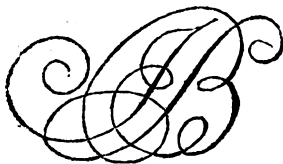
Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. WILD, Prompter.

——— *Æstuat ingens*
Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque insania luctu.
Et furius agitatus amor, & conscia virtus.

VIRG.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand.

MDCCCLXXVII.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

J O H N

L O R D G O W E R,

BARON OF

S T I T T E N H A M.

MY LORD,

YOUR Lordship's known candour and humanity were never more conspicuous, than when you condescended to promote the interest of the following tragedy. An imperfect essay ! at first attempted only for a private amusement, and formed on the model of the ancient Greek drama ; but I was afterwards prevailed upon by my friend Mr. Southern's importunity, to bring it on the stage. The uncommon success which it met with there, I have not the vanity to ascribe to any merit in the play ; but owe it purely to the general disposition of the town, to give a kind reception to whatever comes recommended with your Lordship's protection. Let your goodness, my Lord, indulge the ambition I have that it should now appear in the world under your patronage ; and allow me the honour of ever being, with the most perfect esteem and gratitude,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most obliged, and

Most obedient servant,

ELIJAH FENTON.

P R O L O G U E.

Written by a FRIEND.

WHEN breathing statues moulder waste away,
 And tombs, unfaithful to their trust, decay;
 The Muse recalls the suffering good to fame,
 Or wakes the prosp'rous villain into shame;
 To the stern tyrant gives fictitious pow'r,
 To reign the restless monarch of an hour.

Obedient to her call, this night appears
 Great Herod rising from a length of years:
 A name enlarg'd with titles not his own,
 Servile to mount, and savage on the throne:
 Whose bold ambition trembling Jewry view'd,
 In blood of half her royal race imbru'd.
 But now reviving in the British scene,
 He looks majestic with a milder mien:
 His features soften'd with the deep distress
 Of love, made greatly wretched by excess:
 From lust of pow'r to jealous fury tost,
 We shew the tyrant in the lover lost.

If no compassion, when his crimes are weigh'd,
 To his ill-fated fondness must be paid,
 Yet see, ye fair! and see with pitying eyes
 The bright, afflicted Mariamne rise.
 No fancy'd tale; our op'ning scenes disclose
 Historic truth, and swell with real woes.
 Awful in virtuous grief the Queen appears,
 And strong the eloquence of royal tears.
 Then let her fate your kind attention raise,
 Whose perfect charms were but her second praise:
 Beauty and virtue your protection claim;
 Give tears to beauty, and to virtue fame.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>Herod</i> the Great,	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Smith.
His young son.		
<i>Pberoras</i> , the King's brother,	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Gardner.
<i>Sobemus</i> , first Mini- ster,	Mr. Aickin.	Mr. Bensley.
<i>Narbal</i> , a Lord of the Queen's party,	Mr. Burton.	Mr. Clarke.
<i>Hazeroth</i> , a young Lord related to the Queen,	Mr. Fawcett,	
High-Priest,	Mr. Hurst.	Mr. Hull.
<i>Sameas</i> , the King's cup-bearer,	Mr. Wrighten.	Mr. Davis.
<i>Flaminius</i> , a Roman General,	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Wroughton.

W O M E N.

<i>Marianne</i> ,	Mrs. Pritchard.	Mrs. Hartley.
<i>Salome</i> , the King's sister,	Mrs. Hopkins.	Miss Sherman.
<i>Arfinoe</i> , chief atten- dant on the Queen,	Miss Platt.	Mrs. Mattocks.

Guards, Messengers, Attendants.

SCENE, a Room of State in Herod's Palace at
Jerusalem.

MARI.

M A R I A M N E.

* * *The lines distinguished by inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the Representation, and those printed in Italics are the additions of the Theatre.*

A C T I.

Enter Pheroras, Narbal, and Sohemus.

PHERORAS.

THE morning in her richest purple rob'd,
Smiles with auspicious lustre on the day
Which brings my royal brother back from Rhodes,
Confirm'd in empire by the general voice
Of Cæsar and the Senate.

Nar. This blest'd day
In latest annals shall distinguish'd shine,
Sacred to majesty; and dear to love :
The same which saw the royal lovers march
In nuptial pomp, revolving, now restores
Herod to Mariamne, and his crown.

Soh. Fortune at length to merit grows a friend ;
Or fate ordain'd the happiest stars to shed
Their influence on his birth ; or sure, since Rome,
With civil discord rent, so oft hath chang'd
Her own great lords, (as bleeding conquest rais'd,
Or sunk the doubtful balance) we had shar'd
The same vicissitudes of restless pow'r.

Nar. Herod avow'd the dear respect he bore
To Antony, and dropp'd a generous tear
To grace his ruins.

Pher. Yes, and Cæsar sat
Pensive and silent ; in his anxious breast,
Perhaps, revolving, that, of all his train,

Who proudly wanton in his mounted rays,
 Gay, flutt'ring insects of a summer-noon,
 How few would bear the wint'ry storms of fate!
 At length, he smiling rose, receiv'd the crown
 From Herod's hand, and plac'd it on his brow,
 Crying, Shine there! for Cæsar cannot find
 A worthier head to wear thee.

Sob. From the grace
 Of such a victor to receive a crown,
 With such peculiar attributes of fame,
 Confers more glory than a chronicle
 Of scepter'd ancestors.

Pher. Narbal, your care
 Will see due honours to the day discharg'd.
 Let the shrill trumpet's cheerful note injoin
 A general feast; and joy, with loud acclaim,
 Through all the streets of Solyma resound.
 ' Let steams of grateful incense cloud the sky,
 ' 'Till the rich fragrance reach the utmost bounds
 ' Of Herod's empire. Let each smiling brow
 ' Wear peaceful olive, whilst the virgin choirs
 ' Warbling his praise, his paths with flow'rs perfume,
 ' Who guards Judea with the shield of Rome.'

[Exit Narbal.]

Sob. My Lord, the province you've assign'd agrees
 With Narbal's talents; none is better form'd
 To gild the pageant of a gaudy day:
 He's nobly born, and popularly vain,
 Rare tinsel-stuff t' adorn a room of state!
 But in the counsel, where the public care——

Pher. In that high sphere you, Sohemus, alone
 Must ever shine: and may your wisdom raise
 Your master's fortune, to divide the globe
 With this new Cæsar; ' and no longer sway
 ' A short, precarious sceptre, which must shake
 ' With each tempestuous gust that blows from Rome.'

Sob. With blushes I must hear you call me wise,
 When one impassion'd woman can destroy
 My surest plans, and with a sigh blow down
 The firmest fabric of deliberate thought.
 Heav'ns! that a king consummate for a throne,
 So wise in council, and so great in arms,

Should,

M A R I A M N E

Should, after nine long years, remain a slave,
Because his wife is fair! 'What art thou, beauty,
'Whose charm makes sense and valour grow as tame
'As a blind turtle?'

Pher. Is thy wisdom proof
Against the blandishments of warm desire?
It ill defends thee from Arsinoe's charms:
The sullen sweetness of a down-cast eye,
A feign'd unkindness, or a just reproach,
Breath'd in a sigh, and soften'd with a tear,
Would make thy rigid marble melt like snow
On the warm bosom of the youthful spring.

Sob. In thoughtless youth, gay nature gives the rein
To love, and bids him urge the full career:
But Herod should restrain his head-strong course,
Now reason is mature.

Pher. He never can;
For Mariamne, with superior charms,
Triumphs o'er reason; in her look she bears
A paradise of ever-blooming sweets;
Fair as the first idea beauty prints
On the young lover's soul; 'a winning grace
'Guides every gesture, and obsequious love
'Attends on all her steps; for majesty
'Streams from her eye, to each beholder's heart,
'And checks the transport which her charms inspire.'
Who would not live her slave!—Nor is her mind
Form'd with inferior elegance—By her,
So absolute in every grace, we guess
What essence angels have.

Sob. Who can admire
The brightest angel, when his hand unsheaths
The vengeful sword, or with dire pestilence
Unpeople's nations? If Death fits enthron'd
In the soft dimple of a damask cheek,
He thence can aim his silent dart as sure
As from the wrinkle of a tyrant's frown:
And that's our case. Yet, with a lover's eye,
You view the gay malignance that will blight
Both you and all your friends

Pher. We sure may praise

The

The snake that glitters in her summer pride,
And yet beware the sting.

Sab. But low in dust
Crush the crown'd basilisk, or else she kills
Whate'er her eye commands—You need, my Lord,
No clearer light than this, by which to read
The purpose of my soul.

Pber. Tho' 'tis obscure,
It strikes like lightning, that with fear confounds
The pale night-wanderer, whilst it shows the path,
You, Sohemus, have cause to think the Queen
Charges the taking off her uncle's head
To your advice; and gladly would atone
Her kindred blood with yours: revenge still glows,
Though hid in treacherous embers; and you'll feel
The dire effect, whene'er occasion breathes
A gale to waken and foment the flame.

• But I, unpractis'd in th' intrigues of courts,
• And disciplin'd in camps, will not supply
• Increase of fuel to these home-bred jars:
• I hope the King will see them soon suppress'd;
• Or care succeeding care will ever tread
• The circle of his crown.'

Sab. If to pursue
The safest measures to secure his throne,
Shall irritate the Queen to make me fall
A victim to her rage, the conscious pride
Of having acted what the King ordain'd,

Enter Messenger with a letter to Pheroras.
Will yet support me. 'Tis not worth my care,
Whether the trembling hand of age must shake
From the frail glass my last remaining sand,
Or fortune break the phial, ere the sum
Of half my life is told.

Pber. 'Tis from the King:
A most displeasing message for the Queen.

Sab. May I, my Lord, partake?

Pber. The infant Prince
Must live an hostage of the league at Rome:
Cæsar hath sent a minister of trust,
With guards to wait him. This, perhaps, the King
Hath kept conceal'd, that his return might calm
Th' afflicted Queen, and soften the surprise.

Sab.

M A R I A M N E.

11

Sob. Names he, my Lord, the General to whose care
The Prince must be consign'd ?

Pher. Rome could not chuse
For that high charge a nobler delegate
Than my Flaminius ; for a bolder hand
Ne'er flew her conquering eagles at their prey.
' We in the Parthian wars together learn'd
' The rudiments of arms ; the summer sun
' Hath seen our marches measur'd by his own :
' In battle so intrepid, that he shew'd
' An appetite of danger.' Oft I've heard
The weary veterans, resting on their spears,
Swear, by the gods and majesty of Rome,
They blush'd with indignation, to behold
The garland of the war, by partial Fate,
Transferr'd from theirs, to grace a stripling's brow——
But I with Narbal will prevail, t' impart
This most ungrateful order to the Queen. [Exit.]

Enter Salome

Sal. I hope, my Lord, young Hazeroth's affront
Will not pass unresented ?

Sob. I've dispatch'd
A message to the King : th' account I gave
Imported nothing but severest truth ;
Yet wittiest malice scarce could feign a roll
Of keener calumnies.

' *Sal.* He mention'd me !

' *Sob.* Traduc'd you basely, by th' opprobrious name
' Of Idumæan spinster, in degree
' The third descendant of an Heathen slave,
' Who kept Apollo's temple.

' *Sal.* The King's veins
' Hold the same blood, whatever is the source ;
' And if the wretch survives that vile reproach,
' The King's a slave indeed. What was your crime ?

' *Sob.* He said, by my sole counsels were destroy'd
' All of the royal Asmonæan race,
' Whom justice made the victims of the state ;
' Whose injur'd discontented ghosts too long
' Had cry'd revenge ! but should not cry in vain :
' Then half unsheath'd his sabre.'

Sal. That vain boy

' Believes

' Believes his near relation to the Queen;
' Exempts his haughty youth from all restraint.'
He's Mariamne's echo, and repeats
But half her menaces.

Sob. What time more fit
To put her threats in act, than when the King
Flies with redoubled ardor to her arms?
Passion improves with absence; and his heart
So soft and passive to the pow'r of love,
Will then be vacant only to his Queen.
Fortune of late a glorious scene disclos'd,
But soon snatch'd back the visionary joy.
The blissful hour is past—Curs'd, doubly curs'd
Be this boy-emperor, who tamely spar'd
The warmest friend that Antony could boast!
Had Herod perish'd by his vengeful sword,
I soon had sent (for so he left in charge)
His Queen, the worshipp'd idol of his soul,
To attend him to the shades——Clouds of despair
Now terminate our view!

Sal. Can you discern
No glimmering hope? Though dim, the distant ray
May serve to steer our course.

Sob. The King will send
His son for hostage, to reside in Rome.

Sal. Were triple thunder vollied at the Queen,
It could not rend her bleeding bosom more
Than such a message.

Sob. At this little spark,
Discord may light her ever-burning torch:
Th' imperious Queen, perhaps, will edge her tongue
With keen resentments for her ruin'd race:
' For 'tis th' infirmity of noblest minds,
' When ruffled with an unexpected woe,
' To speak what settled prudence would conceal;
' As the vex'd ocean, working in a storm,
' Oft brings to light the wrecks, which long lay calm
' In the dark bosom of the secret deep.'
From such reproach, his pointed joy may change
To coldness and distrust, perhaps to hate;
And their high souls, that now, like friendly stars,
Mingling their beams, in mutual ardor shine,

In fiercest opposition then will thwart
Each others influence, and divide the court :
Then, mischief, to thy work !——

Sal. In me you'll find
A sure assistant : Shall Pheroras join ?

Sob. I'd fly him at the quarry, but I fear
He'd check if other game should cross the flight :
' He scorns dissimulation, nor perceives
' That nature never meant simplicity
' A grace to charm in courts : ' he serves the crown
With such a blind disinterested zeal,
He's even proud to obey.

Sal. Let him enjoy
His cold-complexion'd principles, and fall
A traitor to himself.

Sob. O, Princess ! born
To bless the world with a long progeny
Of future heroes ; ' and renew the strain
' Of valour, which the softness of your sex
' Unspirited at first ! ' so great a soul
Deserves, and sure is destin'd to a throne !
But hark !

Sal. The Queen's approaching ; she repairs
To sacrifice.

Sob. 'Tis best we both retire.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mariamne and Arsmoe.

Mar. The Princess and her friend were unpar'd
To pay the decencies the day requires :
' The most unpractis'd in the courtier's art,
' And they who hate us most, might sure vouchsafe
' A smooth unmeaning compliment at least.'
But night-born treason is too tender-ey'd,
To bear the blaze of dazzling Majesty,
And seeks the guilty shade.

Arf. They're both depriv'd
Of your propitious smile ; so dire a loss
Would cloud the most serene.

Mar. That sullen gloom
Proceeds not from a conscience of their crimes
' Which sues by penitence for royal grace ;'
But argues high contempt : their brows display
A banner of defiance, and avow

B

Their

24: M A R I A M N E.

Their trait'rous combination : ' but I'll quell
 ' The tow'ring crest of their presumptuous hate,
 ' Or perish in th' attempt.' Henceforth forbear
 All commerce with the Princess, and her train :
 For fear the infection of example taint
 Your sound allegiance.

Arfi. If a single thought
 Were tinctur'd with disloyalty, this hand
 Should pierce my heart to drive the rebel out.
 Your strict command with pleasure I obey :
 For at the sight of Salome, my breast
 Shivers with chilling horror, and revolves
 The destiny which a Chaldean seer
 Of late foretold. The pious sage had pass'd
 Full sixty winters in a private cell :
 His locks were silver'd o'er with reverend white ;
 And on his cheeks appear'd the pale effect
 Of studious abstinence : his custom was
 In his small hermitage t'outwatch the moon,
 To marshal in his schemes the host of Heav'n ;
 And from their ruling influence at the birth,
 Form'd his predictions. As the Princess pass'd,
 I ask'd him if his foresight could discern
 The colour of her fate ; he answer'd, Black !
 'Tis black chequer'd with blood ! deep in her breast
 I see the dagger, doom'd by Heaven's decree
 To cut her half-spun thread.

Mar. What pow'rful cause
 Urg'd you to hear a vain diviner tell
 His waking dreams ? Perhaps you went to know
 What happy star presid'd o'er the love,
 Which Sohemus, I hear, address'd to you :
 If so, I'll be your oracle ; ' forbear
 ' T'enquire the doubtful omens of the sky,
 ' And fix your faith on this unerring truth :'
 If your ill-judging choice mislead your heart,
 To meet his passion with an equal flame,
 Henceforth for ever banish'd from my sight,
 In exile you shall end an odious life ;
 Attended only in that friendless state
 By black remorse, which step by step pursues
 Th' ingrateful and the false.

Arfi.

Arf. I long have felt
Th' afflicting hand of Heav'n, without the guilt
Of murmur or complaint : but to be thought
False and ingrateful, is too much to bear.
Chafe that suspicion from your royal mind ;
Nor cast my blameless innocence a prey
To those who envy your distinguish'd grace,
With which I've long been honour'd.

Mar. To receive
Private addresses from my deadliest foe ;
A wretch ! whose dark infernal arts have wrought
The ruin of my race, but ill repays
My condescending favour, which vouchsaf'd
To lose the style of subject and of Queen,
In friendship's foster name.

Arf. While thus I kneel,
Imploring Heaven t' attest my spotless faith,
May I be fix'd a dreadful monument
Of perjur'd guilt, if e'er my bosom gave
Reception to his suit ! Were he possess'd
Of all the sun surveys, and form'd to please
With every grace that captivates the soul ;
And your command concurrent with his love,
Should urge me to comply ; that hard command,
And that alone, I dare to disobey. —
No, my dear Roman ! nothing can deface
Thy image from thy virgin-widow's breast ;
' The inviolable band of strong desire
' Shall ever join our souls !'

Mar. Dismiss your fears,
And let them with my vanish'd doubt expire :
But, whence this transport of reviving woe ?
Recite the series of your fate at large.

Arf. When Antony and Cæsar found the globe
Too narrow, to suffice the boundless views
Of two such mighty spirits, my virgin-vow
Was plighted to a brave Patrician youth,
The friend of Cæsar : Antony proscrib'd
The chiefs who sided with his potent foe ;
And foremost in the tablet my lov'd lord
Was doom'd to slaughter : whilst with nuptial joy
His palace rung, crowded with friends who came

B 2

T'attend

T'attend the bride's arrival, through the gates
A troop of ruffians rushing in, surpriz'd
And dragg'd him to his fate.

Mar. In that distress

What could you do, and whither did you fly?

Arf. At Alexandria, then the fatal cause
Of Antony engag'd my father's sword;
Thither I fled, and was receiv'd with grace
To Cleopatra's train: with her I came
To Palestine; where the detested fight
Of Antony so rack'd me, and reviv'd
The sad remembrance of my murder'd Lord,
I begg'd to be dismiss'd. You then receiv'd
The fugitive, whom Fortune's rage hath made
Wretched indeed, but hath not pow'r to make
False or ingrateful.

Mar. Poor Arfinoe!

My favours shall deface the memory
Of past afflictions. On a soul secure
In native innocence, or grief or joy
Should make no deeper prints than air retains:
'Where fleet alike the vulture and the dove
'And leave no trace.' Blind fortune that bestows
The perishable toys of wealth and pow'r,
At random oft resumes them, pleas'd to make
A hurricane of life; but, the firm mind
Safe on exalted virtue reigns sedate,
Superior to the giddy whirls of fate.

[*Exit.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

Enter Narbal and Flaminius.

NARBAL.

THE Queen will see you, Sir; a just regard
To Cæsar's friendship is so sacred here,
That tho' on this high jubilee the court
Suspends all state affairs, the Queen vouchsafes
T' admit your message to her royal ear.

Fla.

Fla. Th' ambassadors at Rome never demand
Admission more than once : your King defers
His entry 'till the Queen shall execute
What Cæsar's will requires.

Nar. That cause alone
Would urge our prompt compliance ; for the King.
Makes love th' impatient register of time :
In his account each moment seems an age,
That keeps him from his Mariamne's arms ;
Who well deserves such passion.

Fla. Distant fame
Hath pictur'd all her graces on my mind :
Perhaps you've heard of Dellius.

Nar. What ! the friend
Of Antony ?

Fla. His qualities disgrace
The name of friend ; but in his softer hours
He lik'd him for his elegance of taste
In luxury and love. I heard him tell,
How once when Antony, in amorous pomp,
With Cleopatra sail'd along the Nile,
To grieve the proud Egyptian, he produced
A miniature of Mariamne's face.

Nar. And what said Antony ?

Fla. With vast surprize
He view'd each lineament, but yet forbore
To praise or blame it, which he knew the Queen
Would soon interpret love ; but softly sigh'd,
And slipt it in his bosom. Strait her cheeks
Glow'd with an angry blush, which faded soon,
And left them lily-pale : breathless and faint
She then reclin'd her head, and from his breast
Snatch'd what she fear'd might lie too near his heart :
With amorous reluctance while he strove
To gain the ravish'd prize, she let it fall
(More by design than chance) into the Nile :
He springing up to catch it, half o'erset
The gilded barge ; and with a sterner brow,
And haughtier tone, than e'er she knew before,
He cry'd, Your river is too well repaid,
For all the wealth you ow'd—

[*A Messenger enters to Nar.*

B 3-

Mess.

Meff. Pheroras, Sir.

Desires to see the Roman general.

Nar. Sir, I'll conduct you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sohemus and the High-Priest.

Sob. But the human mind,

When 'tis divorc'd from matter, cannot pierce

The distant cloud of dark futurity.

You sleep not sound, my Lord! Old age depress'd

With melancholy damps, oft dwindles down

To second infancy, and then renews

Its cradle dreams; which superstitious fear

Makes sacred with the venerable names

Of vision, or of prophecy; devis'd

To cheat the vulgar, and too oft employ'd

To cover disaffection to the state.

Highb-Pr. I have, my Lord, no craving appetites,

To glut with gain or titles; I've attain'd

The highest name my order can receive.

I bear no symptoms of a fev'rish soul,

Which, turbulent with guilt, aspires t' embroil

The state with trait'rous fiction. You may think,

I who commend myself have brib'd a fool

To be my herald; yet a modest man,

T' oppose the darts of calumny, may wear

His innocence in sight; a safer shield

Than adamant, or gold!

Sob. Your innocence!

Did you not talk of omens, which forbode

Th' impending wrath of Heaven t' blast the day

Which re-instates our monarch on his throne?

Highb-Pr. I did, my Lord, and will affirm I saw——

Laugh when you've heard me out.

Sob. Well, pray proceed.

Highb-Pr. I walk'd this morning in my palmy grove,

Where oft to contemplation I devote

My earliest hours; the sun new-rising cheer'd

The face of nature with a purple smile;

My spirits ran as brisk careers of life,

As ever in the careless prime of youth;

When issuing sudden from the bow'ry shade,

A beauteous form appear'd, and gliding slow,

Approach'd me with a soft dejected air;

Then

Then cry'd, I liv'd the brother of your Queen;
And gave a piteous groan!

Sob. Aristobulus?

High-Pr. The same, I knew him well.

Sob. Ha!—What?—What more?

Why, he was drown'd, you know——Could I prevent
What heaven fore-doom'd? My good Lord, did he say
That I was accessary? Why to me
This message from the unapparent shades?
Speak—speak—I'll hear it.

High-Pr. In his hand he wav'd
An airy streamer, like a fable shroud,
And thus went on: if dire designs prevail
Before yond' east displays another dawn,
My sister must exchange her robes of state,
For such a weed as this; by wicked arts
Betray'd, and in the summer of her days
Cut off by bloody hands! with her will end
The glories of our Asmonæan line;
Tell what I say to Sohemus alone;
Bid him desist.

Sob. I!—What?

High-Pr. He said no more,
But vanish'd from my view.

Sob. 'Tis best, my Lord,
To let such shadows fleet neglected by;
They argue perturbation in the brain,
Caus'd by black humours; a few hours will prove
That mimic fancy mock'd your dazzl'd sight,
With images of air.

High-Pr. Whate'er they prove,
I feel my bosom lighter.

[*Exit High-Pr.*

Sob. Thou hast laid
A galling weight on mine.

Enter Salome.

Sal. How now, my Lord!
What means this pale confusion in your face?
'What makes your hair stand bristling, and your eyes
'With gloomy horror glare!

Sob. We cheat the world
With florid out-side, 'till we meet surprize;
Then, conscience, working inward like a mole,

Crum-

Crumbles the surface, and reveals the dirt
From which our actions spring.

Sal. My Lord, recall
Your wandering reason.

Sob. 'Tis in vain to boast
That reason o'er the passions holds the rein,
When quite unmann'd with such a tale——

Sal. What tale?
I met th' high-priest, hath he unfolded ought
That strikes with this amazement?

Sob. He reports
A message from the visionary shade
Of young Aristobulus; him, who claim'd
By lineal right the crown which Herod wears;
To disembroil the title, whilst he bath'd
I plung'd him, 'till the stifling element
Had quench'd the lamp of life, and charg'd the crime
On faultless destiny?—What makes you smile?

Sal. To see a dotard's fiction, or his dream,
A legend, such as nurseries amuse
A froward child with, have as strong effect
As plain authentic truth! I've heard you prove
By clearest reason, that when death resolves
To its first principles the human frame,
That subtle vapour then, the boasted soul,
Mingles with common air.

Sob. 'Tis not the faith
Of such fantastic forms that quells me thus;
Sudden remorse for murder'd innocence
Wither'd my resolution.

Sal. But revenge
Reviving warmth and spirit will infuse,
And make the drooping branches flourish fair,
Renew'd in second spring. Here Sameas comes,
Whom art and nature exquisitely form
For glorious mischief; him we must secure.

Enter Sameas.

Sal. Sameas, I'm pleas'd your merits are preferr'd
To bear the royal cup; Pheroras long
Pleaded in vain for Mariamne's grace.

Sam. If to her grace I ow'd this vital air,
I'd choak myself with generous disdain;

Rather

Rather than breathe it : from Pheroras' suit
I date my fortunes, and to him devote
Life, conscience, honour.

Sob. Gratitude is rare !

Most, after favours are conferr'd, profess
Deep sense of obligation ; but when prov'd
In points of nicest moment, have recourse
To conscience, honour, and such trivial phrase,
T' excuse defect of duty to their friend :
But such a pure, resign'd, implicit zeal,
Excites my wonder, and transcends my praise.

Sam. Pheroras said, my Lord, he'd recommend
To you my poor affairs.

Sob. Doubt not my care ;

Read here thy lot.

[Pulls out his Tablet.

Sam. 'Make Sameas chamberlain——

How can I e'er discharge so vast a debt
Of gratitude !

Sob. How ? Should affairs require
Thy hand, it would not shrink to cut a throat ?

Sam. I've such a strong antipathy to blood,
I ne'er could sacrifice ; but my revenge
Works a more secret, and a safer way.
No poisonous herbs, which various climes produce,
No venom of the mine, nor reptile, 'scapes
My curious observation : I extract
Their several essences, and know their pow'rs,
And times of operation.

Sob. To what use !

Had I a dog to be dispatch'd——

Sam. My art

Delights in nobler quarry.

Sob. Is it stanch ?

Sam. Point out the game, my Lord, you'll find I dare
Do more, than most dare think.

Sob. Then swear——

Sal. Defer

T' impart your orders till the King's arriv'd ;
And meet before the banquet.

Sam. What your will

Enjoins, my duty binds me to perform.

Sob. Proud Queen ! the last decisive hour draws on,
Destin'd

Destin'd to crown our hope, and end our care :
 Aided by this brave friend, whose soul is steel'd
 With dauntless resolution, though the ghosts
 Of all her race rise grinning from the tomb,
 And in their cause auxiliar furies join ;
 Intrepid we'll pursue our bold career ;
 Pitch the sure toils, and rouse the fated deer. [Exeunt.

Enter Mariamne, Narbal, and Arfinoe.

Mar. His offspring mortgag'd to redeem his crown !—
 The wild Arabians who delight in blood,
 Who live promiscuous, and without restraint
 Of laws or manners propagate their kind,
 With yearning passion yet preserve their young :
 Nature on their unpolish'd marble prints
 Much tenderer sentiments, than some can boast,
 Who call them barbarous.

Nar. In the sons of Kings
 The country claims a right ; and to preserve
 The quiet, and the glory of your realm,
 The King complies with Cæsar, and will send
 The dearest pledge to firm his royal faith.

Mar. Hard fate of greatness, if it thus excludes
 A mother's interest in the babe she bore ;
 Kings to their country owe their dearest care
 In council or in arms ; let that suffice ;
 The choicest blessings of indulgent heav'n,
 Their children, are reserv'd a private right,
 To soften and support their public toils.
 But, send the prince to Rome ! which still ferments
 With fierce intestine factions, ' ever known
 ' To sheath, but not to lay the sword aside :'
 I cannot bear it ! — Now, the ball of pow'r,
 ' Which has been bandy'd long from side to side,'
 Is grasp'd by Cæsar ; soon, superior force
 May wrest it from his hand ; who'll then adhere
 To Cæsar's cause ? Will Herod ? — He, be sure,
 Would plan new measures to preserve the crown ;
 And his desertion, doubtless, would provoke
 Cæsar to punish, in extreme revenge,
 Th' offending father in the guiltless son.

Nar. The blood of Julius is aton'd ; and Rome,
 Like a tir'd lioness, which long has stood.

The

The hunter's spear, lies quiet in her den
 To heal her wounds : Cæsar himself aspires,
 With all his conquests, only to be styl'd
 His country's father ; and the senate bears
 The same pacific temper : —but, suppose
 Another Brutus rouse another war,
 And Tyber shine again with civil arms :
 Though Herod then should draw the sword, and turn
 The point on Cæsar ; yet the sacred laws
 Of empires, would preserve the prince's life
 Inviolably safe.

Mar. ' But, were revenge
 ' Employ'd (as sure it wou'd) t' expound those laws :
 ' Then, what bold casuist would appear, t' oppose
 ' The sense of Cæsar's legions ?'

Inviolably safe !

No—Wrong and right
 In this bad age are measur'd by success :
 The blackest crime from fortune's golden light
 Receives a beauteous gloss—But grant him safe,
 As in the circle of his mother's arms :
 Rome may pervert his infant age to kneel
 Before her idol-shrines, and from our law
 Apostatize to worship fabled gods :
 And though I hold his life and safety dear,
 Far dearer than my own, I'd see him cast
 Amidst her amphitheatre a prey ;
 ' Mangled, and quiv'ring in the famish'd jaws'
 Of savages, much rather than behold
 His body at her heathen altars bow'd,
 In impious adoration.

Nar. Leave th' event
 To heav'n's high care ! The King must be obey'd.
 If you contest the terms, to which his crown
 And honour stand engag'd, the vain attempt
 Might only serve to lessen that excess
 Of dear affection, which he bears you now ;
 Then Sohemus, our prime state engineer,
 Might see his arts succeed beyond his hope,
 T' achieve your fall, and make this beauteous pile
 A heap of mighty ruin !

Mar. Could you feel
 The strong emotions of a mother's woe,

When

When ravish'd from her lov'd one, who hath liv'd
 Most in her sight, and ever in her soul :
 Not all the wounds which Fortune is impower'd
 T' inflict, nor instant death, would move your mind
 Amid his dangers to regard your own.

' Ev'n life, that dear ennobling gift of heav'n,
 ' Which in the order of creation, ranks
 ' The palest glow-worm's animated ray,
 ' Above the brightest star, with me will lose
 ' Its boasted value, when I lose my child ;
 ' With him I truly liv'd ; his presence crown'd
 ' The day with pleasure, and the night with peace.
 ' Then, breath consum'd in sighs will not deserve
 ' The name of life ! These roofs shall only sound
 ' With mournful accents, sad as murmur'ing winds,
 ' Which through the clefts of ruin'd cloisters roar.
 ' Such music best will please the mother's ear,
 ' If in a distant land, her tender son
 ' Must weep the rigour of a foreign lord,
 ' With no kind friend to pity or revenge
 ' The wrong he there sustains !'

Nar. I'll wait the Prince,

To guard his helpless age, and share his fate :
 ' And for a pledge of constant faith, receive
 ' (Though much unequal, yet of dearest price
 ' To him who gives it !) for a pledge receive
 ' Those precious legacies which that bright saint,
 ' My dying wife, bequeath'd me !—If the Prince
 ' Shall feel th' effects of violence or fraud ;
 If e'er I cease with duteous care to shield
 From guilt his manners, from reproach his fame ;
 Or fail to banish from his pensive breast
 Each anxious thought, and cherish gentle joys ;
 Slay both my sons !

Mar. Then go, Arsinoë, go —

Hither conduct the Prince.

[*Exit Ar.*

Mar. Oh, happiness !

Thou gaudy bubble, which delud'st the grasp ;
 Whene'er we strive to keep thee most secure.
 ' Have I been fond of Fortune's faithless smile,
 ' Cruel, disdainful, to deserve this doom ?'
 Did e'er I suffer pride to bar my ear

Against the widow's cry? Did e'er I view
 The weeping orphan's anguish, and withhold
 The hand of liberal mercy from their woes?
 'Or did I, with uncharitable scorn,
 'Ever upbraid the childless womb; or wish
 'The wrathful blast of heav'n t' attain the fruit
 'Of my most deadly foe?'——Whence then to me
 This undeserv'd distress? Why must I bear
 So deep a wound in such a tender part?
 More wretched than the meanest of my sex,
 Who call me Queen; they lose the cares of life,
 Amid the blessings of a dear increase;
 A bliss deny'd to me!

Nar. When foreign foes
 Are quest'd by Cæsar, and the provinces
 Avow their homage to the laws of Rome,
 'And with consummate peace his arms are crown'd,'
 The prince will be restor'd; and in exchange
 Some of our noblest youth will be receiv'd
 For hostages of friendship.

Mar. That exchange
 Will come too late to bless my longing eyes:
 They'll first be clos'd in death! a thousand ills
 Rise in black view to my divining soul!

[*Artinoë enters with the Prince.*]

And must I lose thee!—Oh!—thou sweetest pledge
 Of heaven's indulgence to a mother's pray'r!
 Must the sole comfort of my cares become
 The cause of endless grief? 'Alas, no more
 'Must I with tender transport clasp thee thus!
 'No more must these desiring eyes be fix'd
 'In silent joy, with gazing on thy charms!'
 Artinoë, Oh, support me—I've a son
 To think on only, and to pay a tear
 For every wounding thought! Oh, Narbal!—now
 Obey the King, by whom the dearer names
 Of husband, and of father are forgot!
 Obey the King——let the rude hand of pow'r
 Tear from my breast the blossom of my joys——
 Yet, let me bless him——All thy wants of me
 May pitying angels with their aid supply;

C

Waft

Waft all thy pray'rs to heav'n ! which heav'n approve,
And crown with blessings of eternal love. [Exeunt.

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

Enter Flaminius and Narbal.

FLAMINIUS.

UNhappy Queen ! 'till now I never griev'd
T' obey my emperor.

Nar. A-while she stood
Transform'd by grief to marble, and appear'd
Her own pale monument : but, when she breath'd
The secret anguish of her wounded soul ;
So moving were the plaints, they would have sooth'd
The stooping falcon to suspend his flight,
And spare his morning prey : ' thus nature soon
' Exhausted, spiritless, had need of art
' To respite or assuage her troubled thoughts :
' Then her physicians with the opiate charm
' Of gentle sleep her fainting senses bound,
' And hush'd the warring passions into peace.'

Fla. Give me, ye gods ! the harmony of war,
The trumpet's clangour, and the clash of arms,
That comfort animates the glowing breast
To rush on death : but, when our ear is pierc'd
With the sad notes which mournful beauty yields ;
Our manhood melts in sympathizing tears.

Nar. Heav'ns ! Is it just that Mariamne's fate
Claims the sad tribute of a tender tear ?
She ! she ! whose gentle goodness strives to chase
Afflictions from mankind. I've seen her weep,
When the fierce hounds have bay'd the panting stag,
'Till the big drops roll'd from his pleading eyes ;
And none dar'd let the fatal javelin fly,
Before she left the field.

Enter Arsinoe with the Prince.

Ar. To you, my Lord,
The Queen at length resigns this royal charge ;
Judea's other hope ! the dearest pledge
Of sacred faith that monarch can bestow.

[To Nar.

Fla.

Fla. Gods!—'tis not possible!—they've only form'd
Those beauties in the same celestial mould—
Exact similitude of shape and air.

Nar. What may this mean, Flaminius?

Ar. Do I wake?

Or does deluding fancy lead me still
In new fantastic labyrinths of bliss?

Fla. The face, and harmony of voice the same!

Nar. You're lost in admiration and surprize:

Reveal the cause.

Fla. Oh, Sir!—I once was blest
With such a lovely object of my flame!
Beauty and goodness in her heav'nly form
Held equal empire; Oh!

Nar. What cruel Fate

'Sever'd your hearts, so tender, and so true,
'That still the wound bleeds fresh?'

Fla. The violence

Of civil discord snatch'd her from my arms;
But the last pang of death alone hath pow'r
To tear the beauteous image from my breast!
She liv'd the grace of Cleopatra's court,
And shar'd her fall!—As her high merits claim'd
My earliest love, to her I pay my last:
My passion for the sex expir'd, and lies
In dear Hortensia's tomb!

Ar. Hortensia lives!

[*She runs into his arms.*]

Lives only for Flaminius—Lives to crown
Such matchless constancy!

Fla. Hath fate rejoin'd

Our long-divided hearts!—'Tis she!—I know

[*She shows her ring.*]

'That pledge of our espousals, where express'd,
'The virgin-phoenix riseth from the flames;
'Th'inscription was prophetic of thy fate,
'Another and the same.'

Ar. But ever thine!

Will not this joy, as all my former, fleet
Like the light vapour of a morning dream?—

Fla. Rap'd from myself, my senses are oppress'd
With rushing extasies: Oh, I could stand
And gaze for ever on thy heav'nly charms,

In speechless transport, which too big for words
Swells in my heaving heart.

‘ *Ar.* How did you ‘scape

‘ Th’ assassinate whom Antony employ’d

‘ To take your head?

‘ *Fla.* My Phædria, by the crime

‘ Of fortune born a slave (for sure his soul

‘ Was of the noblest order) would assume

‘ My habit and my name; his features, age,

‘ And stature well befriending the deceit;

‘ And thus disguis’d, his honest heart receiv’d

‘ The wounds they meant for me.

‘ *Ar.* Oh, wondrous faith!

Fla. But now, for Rome, Hortensia!——

Nar. Madam, pay

The Queen a last farewell, in whom you found
The kindest mistress, and the best of friends.

Ar. I will, my Lord; and——

Fla. Hark! the trumpet speaks

The King’s approach, our signal to depart:

I now must leave thee, to secure the Prince,

As Cæsar gave command: but near the walls

My troops are tented in the western vale;

Where meditating on my blissful change,

I’ll watch impatient for the purple dawn;

Thither you come?

Ar. Though grinning savages

Oppos’d my speed, I’d rush intrepid on.

From clime to clime, where-ever glory calls,

I’ll wait my warrior; pleas’d with thee to pass

The frozen Danube, or the sun-burnt Nile;

And though my sex denies me to partake

The dangers of the field; with ardent vows

I’ll beg each tutelary pow’r, to spread

Protection round thee, in the cloud of war.

But if relentless to my pray’r they prove,

And thou art fated in the fight to fall,

I’ll follow fast the soul of my desire,

And by the wound, that pierc’d my Lord, expire.

[*Exeunt, Arfinoe on one side of the Stage, the rest on the other.*

Enter

Enter Salome and Sohemus.

Sal. In the high mantling tide of grief and rage,
Sure when the King arrives, her cold disdain
Will damp the glowing ardour of his soul.

Sob. Fear not a calm ! The cloud will now collect
More vapours still, to give a nobler burst,
And make her ruin sure. When vulgar minds
Despond, they drop beneath the stroke of fate,
With no more tumult than autumnal leaves
Forake the sapless bough : but, majesty
With noise, and pompous horror rushes down ;
As if the violence of nature tore
A planet from its orb. .

Enter Pheroras.

Pher. The pomp of Kings
At their triumphal entries, moving slow
To warlike symphonies, and clashing arms ;
When from the field, with bloody laurels crown'd,
They come victorious, gives a mingled joy :
For pity, when the captive train appears,
Oft with a silent pensive gloom obscures
The lustre of the triumph. But no cloud
Saddens this festival : from the white tow'r,
I heard with rapture how the loyal tribes,
In mighty confluence hail'd the King's return ;
So long ! so loud ! that floating on the sound,
The bird of heaviest wings with ease had soar'd,
Beyond the towering eagle's utmost flight,
Up-born by gales of joy.' [A flourish.

Sob. My Lord, the King ! —
[Herod passeth over the stage with attendants, &c. they all kneel.

Pher. Oh, King, for ever live ! the dear defence,
And grace of Palestine.

Sal. May this blest day
Tincture with happiness, and bright renown,
All your succeeding years !

Sob. And sure there's none,
To whom this day can give sincerer joy,
Than to your faithful Sohemus ; who kneels
To give this seal of delegated power
Back to your royal hand

C 3

Her.

Her. Let all who sigh

In gloomy dungeons, press'd with galling chains,
Shake off their bondage, and conspire to tune
The wholesome breath of heav'n to songs of praise,
Tell them they owe their freedom to the Queen:
Her temper is compassionate and kind,
As guardian angels are: but I! constrain'd
By the sad exigence of state, have torn
Our tender offspring from her fond embrace;
And heap'd afflictions on the brightest head,
That ever wore a crown!

Pher. But your approach
Will sooth her grief, and soften the surprize.

Her. I! I am the sole cause of all her grief!
Ambition rushing forwards, hath disturb'd
My sweetest fountain of domestic bliss!
It promis'd scepters, but hath fill'd my grasp
With gilded thorns! wanting my Queen, the court
Appears as lonesome as the dreary waste,
Where pestilence and famine, hand in hand,
Have lately reign'd: but, Mariamne's smiles
Diffusive of their good, around her cast
On all the shining circle beams of joy;
When from the wars she welcom'd my return,
With tears of tender transport in her eyes.
Such oft our meetings were; but dismal change!
The fair offended seems to shun me now:
How shall I calm the tempest of her soul! [Exit.

The Scene opening, discovers Mariamne asleep, and Arsinoe attending: Herod enters, and goes to the Queen; then comes with Arsinoe to the fore part of the Stage.

Her. I kiss'd her softly, and she gave a sigh!
Tears make her cheek feel like a damask rose,
Wet with cold ev'ning dew.

Ar. Sleep ill performs
His gentle office when constrain'd by art:
Her sudden starts, and broken murmurs shew
The discomposure of unpleasing dreams.

Her. Music shall wake her: that hath pow'r to charm
Pale sickness, and avert the stings of pain:

But

‘ But, ever on the mind the sure effects
 ‘ Are most conspicuous where the varied notes
 ‘ Can raise or quell our passions, and becalm
 ‘ In sweet oblivion the too wakeful sense
 ‘ Of grief, or love; and print a dimpled smile
 ‘ On the green bloodless cheek of dumb despair.’
 Such pow’rful strains bid harmony resound :
 Such as good spirits are suppos’d to sing
 O’er saints, while death dissolves the union-band,
 ‘ And frees them from the fretful dream of life. [Ex. Ar.
 Here will I watch the day-break of her eyes :
 O! may they dart warm rays of cordial love,
 And wake to peace and joy !

[Soft music is heard behind the scenes; Arsinoe returns to
 Herod, who stands looking on Mariamne: after the
 music is ceas’d, she begins to speak.

Mar. Good angels guard me!——

Murder attaints not me——

Her. Ah, gentle soul!——

Mar. The man of blood is justly doom’d to bleed :
 I ne’er shed any——‘ When I was a child
 ‘ I kill’d a linnet, but indeed I wept :
 ‘ Heaven visits not for that.’——O! ’tis my Lord!
 He’s poison’d! dead! dead! and each manly grace
 Cover’d with purple spots!

Her. These frightful dreams
 ‘ With their fantastic imag’ry amaze
 ‘ The mind, as much as the most hideous form
 ‘ Of real horror.’

Ar. Sir, she wakes.

Mar. The King.

Her. My dearest Queen!——The fairest and the best
 That ever bore the name!

Mar. I’m chang’d of late, [Exit Arsinoe.
 Alas! much chang’d——

Her. No, thou art still the same ;
 The same bright shrine where virtue dwells, to charm
 Those who condemn her most.

Mar. Could I have charm’d
 Ambition from your breast, I had not mourn’d
 The dearest object of maternal love,
 Torn from this bleeding heart; where he possess’d

So

So large a space, that Fortune is too poor,
 With all her vast variety of joys,
 To fill the gloomy void !—My life is spun
 At least this day too long, which shews you chang'd,
 And from a loving lord grown most unkind !

Her. Unkind !—Your fancy cannot form a wish,
 But I should crown it ; and reproach my heart,
 For having not prevented your request :
 Was ever soul so sensible of love,
 As mine hath been for you ! and who but you
 Could e'er deserve such love ? I never err'd :—
 Witness ye Heavens ! and with your thunder rend
 This heart if e'er it err'd ! if e'er I stain'd
 The purity of passion, or in thought
 Wander'd from Mariamne.

Mar. In your breast
 I could have spar'd your son a little space :
 But sure you lov'd him not.

Her. What ! am I form'd
 Like monumental marbles, ' and receive
 ' The name of father from the sculptor's art,
 ' And features of the rock ?' Am I so dead
 To the sweet cares that fathers ought to feel ?——
 An old man's rapture when he first beholds
 A new-born heir, when years of fruitless hope
 Have led him childless to the verge of life,
 Cannot surpass those dear paternal joys,
 Which my fond bosom from my son receiv'd.

Mar. Yet you resign'd him for a prey to Rôme,
 With less reluctance !——

Her. Cæsar would allow
 Of no alternate to preserve our crown.
 Suppliant I long intreated him, to name
 What other test of sacred faith he pleas'd :
 But frowning with a victor's haughty air,
 He pointed to a picture on the wall ;
 ' Whose silent eloquence too plainly spoke
 ' His fix'd resolve against the suit I urg'd,'

Mar. What picture ?

Her. Perseus led in chains through Rome :
 Where the sad fate of Macedon appear'd
 Prophetic of our own, ' should we like her

' Boast a false vigour, and provoke the rage
 ' Of Rome, unequal to sustain her arms.'
 There fancy figur'd to my mournful eyes,
 The wealth of Palestine in chargers pil'd :
 Our shields and spears on moving trophies hung,
 Ingloriously revers'd : and then succeed
 Nobles and matrons, with a virgin train,
 In long procession thro' th' unpitying crowd :
 But, Oh ! what stings of grief and horror pierc'd
 My agonizing heart, when there I view'd
 A royal captive, far transcending all
 In matchless beauty and majesty woe.
 Her form resembling thine ! On her a throng
 Of gay Patricians fix'd their wond'ring eyes,
 Enamour'd ; and with rival passion strove,
 Who first should prostrate to his brutal joys
 Her unpolluted charms. Thy future doom
 Thus pictur'd to my view, so wrapt my soul
 In clouds of deep despair, I strait comply'd
 To give the filial pledge.

Mar. Just Heaven, exact
 With strict account from Cæsar's rigid heart,
 A pang, for every pang that tortures mine !
 ' May public discord and domestic jars
 ' Make his short reign a stormy winter's day !
 ' And may his children with dishonest shame
 ' Redden his hoary cheek ; and wound his soul
 ' With keener anguish than their mother bore
 ' Amid her fiercest throes !'

Her. Leave him to enjoy
 The destiny allotted, and restrain
 Your passionate complaints, which but foment
 A grief much greater than the cause requires,

Mar. Your strange insensibility foment
 My wonder more : what grief's more rational,
 Or what can equal mine, whose darling hope
 Is ravish'd in the tender dawn of life
 By savages ? ' A miscreant haughty race !
 ' Who with hereditary hate pursue
 ' The name of monarch : ' and from us dissent
 In manners, habit, speech, religion, laws.
 There my poor infant, like a beauteous flow'r

Transf.

Transplanted to a cold unfriendly soil,
 Must droop neglected ! ‘ What protecting hand
 ‘ Will there with tender delicacy guard
 ‘ His op’ning bloom ? Ah, none !—He there must live
 ‘ A friendless exile ;’ he ! whose menial train
 Nobles were proud to grace, ‘ and all conspir’d
 ‘ To make his hours in downy circles dance,
 ‘ And sooth his soul to joy,’ must now endure——
 Alas ! what not endure !

Her. The Roman name
 Is far renown’d for all the softer arts
 Which polish life, ‘ and with ennobling grace
 ‘ Illustrate virtue. Would you but attend,
 ‘ The voice of reason dictates to our choice,
 ‘ The deed which strong necessity constrains.’
 What court but that of Rome could form his mind
 ‘ By surest maxims, ere he mounts the throne,’
 To guide the reins of empire ?—‘ Thus of old,
 ‘ Philip from his dejected realm was sent,
 ‘ A tender hostage to the Theban state :
 ‘ Where founding his high virtue on the plan
 ‘ Of great Epaminondas, he reveng’d
 ‘ The wrongs of Macedon, and soon reduc’d
 ‘ More than a hundred potentates.

Mar. The deeds
 Of my heroic ancestors might fire
 My son, t’ ascend the laurel’d heights of fame,
 Without a Roman guide. If he pursue
 With equal steps the glorious paths they trod ;
 Like them he’ll awe the nations round, and reign
 Honour’d in peace, and terrible in war,
 Were he of growth in radiant steel to lead
 The files of war against his country’s foe ;
 No soft emasculating tear should stain
 The lustre of his arms : I’d gird the sword
 On the young warrior’s thigh, and send him forth,
 Resolv’d to conquer in so just a cause,
 Or dauntless in her dear defence to fall.

Her. Why then regret you with this rage of grief,
 The happier triumphs of auspicious peace
 Which he bestows ? ‘ For none but he had pow’r
 ‘ T’ avert the furies of invasive war :

‘ For

' For that sole pledge, Judea smiles to see
' Soft quiet spreading wide her turtle-wings
' O'er all her bounds ;' and him we both must own
The guardian of our crown.

Mar. The crown is bought
Far, far too dear, with such a precious bribe !
' Preserv'd by mean submission to the frown
' Of alien states, what's he who wears it more
' Than a vain idol of imperial pow'r,
' Which moves subservient to the master-hand ;
' No freedom left to will ?' Had Cæsar urg'd
This haughty mandate, when the realm obey'd
The founders of my Asmonæan race ;
They would have plum'd his eagles on the field !

Her. I neither envy, nor defame the dead ;
Peace to their honour'd shades ! Nor should you praise
Their actions, only in reproach to mine ;
That's too severe——When they the scepter sway'd,
Rome had not stretch'd the terror of her arms,
' From far Euphrates and the conquer'd east,
' To Lusitania and th' Atlantic main.'
If they reign'd now, their prudence would inspire
The same pacific councils I pursue ;
' Since her vast pow'r makes all resistance vain :
' Vain as the fury which a wintry storm
' Dischargeth on the sea, whose waves enjoy
' Th' impetuous ruin of the rushing clouds,
' And swell with prouder state.'——Alas ! thy breast
Still heaves with sighs ! Forbear !——My heart repays
Each tear with drops of blood !——' Provoke not Heav'n
' By violating with superfluous grief,
' The brightest image of itself, imprest
' On thy resembling graces.'

Mar. Though my tears
Equall'd the dew drops of the weeping morn,
My fate requires them all !——His infant-charms
Sweetly supply'd your absence, and beguil'd
My widow'd hours, whene'er the voice of war
Call'd you to distant camps !——

Her. If ev'ry star
Contain'd a golden world, and bounteous heav'n
Would make me Lord of all, I'd not forsake

My

My Mariamne, to receive the boon.
 My absence never shall afflict thee more.
 The blaze of glory, whose deluding light
 Missed me from thy arms, shall now be lost,
 In love's superior flame : ' Pheroras, train'd
 ' In Roman camps, and perfected in arms,
 ' Shall have the conduct of our future wars.'
 And now, thou dearest treasure of my soul!
 Prepare with every smiling grace t' adorn
 The festival ; ' and let victorious joy
 ' Chase every black idea from thy mind :'
 For ever banish from thy gentle breast
 All cares, except the pleasing cares of love !
 Be this the prelude of eternal peace,
 And mutual passion with our years increase ! [*Exeunt.*

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

Enter Sohemus, and Salome.

SOHEMUS.

Restrain this flood of unavailing tears !
 For if they flow for pity or remorse,
 They flow in vain. ' In distant ages past
 ' Pity dy'd young ; of grief, they say, to see
 ' An eagle wreak his malice on a wren.
 ' If she were yet on earth, where could she find
 ' A nobler palace than a brother's breast ?
 ' But there you found her not ; the more's the shame !
 ' Since pity's fled to heav'n, we'll send remorse
 ' To howl in hell : it has no business here !——
 ' But if these tears flow from the nobler source
 ' Of indignation, and the generous shame
 ' Of injur'd merit ;' if they relish strong
 The bitterness of soul from which they stream ;
 Oh, let increasing fury swell the tide,
 Ev'n whilst we put in act our great revenge !
 ' So weeps the storm, while the devouring waves
 ' Close o'er the wrecks it made.'

Sal. Had I not seen
 His cheek discolour'd, when his passion foam'd ;

And

And heard him thunder threats of instant death
To me, and all whose generous spirits scorn
To bear th' oppression of his haughty Queen ;
I never had believ'd myself so lost
To his affection.

Sob. Lost ! he lov'd you not ;
Ambition is the mistress of his soul :
' The Queen herself holds but the second place.'
To please that mistress he condemn'd to die
All the wife's kindred ; now, to please the wife,
His own must bleed : ' greatness hath made him deaf
' To nature's voice, ev'n while she pleads for you.

Sal. The wretch who in an earthquake sees the ground
Heave like a swelling wave before it gapes
' To sink him to the centre, stands as safe,
' As I so near the tyrant !

Sob. In his court,
' On these sad terms, at best you but enjoy
' A prison of state. When rival princes laid
' Their scepters at your feet, the Queen prevail'd
' To have each honourable suit refus'd.'

Sal. Revenge no more shall grovel in the dark,
But fan with dragon-wings the face of day ;
Oppose her courie who can ! It is resolv'd——

Sob. Once Mariamne was the destin'd prey ;
But since her charms enthrall the King as fast,
As in the freshness of her bridal love,
They both shall die.

Sal. Yes, both ; and all their friends
' At once descending crowd the gates of night :'
For self-defence will sanctify the deed :
And Fame, th' officious herald of success,
Will blazon our renown ;—and though we fail,
'Tis great to dare.

Sob. ' When those proud cedars fall
' Their spreading ruin will destroy the shrubs
' Which flourish in their shade.'—And lo, the man !
Whom fate selects t'achieve her high decree.

Enter Sameas.

Sal. This diamond, Sameas, but prepares to way
For future favours. [Gives him a jewel.

D

Sam.

Sam. Your auspicious smiles,
Madam, o'er-pay my service.

Sob. Sameas, wait
A while in my apartment, and I come
T'instruct you further to deserve her grace. [*Exit Sam.*]

Sal. The diamond which I gave him is the Queen's;
Arsinoe lent it, for the jeweller
To model one for me.

Sob. It sure will prove
Of dearest value now; I was amaz'd
To see you give an earnest of such price,
'To one whose genuine malice renders vice
Its own reward, and kills for killing sake.

Sal. The wretch is avaricious; we must feed
The appetite of wealth, which urg'd him first
To trade in death.

Sob. How urg'd?

Sal. Along the shore

• He walk'd one ev'ning, when the clamorous rage
• Of tempests wreck'd a ship: the crew were sunk,
• The master only reach'd the neighb'ring strand,
• Borne by a floating fragment: but, so weak
• With combating the storm, his tongue had lost
• The faculty of speech, and yet for aid
• He faintly wav'd his hand, on which he wore
• A fatal jewel. Sameas, quickly charm'd
• Both by its size and lustre, with a look
• Of pity, stoop'd to take him by the hand;
• Then cut the finger off to gain the ring,
• And plung'd him back to perish in the waves;
• Crying, Go dive for more.—I've heard him boast
• Of this adventure.'

Sob. He's a very fiend!

If we succeed, he shall not live an hour,
In mercy to ourselves: his poisoning art
In time would taint the vital breath of spring;
And spread contagion with each spicy gale—

But see the Queen, let us retire. [*A Messenger enters.*]

• *Mess.* Lord Hazeroth releas'd, demands to see
• Your Lordship— [*Exit.*]

• *Sob.* Me!

• *Sal.* Receive him; I retire;

• *Enter*

Enter Hazereth and Sohemus.

Haz. The King, I thank his grace! vouchsafes me
To breathe a freer air, than what was judg'd [leave
Fit for my constitution; though the terms
Of freedom are severe.

Sob. What terms, my Lord?

Haz. To sue for reconciliation, and receive
In sacred friendship that injurious hand,
Which coop'd me, like a starling in a cage:
You know the man!

Sob. My Lord, the man you mean
Bears such devotion to your high descent:
That 'tis the favourite passion of his soul,
To live your humblest servant.

Haz. And his tongue
Distills court-honey, while his heart o'er-flows
With quintessence of gall.

Sob. That character,
My Lord, with great submission I disown.
You hear the dictates of an honest heart,
That's warm in all your interests.

Haz. You confin'd
My person, like a felen's, to promote
My int'rest: statesmen have peculiar arts;
They're so mysterious, few can apprehend
The favours they confer.

Sob. The crime deserv'd
Severer penance than the King enjoin'd.

Haz. I thank your majesty.

Sob. I then, my Lord,
Bore th' express image of the sov'reign pow'r;
And that's allow'd to dignify the coin,
However mean the metal. Me you brav'd,
With most unseemly licence; but th' affront
Wounded the King; and his prerogative
Reveng'd itself, not me.

Haz. Whene'er the spleen,
And pride of tools in office are chastis'd;
The King's affronted!—'Tis the general cry,
From those who lord it in the Sanhedrim,
To him who drives the camels.

Sob. When, my Lord,

D. 2

“ Your

- Your shining merits meet their just reward;
- Distinguish'd with some honourable post,
- As soon they must; you'll own my doctrine sound.
- Nothing but duty to preserve the crown
- In its full lustre, 'till the King return'd,
- Could urge me to exert an act of power
- On you, my Lord, whose qualities adorn
- Your royal lineage:—but, the noblest fruits
- Have too much tartness, 'till the mellowing year
- Digest their eager juices.
- *Haz.* Youth is apt
- T'incur such indiscretions, as the King
- Forgave in me, and you, my Lord, forget:
- Our friendship here begins.
- *Sob.* May death alone
- Dissolve the honour'd tie! [*Exit Haz.*] Oh, flattery!
- How soon thy smooth insinuating oil
- Supplies the toughest fool. [*Exit Sob.*]

Enter Mariamne and Arfinoc.

Mar. With less regret

I can support your absence, since my son
Will find so kind a guardian, to discharge
The dear engagements that a mother owes:
We differ but in name.

Ar. The prince shall be

The tender object of my hourly care;
Happy, that fate reserves it in my pow'r,
'T' express the sense my grateful heart retains
Of royal favour.

Mar. Nature form'd our sex

For soft endearing offices! ' she starts,
' When pity is depos'd, and cruel pride
' Usurps the vacant throne. Alas! you see
' How deep the darts of fortune wound the great,
' Though clad in golden armour.' Were you sway'd
By favours in reversion, ' which allure
' Ev'n vulgar souls to succour the distress'd;
Int'rest would tell you, that your darling son
May want a friend; and then, my tender plant,
In the full verdure of his royal growth,
May recompense your kind protecting care,
And shield him from a storm.—Is the time fix'd
For your departure?

Ar.

Ar. Sohemus intends

To obtain the royal mandate, to delay
My journey with my Lord; then all my joys,
Like the false colours of the show'ry bow,
Will fade in tears.

Mar. The politician's art

Must so revenge his disappointed passion;
' His spider constitution would dissolve
' In its own venom, if he should forbear
' To spin it off in crafty dark intrigues,
' Pernicious to my peace, and those I love.
Before the banquet you shall quit the court;
Then let Flaminius vindicate his claim.
' And by this prompt compliance with your Lord;
' Form all your future conduct; and effect
' The pow'r to please, and not to give him pain:
' For, wedded love is founded on esteem,
' Which the fair merits of the mind engage:
' For those are charms that never can decay:
' But time, which gives new whiteness to the swan,
' Improves their lustre.

Ar. None of human race

' Would live more happy, could we but transcribe
' The bright example of a royal pair:
' If my Flaminius ever would reward
' My constant ardor, with an equal flame;
' Engag'd by such endearing decencies
' As make the lamp of love in Herod's breast
' To burn so bright as never to consume.

Mar. Beware of flatt'ry! 'tis a flow'ry weed;

' Which oft offends the very iddl. vice,
' Whose shrine it would perfume.

Ar. But rigid truth

' Turns praise to incense, which the nicest sense
' Of virtue may receive—— In your soft chains
' Your captive lord is led from joy to joy:
' Days, months, and years, in circling raptures roll,
' And each advancing hour outshines the past.
' None, none but he can such a treasure boast,
' Rich in perfections, able to suffice
' His avarice of love.

Mar. When hearts are join'd

- ‘ In virtuous union, love’s impartial beams
- ‘ Gild the low cottage of the faithful swain
- ‘ With equal warmth, as when he darts his fires.
- ‘ On canopies of state.’

Ar. The danger’s fled,
And now I may disclose a stronger proof
Of Herod’s passion, than the long records
Of love contain.

Mar. What proof! — a dangerous proof
Conceal’d from me !

Ar. When Cæsar’s mounted beams
Prevail’d o’er Antony’s inferior star ;
He thought the victor, in severe revenge,
Would take both life and crown ; his life and crown
Were toys beneath his care ; but, Oh ! what pangs
He felt, reflecting that your death alone
Could save your beauties to himself entire !
How vast a passion his, who could not bear
A rival in the grave !

Mar. How ! Did the King
To the red hand of slaughter doom the breast
Of once-lov’d Mariamne ? — Gave command
‘ This breast should bleed, where never dwelt a thought
‘ Disloyal or unkind !’ — Had other lips
Breath’d forth this fatal truth, it would appear
The dictate of inventive spleen, disclos’d
To violate my peace : but you’re sincere ;
And knowing that, I know myself undone !

Ar. Oh, that I had been born like nature’s mutes,
That swim the silent deep ! — Believe me false ;
Or else, with me, believe the King’s decree
A test of wondrous love, and dear esteem !

Mar. Love, and esteem !

Ar. Alas ! rekindling rage
Glow on your cheek, and sparkles in your eyes :
Think me perfidious, or distrust the pow’r,
And evidence of ev’ry faithful sense ;
Rather than doubt yourself the worship’d shrine
Of his fond soul, and treasure of his joys.

Mar. To dissipate my doubt, recite the whole,
Without evasions.

Ar. When he went to Rhodes,
 He thus to Sohemus his charge address'd :
 If I to Cæsar's rage a victim fall,
 Let not my beauteous Queen survive, to grace
 The victor's triumph, or to crown his love :
 Let me lie envy'd in the grave, possess'd
 Of Mariamne there ! a happier doom,
 Than 'tis to live the world's imperial lord
 Without my Queen, or rival'd in my love.

Mar. Whene'er did cruelty assume a look
 So smooth and fair before ?—To summon death,
 And arm the terror with a dart of love
 Against his Queen ! his wife ! whose ardent vows,
 Incessant pray'r, and sacrifice, implor'd
 Th' unutterable name, to make his head
 White as the flow'ring almond, with increase
 Of prosp'rous days, that ages yet unborn
 Might bow before his throne, and bless his pow'r,
 When I lie unlamented and forgot,
 A little heap of dust : and this return !
 A sad return indeed !

Ar. Call it despair,
 And fear of losing what his soul adores.
 Our deeds receive their colour from the will ;
 His tongue was cruel, but his heart was kind ;
 ' And rigor was, at worst, the sudden child
 ' Of grief, and bore a fix'd, but melting eye ;
 ' Or if a crime, the crime of boundless love.'

Mar. Good Heav'n, that base, perfidious creature, man !
 With what dissembled agonies of grief
 He cried, farewell ! and fainted in my arms :
 I, credulously fond, thought all sincere.

Ar. His grief was undissembled ; but your charms
 Have wrought his love to rage.

Mar. If this poor stock
 Of artless beauty hath such fatal pow'r,
 When you, Arsinoë, have a daughter born,
 Beg all deformities of shape and face,
 To insure her quiet from that monster, man ;
 ' Who, quitting reason, a celestial claim,
 ' To the sweet harmony of souls prefers
 ' A little white and red, the airy food.

' Of

- * Of bestial appetite ; and for a check,
- * Whose transient beauties hardly will outwear
- * The wardrobe of a flower.' [A Messenger enters.

Mess. The King and court
Intreat your Majesty would come, to grace
The banquet.

Mar. No ; I'm indispos'd. [*Exit Mess.*]—Now, fly,
Artinoë, fly the meditated snare
Which Sohemus will spread ; and may your love
In the warm smile of fortune flourish fair,
Fruitful of virtuous joys ; but if the pow'r
Blast with malignant frowns the blooming sweets,
Absolve your destiny of partial rage ;
Think on the wife, the mother, and the queen,
Whose heart her hostile troops have long besieg'd ;
Think with kind pity on the countless store
Of Mariamne's woes, and weep no more. [*Exit.*

Enter Salome.

- * *Sal.* I thought my heart was arm'd with adamant
- * Against remorse ; but nature fools me now ;
- * A faint cold shiv'ring seizeth every limb.

Enter Sohemus.

- * My Lord, Oh, breathe some cordial to revive
- * My sick'ning expectation !
- * *Sob.* To defeat
- * Our purpose, fortune, with malicious joy,
- * Fav'ring the Queen, hath snatch'd her from the stroke
- * Of lifted thunder ; but the bolt is hurl'd,
- * And on her head the ruin shall rebound.
- * Her stern refusal to partake the feast,
- * In foul suspicion will confirm the King,
- * Absolve us, and to her transfer the crime.
- * With hope attend th' event. [*Exit Sob.*

Sal. On this great hour
Shine all ye planets, whose malignant rays
Blast the fair prosp'rous growth of regal pow'r !
Hark !—Death's in action ; from the banquet sounds
The music of his triumphs, groans and cries !

Enter Pheroras.

Pher. Give me, good Heaven ! to feed on wholesome
herbs
In camps, and drink the pure untainted spring ;

Since

Since death in ambush lies in sparkling cups,
And courtly viands.

Sal. Why, my Lord, so pale?
What strange disorder ends the festival?

Pber. Sameas, the wretch whom I preferr'd to court,
Design'd to poison all.

Sal. Avert it, Heav'ns!
I hope he fail'd.

Pber. His felon-cheek ne'er chang'd
Its colour, when he brought th' impositon'd bowl,
With garlands crown'd, and gave it to the King,
Who, with the fondness of a lover, cry'd,
He'd not indulge his taste, because the Queen
Refus'd t' adorn the circle; so resign'd
To Hazeroth the pledge of royal grace.
Sudden his lips grew livid, and discharg'd
A purple foam, his labouring bosom swell'd,
His eye-balls like malignant meteors glar'd,
Unmov'd and ghastly; as the venom spread,
Frightful convulsions writh'd his tortur'd limbs,
Then mad with anguish, rushing to the floor,
He groan'd his soul away.

Sal. All 'scap'd but he?

Pber. Had not the villain over-drugg'd the wine,
We all had perish'd.

Enter Herod and Sohemus, meeting.

Her. Will the Queen obey
Our order, and attend us?

Sob. Sir, she comes
With much reluctance.

Enter Mariamnè.

Her. [To Mar.] Did the banquet want
Variety, or elegance of art,
T' engage you to partake? If all our court
Had been alike abstemious, Death had miss'd
A rich repast.

Mar. Death! I can bear the sound:
Ill fate is grown familiar to my ear:

Her. There let it meet your eye.

[She goes to the door which he points to.

O'er the black crime
How white a veil of innocence she throws!

Sob.

Sob. Her eyes glance indignation, now she finds
Th' envenom'd dart hath err'd

Mar. Poor Hazeroth,
Thy freedom cost thee dear !

Her. You have been just,
In punishing the traitor's insolence,
Whom in excess of clemency I spar'd,
Because ally'd to you.

Mar. Murder'd by me !——
So let the tiger sheath his savage fangs,
And for the mangled fawn implead the roe !
To build my frame the forming pow'r infus'd
Too mild a spirit in too soft a mold,
For such barbarian deeds——Who wears the sword,
That, ' flesh'd in slaughter,' levell'd to the dust
The royal stem whence that poor scion sprung ?

[*Pointing towards Haz.*

' Who doom'd to death the hoary majesty
' Of good Hyrcanus ?' Whose insatiate rage
Murder'd my royal father, and his son ?
Bid fame to late posterity report
That Mariamne did it——She destroy'd
Her grandfire, father, uncle, brother, all
Her Asmonian race, and then constrain'd
Herod to wear a crown.

Her. So grac'd, to fall
A nobler victim to her last revenge !

Mar. Call your brib'd witnesses ; they're useful point
To varnish acts of arbitrary rage.

Her. Why comes not Sameas ? [Exit Sol.

Oh, how bless'd am I,
If Heav'n preserves that angel form the seat
Of innocence and truth ! but much I fear
Too plain conviction ; for thy dream reveal'd
This meditated crime : I heard thee cry,
The King is poison'd——But attend the proof.

Re-enter Sohemus with Sameas.

Sob. The diamond will confirm your evidence. [Exit.

Her. Sameas, beware, and tremble to transgress
The bounds of truth. If one assertion fail
Of utmost evidence against the Queen,

Thou

Thou for a single fiction shalt descend
Quick to the heart of hell. Who gave the drugs
That poison'd Hazeroth?

Sam. Arfinoe said
She brought them from the Queen, and much extoll'd
Their pow'rful virtue to revive the flames
Of dying love.

Mar. Heaven guard my innocence!

Her. Haste, call Arfinoe——

Sob. Sir, she fled the court
In great disorder.

Her. 'How!' *Fled!*

Sob. The Roman camp
Protects her guilt.

Her. A potion to revive
The flames of love! Did e'er my passion need
The wicked pow'r of art to make it glow? [To Mar.
'O'erwhelm'd with black confusion!'

Mar. Must a dream,
The transient image of a troubled thought,
Join'd with that villain's frontless perjury,
Be clear, consummate proof t' affirm a fact
Would make fiends start, and stand in wild amaze,
'Abstracted from their hate?' Can he produce
A promise of rewards, or present bribe
To fortify this proof?

Sam. Arfinoe gave
This precious token of your future grace. *{Shows a jewel.*

Her. Know you this diamond, forceress?

Mar. 'Tis the same
You gave me on your birth-day.

Her. To be made
The lure of death—Oh, foul!

Mar. Arfinoe's false——
Send, intercept her flight: let her confront
His evidence; and if they both conspire
T' attain my innocence——

Her. My guards!—Secure [To the Capt. of the Guard
That wicked woman with a double guard——

'Seize her, I say!' *Hence! hence!*

Mar. Friend, tremble not t' obey
His orders; thou'rt a soldier—But, my Lord,

Think

Think not these tears, the frailty of my sex,
 Argue a sense of guilt, or servile hope
 Of moving pity, to retard my doom ;
 I weep not for myself, nor wish to ward
 The blow, whene'er misguided justice strikes :
 But if I e'er was treasur'd in your heart ;
 For sure you lov'd me once——

Her. And lov'd too well——

May all who hate me love as much as I,
 And then be thus requited !

Mar. ' When I'm dead,

' Oh, let the stream of dear affection flow
 ' Redoubled on my son ! to him transfer
 ' The share I've lost.' ——

Guard my son ; and never may the wrong
 His mother bears, obstruct the sweet returns
 Of filial duty, and paternal love !
 But may my memory his soul inspire
 To scorn inglorious life, when honour calls
 Greatly to act, or suffer in her cause :
 And think the debt which death is sure to claim,
 A tribute due to virtue and to fame.

Her. *Oh, Mariamne ! with my setting sun,
 Ill-fortune now projects a deeper shade :
 Would I, alas ! were number'd with the dead !*

[*Exit*]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

Enter Herod and Pheroras,

PHERORAS.

THE silent night hath pass'd her sable noon :
 In mercy to your realm, regard your health,
 Compose yourself to sleep.

Her. Bid the wretch sleep,
 Whose limbs, extended on the rack, endure
 The utmost stretch of pain—I suffer more !
 More, my Pheroras, more !—The balm of sleep
 Can ne'er refresh these eyes, till the pale hand
 Of Death shall draw their curtains, and exclude

The

The busy buzzing swarm of stinging thoughts.
 My bed, the scene of all my blissful hours,
 Of all my tender, chaste, endearing joys,
 Which now have wing'd their everlasting flight,
 Is grown the den of horror and despair.
 ' Oh, Mariamne! with my setting sun,
 ' Ill-fortune now projects a deeper shade :
 ' I wish I were as I had never been
 ' Number'd among the dead !'

Pbe. Let the foul crime
 Erase the faithful characters, which love
 Imprinted on your heart.

' *Her.* Alas ! the pain
 ' We feel, whene'er we dispossess the soul
 ' Of that tormenting tyrant, far exceeds
 ' The rigour of his rule.

' *Pbe.* With reason quell
 ' That haughty passion ; treat it as your slave ;'
 Resume the monarch.

Her. Where's the monarch now ?——
 The vulgar call us gods, and fondly think
 That Kings are cast in more than mortal molds :
 Alas ! they little know that when the mind
 Is cloy'd with pomp, our taste is pall'd to joy ;
 But grows more sensible of grief or pain.
 The stupid peasant with as quick a sense,
 Enjoys the fragrance of a rose, as I ;
 And his rough hand is proof against the thorn,
 Which rankling in my tender skin, would seem
 A viper's tooth. O, blissful poverty !
 Nature, too partial, to thy lot assigns
 Health, freedom, innocence, and downy peace,
 Her real goods : and only mocks the great
 With empty pageantries ! Had I been born
 A cottager, my homely bowl had flow'd
 Secure from pois'nous drugs ; but now my wife !——
 Let me, good Heaven, forget that guilty name,
 Or madness will ensue.——Oh, hence ! [*Ex. Phe.*

Enter High Priest.

At this late hour,
 When only discontented spectres roam
 In moon-light walks ; or yet more anxious men,

E

With

With pangs of agonizing passion torn,
Accuse their stars; and with their sorrows make
The midnight echoes mourn; at this late hour,
What discords break the virtuous harmony
Which wont to reign within thy pious breast?

H. Pr. O, that, my royal Lord, that which will spread
O'er Palestine the blackest veil of woe,
That ever nation wore! Forgive my zeal,
Which breaks through courtly forms, to execute
The heavenly office which my order claims.
Peace is my province; and I prostrate beg,
By all your public and domestic joys!
By the dear offspring of your royal bed!
By all that merits your regard, release
Your injur'd Queen!

Her. Have you not heard her crime?
Shall I resume a sorceress to my breast,
Who unprovok'd, with black infernal hate
Attempted our perdition? No!

H. Pr. My liege!
Her gentle goodness ne'er could break the band
Of nature, and the stronger ties of love——

Her. Thirst for her husband's blood!——A lioness
Is kinder to her mate.

H. Pr. It cannot be:
Some wretch hath sold his mercenary soul,
T' accuse her without cause.

Her. Is all our court
Combin'd in perjury? They all condemn
Her execrable deed.

H. Pr. Their tongues are tun'd
To what they think delights the royal ear:
' In this confusion, should a comet rise,
' They'd cry, the Queen hath set the world o'fire!
Vouchsafe her audience, Sir; hear her defence
With cool impartial reason; error oft
Assumes the shape of truth, ' and the wild eye
' Of passion rarely can at first discern
' Th' imposture in disguise.' Let not your heart,
Where late her beauteous image was inshrin'd,
Be now immur'd with marble from her pray'r!
Offended Heaven with pitying ear accepts

The sighs of penitents, and freelier grants
Accels when soonest sought.

Her. Did she request
Admittance to me?

H. Pr. Yes; with such an air
Of grief ennobled with majestic grace,
With such undaunted fortitude of mind,
Soft'ned with pensive sweetness in her eyes,
That speaks her wrong'd; none but a soul as white
As new-born innocence, could shine so clear
On the dim verge of death.—My gracious Lord,
Forgive the frailties of forgetful age!
She took this ruby bracelet from her arm,
Which on this anniverse she wont to wear;
In sweet remembrance of the nuptial morn,
When first you ty'd it on: Restore, she cry'd,
This pledge of fond affection to the King;
Tell him, howe'er unkind, I've yet deserv'd
To wear no other chain than this of love;—
Then wept a tender show'r. [*Herod takes the bracelet.*]

Her. The time hath been,
I'd not have seen my Mariamne drop
One precious tear for all the radiant mines
The womb of earth contains; but now her heart
Is chang'd, and so must mine!—Yet if she craves
To see me now, give orders: let the guard
Conduct her to me. [*Exit Herod.*]

H. Pr. Now with speedy flight,
Descend, celestial ministers of peace,
Who kindle virtuous ardour, and preside
O'er nuptial vows; aid with auspicious zeal,
The firm re-union of those royal hearts:
And never from your charge remove,
Till death's commission'd to divide their love! [*Exit.*]
Enter Sohemus and Salome.

Sob. Thus far with fate to friend, and greatly fir'd
With bright ambition, we've pursu'd the path
To glory; and with swift and easy steps,
Approach the summit of imperial pow'r.

Sal. But should the King's enfeebled soul relent,
And pardon Mariamne?

Sob. She'll disdain

To re-ascend the throne, or owe her life
 To low submission : for the stubborn sense
 Of genuine virtue in a royal mind,
 Ne'er softens with affliction ; but becomes
 The more obdurate, when it once hath griev'd ;
 As metals after melting harder grow.

Enter Sameas.

Sal. Sameas, thou best of friends ! thy wish'd approach
 By instinct I perceiv'd ; ' thy influence spreads
 ' Like rich perfumes, which, tho' invisible,
 ' Refresh the sense.

' *Sam.* Madam, I hop'd my art
 ' Had well deserv'd a jewel of your own,
 ' T' engage my service : 'twas too politic
 ' To feign a favour but to serve your cause,
 ' When the nice article of proof came on.

' *Sal.* Contemn that worthless pebble ; we're intent
 ' On far more glorious views ; whole provinces
 ' Shall recompense thy love.'

Sam. Let us consult

Our common safety ; dangers threaten round us.

Sal. What may'st thou mean ?

Sam. Th' High-Priest hath won the King
 To see the Queen to-night.

Sob. Impossible !

Sam. But now I met him speeding cross the court ;
 Round him a rabble of her menial slaves
 Ran big with joy.

Sob. Confound his holy craft ! —————

Fortune at once rolls back the bounteous flow
 Of hope, and leaves us gasping on the shore.

[*Salome whispers* Sohemus.

I'll do it.

Sam. What, my Lord ? — What must we do ?

Sob. Why—suffer greatly, since we cannot act !
 Thy part remains to persevere, tho' racks
 Strain every sinew smaller than the threads
 Which form a spider's web.—Ne'er hope for grace.

Sam. I'll risk the event, and go—— [*Soh. slabs him.*

Sob. To hell !

To hell ! poor tim'rous wretch, ' and tell the devil—'

[*L*

M A R I A N N E.

13.

In the struggle Samsons wrests the dagger out of Sohemus's hand; and in falling backward he strikes it into Salome's bosom, and dies.

Princess ador'd and lov'd ; Oh !—speak !

Sal. Death ! Death !

Save me, O Sohemus, from that black troop,

Of grizzly shapes, ' which in fantastic dance

' Frisk round, and call me hence.'—O, kind in vain—

A fiery whirlwind bears me from thy arms

To seas of boiling sulphur ; the blue waves

Receive me to their bosom.—Down ! deep ! deep !

[She dies.]

Enter Herod and Pheroras with attendants.

Her. What hideous sound of shrieks and dying groans.

Echo'd from hence, as if by violence

A soul had left her mansion unprepared !

Phe. Horrors ! our sister dead !

Sob. That villain came *[Pointing to Samsons's body.]*

In all the gestures of extreme despair ;

Crying she brib'd him to accuse the Queen ;

And having heard Arsinoe would return

To null his evidence, rage and remorse

Urg'd him to plunge the dagger in her breast,

And then he pierc'd himself,

' *Her.* O, Salome !

' The jarring elements which compos'd thy frame,

' Made thee aspiring, turbulent and bold :'

In others woe was thy supreme delight ;

And most against my Queen thy malice aim'd

Her venom'd shafts ; but now thy guilty blood

Will quench the flames, which thy infernal torch

Spread o'er the harvest of my nuptial joys.

Sob. How blind, alas ! to fate, is the dim eye

Of dull mortality !

Her. O, Sohemus !

A thrilling horror freezeth every vein ;

While I review the precipice of fate,

Where late I stood perplex'd ; but one step more

Had plung'd me in th' abyss of endless woe,

' A most consummate wretch !—But here she comes,

' *[Marianne enters in a mourning habit.]*

' Welcome as night with sweet refreshing shade,

E. 3

' And

- And balmy dews, to the faint traveller ;
- Who journies o'er a waste of burning sands,
- With painful steps and slow——Remove the dead !
- She hath no vengeful appetite to glut,
- With such sad spectacles.' [*Ex. all but Her. and Mar.*]

Her. Approach, my Queen !
Thou dearest miracle of Nature's hand,
Adorn'd with all perfections !

Mar. Dare you trust
Your murd'reis near you ?

Her. Thy soft innocence
Was form'd to kill with darts of keen desire ;
I beg those pleasing wounds : approach, my fair !
Heaven's ! at the sight of that celestial face,
Each savage passion from the soul retires ;
As wolves forsake the fold, when first the sun
Flames o'er the eastern hills. Oh ! thus, thus, thus,
I'll clasp thee ever to my heaving breast !
Thus on thy lips in glowing rapture seal
A firm eternal union of our souls !——

Mar. In vain !——They who dissolv'd the first, have
To cancel this. [pov't]

Her. Dismiss that groundless fear ;
Sameas and Salome are now no more :
'They've punish'd their own guilt, and the last breath
Of faction spoke thy virtue greatly wrong'd.

Mar. But the same judge survives, whose credulous ear
Drank all that perjur'd malice could infuse.

- You, who condemn'd me for the blackest crime,
- On evidence too counterfeit and light
- To cheat an idiot's eye, betray'd a will.
- Dispos'd to credit every feign'd report ;
- Whene'er malignant passion shall provoke
- Other artificers of fraud, t' assault
- My life or honour.'

Her. That unkind reproach
Would change to soft compassion, had you felt
The stings of sorrow which transfix'd my soul,
When first you were accus'd : I would not bear
Such agonies again, for all the crowns
Which e'er ambition sigh'd for.

Mar.

Mar. To yourself

You owe whate'er you suffer'd ; and your pain
Was but the fancied torture of a dream :
But wounds of honour bleed for ever new ;
Their anguish is sincere ! My fame must bear
The blast of censure, and the letter'd spleen
Of future story.

Her. No ! thy fame will shine
More bright, emerging from this short eclipse :
The marks of envy give distinguish'd grace
To virtue ; as indented scars adorn
The soldier's breast.

Mar. I wish my innocence
Wanted that mark of honour, which the tongue
Of malice will miscall the brand of guilt.

Her. The whitest ermin on her skin may bear
An accidental spot ; yet none accuse
Her native purity, but call the stain
The crime of fortune.' To the doubtful world
My edict soon will vindicate thy fame ;
Lodge that, and all thy cares, within my breast ;
Where every gesture, word, and look inspire
The spirit of purest love.

Mar. For which I wear
This livery of death——It suits the day
Which gave me to your arms !

Her. But now, disrob'd
Of those sad weeds and every gloomy thought,
Smile like an angel breaking from a cloud.
While peace, and joy, and ever-young desire
Attend thee to my bed, ' each wedded pair
' Shall make our bliss the measure of their vows !

Mar. Your bed ! the tiger shall as soon persuade
The hunted deer to harbour in his den.——

Her. Damp not my glowing passion with a thought
Of separation. ' Did our dates extend
' To the same length the giant-race enjoy'd,
' When nature yet was young, I then should dread
' The sad idea of our last divorce :
' Tho' sure that many smiling centuries
' Would roll 'twixt death and us !' O ! did thy love
But equal mine, we'd each in other live

So

So join'd, that when fate strikes we both might fall—
I'd not survive thy doom.

Mar. Nor can I yours.

Her. The words are what I wish; but ill explain'd:
By that stern look and haughty voice.

Mar. Enquire
Of that domestic oracle, your heart;
If that resolves not the mysterious sense,
Ask Sohemus——

Her. Confusion!

Mar. Do you start,
With sudden rays of dawning truth amaz'd;
'As fiends would be, should the meridian sun:
Blaze on their black abodes?'

Her. Can neither words,
Nor actions ought avail; but must disdain:
Repay my generous passion? Is thy rage:
Grown so implacable, no tender proofs
Are prevalent t' assuage it?

Mar. 'Twas a proof
Of tender love, to doom me to the sword!
'By such an order, as barbarian hate
'Would only dictate in the rage of war;
'And with that engine of clandestine death'
To arm the malice of my foe profess'd——
On Sohemus you safely might rely,
To send me soon to mingle with your dust.

Her. Oh, villain! perjur'd villain! to betray
That charge on which depended all my peace!
On which his life depended!—Nothing less
Than the damn'd witchcraft of thy wicked charms,
Could tempt him to the very cave of Death,
To wanton with his darts. Tear him, ye fiends!——
To that false cheek dissembling nature gave
The blush of virtue, for a veil to lust.
He breath'd that fatal secret to thy ear
In amorous murmurs, when the slave was grown
Frantic with ecstasy——

Mar. My fame defies
Th' envenom'd breath of slander: all my hours
Have kept severest virtue for their guard.
But 'I presage, offended' Heav'n prepares

To.

To punish that excess of virgin-love,
By which betray'd, I gave my nuptial vow,
Against the solemn sanction of our law,
And to an alien's care transferr'd the charge
Of pure religion ; who, to flatter Rome,
Neglects her altars, and her faith profanes.

Her. Guards——take her hence ! *[Guards enter.*

No foolish fond remorse
Shall now delay my vengeance !—*[The Guards lead off Mar.*
Love, farewell !—*Hence, hence, I say !*
Rather than doat on her polluted charms,
My sword shall rip the passion from my heart.
Adultery !——Ye violated heav'ns,
Dart the red lightning wing'd with tenfold rage,
To blast th' adultress ! ' Why did ye forbear
' To rivet closer with hot thunder-bolts
' The serpents twisted in the folds of lust ?'

Enter Pheroras.

Pheroras, Oh !—Ten thousand rebels arm ;
Grief, horror, shame, distraction !—they besiege
The poor soul wav'ring in the fort of life,
And wishing to surrender ! Thy kind sword
Might end this insurrection—Dar'st thou strike ?

[Points to his breast.]

Pher. Heav'n shield from violence that sacred breast !
' Fear, guilt, despair, and moon-struck phrenzy rush
' On voluntary death : the wise and brave,
' When the fierce storms of fortune round them roar,
' Combat the billows with redoubled force :
' Then, if they perish ere the port is gain'd,
' They sink with decent pride ; and from the deep
' Honour retrieves them, bright as rising stars.'
Call reason to your aid, and with your friends
Divide your care. Doubt not but Sohemus——

Her. Thou nam'st the very scorpion which hath stung
The centre of my heart.

Pher. Then make his blood
Balm for the wound.

Her. The wound admits no cure.
Nor reason, nor the healing hand of time
Can bring relief. But, Heav'n inspire my heart,
Before it breaks, with new devis'd revenge,

Equal

Equal to that perfidious villain's crime!—
 Were his approaches frequent to the Queen,
 When I was absent?

Pher. No; he ever stood
 The distant object of her hate.

Her. With ease

They might elude your eye; but Salome
 And Sameas sure were conscious of their crimes;
 For which he murder'd both, and she prepar'd
 The pois'nous bowl for me. But from that slave,
 Tortures shall wring the truth I dread to know.
 Secure him for the rack; and let the Queen
 Drink the same fatal draught she drugg'd for me:
 Instant, with her own deathful art destroy
 'Th' artificer of death. Oh, Mariamne!
 'Why wouldst thou wrong my honour and my love,
 'And urge this direful doom?' [Exit Pheroras.]

Enter Flaminus.

My Roman friend!
 Your unexpected visit finds my court
 In wild disorder.

Fla. Sir, the Queen's desire
 To see the Prince, occasion'd my return
 At this uncourtly hour.

Her. Few hours have pass'd,
 Since you beheld me in triumphant state:
 Now, like a meteor from a summer sky,
 Ingloriously I'm fall'n!

Fla. Banish despair,
 And all her gloomy train: doubt not but Fate
 In her large volume still for you reserves
 A page, as full of glory as the past.

Her. Glory, Flaminus!—Will an empty name,
 A shining bubble, which the vulgar breath
 Of thoughtless crowds can swell for whom they please,
 E'er recompense the loss I must sustain?
 My queen! my wife! the jewel of my soul!—

Fla. Mercy's the brightest ornament of pow'r;
 And now most needful to preserve your peace.

Her. Justice must be my mercy—She must die!—
 She must!—

Fla. But, Sir, 'tis safer much to sheath

The

The sword of justice, since the destin'd blow
 Will chiefly wound yourself. Without your Queen,
 Your palace, though with gay retinue throng'd,
 Will seem a savage desert. ' You must view
 ' The mother blooming in your beauteous child,
 ' Nor feel a father's joy. Each object here
 ' Will rouse the sad remembrance of the bliss
 ' You once possess'd with her.' How will you wish
 For that sweet converse, when the smiling hours
 Danc'd to the music of her heav'nly voice,
 And the short years were lost in dear delight !
 But when her charms are silent, dismal change !
 Slow fullen Time on raven-wings will fly
 Heavy and black ! around you then you'll see
 Your son, your nobles, and domestics chang'd ;
 For each, as their peculiar grief shall urge,
 With pensive silence will upbraid the loss
 Of mother, queen, or friend. But what's the loss
 Of mother, queen, or friend, compar'd to yours ?
 A wife ! the best, the loveliest of her sex,
 And late the best-belov'd ! in the full pride
 Of summer-beauty, like a poisonous weed,
 Torn from the earth, and by her husband's hand
 Unkindly cast to wither in the grave !

Her. My fate would force from Rigor's flinty eye
 Ev'n tears of blood. *[Weeps.]*

Fla. Oh, Sir, reflect, if thus
 The bare recital wounds your fancy now,
 A yet more dreadful pain may pierce your heart !
 Love may once more revive, vain hopeless love !
 When the dear object of your longing soul
 Lies mould'ring in the dust. ' If so, the wretch
 ' Who, buried in a trance, returns to life,
 ' And walks distracted o'er the rattling bones
 ' Of his dead fathers, in the dreary vault
 ' Less horror feels, than sad remorse will raise
 ' Within your breast.'

Her. Oh, Mariamne ! lost,
 To love for ever lost ! to love and me !——
 I've liv'd love's slave too long ; but Jealousy,
 That yellow fiend, hath dipp'd the torch in gall,
 And now 'twill light no more !

Fla.

Fla. If the Queen's false,
My wife hath been officious to her crimes,
And shares in the pollution. Let her plea
Be heard, and if she fails in her defence,
I'll slay her ~~and~~ your feet.

[*Flaminius goes out, and returns immediately with Arsinoe.*]

Her. As heav'nly peace
May sooth your anguish *at the hour of death*,
' When the fluttering soul
' Prepares to wing her last eternal flight,'
Assist my quiet, and resolve my doubts—
Was Sohemus admitted to the Queen
Whilst I was gone to Rhodes?

Ar. Never, my Lord.

Her. Never!

Ar. His name's offensive to her ear;
And for his person—no antipathy
In nature can be stronger.

Her. So I thought;
But such fictitious arts too oft conceal
Criminal correspondence: they might write;
And doubtless did.

Ar. That commerce could not 'scape
My notice, who, by constant duty bound,
Waited so near the Queen.

Her. What if she saw?
Her interest then, and now her fear prevails
To seal the lips of truth.

Fla. Sir, not the frown
Of majesty, nor brandish'd thunder awes
A Roman spirit, (such I hope she bears)
To make it start from the plain tracks of truth,
And deviate into falsehood.

Her. Can the Queen
Pierce to the close recesses of the soul?
' Are thoughts there visible, like the children's toys
' Kept in a crystal house?' Does she retain
Dæmons, to sit secure from mortal fight,
In princes' cabinets, to learn the sum
Of secret councils? Told they this decree:
If Cæsar, to revenge the sacred faith
I held with Antony, should to the sword

Sentence

Sentence my head, that hers should likewise fall,
 ' Lest the proud successor who seiz'd my throne,
 ' Should triumph in my bed ?'—No, that resolve
 A carnal fiend imparted, and she paid
 His service with her honour !

Ar. Royal Sir,
 Her honour is unblemish'd ; all the blame
 Transfer to my officious zeal—I told
 That fatal secret.

Her. How ! Did Sohemus
 Impart that most important charge to you ?

Ar. To me his vows of love were then address'd ;
 Which, when disdain'd, with more persuasive force
 To recommend his passion, he reveal'd
 The dreadful mandate left in trust ; and swore,
 That if you perish'd by the sword of Rome,
 My love alone was ransom for the life
 Of my dear royal mistress.

Her. Fly, Oh, fly,
 Swift as the cherub to preserve his charge !
 Reverse the doom of death.

[*Exit Ar.*]

Enter Pheroras.

Is Sohemus
 Secur'd for torture ?

Pher. Sir, he took th' alarm,
 And fled for safety to the royal tow'r ;
 The portal forc'd, the soldiers found him fall'n
 On his self-slaught'ring sword, stretch'd on the ground,
 Welt'ring in blood ; he speechless there expir'd.

Her. Too far confiding in that traitor's skill
 In arts of rule, he so misus'd my pow'r,
 That distant story may record my reign
 From year to year, by many a cruel deed ;
 ' As the wild progress of a storm is trac'd
 ' By marks of desolation.'

*Enter Mariamne supported by the High-Priest and Narbal ;
 Arsinoe following with the young Prince.*

Heav'n's avert
 The bodings of my soul ! I fear the Queen.

H. Pr. Oh, Sir !—

Her. Ha ! say'st thou ?—

F

H. Pr.

H. Pr. A few moments more
Will rank her with the dead.

Ar. Ere I arriv'd
The deadly draught was giv'n, which soon will end
The sense of all her woes.

Her. And all my joys——
Oh, call, call our physicians ! now let art
Exert her saving pow'r, or ever prove
The minister of death !——

Mar. The venom's spread
Too far for art.

Her. Oh, wish to live, and Heav'n
Will crown thy wish with life ! Heav'n will be just
To that bright innocence which I have wrong'd ;
Wrong'd with excess of love, to fury wrought.
Oh, wretch, wretch, wretch !

Mar. Death's welcome, now I hear
My innocence avow'd.

Her. I, I, whose life
Was bound with thine, by striving to secure
Thy beauties all my own, have kill'd the dove
I fondly grasp'd too close ! Oh, see, she's pale !
Take, take, ye Powers, my life to lengthen hers !
Chain me, ye Furies, to your burning wheel !
Whip me ten thousand years with scorpions there,
To save her life !——

Mar. I pity and forgive
Your violence of passion, which hath wrought
The ruin of us both.

Her. I ill deserve
Thy pardon or thy pity—Yet vouchsafe,
Thou fairest pattern of transcendent goodness !
Vouchsafe thy wretched lord a last embrace,
Whose soul is ready wing'd to wait on thine.
Oh, bless the dying penitent with peace,
The moments which remain !——

Mar. Good Heav'n insure
Eternal peace to both ! [They embrace.]

Her. Thou shalt not die—
Thou art too young, too faultless, and too fair,
To fall a prey to death.

Mar. The thick'ning shades
O'er-spread my swimming eyes—Where is my child?
Bring him, poor babe! to take a parting kiss—
Farewel!—'I'm now at peace.'
[*She dies.*]

'*H. Pr.* In that soft sigh
The gentle spirit soar'd.
'*Ar.* Oh, dead, dead, dead!'

Her. Then, Death, strike on!
Fate, thou hast done thy worst!— [He faints.

Pber. My royal brother! Oh!—

'*Nar.* My gracious Lord!—'

H. Pr. Good Heav'n, restore to wretched Palestine
Her sole support and grace!

Her. What minister [Raising himself,
Of this dark realm art thou?—If 'tis thy post
To guide the dead through this disastrous gloom,
Lead to that mournful mansion, where the ghosts
Of those abide, whom fatal beauty sent
Untimely to the shades—See, see, she soars!—
How bright a track she leaves along the sky;
And looks with pity down! Oh, see, she rests
On the soft fleece of yonder purple cloud,
Where angels fan her with their golden plumes!
Stay, Mariamne, stay!— [He sinks into their arms.

Pber. Oh, from his face
The blush of life retires!
'*Nar.* His bosom heaves
'With strong convulsive throes.'

Fla. Raise him, my Lords.

Her. Alas, forbear! ye but prolong the pains
Of lab'ring nature—Let me sink to peace!
'And may Oblivion cast her sable veil
'O'er my sad story, and conceal the crimes
'Of majesty misled.' My urn, alas!
Can hope for no compassion: when the doom
Of my dear, lovely, virtuous Queen is told,
The tears will freeze on Pity's gentle cheek,
And not bedew my ashes—To your care
Receive this royal orphan, and implore
Cæsar's protection to preserve his crown:
And when, mature in manhood, he receives
A consort to his throne, may every grace

[To Fla.

And every virtue join, to make her stil'd
 The Mariamne of th' admiring age ;
 ' May sweet compliance, honour, dear esteem,
 ' And mutual faith cement their mutual joys !'
 But ever may he shun too fond excess,
 ' That soft, seducing impotence of mind,'
 By which subdu'd, his wretched father fell,
 Led by imperious love a tortur'd slave,
 To the sad refuge of an early grave !

[Dies.

Fla. *Oh, may Oblivion cast her sable veil
 O'er this sad story, and conceal the crimes
 Of majesty misled ;
 Who, by the force of jealousy o'er-thrown,
 Tarnish'd his glories, and disgrac'd his throne !*

END of the FIFTH ACT.



EPI.



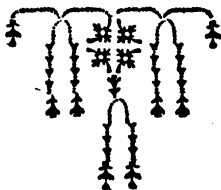
E P I L O G U E.

Originally spoken by Mrs. SEYMOUR, who performed
the Character of MARIAMNE.

THE poet, in a whim extremely new,
Coupl'd me with a strange enamour'd Jew;
So violently fond! the loss of life
Was far less dreadful than to leave his wife.
Monster of love! he whisper'd in my ear,
I doat so much—I pr'ythee die, my dear!
Ladies, if such demands are made on beauty,
Defend us all from matrimonial duty!
One may support a living husband's folly;
But let him feed the worms alone—for Molly.
And yet 'tis vain to reason, or to rail,
The tempter, man, was destin'd to prevail:
To bear him flatter, sigh, implore, protest,
A—je ne sçai qu'il—will flutter in the breast.
But o'er intrigues whatever planet reigns,
And fires to Bedlam-rage a lover's brains,
One honey-moon's sufficient to restore 'em
From wild impertinence to cool decorum.
By this plain model had the play been wrought;
My Hebrew spark had acted as he ought;
With a keen appetite enjoy'd the feast,
And, decently suffic'd, withdrawn to rest.
But, glutton-like, to grudge the world his leaving,
Was wondrous unpolite, to my conceiving!
Homer, who human nature nicely knew,
(Ye critics, I read Greek, as well as you)
In colours of a softer kind display'd
The husband civil to the wife who stray'd.
Tho' Helen had elop'd, her gentle lord
Renew'd her forfeit claim to bed and board:

EPILOGUE.

*For which dear foible of the fair forgiv'n,
The gods vouchsaf'd to send him quick to heav'n :
And in no Spartan novel can I find,
The good man griev'd to leave his spouse behind.
In such gay lights when wedded life is shown,
What couple would not wish the case their own ?
But, gallants, if you Herod's rule approve,
To give no quarter in the lists of love ;
If jealous rage, or fond fantastic dreams,
Exalt your passion to such dire extremes ;
Let each bright Mariamne chuse her man ;
Then, kill us all——with kindness, if ye can.*



Act V.

**XIMENA or
THE HEROIC DAUGHTER.**

Scene



J. Roberts del.

Published for Wells Street Theatre August 20th 1777.

Thomson sculp.

*M^{rs} YATES in the Character of XIMENA.
— staid with the blood of Carlos, kills Ximena.*

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XIMENA or

~~THE HEROIC DUTY~~

Act I



Robert

BELL'S EDITION.



X I M E N A;

OR, THE

HEROICK DAUGHTER.

A TRAGEDY,

As written by Mr. CIBBER.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE

VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

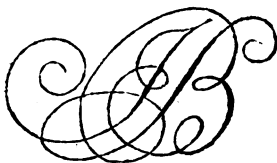
Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. WILD, Prompter.

————— *Face nuptiali*
Digna, & in omne Virgo.
Nobilis Ævum.

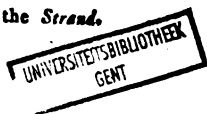
HOR.



L O N D O N;

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXVII.



T O

Sir RICHARD STEELE.

WHILE the world was under the daily correction and authority of your lucubrations, their influence on the public was not more visible in any one instance, than the sudden improvement (I might say reformation) of the stage, that immediately followed them: from whence it is now apparent, that many papers, (which the grave and severe then thought were thrown away upon that subject) were, in your speaking to the theatre, still advancing the same work, and instructing the same world in miniature; to the end, that whenever you thought fit to be silent, the stage, as you had amended it, might, by a kind of substituted power, continue to posterity, your peculiar manner of making the improvement of their minds their public diversion.

Nothing but a genius so universally revered could, with such candor and penetration, have pointed out its faults and misconduct; and so effectually have redeemed its uses and excellence from prejudice and disfavour. How often have we known the most elegant audiences drawn together at a day's warning, by the influence or warrant of a single Tatler, in a season, when our best endeavours without it, could not defray the charge of the performance? This powerful and innocent artifice soon recovered us into fashion, and spirited us up, to think such new favour of our auditors worthy of our utmost industry; and 'tisto that industry so instructed, the stage now owes its reputation and prosperity: and therefore, as I have heard you say, (which, I hope, will justify my repeating it) *viz.* To talk of suppressing the stage, because the licentiousness, ignorance or poverty of its former professors may have abused the proper ends of its institution, were, in morality, as absurd a violence, as it would be in religion to silence the pulpit, because sedition or treason has been preached there: and though for the same reason our ancient legislature may have been justly provoked to mention such actors in terms of ignominy, yet that ought no more to be a reproach to his Majesty's present company of comedians, than it is to the patriots of old Rome, that their first founders were robbers and outlaws.

After such benefits received, what less return could the gratitude and interest of the actors think of, than to intreat you to join in their petition to the crown, to set you at their head, that you might as justly partake of the profits, as the praise and merit of supporting them?

A 2

them? How much you have done for us was visible to all the world; what sense we have of it is yet known to few; I therefore take this occasion to make our acknowledgments, if possible, as public as our obligations.

The good you have done mankind gives every sensible heart a double delight; that of the benefit itself, and the pleasure of thanking you: and yet, if we consider the world, as one person, we cannot but say it has been ungrateful to you: had Public Spirit been the measure of Public Bounty, it had been no court-secret, how you had so suddenly ran into an affluence of fortune; every peasant might have accounted for that, though the speculations of a gentleman may be puzzled at the contrary. But when a private man, in the service of his country, exerts a genius and courage that would better become his superiors, we are not to wonder, if (in right of their precedence) neglect or envy should reprimand his forwardness into manners and modesty; he is to be talked to in another stile than he thinks of, and is to know, the dignity of office is so sacred in its nature, that it is a sort of insolence for a man to be wise, before he comes into it; that great actions are not to thrust themselves into public service without order or direction; they ought properly, and only, to come from the hands of high birth or station, and the honour of our national spirit is not to be sullied, by owing its greatest instances to the ignoble head or heart of a commoner: would not one think, Sir, from your situation in the world, all this had been said to you? But so it is, when a man's services are too eminent for his station, that eminence is generally his reward; he then stands the public gaze of passengers, like a mountain in a meadow, deserted, poor, and thirsty, while the lands below him are watered into fatness and plenty. Had it been your humble choice to have lain in the common level of merit, your crop had, of course, been as full as your neighbours. But if you think the world is to go out of its road for you, you will be told, nobody can help your being in the wrong; you have had examples enough before you, that might have warned you into wiser observations. Did not the celebrated author of *Hudibras* bring the King's enemies into a lower contempt with the sharpness of his wit, than all the terrors of his administration could reduce them to? Was not his book always in the pocket of his prince? And what did the mighty prowess of this knight-errant amount to? Why—he died with the highest esteem of the court—in a garret. Might not the corruption of those times have farther informed you too, that though a man had all the spirit and capacity of an ancient Roman for the service of his country; yet if he would not enslave those talents to the will and dominion of some great leader in the state, if he would not privately list in his troop, and implicitly obey orders, he was treated at best as a mutineer, and came off well, if he was only cashiered, and made incapable of future preferment. Such, Sir, was then the language and practice of the world; and how much soever it may be mended now, it gives but a melancholy reflection to know, that while in the late reign you were warmly supporting our staggering hopes of the Protestant succession, the enemies of it, then in power, were subtle enough to offer

offer you a security of fortune only to be silent—An uncomfortable account, that even the forbearance of a virtue should be worth more than the use of it.

But I am not to forget, there has been a circumstance in your merit too, that could have happened to no man but yourself : to say you had hazarded your life, or fortune, for the service of your country, were but to allow you praise in common with thousands, that have done the same : but when we consider how amiable a fame you sacrificed to its interests, it would be barbarous not to inquire into the value of it : how long, and happily did Old Isaac triumph in the universal love and favour of his readers ? The grave, the cheerful, the wise, the witty, old, young, rich and poor, all sorts, though never so opposite in character, whether beaus or bishops, rakes or men of business, coquettes or statesmen, whigs or tories, all were equally his friends, and thought their tea in a morning had not its taste without him : thus, while you appeared the agreeable philosopher only, mankind by a general assent came into your applause, and service : and yet, how in a moment was this calm, and unrivalled enjoyment blown into the air, when the apprehension of your country's being in a flame called upon you to resign it, by employing the same spirit of conviction, in the restless office of a patriot ? For no sooner did you rise the champion of our insulted constitution, than one half of the nation (that had just before allowed you the proper Censor of our morals) in an instant denied you to have had either wit, sense, or genius ; the column they had been two years jointly raising to your reputation, was then, in a few days, thrown down by the implacable hands that raised it. But when they found no attacks of prejudice could deface the real beauty of your writings, and that they still recovered from the blow, their malice then indeed was driven to its last hold, of giving the chief merit of them to another great author, who they allowed had never so audaciously provoked them : this was indeed turning your own cannon upon you, and making use of your private virtue to depreciate your character ; for had not the diffusive benevolence of your heart thought even fame too great a good to be possessed alone, you would never (as you confessed in the Preface to those works) have taken your nearest friend into a share of it. A man of modern prudence would have considered a fame so peculiar, as a mistress, whom his services only had deserved ; and would have maturely deliberated, before he trusted her constancy in private, with the dearest friend upon earth : your enemies, therefore, thus knowing that your own consent had partly justified their insinuations, saved a great deal of their malice from being ridiculous, and fairly left you to apply to such your singular conduct, what Mark Antony says of Octavius in the play—

Fool that I was ! upon my eagle's wings
I bore this wren, 'till I was tir'd with soaring,
And now he mounts above me.

DAVID.

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Nothing

Nothing is more common among the prudent men of this world, than their admiration, that you will not (with all your talents) be guided to the proper steps of making your fortune; as if that were the *non ultra* of happiness. Can they suppose that flattery, deceit, and treachery, or the perpetual surrender of our reason, will, and freedom, to the convenience and passions of others, with a train of the like abject servilities, if your spirit could stoop to them, are not as soon attained to, as their contrary virtues? And that consequently it is much easier to make a fortune, than to deserve one? Such men can never know how much the conscious transport of having done their duty, is preferable to all the mean, unweildy pomp of arrogant and unmerited prosperity.—But let them hug themselves, and count their happiness by their sums of gold; yours is to know, the service you have done your country has contributed to their being secure in the possession of it, and that such, however unfashionable actions, are (like their gold) intrinsically valuable only for their weight, which can neither rise or fall from the stamp of favour, or discouragement. And that these men may not suppose, you did not, as well as the wisest of them, foresee this barren consequence of your endeavours, I shall beg leave to quote a prophetic instance to the contrary, which you published in No. II. of a paper, called *The Reader*, in the year 1734.

‘ There was a certain husbandman, in a certain kingdom, who
 ‘ lived in a certain place, under a certain hill, near a certain bridge:
 ‘ this poor man was a little of a scholar, and given to country learn-
 ‘ ing; such as astrological predictions of the weather, and the like.
 ‘ One night, in one of his musings about the house, he saw a party
 ‘ of soldiers belonging to a prince, in enmity with his own, coming
 ‘ towards the bridge: he immediately ran, and drew up that part
 ‘ which is called the Draw-Bridge, and calling all his family, and
 ‘ getting his cattle together, he put his plough, behind that his
 ‘ stools, and his chairs behind them, and by this means stopped the
 ‘ march till it was day-light, when all the neighbouring lords and
 ‘ gentlemen saw the enemy as well as he. They crowded on with
 ‘ great gallantry to oppose the foe, and in their zeal and hurry,
 ‘ throwing our husbandman over bridge, and his goods after him,
 ‘ effectually kept out the invaders. This accident, says my author,
 ‘ was the safety of that kingdom; yet no one ought to be discom-
 ‘ fited from the public service for what happened to this rustic; for
 ‘ though he was neglected at the present, and every man said he
 ‘ was an honest fellow, that he was no one’s enemy but his own,
 ‘ and that nobody said he was every one’s friend but his own, the
 ‘ man had ever after the liberty, that he, and no other but he,
 ‘ and his family, should beg on that bridge in all times follow-
 ‘ ing.’

Had you not published this prediction so many years ago, the art, or malice of men might have insinuated, that the hope of some farther reward, than that of the action itself, had been the motive to your zeal, for the then endangered Protestant succession.

But, alas ! I fear I am running into the same public-spirited rashness, it being impossible to speak truth of you, without giving shame to others, who may not perhaps have your talent of easily forgiving, whatever is honest in its intention. I shall therefore beg leave to subscribe myself,

Sir,

Sept. 29,
1719.

Your most devoted

Humble servant,

COLLEY CIBBER.



TO

T O T H E
R E A D E R.

THE Cid of Monsieur Corneille (from whence the following scenes are drawn) has made such an *eclat* on all the theatres of Europe, that were I to be wholly silent on the side of the Heroic Daughter, the great liberties I have taken in altering the conduct of his fable, might be more imputed to a vain opinion of my own judgment, than any foundations in reason, or nature: but, I hope, I shall stand upon better terms with the impartial, and the curious. I am not insensible what vast odds will be offered against me, while I am entering the lists with so famed an author, as Corneille: but that shall not discourage me: for I look upon truth in an argument, to be like courage in a combat, the best advantage a man can have over his antagonist; 'tis not his fame ought to fright me; for let mine be never so obscure, if I am in the right, his being in the wrong will be no more a wonder, than that a watchman's plain staff should foil the sword of a field-officer.

But I have a farther view, that while I am comparing the two plays, I may give the lovers of the theatre some insight into the merit and difficulty of forming a good fable; and that even our common spectators, who find themselves unaccountably pleased with a pathetic scene, may be more pleased, by knowing they have reason to be so.

It may perhaps be expected, I should offer some excuse for not publishing this piece till seven years after its first appearance on the stage; and you will probably answer, I had as good have said nothing about it, as to tell you it has been little better than idleness, or indifference: for it having done my business, when acted, I confess I wanted the modern appetite for fame, that authors usually think follows them into the country after publication. But if I had any real cause to defer it, it was from an observation I had made, that most of my plays (except the first, the Fool in Fashion) had a better reception from the public, when my interest was no longer concerned in them: I therefore supposed this might have a fairer chance for favour, when the author had no farther stake upon it: and I hope I may be allowed the honest vanity of this complaint, while I have (to my cost) so many facts to support it.—Every auditor, whose memory will give him leave, cannot but know, that Richard the Third, which I altered from Shakespeare, did not raise me five pounds on the third day, though for several years since, it has seldom,

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or never failed of a crowded audience. The *Fop's Fortune* lagged on the fourth day, and only held up its head by the heels of the French tumblers, who, it seems, had so much wit in their limbs, that they forced the town to see it, till it laughed itself into their good graces. The *Kind Impostor* did not pay the charges on the sixth day, though it has since brought me, as a sharer, more than I was then disappointed of as author. 'Twas at first a moot point whether the *Careless Husband* should live or die; but the houses it has since filled have reproached the former coldness of its auditors. The *Wife's Repentment* is another, though not an equal, instance of the same nature.

But not to take the particularity of this treatment wholly to myself, I confess it has sometimes been the fate of the better authors: nor ought we so much to wonder at it, if we consider, that there is in human nature a certain low latent malice to all laudable undertakings, which never dares break out upon any thing, with so much licence, as on the fame of a dramatic writer: for even the lavish applause, that is usually heaped upon his first labours, is not perhaps so entirely owing to their real admiration of the work itself, as the mean pleasure they take in swelling him up to rival the reputation of others, that have writ well before him: if he succeeds in a first play, let him look well to the next, for then he is entered the herd, as a common enemy and is to know that they, who gave him fame, can take it away; he is then to be allowed no more merit or mercy than the rest of his brethren: of which nothing can be a stronger instance, than the torrent of applause, that was deservedly thrown in upon the *Old Batchelor*, and the boisterous cavils that the next year unreasonably over-run the same author's play of the *Double-Dealer*: and I am apt to believe, that after the success of the *Funeral*, it was the same caprice that deserted the *Tender Husband*: and that all this is not mere conjecture only, I beg leave to relate a matter of fact, that perhaps will better incline you to my opinion.

When the *Heroick Daughter* was first acted, I had the curiosity (not having then any part in it) sometimes to slip unseen into the side-boxes, where I met with the highest mixture of pleasure, and mortification: the pleasure was in observing the generality of the audience, in a silent, fixed attention, never failing by their looks or gestures, to discover those pleasing emotions of the mind, which I was always confident would arise from so elevated a subject: the mortification was from a set of well-dressed merry-making critics, that call themselves the *Town*, whose private wit was continually insulting the public diversion, by their waggish endeavours to burlesque every thing, that seemed to have a serious effect on their neighbours; and treating the poor rogue the author (who stood with his hat over his eyes at their elbow) with the utmost insults, scandal, and malevolence: and when the play was over, some of the same persons, (which had like to have made me laugh) came, and wished me joy of its success: but I have since seen frequent instances, that the same sort of auditors, with a little management, have been made as enterprising friends to other authors, as they were then enemies to me: for with some leading man of the town, or celebrated

brated wit at the head of them, they have been often known, by their over-bearing manner of applause, to make a wretched sickly play stand stoutly upon its legs for six days together : but (as in mine, and most cases) when they are not so engaged and marshalled, they naturally run riot into mischief and cruelty. Upon the whole, till this accident convinced me, I never could believe, that to bring a play upon the stage, was so invidious a task ; and as it was with great reluctance, that I from hence resolved never to trouble the town with another, so I found it necessary, (while I was a player at least) not to put people of mere pleasure and fortune in mind, that I durst pretend to any talent that their footmen might not be equally masters of : and if in breach of this resolution, I have since attempted in the *Non Juror* to expose the enemies of our constitution, and liberties, it was because I knew the friends of the government would secure me a fair hearing, and from all such apprehensions of being disturbed by the wanton malice of a few *petits maitres* ; not but I flatter myself, that even its enemies will allow, I gave their principles fair play in the characters of Sir John Woodville and Charles, who were no where shewn in a contemptible light ; and I hope it was no great malice to make them amiable in their conversation. If therefore I have not justly accounted for the neglect, or discouragement, which most of my other plays met with at first ; I shall however beg leave of the world to comfort myself with supposing, that their present success is now, one way or other, owing to their merit. But I have rambled too far from my first design, which was to give you

AN EXAMEN of the CID, and the HEROICK DAUGHTER.

THE great beauties of the French play, are in the tender passion that rises from the misfortunes of the two lovers Rodrigue and Chimene ; but should we not be much more sensible of their distress, if before we saw them unfortunate, we were first raised to a proper admiration of their persons and virtues : they may indeed, as in the *Cid*, move us simply, as lovers ; but as such lovers, their sorrows would certainly strike deeper into the hearts of an audience. In this point Corneille seems defective ; for he opens his play with a cold conversation between Chimene and her Suivante, whom Chimene desires to repeat, what reason she had to suppose, the count her father was inclined to prefer her favoured lover Rodrigue, to his rival Don Sanchez ? By the way she owns in the same scene, she has heard all this before ; but when an author wants to acquaint his audience with a necessary fact, nothing is so common, as to make some person in the play improbably desirous to hear it over again. A poor shift ! we see through it, 'tis lazy.—He could not but know, that *avis est celare artem*. After Chimene is informed, that her father has allowed Rodrigue the person most worthy of her, she thinks the news too good to be true, and is still, (though she can't very

can't very well tell why) afraid it will come to nothing, and so quaintly walks off, to as little purpose as she came on.

In all this scene, Chimene utters no one sentiment that can possibly draw to her the least esteem from the audience; we only as yet see her a marriageable young woman, that is willing to have a husband.—A poor setting out for the heroine of a tragedy! The hero indeed is less faultily managed, for he never appears till he enters at once into his distress of being obliged to revenge the blow, his father had just received, upon the father of his mistress, who gave it. This incident is doubtless of uncommon beauty: but had we been better acquainted with the merit and dignity of his passion for the daughter of his enemy, before his critical entrance on that occasion, our imagination would have had a much higher alarm, at the first sight of them; and this was palpably evident from the different surprize his sudden appearance gave in the Heroick Daughter at London, to what I observed it had in the same scene of the Cid, when acted at Paris.

In the English play more care is taken to make the audience sure, the son brings with him the highest sentiments of courage, love, and honour, that must make a sensible heart tremble at the immediate distress, in which his first appearance shews him involved.

The second scene in the Cid breaks into the apartment of the Infanta, who is secretly in love with Rodrigue; but her honour combating with the inequality of his birth, she resolves to sacrifice her passion to her glory, and in order to it, uses her utmost endeavours to advance his marriage with her rival Chimene: there is something so romantic, so cold, and inactive in this episode, and so very little conducive to the main design, that I have left it quite out of the Heroick Daughter, and supplied the vacancy with the character of Belzara, to whom I have given a more natural interest to advance the marriage of Ximena, which is to make Don Sanchez (whom Belzara is contracted to) despair of her. Corneille seems, even in this scene too, to have lost a fair occasion of heightening the character of Rodrigue, and preparing the audience in his favour; but the Infanta, in no part of it, mentions the least motive to her passion for him, unless that he is a *jeune cavalier*.

The next scene introduces the quarrel, and the blow given to the father of Rodrigue, by the father of his mistress, and this is the first scene of the Cid, that is made use of in the Heroick Daughter. This quarrel seems too sudden and unprepared, and wants the terror that would naturally arise from it, if, as I observed, the audience were prepossessed with a proper admiration of the lovers, whose approaching ruin they would then be more nearly concerned for; and this concern I have attempted to give by the preparation of a whole first act in the Heroick Daughter, which is intirely unborrowed, and previous to the first opening beauties of the Cid. The heroic obligations, that have passed between the two lovers, (whom I call Carlos and Ximena) before they secretly entertain or publicly avow their passion; the gentle manner of Ximena's first softening the prejudice of Alvarez; the solemn interposition of the king to heal the hereditary feud of their families, and his crowning their reconciliation

clement with the immediate union of the lovers, were all intended to give a dignity to their passion, and consequently to move the audience with a quicker sense of their ensuing calamities, than if (as they are in the *Cid*) they had been only shewn in their mere lawful desire of being virtuous bedfellows.

Though terror seems the favourite passion of Corneille, and what he usually paints in much more lively colours than his objects of pity; yet the fatal rupture that ruins the happiness of these lovers, loses half its force and beauty for want of art or pains in preparing it: for terror must certainly rise in proportion to the object it menaces; and we cannot be as much concerned for the misfortunes of merit unknown, as for what is evident and conspicuous; and till that rupture happens, we are (in the *Cid*) utter strangers to the merit of Rodrigue and Chimene.

But besides all this, the quarrel itself seems an accident merely arising from the brutal temper of the count, and the spectator might as well expect, from the beginning of the scene, that it was to end in a friendly conclusion of their children's marriage, as their so unforeseen and violent enmity: and though surprise is a necessary part of tragedy, yet that surprise is never to be abrupt: for when it is so, it is more apt to shock, than delight us; we do not love to be startled into a pleasure: as an audience ought never to be wholly let into the secret design of a play, so they ought not to be intirely kept out of it, you may safely leave room for the imagination to guess at the nature of the thing you intend, and are only to surprise them with your manner of bringing it about: as in the second act of Dryden's *All for Love*; where Marc Antony seems confirmed in his resolution to part with Cleopatra; yet when he once consents to expostulate with her in person, though you easily foresee the contest is to end to her advantage, yet you are far from losing the pleasure of your surprise, while it is so artfully executed; nay, you have a farther delight, from the private applause you give to your own judgment, in so rightly foreseeing the conclusion; and to this reason may be attributed the success of most allegorical writings.—But here (in this scene of the quarrel in the *Cid*) is an important action brought about, and you know not what it means, till it is over. Then indeed you see—What? why, that the hopes of the young couple's wedding are all blown up; like enough, but the audience have as yet no great reason to be concerned at it, they know very little of them. Beside, the scene is half over before you know who the old men are, or what their quarrelling can signify; so that your admiration cannot go along with the performance, and your attention is either lost, or in pain, till the author explains himself; which is afterwards too late, your imagination is not at leisure to look so far back for the propriety of what's past; you are then to be intent upon what is to come, or else what you have seen is but an interruption to what you are to see; the case of many a modern play. This laziness, or want of skill in an author, does not give an auditor fair play for his money: it will not let him see all the play, nor is it enough to say, the scene is notwithstanding natural.—If

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you cannot say it has art, as well as nature, you praise it but by halves.

I cannot omit another objection to the character of the Count, who is so insolent, fierce, and turbulently vain of his merit, that he is below the dignity of the subject: nor will his being a Spaniard excuse it; they are all Spaniards in the play; and though a ridiculous pride is natural to the nation, we are not by that rule to shew a Frenchman dancing, or a Dutchman drunk in a tragedy. In short, he is a mere *miles gloriosus*, and makes so disagreeable a figure, that we have much ado to think him an object worthy of that filial regard and duty which Chimene pays to his memory. I therefore thought it necessary, in higher justification of her sorrows and virtue, to make him more civilized and rational in the Heroick Daughter; his honourable and open reconciliation to Alvarez; his generous compassion for the distress of Carlos, whom he had reduced to the necessity of fighting him; his humanity and honour (in case he fell by his sword) in bequeathing him his daughter, were all attempted to give the audience, as well as Ximena, a more justifiable regret for the loss of him. The only reason Corneille seems to have for making him so brutal, is to introduce an unreasonable quarrel, from whence all the distress of the play was to rise: I have likewise attempted to remove that objection, by grounding the jealousy and resentment of the Count upon the subtle insinuations of Sanchez, it being the immediate (though dishonourable) interest of his love to Ximena, by any artifice to obstruct her marriage with Carlos. This expedient I thought would make the Count more excusable in his violent measures, and might remove the odium that lay hard upon him in the Cid, by throwing it upon Sanchez, whose character here may better endure it.

The next scene of moment that follows the quarrel, is the challenge, which is delivered with so vaunting a boast by Rodrigue, that one would imagine he thought it first prudent to frighten his enemy, before he fought him; and truly, by the behaviour of the Count, he seems to have carried his point; for after the challenge is made, the Count as pleasantly evades it, by pretending to be offended with Rodrigue's presumption, in calling him to an account. In short, they debate so heartily, that you begin to lose your apprehension of its coming to mischief; for even after they seem both determined, and going out, the Count is resolved to have t'other chance for resuming the debate, and says briskly to Rodrigue—"Art thou so weary of thy life?" But I think nothing can better expose the absurdity of the question, than the shrewd answer that is made to it, viz. "What are you afraid to die?" There is reason in the answer, but (between two men of honour) there could be none for the question.

This sort of behaviour I could not be reconciled to, and have taken the liberty, in the first six lines of the scene, to get the challenge accepted with the plain language of a man determined; and though I could not allow them to expostulate, while their courage was only in question, yet I could not help thinking the lover, in some part of the scene, owed a sigh or two to the terrors of his mistress,

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and the certain misery his honour was then going to reduce her to; which would have been still unquestionable, though his regard to her had here shewn its last effort to right his injuries with a bloodless reparation: for though he had before debated himself into a resolution of revenging them, yet nothing is more natural, than to see love turn back, and back again, for another last adieu. I shall here beg leave to quote a few lines from the scene itself, as the shortest way of explaining how I have conducted it.—When the place of meeting is just going to be appointed, Carlos stops short—and says to the Count,

*One moment's respite, for Ximena's sake,
She has not wrong'd me, and my heart would spare her;
We both, without a stain to either's honour,
May pity her distress, and pause to save her.
Nor need I blush, that I suspend my cause,
Since with its vengeance, her sure woes are blended;
Oh, lay not on her innocence, the grief
Of a mourn'd father, or a lover's blood!
Oh! spare her sighs, prevent her streaming tears,
Stop this effusion of my bleeding honour,
And heal, if possible, its wounds with peace.*

To all which, when the Count is immoveable, and grows at last impatient of his reproaches; then Carlos recovers to his honour, and breaks out as follows—

*Oh! give me back that vile submissive shame,
That I may meet thee with retorted scorn,
And right my honour with untainted vengeance;
Yet no—wilt-bold it! take it to acquit my love,
That sacrifice was to Ximena due:
Her helpless sufferings claim'd that pang; and since
I cannot bring dishonour to her arms,
Thus my rack'd heart pours forth its last adieu,
And makes libation of its bleeding peace:
Farewel, dear injur'd softness—Follow me.*

After the place of meeting is appointed, Carlos troubles you with no more of his love, than by uttering with a sigh, as he goes out,

Poor Ximena!—

Which had so compassionate an effect upon our English hearers, that if his love was then a weakness, it was at least such a one, as they heartily forgave him.

The next scene of the Infanta, (who is always dropping in, like cold water upon the heat of the main action) is for that reason again left out; our difference otherwise is not material, till the king receives notice of the Count's being killed by Rodrigue; which is so slightly related, or to use Corneille's own words, *sans aucune narra-*

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tion *touchante*, and received with so little surprisè or curiosity, to know any circumstance of the action, that upon my first reading the French play, I scarce knew whether I was to believe him dead, or no. I have therefore endeavoured, in the Heroick Daughter, to awaken the audience, by making that relation more solemn and particular, and to prepare the probability of the catastrophe, which I shall better account for in its place: but in the last scene of this second act it must be allowed, the Cid begins to seize upon the heart of the spectator, and this is one of those great beauties that have so justly given rise to its fame. The fluctuating pity that is so finely perplexed between the tears of a pious daughter, and the venerable sorrows of a father; the happy skill of throwing them both, in the same instant, at the King's feet for justice and mercy; and with pretensions so equally laudable, in an incident which few tragediers, either ancient or modern, can boast of. The only liberty I have taken with this scene, is in making the father plead with more resignation, and rather to trust his cause to its simple merits, than those of his own past services.

The next act opens with Rodrigue's appearing in the apartment of his mistress, where he lessens his character, by justifying his honour to her servant. After Chimene too is left alone with the same servant Elvire, she throws away a great many fine sentiments upon that prating creature, who has no sense of them, but endeavours to comfort her by vulgar advice, which makes Chimene inexcusable to hear; beside the main action cools in the conversation: this is avoided in the Heroick Daughter, by making Belzara the third person in these two scenes, who has an interest in serving Carlos, yet never is mean or dishonourable in her attempting it. But the next scene makes us ample amends for all we may have justly found fault with.

The meeting of Rodrigue and Chimene, throws us in a tenderness that is irresistible. This instance gives the Cid as fair an assurance of being immortal, as any modern poetry can hope for. There is something so amiable in the despair of Rodrigue, in his natural disregard of his safety, for the resistless pleasure of seeing his mistress: and we are apt to be so seized with the instant idea of her tender passion breaking through her filial obligations to pursue him, that at the first sight of them it is impossible, for an attentive auditor, not to feel the most agreeable transport and astonishment: and since the incident is Corneille's, and not mine, it may be no vanity to say, this effect was evident from the hurry and busy murmur that ran through the audience at its first presentation in London. And it would indeed be a reflection on our English taste, to suppose we could be less sensible than our neighbours, of so palpable an excellence: for Corneille speaking of the reception of this scene in Paris, says,

Qu'alors que ce malheureux amant se presentoit devant elle, il s'élevoit un certain fremissement dans l'assemblée, qui marquoit une curiosité merveilleuse, & un redoublement d'attention pour ce qu'ils avoient à se dire dans un estat si pitoyable.

But allowing it all this admiration, I have some reasons to offer (to better judgment) why the conduct of this scene in the Heroick Daughter, is not implicitly formed upon the model of that in the

I cannot but think, that Rodrigue's entering with an answer to the last words of Chimene, must be unnatural, if you don't suppose him to have listened at the door to her private discourse; and though 'tis possible most of our modish critics may own they would have listened in his condition, yet that is no proof, that listening, especially in another person's house, is not always the effect of meanness, ill-manners, or treachery; I therefore thought it more reasonable to let him approach her in a mute submissive address, and to give him time for it, have thrown Ximena into a reproachful astonishment the moment she sees him. Corneille after some fine touches of their distress, suffers him to proceed in excuse of his offence, in which he seems too fond of shewing the man of honour, and the harsh terms he uses in his justification, are too *choquans* for the ear of an injured mistress. These are his words,

*“ Car enfin ne attends pas de mon affection,
Un lâche repentir d'une bonne action.*

And a little farther:

“ Je le ferois encore, si j'avois à le faire.

This last line is omitted in the Heroick Daughter, and the first softened by only saying,

*“ —How shall I repent me of a crime,
Which uncommitted had deserv'd thy scorn?*

I have endeavoured in the same speech to make his crime more pitiful, by his pleading the regard he had to her peace, in first endeavouring to reduce her father into a temper, that might have ended their difference with a less fatal reparation; and it seems to heighten the distress of Ximena, when you see her heart is full, and conscious of the obligation.

After Chimene has answered his plea, in the most sublime sentiments of her filial duty to pursue him for her father's death, Rodrigue insists, that her own hand alone ought to satisfy her vengeance; I have here made bold to shorten their arguments upon this point, which seem a little too near the romantick, and have substituted one, that I thought more agreeable to nature, where Carlos says,

*Let not the wretch once honour'd with thy love,
Thy Carlos, once thought worthy of thy arms,
Be dragg'd a public spectacle to justice,
To draw the irksome pity of a crowd,
Who may with vulgar reason, call thee cruel;
My death from thee will elevate thy vengeance,
And shew, like mine, thy duty scorn'd assistance.*

But the greatest omission in this scene, is that Chimene so far forgets her filial duty, as to take no precaution, not so much as his word

word of honour, that Rodrigue shall appear to answer his crime to the law ; she is indeed concerned for her reputation, and on that account only desires him to leave her ; her last concern, when they part at the end of the scene, is,

“ ——— *Et sur tout garde bien, qu'on te voye.*

This makes their meeting look too like a modern intrigue ; I have therefore endeavoured to give her a better reason for releasing him ; when he reproaches her with want of love, in refusing his desire to fall by her hand, she replies——

*Can hate have part in interviews like this ?
Art thou not now within my power to seize ?
Yet I'll release thee, Carlos, on thy word :
Give me thy word, that on the morrow's noon
Before the King, in person thou wilt answer,
And take the shelter of the night to leave me.*

I do not see how the scene could possibly be said to have a just conclusion, but by this mutual discharge of their duty for the present : and when Carlos had given his honour to appear, then indeed there is a more pardonable and natural excuse for the tenderness they fall into ; which though the reader must be charmed with in the original, I have ventured to alter, to make them more agreeable to the spectator.

The next scene breaks into the street, where the father of Rodrigue is wandering up and down alone, in search of his son ; a very slender mark of his wisdom, and puts one in mind of a vulgar saying——“ To look for a needle, &c.”—Nay, he does all this, though he has five hundred friends in his house (whom he had drawn together to vindicate the cause of his honour) waiting for him ; and there is no excuse appears for his leaving them alone, or why he does not attend him abroad : where he entertains the audience with a long account (which he gives to himself) of his condition, in pointed conceits, and quaint antitheses, that would be much prettier in an epigram.—At last he meets with his son, with whom he falls into a tedious argument ; and to comfort his sorrow for the loss of his mistress, tells him there are more women than Ximena ; and would have him shew the greatness of his heart, in shaking off its weakness for her. This seems unpardonable, and stains the character of the father ; for to suppose him capable of changing his mistress, takes away half the merit of the son's having revenged his honour ; which, had he not inviolably loved her, had only shewn his courage in common with other men. The answer the son makes him, indeed is truly great, which it might easily be, when he had so dishonourable a thought to oppose ; so that the one speech is only fine from the other's being improper, I might say unnatural. This scene seems extremely cold, after the spirit and warm passion in the preceding one : care should be always taken in such cases not to suffer the attention to languish, but (as Horace says.—*Surgit ad eventum festi-*

met) when the subject will not suffer us to exceed what is gone before, we should at least keep our hearers awake, by being busy about new matter and action, plainly necessary to carry on the story of the play. All that seems useful in this scene, is the last speech of it, which is the only one that is taken into the Heroick Daughter. There Alvarez appears at the head of his friends in his own house, where his son may be supposed with more probability to come to him. But Corneille honestly tells us in his Examen of the Cid, that the reason why he did not bring on Don Diegue with his friends about him, was, because those personages are generally supplied by awkward fellows, and candle-snuffers.—A miserable sign of the lowliness of the French theatre, when so great an author is forced to restrain his fancy, and to commit an absurdity, to make his play fit for the stage.—But this not being our case here, I had the liberty of writing, as well as I could. After Corneille has done his scene, I have given the son a soliloquy, that I thought would be a new motive to the compassion of the audience; if your curiosity is as warm as my vanity could wish it, you will now turn to it at the end of the fourth act.

The two last acts of the Cid, though in nature they may be finely written, lose half their force for want of art. All those great sentiments which Chimene utters to the Infanta in the beginning of the fourth act, are improper in that place; for she is not only arguing her case with one that has nothing to do with it, but she is merely talking while she should be doing; we are impatient for the issue of her appeal to the king, and it is no excuse to the hearer, that the king's daughter stops her by the way, when it was in the poet's choice to have sent the king's daughter to prayers, or any other employment in the mean time. In short, the author seems to want matter for two acts more, and is reduced to these shifts to give the audience full measure for their money: but the Heroick Daughter, having a whole first act added before the action of the Cid begins, of consequence transfers the third act of the French play into the fourth of the English, by which expedient, the necessary matter of the two last acts of the one, are easily contained in the single fifth act of the other.

The next prolixity the Cid entertains us with, is the king's solemn reception of Rodrigue after his defeat of the Moors; which let it be never so justly due to the merit of the action, yet *non nunc erat his locus*. All this moves us not, and might have been supposed, or related only, that the more immediate business of the play might have come forward, as is attempted in the Heroick Daughter,

Beside, the making Rodrigue to give an account of his own victory, must either lessen the action, or his character.—Any friend, that was a well-wisher to his interest, must certainly have been a more proper herald of his fame: I have therefore made Alonso give the particulars of this glorious service to his country, and I thought the audience would be better pleased, if it were given to Ximena, that they might at the same instant see the new conflict it must naturally raise between her passion and her duty: for though the king is in the play the person most concerned to hear it, yet the spectator

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is most concerned that Ximena should hear it; and it offends not either manners, or probability, that the king is supposed to have heard it before.

When Chimene returns to court for justice, the king, in hopes to appease her, has a mind first to make a discovery of her passion, and cunningly tells her, that her desire of vengeance is answered, for Rodrigue is dead of his wounds; at which Chimene fainting, his majesty fairly bites her, owns he is alive, and that he is now convinced she has no mind to hurt him. This Finesse is needless, and ill becomes the gravity of the subject: there is nothing of it in the Heroick Daughter.

Well! when all will not do, when she finds it is so hard to make the king more sensible of her private wrongs, than of her lover's late service to the public, it is indeed time to make her lose her senses, for then, poor lady! she demands the combat, and is forced to call her vanity and falshood to the assistance of her duty, by proposing her person as a reward to any gentleman that would be the champion of her cause, if he proved victorious. This is sacrificing her passion to her duty with a vengeance. What an unconsolable figure would she have made, if nobody had taken up the cudgels! 'tis well she knew she was handsome, or that might really have been the case; but to be serious—

I thought it much more decent and natural, when she was in this extremity, to let Sanchez, who had before offered his service, take this fair occasion of stepping into her assistance; 'tis he, therefore, that in Ximena's name demands the combat, and that she might not have the guilt of flattering him with the least hope, as a lover, he is made even to disguise the motive to it with his pretended friendship for her late father. The king's granting the combat, and the necessary orders about it, conclude the fourth act of the Cid.

The fifth act begins with Rodrigue's abruptly visiting Chimene, without leave or excuse, before he was going to the lists. And though in her first words she pretends to be shocked at his appearance, yet he takes no notice of it, but goes on with his business, and she as insensibly sinks into mildness and temper to hear it: here they seem too declamatory, and romantic, which I have endeavoured to avoid by giving a more spirited turn to the passions, and reducing them nearer to common life; and the expedient that introduces the interview itself, is, I hope, upon a more pardonable foundation: for to make these two acts into one, in the Heroick Daughter, it was but to contrive this scene naturally to follow the last, without leaving the stage vacant, which is effected by the king's giving Carlos leave to take his farewell of Ximena before his going to the combat; and thus her hearing him, while her friend Belzara is present, and in the court, seems more excuseable, than her receiving his visit in open day, in her private apartment: and that your patience might not languish, the combat immediately follows his parting from her; and though you see nothing of that engagement on the stage, yet your imagination all the while enjoys it in the alarms and terrors of Ximena, which upon every distant sound of the trumpet she is differently thrown into: and I have always observed, that when any thing of moment is heard to be doing from behind

behind, that has a warm effect upon the actors in fight, it seems to give a double delight to the audience. This incident is entirely my own, and yet I flatter myself, not the least artful in that play. The return of Sanchez from the combat too, is here prepared with such circumstances, as might more probably lead Ximena into the mistake of his being the victor; but all this is languidly interrupted in the Cid, by making the Infanta's melancholy passion break into the warmest connection of the story; and Chimene too, for want of having her imagination stirred with such various notice of the combat, which the trumpet gives her, falls again into an inactive and declamatory account of her calamities, which in a last act ever forfeits the attention.

After the combat she accosts the king with a long argument, on a supposition that Rodrigue is dead, wherein she begs to be released from her obligation to marry Sanchez as the victor, and barters to reward him with her fortune, which she is willing to settle upon Sanchez for his trouble, provided she may have leave to dispose of her person in a nunnery. All this the king hears without undeceiving her, as to Rodrigue's being alive, which is not only improbable, but needlessly carries her mistake farther than it will bear to be beautiful. In the Heroick Daughter, the very instant she hints at the death of Carlos, the king rectifies her mistake; which prevents that odd project of compromising the matter with Sanchez, and lets the hearer sooner into matter of more importance: the king too here is only an advocate, not a tyrant for Carlos; and Ximena having made no promise to marry the victor, avoids that violation of her duty, which, in the Cid, the absolute power of the king would impose on her. But here he is so tender of her virtue, that he even suffers not Carlos to approach her, without leave. And now we come to the last conflict of her heart, which concludes in a resolution not to trust her love in sight of him that had killed her father, but to shut her sorrows from the world in a cloister: and I am of opinion, it was impossible under such misfortunes to dispose of her otherwise, without breaking into the laws of honour and virtue. Well! but though you grant me this, we are here still at a loss; this can be no absolute conclusion of the play, the matter stands just as it did three acts ago, the lovers were parted then, and all we have done with them since comes to no more. Cornelle seems to be plunged in this difficulty, and in my humble opinion had much better have parted them for ever, than have brought them together with so wretched a violation of Chimene's character. In short, his expedient comes to no more than this, that the king gives her leave, for decency's sake, to be virtuous a year longer, but after that's expired, he obliges her (and she tacitly consents) to marry the man that has killed her father. As if a dishonourable action could be justified, by our staying a year before we commit it.

There seemed therefore to me but one way in nature, to bring them decently together, which was by removing the fundamental cause of their separation: if therefore, without offending nature or probability, we can make the father of Ximena recover of his wounds, I see no reason, why every auditor might not in honour

GOD

congratulate their happiness: by this expedient their story is instructive, and these heroic lovers stand at last two fair examples of rewarded virtue: but it is now time to conclude.

Notwithstanding all our critical amendments, it must be allowed, that the first happiness of a tragic writer depends on his choice of a proper subject, without that his art and genius are but misemployed: if therefore there be any thing more than my not being a sufficient master of stile, that could make the Heroick Daughter less successful than the Cid, I can allow it might be likewise owing to the subject, of which perhaps the chief characters are too severely virtuous, for the homespun morals of our English audience: whereas the French run into the other extreme; with them your hero must be virtuous even to romance, or he is insufferable; but good-nature is so distinguishing a characteristic of the English, that the French have no word to express it: and the persons that we often pity in our plays, a French critic would tell you ought to be hanged by poetical justice. But we are so tender-hearted, that let the characters of our tragedies be never so criminal, yet if you can but make them penitent, and miserable, resigned and humble in their afflictions, we forget all their old faults, takem them immediately into favour, and the handkerchiefs of a whole audience shall be wet with their misfortunes. This effect is frequent at the tragedy of Venice Preserv'd, where Jaffier, after having been a conspirator against his country from a private revenge; after his betraying that conspiracy, and the life of his dearest friend, from the importunities of a wife, whom his weakness could not resist, yet makes his peace with the audience at last, and dies surrounded with their compassion: I am therefore convinced, that criminal characters so artfully conducted, have much the advantage of the perfect and blameless; and perhaps 'tis the narrowness of the French genius, that would never let their best authors attempt to raise compassion upon such bold and natural foundations. But on the other side, it would be hard to infer from hence, that characters nearer to perfection ought not as well to appear the principals of tragedy: both Carlos and Ximena have their imperfections, and I allow are most to be pitied, when they are least able to resist them; I cannot therefore but insist, that the Cid has all the greatness, dignity, and distress in the subject, that tragedy requires; and though it may have had too many hearers of an uncultivated taste, who think it inclines to the romantic; yet if filial duty, love, and honour in the highest instances of self-denial, are not imaginary virtues, then certainly all its structures are upon exalted nature. Let the common practice of mankind be what it will, it is not unnatural to be virtuous; and it ought to be more commendable to pity the misfortunes of the virtuous, than of those, who owe their distress to their immediate criminal conduct. But I am notwithstanding willing to compound for the inference, by granting, that when a capable genius sets himself to work, there may justly be room for success upon either foundation.

P R O L O G U E.

*As oft in form'd assemblies of the fair,
 The strait-lac'd prude will no loose passion bear,
 Beyond set bounds no lover must address,
 But secret flame in distant sighs express;
 Yet if by chance some gay coquette sails in,
 A joyous murmur breaks the silent scene,
 Each heart reliev'd by her enliv'ning fire,
 Feels easy hope, and unconfin'd desire;
 Then shuddering prudes with secret envy burn,
 And treat the fops, they could not catch, with scorn.
 So plays are valued; not confin'd to rules,
 Those prudes, the critics call them, feasts for fools;
 And if an audience 'gainst those rules is warm'd,
 Or by the lawless force of genius charm'd,
 Their whole confederate body is alarm'd:
 Then every feature's false, though ne'er so taking,
 The heart's deceiv'd, though 'tis with pleasure aking,
 They'll prove your charmer's not agreeable:
 Thus far'd it with the Cid of fam'd Corneille.
 In France 'twas charg'd with faults were past enduring,
 But still had beauties that were so alluring,
 It rais'd the envy of the grave Richlieu,
 And spite of his remarks, cramm'd houses drew:
 Of this assertion if the truth you'll know,
 Two lines will prove it from the great Boileau:
 En vain contre le Cid un ministre se ligue,
 Tout Paris pour Chimene a les yeux de Rodrigue.
 In vain against the Cid the statesman arms,
 Paris with Rodrick feels Ximena's charms.
 This proves, when passion truly wrought appears,
 In plays imperfect, 'twill command your tears:
 Yet think not from what's said, we rules despise,
 To raise your wonder from absurdities:
 As France improv'd it from the Spanish pen,
 We hope, now British, 'tis improv'd again:
 And though lost tragedy has long seem'd dead,
 Yet having lately rais'd her awful head,*

*To-night with pains and cost we humbly strive
 To keep the spirit of that taste alive:
 But if, like Phaeton, in Corneille's carr,
 Th' unequal muse unhappily should err,
 At least you'll own from glorious heights she fell,
 And there's some merit in attempting well.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

	<i>Covent-Garden;</i>
Don Ferdinand, king of Castille,	Mr. Hull.
Don Alvarez, his late general, and father of Don Carlos,	Mr. Bensley.
Don Gormaz, count of Gormaz, the present general, and father of Xi- mena, ——— ———	Mr. Clarke. Mr. Smith.
Don Carlos, in love with Ximena,	
Don Sanchez, his secret rival, though lately betrothed to Belzara,	Mr. Savigny.
Don Alonzo, an officer, ———	Mr. Wroughton;
Don Garcia, ditto.	
A Page.	

W O M E N.

Ximena, daughter to Gormaz,	Mrs. Yates.
Belzara, her friend, forsaken by Don Sanchez, ——— ———	Mrs. Mattocks.

SCENE, the Royal Palace in *Seville*.

XIMENA.

X I M E N A.

A C T I.

Enter Alvarez and Carlos.

ALVAREZ.

ALLIANCE! ha! and with the race of Gormas!
 My mortal foe! The King enjoins it, saidst thou?
 Let me not think thou couldst descend to ask it.
 Take heed, my son, nor let the daughter's eyes
 Succeed in what the father's sword has fail'd;
 Since I to age have stood his hate unmov'd,
 Be not thou vanquish'd by her female wiles,
 Nor stain thy honour with insulted love.

Car. O, taint not with so hard a thought her virtues,
 Which she has prov'd sincere, from obligations:
 'Tis to her suit I owe my late advancement.
 You know, my Lord, the fortune of this sword
 Redeem'd her from the Moors, when late their captive;
 For which, at her return to court, she swell'd
 The action with such praises to the King,
 He bad her name the Honours could reward it;
 She, conscious of our houses' hate, surpriz'd,
 And yet disdaining that her heart should fall
 In thanks below the benefit receiv'd,
 Warm'd with th' occasion, begg'd his royal favour
 Would rank me in the field, the next her father.
 The King comply'd, and with a smile insisted,
 That from her own fair hand I should receive
 The grace. This forc'd me then to visit her:
 To say what follow'd from our interview,
 Might tire, at least, if not offend your ear.

Alv. Not so, my Carlos, but proceed.

C

Car.

Car. In brief ;

The Queen, who now in highest favour holds
The fair Ximena, soon perceiv'd our passion,
Approv'd and cherish'd it ; our houses' discord
She knew of old, had often shook the state ;
Whereon she kindly to the King propos'd
This happy union, as the sole expedient
To cure those wounds, and fortify his throne :
Nay, she, Ximena, if I know her thoughts,
Chiefly to that regard resigns her heart.
O ! she disclaims, contemns her beauty's power,
And builds no merit but on stable virtue.

Alv. If so, I should indeed applaud her spirit.

Car. Oh ! had you search'd her soul like me, you would
Repose your life, your fame, upon her truth.

Alv. On thee at least I'm sure I may ; I know
Thou lov'st thy honour equal to Ximena,
And to that guard I dare commit thy love,
Keep but that union sacred :——

Car. When I break it,
May your displeasure, and Ximena's scorn,
Unite their force to torture me with shame :——
But see, she comes ! her eye, my Lord, has reach'd you.

Enter Ximena.

Mark her concern, the softness of her fear,
O'ercast with doubt and diffidence to meet you ;
One gentle word from you would chase the cloud,
And let forth all the lustre of her soul.

Alv. Hail, fair Ximena ! beauteous brightness, hail !
Propitious be this meeting to us all.
With equal joy and wonder I survey thee.
How lovely's virtue in so bright a form !
Thy father's fierceness all is lost in thee ;
Well have thy eyes reproach'd our houses' jars,
And calm'd the tempests that have wreck'd our peace ;
What we with false resentments but inflam'd,
Thy nobler virtues have appeas'd with honour.

Xim. These praises from another mouth, my Lord,
Might dye these glowing cheeks with crimson shame ;
But as they flow thus kindly from Alvarez,
From the heroic fire of my deliverer,
As you bestow 'em, my exulting heart,

Tho'

Tho' undeserv'd, receives with joy the sound ;
 But for those virtues you ascribe to me,
 Alas ! they are but copy'd all from thence ;
 Carlos, I saw, was brave, victorious, great,
 Compassionate——I am at best but grateful——
 Could I be less reduc'd with obligations ?
 Could I retain our houses' ancient hate,
 When Carlos' deeds so greatly had forgot it ?
 If Heaven had will'd our feuds should never end,
 It would have chose some other arm to save me :
 But if its kinder providence decrees,
 Ximena's yielded heart should cure those ills,
 And bind our passions in the chains of peace ;
 Be witness that all gracious Heaven, I've gain'd
 The end, the haven of my hopes on earth,
 And fill'd the proudest sails of my ambition.

Alv. O, Carlos, Carlos, we are both subdu'd !
 Where can such heavenly sweetness find a foe ?
 What Gormaz may resolve, his heart can tell,
 But mine no longer can resist such virtue ;
 His pride perhaps may triumph o'er my weakness,
 And wrong Ximena to insult Alvarez :
 Be mine that shame, but then be mine this glory,
[He joins their hands.]

That I surrender to his daughter's merit
 All that her heart demands, or mine can give :
 If he's obdurate, let her wrongs reproach him.

Enter Sanchez and Alonzo observing them.
 No thanks, my fair ; for both or neither are
 Oblig'd : whatever may be due to me,
 Let love and mutual gratitude repay.

D. San. Death to my eyes ! Alvarez joins their hands !
[Aside.]

Alon. Forbear ! is this a time for jealousy ? *[Aside.]*

D. San. Thou, that hast patience, then, relieve my
 torture. *[Aside.]*

Car. Oh, Ximena ! how my heart's oppress'd with
 shame——

Thou giv'st me a confusion equal to
 My joy ; I yet am laggard in my duty ;
 I must despair to reach with equal virtues.
 Dread Gormaz' heart, as thou hast touch'd Alvarez'.

C 2

Xim.

Xim. That hope we must to Providence resign;
The King intends this day to sound his temper,
Which, tho' severe, I know is generous,
In honour great, as its resentments warm,
Fierce to the proud, but to the gentle yielding;
The goodness of Alvarez must subdue him.

Alon. My Lord, I heard the King enquiring for you.

Alv. Sir, I attend his Majesty—I thank you.

Xim. Saw you the Count, my father, in the presence?

Alon. Madam, I left him with the King this instant,
Withdrawn to th' window, and in conference.

Xim. 'Twas his command I should attend him there.

Alv. Come, fair Ximena, if thy father's ear
Inclines like mine, unprejudic'd to hear;
His hate subdu'd will public good regard,
And crown thy virgin virtues with reward.

[*Exeunt Alv. Car. Xim.*]

D. San. Help me, Alonzo, help me, or I sink,
Th' oppression is too great for Nature's frame,
And all my manhood reels beneath the load;
O, rage! O, torment of successful love!

Alon. Alas! I warn'd you of this storm before,
Yet you; incredulous and deaf, despis'd it;
But since your hopes are blasted in their bloom,
Since vow'd Ximena never can be yours,
Forget the folly, and resume your reason:
Recover to your vows your love betroth'd,
Return to honour, and the wrong'd Belzara.

D. San. Why dost thou still obstruct my happiness,
And thwart the passion that has seiz'd my soul?
A friend should help a friend in his extremes,
And not create, but dissipate his fears.
'Tis true, I see Ximena's heart is given,
But then her person's in a father's power;
He, I've no cause to fear, will slight my offers.
Thou know'st th' aversion that he bears Alvarez
Bars like a rock her wishes from their harbour:
While Carlos has a fear, shall I despair?
Has not the Count his passions too to please,
And will he starve his hate to feed her love?
May I not hope he rather may embrace
The fair occasion of my timely vows,

To

To torture Carlos with a sure despair,
 And force Ximena to assist his triumph.
 Nay, she perhaps, when his commands are fix'd,
 In pride of virtue may resist her love,
 Suppress the passion, and resign to duty.

Alon. Why will you tempt such seas of wild disquiet,
 When honour courts you in a calm to joy?
 Belzara's charms are yielded to your hopes,
 Contracted to your vows, and warm'd to love :
 Ximena scarce has knowledge of your flame,
 Without reproach she racks you with despair,
 And must be perjur'd could her heart relieve you.

D. San. Let her relieve me, I'll forgive the guilt,
 Forget it, smother in her arms the thought,
 And drown the charming falshood in the joy.

Alon. What wild extravagance of youthful heat
 Obscures your honour, and destroys your reason ?

D. San. I am not of that lifeless mould of men,
 That plod the beaten road of virtuous love ;
 With me 'tis joyous, beauty gives desire,
 Desire by nature gives instinctive hope ;
 The phoenix woman sets herself on fire,
 Hope gives us love, our love makes them desire,
 And in the flames they raise, themselves expire.

Alon. Nor love, nor hope, can give you here success.

D. San. Let those despair whose passions have their
 bounds,

Whose hopes in hazards, or in dangers die :
 Shew me the object worthy of my flame,
 Let her be barr'd by obligations, friends,
 By vows engag'd, by pride, aversion, all
 The common letts that give the virtuous awe,
 My love would mount the tow'ring falcon's height,
 Cut thro' them all, like yielding air, my way,
 And downward dart me rapid on my quarry.

Alon. Farewel, my Lord, some other time perhaps
 This rapture may subside, and want a friend ;
 I shall be glad to advise when you can hear.
 But see, Belzara comes, with eyes confus'd,
 That speak some new disorder in her heart.
 Would you be happy, friend, be just ; preserve

Inviolate the honest vows you've made her.
Farewel, I leave you to embrace th' occasion. [Exit.

Enter Belzara.

Bel. I come, Don Sanchez, to inform you of
A wrong, that near concerns our mutual honour;
'Tis whisper'd thro' the court, that you retract
Your solemn vows by contract made to me,
And with a perjur'd heart pursue Ximena:
Such false reports should perish in their birth:
I've done my honest part, and disbeliev'd 'em,
Do yours, and by your vows perform'd destroy them.

D. San. Madam, this tender care of me, deserves
Acknowledgments beyond my power to pay;
But virtue always is the mark of malice,
Contempt the best return that we can make it.

Bel. Virtue should have so strict a guard, as not
To suffer ev'n suspicion to approach it.
For tho', Don Sanchez, I dare think you just,
Yet while the envious world believes you false,
I feel their insults, and endure the shame.

D. San. Malice succeeds when its report's believ'd,
Seem you to slight it, and the monster's mute.

Bel. I could have hop'd some cause to make me slight it,
This cold concern to satisfy my fears,
Proclaims the danger, and confirms them true.

D. San. Then you believe me false?

Bel. Believe it! Heaven!

Am I to doubt what, ev'n your looks, your words,
Your faint evasions faithlessly confess?
Ungrateful man! when you betray'd my heart,
You should have taught me too to bear the wrong.

D. San. When tears with menaces relieve their grief,
They flow from pride, not tenderness distress'd.

Bel. Insulting, horrid thought! am I accus'd
Of pride complaining from a breaking heart?

D. San. Behold th' unthrifty proof of woman's love!
Pursue you with the sighs of faithful passion,
You starve our pining hopes with painted coyness;
But if our honest hearts disdain the yoke,
Or seek from sweet variety, relief,
Alarm'd to lose, what you despis'd secure,
Your trembling pride retracts its haughty air,

And

And yields to love, pursuing when we fly.
 These lavish tears when I deserv'd your heart,
 Had held me fighting to be more your slave;
 But to bestow them when that heart's broke loose,
 When more I merit your contempt than love,
 Arraigns your justice, and acquits my falsehood.

Bel. Injurious, false, and barbarous reproach!
 Have I with-held my pity from your sighs,
 Or us'd with rigour my once boundless power?
 Am I not sworn by testify'd consent,
 By solemn vows contracted, yielded yours?
 But what avails the force of truth's appeal,
 Where th' offender is himself the judge?
 But yet, remember, tyrant, while you triumph,
 I am Don Henrick's daughter, whom you dare betray;
 Henrick, whose fam'd revenge of injur'd honour,
 Dares step as deep in blood, as you in provocations:

D. San. Since then your seeming grief's with rage reliev'd,

Hear me with temper, Madam, once for all.
 You urge our solemn contract sworn, I own
 The fact, but must deny the obligation:
 'Twas not to me, but to a father's will,
 To Henrick's dread commands, your pride submitted.
 Since then your merit's to obedience due,
 Seek your reward from duty, not from Sanchez:
 Your slights to me live yet recorded here,
 Nor can your forc'd submissions now remove them:
 Ximena's softer heart has rais'd me to
 A flame, that gives at once revenge and rapture.
 How far Don Henrick may resent the change,
 I neither know, nor with concern shall hear:
 Nay, trust your injur'd patience to inflame him.

Bel. Inhuman, vain provoker of my heart,
 I need not urge the ills that must o'ertake thee;
 Thy giddy passions will, without my aid,
 Punish their guilt, and to themselves be fatal.
 Ximena's heart is fix'd as far above
 Thy hopes, as truth and virtue from thy soul.
 To her avenging scorn I yield thy love;
 There, faithless wretch, indulge thy vain desires,
 And starve, like tortur'd Tantalus, in plenty;

Gaze

Gaze on her charms forbidden to thy taste,
Famish'd and pining at the tempting feast,
Still rack'd, and reaching at the flying fair,
Pursue thy falshood, and embrace despair.

[Exit.

D. San. So raging winds in furious storms arise,
Whirl o'er our heads, and are when past forgotten.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Why, Sanchez, are you still resolv'd on ruin?
I met Belzara in disorder'd haste :

At sight of me she stopt, and would have spoke,
But grief, alas, was grown too strong for words :
When turning from my view her mournful eyes,
She burst into a show'r of gushing tears,
And in the conflict of her shame retir'd :
Oh, yet collect your temper into thought,
And shun the precipice that gapes before you :
A moment hence, convinc'd, your eyes will see
Ximena parted from your hopes for ever.

D. San. Why dost thou double thus my new disquiets?
For pains foreseen are felt before they come.

Enter King, Gormaz, Alvarez, Carlos, Ximena, &c.

Alon. Behold the King, Alvarez, and her father,
Be wise, tho' late, and profit from the issue.

King. Count Gormaz you, and you Alvarez, hear,
Tho' in the camp your swords, in court your counsel,
Have justly rais'd your fame to envy'd heights,
Yet let me still deplore your race and you,
That from a long descent of lineal heat,
Your private feuds as oft have shook the state ;
And what's the source of this upheld defiance ?
Alas ! the stubborn claim of ancient rank,
Held from a two days antedated honour,
Which gave the younger house pre-eminence.
How many valiant lives have eas'd our foes
Of fear, destroy'd by this contested title ;
And what's decided by this endless valour ?
Whose honour yet confesses the superior ?
While both dare die, the quarrel is immortal :
Or say that force on one part has prevail'd,
Is there such merit in unequal strength ?
If violence is virtue, brutes may boast it :

Lions

Lions with lions grapple, and dispute;
But men are only great, truly victorious;
When with superior reason they subdue.
Can you then think you are in honour bound
To heir the follies of your ancestors?
Since they have left you virtues and renown,
Transmit not to posterity their blame.

Alv. and Gor. My gracious Lord—

King. Yet hold; I'll hear you both.
Of your compliance, Gormaz, I've no doubt;
This quarrel in your nobler breast was dying;
Had not, Alvarez, you reviv'd it.

Alv. I!

Wherein, my gracious Lord, stand I suspected?

King. What else could mean that fullen gloom you wore,

That conscious discontent, so ill conceal'd
In your abrupt retirement from our court,
When late the valiant Count was made our General?
Was't not your own request you might resign it?
Which tho', 'tis true, you long had fill'd with honour,
Was it for you to circumscribe our choice?
T' oppose from private hate, the public good,
And in his case, whose merit had prefer'd him?
When his fierce temper, from reflection calm,
Inclin'd to let the embers of his heat expire,
Was it well done thus to revive the flame,
To wake his jealous honour to resentment,
And shake that union we had laid to heart?
If thou hast ought to urge, that may defend
Thy late behaviour, or accuse his conduct,
Unfold it free, we are prepar'd to hear.

Alv. Alas, my Lord! the world misjudges me,
My hate suppos'd is not so deeply rooted;
Age has allay'd those fevers of my honour,
And weary Nature now would rest from passions.
The noble Count, whose warmer blood may boil,
Perhaps is still my foe: I am not his,
Nor envy him those honours of his merit.
Where virtue is, I dare be just, and see it.
Your Majesty has spoke your wisdom in
Your choice, for I have seen his arm deserve it,

In

In all the sieges, battles I have won,
 I knew not better to command, than he
 To execute : those wreaths of victory
 That flourish still upon this hoary brow,
 Impartial I confess, his active sword
 Has lopt from heads of Moors, and planted there. [man ?

King. How has report, my Gormaz, wrong'd this

Alv. Nor was the cause of my retirement more,
 Than that I found it time to ease my age,
 Unfit for farther action, and bequeath
 My son the needless pomp of my possessions.

King. Is't possible? Could'st thou conceal this goodness?
 Could secret virtue take so firm a root;
 While slander like a canker kill'd its beauties?
 Gormaz, if yet thou art not passion's slave,
 Take to thyself the glory to reward him.

Gor. My Lord, the passions that have warm'd this
 Yet never stir'd but in the cause of honour. [breast,
 Honour's the spring that moves my active life,
 And life's a torment while that right's invaded.
 Shew me the man whose merit claims my love,
 Whose milder virtues modestly assail me,
 And honour throws me at his feet submissive.
 In proof of this, there needs but now to own,
 The generous advances of Alvarez,
 Have turn'd my fierce resentments into shame.
 What can I more? My words but faintly speak me.
 But since my King seems pleas'd with my conversion,
 My heart and arms are open to embrace him.

King. Receive him, soldier, to thy heart, and give
 Your King this glory of your mutual conquest.

[*They embrace.*

Xim. Auspicious omen!

Car. O, transporting hope!

D. San. Adders and serpents mix in their embraces.

[*Apark.*

King. O, Gormaz! O, Alvarez! stop not here,
 Confine not to yourselves your stinted virtue,
 But in this noble ardour of your hearts,
 Secure to your posterity your peace:

[*Carlos and Ximena kneel.*

Behold the lifted hands, that beg the blessing,

The

The hearts that burn to ratify the joy,
And to your heirs unborn transmit the glory.

Gor. Receive her, Carlos, from a father's hand,
Whose heart by obligations was subdu'd.

Alv. Accept, Ximena, all my age holds dear,
Not to my bounty, but thy merit due.

King. O, manly conquest! O, exalted worth!
What honours can we offer to applaud it?
To grace this triumph of Ximena's eyes,
Let public jubilee conclude the day.

Sound all our sprightly instruments of war,
Fifes, clarions, trumpets, speak the general joy.

Alv. Raise high the clangor of your lofty notes,
Sound peace at home.——

Gor. And terror to our foes.

King. Let the loud cannon from the ramparts roar.

Gor. And make the frightened shores of Africk ring.

Car. Long live, and ever glorious live, the King!

[*Trumpets and voices at a distance.*]

Alv. O, may this glorious day for ever stand
Fam'd in the rolls of late recorded Time.

King. This happy union fix'd, my Lords, we now
Must crave your counsel in our state's defence——

Letters this morn alarm us with designs
The Moors are forming to invade our realms:
But let them be, we're now prepar'd to meet them.
The Prince that would sit free from foreign fears,
Should first with peace compose intestine jars;
Of hearts united while secure at home,
His rash invaders to their graves must come.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

Enter Don Sanchez.

SANCHEZ.

Relentless Fortune! thou hast done thy part,
Neglected nothing to oppose my love.
But thou shalt find, in thy despight, I'll on;

Wert

Wert thou not blind indeed, thou hadst foreseen
The honour done this hour to old Alvarez,
His being nam'd the Prince's governor,
(Which I well know th' ambitious Gormaz aim'd at)
Must like a wildfire's rage embroil their union,
Rekindle jealousies in Gormaz' heart,
Whose fatal flame must bury all in ashes:
But see, he comes, and seems to ruminate
With pensive grudge the King's too partial favour.

Enter Gormaz on the other side.

Gor. The King methinks is sudden in his choice—
'Tis true, I never sought (but therefore is
Not less the merit) nor obliquely hinted,
That I desir'd the office—He has heard
Mefay, the Prince his son I thought was now
Of age to change his prattling female court,
And claim'd a governor's instructive guidance—
Th' advice it seems was fit—but not th' adviser—
Be't so—why is Alvarez then the man?
He may be qualify'd—I'll not dispute—
But was not Gormaz too of equal merit?
Let me not think Alvarez plays me foul—
That cannot be—he knew I would not bear it—
And yet why he's so suddenly preferr'd—
I'll think no more on't—Time will soon resolve me.

D. San. Not to disturb, my Lord, your graver thoughts,
May I presume—

Gor. Don Sanchez may command me.
This youthful Lord is sworn our house's friend,
If there's a cause for jealous thought, he'll find it.

[Aside.]

D. San. I hear, my Lord, the King has fresh advice
receiv'd

Of a design'd invasion from the Moors,
Holds it confirm'd, or is it only rumour?

Gor. Such new alarms indeed his letters bring,
But yet their grounds seem'd doubtful at the council.

D. San. May it not prove some policy of state?
Some bugbear danger of our own creating?
The King I have observ'd is skill'd in rule,
Perfect in all the arts of tempering minds,

And——for the public good——can give alarms
Where fears are not, and hush them where they are.

Gor. 'Tis so ! he hints already at my wrongs.

D. San. Not but such prudence well becomes a prince.
For peace at home is worth his dearest purchase :
Yet he that gives his just resentments up,
Tho' honour'd by the royal mediation,
And sees his enemy enjoy the fruits,
Must have more virtues than his King to bear it——
Perhaps, my Lord, I am not understood,
Nay, hope my jealous fears have no foundation ;
But when the ties of friendship shall demand it,
Don Sanchez wears a sword that will revenge you.

[*Going.*

Gor. Don Sanchez, stay—I think thou art my friend :
Thy noble father oft has serv'd me in
The cause of honour, and his cause was mine.
What thou hast said, speaks thee Balthazar's son,
I need not praise thee more — If I deserve
Thy love, refuse not what my heart's concern'd
To ask ; speak freely of the King, of me,
Of old Alvarez, of our late alliance,
And what has follow'd since : then sum the whole,
And tell me truly, where the account's unequal.

D. San. My Lord, you honour with too great a trust
The judgment of my unexperienc'd years ;
Yet for the time I have observ'd on men,
I've always found the generous open heart
Betray'd, and made the prey of minds below it.
Oh ! 'tis the curse of manly virtue, that
Cowards, with cunning, are too strong for heroes :
And since you press me to unfold my thoughts,
I grieve to see your spirit so defeated,
Your just resentments by vile arts of court,
Beguil'd, and melted to resign their terror.
Your honest hate, that had for ages stood
Unmov'd, and firmer from your foes' defiance,
Now sapp'd, and undermin'd by his submission.
Alvarez knew you were impregnable
To force, and chang'd the soldier for the statesman ;
While you were yet his foe profess'd,
He durst not take these honours o'er your head ;

D

Had

Had you still held him at his distance due,
 He would have trembled to have sought this office;
 When once the King inclin'd to make his peace,
 I saw too well the secret on the anvil,
 And soon foretold the favour that succeeded:
 Alas! this project has been long concerted,
 Resolv'd in private 'twixt the King and him,
 Laid out and manag'd here by secret agents,
 While he, good man, knew nothing of the honour,
 But from his sweet repose was dragg'd t' accept it.
 Oh, it inflames my blood to think this fear
 Should get the start of your unguarded spirit,
 And proudly vaunt it in the plumes he stole
 From you!

Gor. Oh, Sanchez, thou hast fir'd a thought,
 That was before but dawning in my mind!
 Oh, now afresh it strikes my memory,
 With what dissembled warmth the artful King
 First charg'd his temper with the gloom he wore,
 When I supply'd his late command of General!
 Then with what fawning flattery to me
 Alvarez! fear disguis'd his trembling hate,
 And sooth'd my yielding temper to believe him.

D. San. Not flattery, my Lord; tho' I must grant
 'Twas praise well-tim'd, and therefore skilful.

Gor. Now, on my soul, from him 'twas loathsome dau-
 I take thy friendship, Sanchez, to my heart; [bing!
 And were not my Ximena rashly promis'd—

D. San. Ximena's charms might grace a monarch's bed,
 Nor dares my humble heart admit the hope,
 Or, if it durst, some fitter time should shew it;
 Results more pressing now demand your thought;
 First ease the pain of your depending doubt,
 Divide this fawning courtier from the friend.

Gor. Which way shall I receive, or thank thy love?

D. San. My Lord, you over-rate me now—But see,
 Alvarez comes—now probe his hollow heart,
 Now while your thoughts are warm with his deceit,
 And mark how calmly he'll evade the charge.
 My Lord, I'm gone.

[Exit.

Gor. I am thy friend for ever.

Enter

Enter Alvarez.

Alv. My Lord, the King is walking forth to see
The Prince, his son, begin his horsemanship :
If you're inclin'd to see him, I'll attend you.

Gor. Since duty calls me not, I've no delight
To be an idle gaper on another's business.
You may indeed find pleasure in the office,
Which you've so artfully contriv'd to fit.

Alv. Contriv'd, my Lord ! I'm sorry such a thought
Can reach the man whom you've so late embrac'd.

Gor. Men are not always what they seem-- This honour,
Which, in another's wrong, you've barter'd for,
Was at the price of those embraces bought.

Alv. Ha ! bought ! For shame, suppress this poor sus-
picion !
For if you think, you can't but be convinc'd
The naked honour of Alvarez scorns
Such base disguise—Yet pause a moment—
Since our great master, with such kind concern,
Himself has interpos'd to heal our feuds,
Let us not, thankless, rob him of the glory,
And undervalue the grace by new false fears.

Gor. Kings are, alas ! but men, and form'd like us,
Subject alike to be by men deceiv'd :
The blushing court from this rash choice will see
How blindly he o'erlooks superior merit.
Could no man fill the place but worn Alvarez ?

Alv. Worn more with wounds and victories than age.
Who stands before him in great actions past ?
But I'm to blame to urge that merit now,
Which will but shock what reasoning may convince.

Gor. The fawning slave ! Oh, Sanchez, how I thank
thee ! *[Aside.]*

Alv. You have a virtuous daughter, I a son,
Whose softer hearts our mutual hands have rais'd
Ev'n to the summit of expected joy ;
If no regard to me, yet let, at least,
Your pity of their passions rein your temper.

Gor. Oh, needless care ! to nobler objects now,
That son, be sure, in vanity, pretends ;
While his high father's wisdom is preferr'd
To guide and govern our great monarch's son,
His proud aspiring heart forgets Ximena.

D 2

Think

Think not of him, but your superior care;
 Instruct the royal youth to rule with awe
 His future subjects, trembling at his frown;
 Teach him to bind the loyal heart in love,
 The bold and factious in the chains of fear;
 Join to these virtues too your warlike deeds,
 Inflame him with the vast fatigues you've borne,
 But now are past, to shew him by example,
 And give him in the closet safe renown;
 Read him what scorching suns he must endure,
 What bitter nights must wake, or sleep in arms,
 To counter-march the foe, to give th' alarm,
 And to his own great conduct owe the day;
 Mark him on charts the order of the battle,
 And make him from your manuscripts a hero.

Alv. Ill-temper'd man! thus to provoke the heart,
 Whose tortur'd patience is thy only friend!

Gor. Thou only to thyself canst be a friend:
 I tell thee, false Alvarez, thou hast wrong'd me,
 Hast basely robb'd me of my merit's right,
 And intercepted our young Prince's fame.
 His youth with me had found the active proof,
 The living practice of experienc'd war;
 This sword had taught him glory in the field,
 At once his great example and his guard;
 His unfledg'd wings from me had learnt to soar,
 And strike at nations trembling at my name;
 This I had done; but thou, with servile arts,
 Hast, fawning, crept into our master's breast,
 Elbow'd superior merit from his ear,
 And, like a courtier, stole his son from glory.

Alv. Hear me, proud man! for now I burn to speak,
 Since neither truth can sway, nor temper touch thee;
 Thus I retort with scorn thy island'rous rage:
 Thou, thou the tutor of a kingdom's heir!
 Thou guide the passions of o'er-boiling youth,
 That canst not in thy age, yet rule thy own!
 For shame! retire, and purge th' imperious heart,
 Reduce thy arrogant, self-judging pride,
 Correct the meanness of thy groveling soul,
 Chase damn'd suspicion from thy manly thoughts,
 And learn to treat with honour thy superior.

Gor.

Gor. Superior, ha! dar'st thou provoke me, traitor?

Alv. Unhand me, ruffian, lest thy hold prove fatal.

Gor. Take that, audacious dotard! [*Strikes him.*]

Alv. Oh, my blood,

Flow forward to my arm, to chain this tyger!

If thou art brave, now bear thee like a man,

And quit my honour of this vile disgrace.

[*They fight, Alvarez is disarm'd.*]

Oh, feeble life, I have too long endur'd thee!

Gor. Thy sword is mine; take back th' inglorious tro-
Which would disgrace thy victor's thigh to wear. [*phy.*]

Now forward to thy charge, read to the Prince

This martial lecture of thy fam'd exploits;

And from this wholesome chastisement, learn thou

To tempt the patience of offended honour. [*Exit.*]

Alv. Oh, rage! Oh, wild despair! Oh, helpless age!

Wert thou but lent me to survive my honour?

Am I with martial toils worn grey, and see

At last one hour's blight lay waste my laurels?

Is this fam'd arm to me alone defenceless?

Has it so often prop'd this empire's glory,

Fenc'd, like a rampart, the Castilian throne,

To me alone disgraceful, to its master useless?

Oh, sharp remembrance of departed glory!

Oh, fatal dignity, too dearly purchas'd!

Now, haughty Gormaz, now guide thou my Prince;

Insulted honour is unfit t' approach him.

And thou, once glorious weapon, fare thee well,

Old servant, worthy of an abler master;

Leave now for ever his abandon'd side,

And, to revenge him, grace some nobler arm.

My son!

Enter Carlos.

Oh, Carlos! canst thou bear dishonour?

Car. What villain dares occasion, Sir, the question?

Give me his name; the proof shalt answer him.

Alv. Oh, just reproach! Oh, prompt resentful fire!

My blood rekindles at thy manly flame,

And glads my labouring heart with youth's return.

Up, up, my son—I cannot speak my shame——

Revenge, revenge me!

Car. Oh, my rage!—Of what?

D 3

Alv.

Alv. Of an indignity so vile, my heart
Redoubles all its torture to repeat it.
A blow, a blow, my boy !

Car. Distraction ! fury !

Alv. In vain, alas ! this feeble arm assail'd,
With mortal vengeance, the aggressor's heart :
He dally'd with my age, o'erborn, insulted,
Therefore to thy young arm, for sure revenge,
My soul's distress commits my sword and cause :
Pursue him, Carlos, to the world's last bounds,
And from his heart tear back our bleeding honour.
Nay, to inflame thee more, thou'lt find his brow
Cover'd with laurels, and far-fam'd his prowess :
Oh, I have seen him, dreadful in the field,
Cut thro' whole squadrons his destructive way,
And snatch the gore-dy'd standard from the foe !

Car. Oh, rack not with his fame my tortur'd heart,
That burns to know him, and eclipse his glory !

Alv. Tho' I foresee 'twill strike thy soul to hear it ;
Yet since our gasping honour calls for thy
Relief — Oh, Carlos ! — 'tis Ximena's father —

Car. Ha !

Alv. Pause not for a reply — I know thy love,
I know the tender obligations of thy heart,
And even lend a sigh to thy distress.
I grant Ximena dearer than thy life ;
But wounded honour must surmount them both.
I need not urge thee more ; thou know'st my wrong ;
'Tis in thy heart, and in thy hand the vengeance ;
Blood only is the balm for grief like mine,
Which, 'till obtain'd, I will in darkness mourn,
Nor lift my eyes to light, till thy return.
But haste, o'ertake this blaster of my name,
Fly swift to vengeance, and bring back my fame. [*Exit.*

Car. Relentless Heav'n ! is all thy thunder gone ?
Not one bolt left to finish my despair ?
Lie still, my heart, and close this deadly wound ;
Stir not to thought, for motion is thy ruin.
But see, the frightened poor Ximena comes,
And with her tremblings strikes thee cold as death.
My helpless father too, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
Begs his dismission to his grave with honour.

Ximena weeps ; heart-pierc'd Alvarez groans ;
 Rage lifts my sword, and love arrests my arm :
 Oh, double torture of distracting woe !
 Is there no mean betwixt these sharp extremes ?
 Must honour perish, if I spare my love ?
 Oh, ignominious pity ! shameful softness !
 Must I, to right Alvarez, kill Ximena ?
 Oh, cruel vengeance ! Oh, heart-wounding honour !
 Shall I forsake her in her soul's extremes,
 Depress the virtue of her filial tears,
 And bury in a tomb our nuptial joy ?
 Shall that just honour that subdu'd her heart,
 Now build its fame relentless on her sorrows.
 Instruct me, Heav'n, that gav'st me this distress,
 To chuse, and bear me worthy of my being !
 Oh, Love, forgive me, if my hurry'd soul
 Should act with error in this storm of fortune ;
 For Heav'n can tell what pangs I feel to save thee !
 But hark ! the shrieks of drowning honour call !
 'Tis sinking, gasping, while I stand in pause ;
 Plunge in, my heart, and save it from the billows.
 It will be so — the blow's too sharp a pain,
 And vengeance has at least this just excuse,
 That ev'n Ximena blushes while I bear it :
 Her generous heart, that was by honour won,
 Must, when that honour's stain'd, abjure my love.
 Oh, peace of mind, farewell ! Revenge, I come,
 And raise thy altar on a mournful tomb !

[*Exit.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

Enter Garcia and Gormaz.

GORMAZ.

THE King is master of his will and me :
 But be it as it may—what's done's irrevocable.
Gar. My Lord, you ill receive this mark of favour,
 And while thus obstinate, inflame your fault.
 When sovereign power descends to ask of subjects

The

The due submission which its will may force,
Your danger's greater from such slighted mildness,
Than should you disobey its full commands.

Gor. The consequence, perhaps, may prove it so.

Gar. Have you no fear of what his frown may do?

Gor. Has he no fear of what my wrongs may do?

Men of my rank are not in hours undone;
When I am crush'd, I fall with vengeance round me.

Gar. The rash indignity you've done Alvarez,
Without some proof of wrong, bears no excuse.

Gor. I am myself the judge of what I feel;
I feel him false, and, feeling, must resent.

Gar. Shall it be deem'd a falsehood to accept
A dignity by royal hands conferr'd?

Gor. He should have wav'd it; first consulted me.
He might have held me still his friend sincere,
Have shar'd my fortunes, as a friend intreating;
But basely thus to out me of my right,
By treacherous acts to do me private wrong,
Is what I never can forgive, and have repented.

Gar. But in this violence you offend the King,
The sanction of whose choice claim'd more regard.

Gor. Why am I fretted with these chains of honour,
Less free than others in my just resentments;
Who, unprovok'd myself, do no man wrong,
But injur'd, am as storms implacable?

Gar. My Lord this stubborn temper will undo you.

Gor. Then, Sir, Alvarez will be satisfy'd.

Gar. Be yet persuaded, and compose this broil.

Gor. My resolution's fix'd; let's wave the subject.

Gar. Will you refuse all terms of reparation?

Gor. All, all, that are not from my honour due!

Gar. Dare you not trust that honour with the King?

Gor. My life's my King's, my honour is my own.

Gar. What's then, in short, your answer? For the
Expects it on my first return. [King

Gor. 'Tis this,

That I dare die, but cannot bow to shame.

Gar. My Lord, I take my leave.

Gor. Don Garcia's servant.

[Exit Garcia.
Who fears not death, smiles at the frowns of power.

Enter

Enter Carlos.

Car. My Lord, your leave to talk with you.

Gor. Be free.

I did expect you on this late occasion.

Car. I'm glad to find you do my honour right ;
And hope you'll not refuse it wrong'd Alvarez.

Gor. He had a sword to right himself.

Car. That sword is here.

Gor. 'Tis well ; the place—and let our time be short.

Car. One moment's respite, for Ximena's sake :
She has not wrong'd me, and my heart would spare her :

We both, without a stain to either's honour,
May pity her distress, and pause to save her :
Nor need I blush that I suspend my cause,
Since with its vengeance her sure woes are blended.
Not for myself, but for her tender sake,
I bend me to the earth, and beg for mercy.

Let not her virtues suffer for her love ;
Oh, lay not on her innocence the grief
Of a mourn'd father's, or a lover's blood !
Oh, spare her sighs, prevent her streaming tears ;
Stop this effusion of my bleeding honour,
And heal, if possible, its wounds with peace !

Gor. What you have offer'd for Ximena's sake,
Will, in her gratitude, be full repaid ;
And for the peace you ask, that's yours to give.
Submission 'tis in vain to hope ; for know,
I have this hour refus'd it to the King.
Thy father's arts betray'd my friendship's faith ;
I felt the wrong, and, as I ought, reveng'd it.
We're now on equal terms : but if his cause
So deep is in thy heart, that thou resolv'st,
With fruitless vengeance, to provoke my rage,
Then thou, not I, art author of thy ruin.

Car. Support me now, Ximena, guard my heart,
And bar this pressing provocation's entrance. [*Aside.*]
Have I, my Lord, in person wrong'd you ?

Gor. No.

Car. Why then these fatal cruelties to me,
That I must lose, or wrong Ximena's love ?
For she must scorn me, should I bear my shame ;
Or fly me, tho' my honour should revenge it.

Gor.

Gor. Place that to thy misfortune, not to me.

Car. Not to you!

Am I not forc'd by wrongs I blush to name,
To prosecute this fatal reparation,
Which, had you temper, or a feeling here;
Had you the spirit to confess your error,
Your heart's confusion had subdu'd Alvarez,
And thrown you at his injur'd feet for pardon?

Gor. If thou com'st here to talk me from my sense,
Or think'st with words t' extenuate his guilt,
Thou offer'st to the winds thy forceless plea.
I will not bear the mention of his truth;
His falshood's here, 'tis rooted in my heart,
And justifies a worse revenge than I have taken.

Car. Oh, patience, Heav'n! Oh, tortur'd rage! Not
The pious pangs of my torn soul insulted! [speak!
Have I for this bow'd down my humble knee,
To swell thy triumph o'er my father's wrongs,
And hear him tainted with a traitor's practice?
Oh, give me back that vile submissive shame,
That I may meet thee with retorted scorn,
And right my honour with untainted vengeance!
Yet no—with-hold it, take it to acquit my love;
That sacrifice was to Ximena due;
Her helpless sufferings claim'd that pang: and since
I cannot bring dishonour to her arms,
Thus my rack'd heart pours forth its last adieus,
And makes libation of its bleeding peace:
Farewel, dear injur'd softness—follow me.

Gor. Lead on—yet hold—should we together forth,
It may create suspicion, and prevent us.
Propose the place; I'll take some different circle.

Car. Behind the ramparts near the Western Gate.

Gor. Expect me on the instant.

Car. Poor Ximena!

[Exit.

Gor. Deep as resentment lodges in my heart,
It feels some pity there for Carlos' passion—
It shall be so—his brave resentment's just;

[Writes in tablets.

And hard his fate both ways—This legacy
Shall right my honour and my enemy.

[Exit.
Enter

Enter Belzara and Ximena.

Bel. Look up, Ximena, and suppress thy fears;
What tho' a transient cloud o'ercast thy joy,
Shall we conclude from thence a wrack must follow?

Xim. Can I resist the fears that reason forms?
Have I not cause to tremble in the storm,
While horror, ruin, and despair's in view?
Can I support the good Alvarez' shame,
Whose generous heart took pity on our love,
And not let fall a grateful tear to mourn it?
Can I behold fierce Carlos, stung with his disgrace,
Breaking like fire from these weak-holding arms,
And not sink down with terror at his rage?
Must I not tremble for the blood may follow?
If by his arm my hapless father falls,
Am I not forc'd with rigour to revenge him?
If Carlos by my father's sword should bleed,
Am I not bound with double grief to mourn him?
One gave me life, shall I not revere him?
The other is my life, can I survive him?

Bel. Her griefs have something of such mournful force,
That, tho' not equal to my own, I feel them. [*Aside.*]

Xim. Carlos, you see too, shuns my sight; no news,
No tidings yet arrive, tho' I have sent
My swiftest fears a thousand ways to find him.
Who can support these terrors of suspense?

Bel. Be not thus torn with wild uncertain fears;
Carlos may yet arrive, and save your peace:
He is too much a lover to resist
The tender pleadings of Ximena's sorrow;
One word, one sigh from you arrests his arm,
And makes the tempest of his rage subside.

Xim. And say that I could conquer him, with tears
And terrors could subdue his piteous heart,
To yield his honour and its cause to love,
What will the world not say of his compliance?
Can I be happy in his fame's disgrace?
Can love subsist on shame, that sprung from honour?
Shall I reduce him to such hard contempt,
And raise on infamy our nuptial joy?
Ah, no! no means are left for my relief:

Let

Let him resist, or yield to my distress,
Or shame or sorrow's sure to meet me.

Bel. Ximena has, I see, a soul refin'd,
Too great, too just, too noble to be happy :
True virtue must despair from this vile world
To crown its days with unallay'd reward.
But see, your servant is return'd—Good news,
Kind Heav'n !

Enter a Page.

Xim. Speak quickly, hast thou seen Don Carlos ?

Page. Madam, where your commands directed me,
I've made the strictest search in vain to find him. [me ?

Xim. Now, now, Belzara, where's that hope thou gav'st

Bel. Nor hast thou gain'd no knowledge of his steps ?
Has no one seen him pass, or heard of him ?

Page. As I return'd, the centinel that guards
The gate inform'd me, that he saw him scarce
Ten minutes hence pass in disorder'd haste
From out this very house alone.

Bel. Alone !

Page. Alone ; and after soon my Lord, wrapp'd in
His cloak, without a servant, follow'd him.

Xim. Oh, Heav'n !

Bel. No servant, saidst thou ?

Page. None ; and as
My Lord came forth, the soldier standing to
His arms, he sign'd forbiddance, and reply'd,
Be sure you saw me not.

Xim. Then ruin's sure ;
They are engag'd, and fatal blood must follow.
Excuse, my dear, this hurry of my fate ;
One moment lost, may prove an age too late. [Exit.

Bel. Howe'er my own afflictions press my heart,
I bear a part in poor Ximena's grief ;
Tho' e'en the worst that can befall her hopes,
May better be endur'd than what I feel.
Oh, nothing can destroy her lover's truth !
Carlos may prove unhappy, not inconstant ;
Whate'er disasters may obstruct her joy,
The comfort of his truth is sure to find her ;
That thought ev'n pains of parting may remove,
Or fill up all the space of absence with delight.

But

But I, alas ! am left to my despair alone,
 Confin'd to sigh in solitude my woes,
 Or hide with anguish what I blush to bear.
 In vain the woman's pride resents my wrongs,
 Unconquer'd Love maintains his empire still,
 And with new force insults my heart's resistance.

Enter Alonzo hastily.

Alon. Your pardon, Madam—Have you seen Lord Gor-
 I come to warn him that he stir not hence ; [maz ?
 The guards are order'd to attend his door.

Bel. Alas, they are too late ! Carlos and he
 Are both gone forth, 'tis fear'd, with fatal purpose ;
 And poor Ximena, drown'd in tears, has follow'd them.

Alon. Then 'tis indeed, too late—I wish my friend,
 The rash Don Sanchez, had not blown this fire.
 Be not concern'd, Madam ; I know your griefs,
 And, as a friend, have labour'd to prevent them.
 You have not told Ximena of his falshood ?

Bel. Alas, I durst not ! knowing that her friendship
 Would for my sake so coldly treat his vows,
 That 'twould but more provoke him to insult me.

Alon. You judge him right ; patience will yet recall
 'Tis not his love, but pride, pursues Ximena ; [him ;
 A youthful heat, that with the toil will tire.
 Be comforted ; I'll still observe his steps,
 And when I find him staggering, catch him back
 To love, and warm him with his vows of honour.
 But duty calls me to the King—Shall I
 Attend you, Madam ?

Bel. Sir, I thank your care.
 My near concern for poor Ximena's fate
 Keeps me impatient here, till her return. [Exeunt.

Enter King, Garcia, Sanchez, Attendants.

King. Since mild intreaties fail, our power shall force
 Could he suppose his insult to our person offer'd, [him.
 His outrage done within our palace walls,
 Deserv'd the lenity we've deign'd to shew him ?
 Is yet Alonzo with our orders gone ?

Gar. He is, my Lord, but not return'd.

D. San. Dread Sir,
 For what the Count has offer'd to Alvarez
 I dare not plead excuse ; but as his friend,

E

Would

Would beg your royal leave to mitigate
 His seeming disobedience to your pleasure.
 Restraint, however just, oppos'd against
 The tide of passion, makes the current fiercer,
 Which of itself in time had ebb'd to reason;
 Your will surpris'd him in his heart's emotion,
 E'er thought had leisure to compose his mind;
 Great souls are jealous of their honour's shame,
 And bend reluctant to injoin'd submission:
 Had your commands oblig'd him to repair
 Alvarez' wrongs with hazards in your service,
 Were it to face the double-number'd foe,
 To pass the rapid stream thro' showers of fire,
 To force the trenchment, or to storm the breach,
 I'll answer he'd embrace with joy the charge,
 And march intrepid in commands of honour.

King. We doubt not of his daring in the field;
 But he mistakes, if he concludes from thence,
 That to persist in wrong is height of spirit,
 Or to have acted wrong is always base:
 Perfection's not the attribute of man,
 Nor therefore can a fault confess'd degrade him;
 The lowest minds have spirit to offend,
 But few can reach the courage to confess it.
 Submitting to our will, the Count had lost
 No fame, nor can we pardon his refusal.
 What you have said, Don Sanchez, speaks the friend;
 What we resolve, 'tis fit should speak the king:
 We both have said enough—The public now
 Requires our thought. We are inform'd ten sail
 Of warlike vessels, mann'd with our old foes,
 The Moors, were late discover'd off our coast,
 And steering to the river's mouth their course.

Gar. The lives, Sir, they have lost in like attempts
 Must make them cautious to repeat the danger;
 This is no time to fear them.

King. Nor contemn;
 Too full security has oft been fatal.
 Consider with what ease the flood, at night,
 May bring them down t' insult our capital.
 Let at the port, and on the walls our guards
 Be doubled; till the morn that force may serve.

Gormaz

Gormaz has tim'd it ill to be in fault,
When his immediate prefence is requir'd.

Gar. My Liege, Alonzo is return'd.

Enter Alonzo.

King. 'Tis well——

Have you obey'd us ? Is the Count confin'd ?

Alon. Your orders, Sir, arriv'd unhappily
Too late ; the Count, with Carlos, was before
Gone forth, to end their fatal difference :
As I came back, I met the gathering croud
In fright, and hurrying to the western gate,
To see, as they reported, in the field,
The body of some murder'd nobleman.
Struck with my fears, I hasted to the place,
Where to my sense's horror, when arriv'd,
I found them true, and Gormaz just expir'd ;
While fair Ximena, to adorn the woe,
Bath'd his pale breathless body with her tears,
Calling with cries for justice on his head,
Whose rueful hand had done the barbarous deed.
The pitying crowd took part in her distress,
And join'd her moving plaints for due revenge ;
While some, in kinder feeling of her griefs,
Remov'd the mournful object from her eyes,
And to the neighbouring convent bore the body,
Which when committed to the Abbot's care,
I left the pressing throng to tell the news.

King. Ximena's griefs are follow'd with our own ;
For tho' in some degree the haughty Count
Drew on himself the son's too just revenge,
We cannot lose, without a deep concern,
So true a subject, and so brave a soldier :
However pity may for Carlos plead,
Death ends his failings, and demands our grief.

Alon. Sir, here, in the tablets of th' unhappy Count,
In his own hand these written lines were found.

King. [*Reading.*] " Alvarez wrong'd me in my master's favour ;

Carlos is brave, and has deserv'd Ximena."
Strange, generous spirit ! now we pity thee.

Alon. Behold, Sir, where the lost Ximena comes,
O'erwhelm'd with sorrow, to demand your justice.

E 2

Enter

Enter Ximena.

Xim. Oh, sacred Sir, forgive my grief's intrusion!
Behold a helpless orphan at your feet,
Who for a father's blood implores your justice.

Enter Alvarez, hastily.

Alv. Oh, turn, dread, royal master, turn your eyes,
See on the earth your faithful soldier prostrate,
Whose honour's just revenge intreats your mercy!

Xim. Oh, godlike monarch, hear my louder cries!

Alv. Oh, be not to the old and helpless deaf!

Xim. Revenge yourself, your violated laws.

Alv. Support not violence in rude aggressors.

Xim. Be greatly good, and do the injur'd justice.

Alv. Be greater still, and shew the valiant mercy.

Xim. Oh, Sir, your crown's support and guard is gone!
The impious Carlos' sword has kill'd my father—

Alv. And, like a pious son, aveng'd his own.

King. Rise, fair Ximena, and Alvarez rise!

With equal sorrow we receive your plaints;
Both shall be heard apart—Proceed, Ximena;
Alvarez, in your place you speak; be patient.

Xim. What can I say? But miseries like mine
May plead with plainest truths their piteous cause.
Is he not dead? Is not my father kill'd?

Have not these eyes beheld his ghastly wound,
And mix'd with fruitless tears his streaming blood?
That blood which in his royal master's cause
So oft has sprung him through your foes victorious;
That blood, which all the raging swords of war
Could never reach, a young presumptuous arm
Has dar'd within your view to sacrifice!

These eyes beheld it stream—Excuse my grief;
My tears will better than my words explain me.

King. Take heart, Ximena; we're inclin'd to hear thee.

Xim. Oh, shall a life so faithful to the King
Fall unreveng'd, and stain his glory?
Shall merit so important to the state
Be left expos'd to sacrilegious rage,
And fall the sacrifice of private passion?
Alvarez says his honour was insulted;
Yet, be it so, was there no king to right it?
Who better could protect it than the donor?

Shall

Shall Carlos wrest the sceptre from your hand,
 And point the sword of justice whom to punish?
 Oh, if such outrage may escape with pardon,
 Whose life's secure from his self-judging rage?
 Oh, where's protection, if Ximena's tears,
 And tender passion could not save her father?

King. Alvarez, answer her.

Alv. My heart's too full:
 Divided, torn, distracted with its griefs,
 How can I plead poor Carlos' cause, when I
 Am touch'd with pity of Ximena's woe?
 Her suffering piety has caught my soul,
 And only leaves me sorrow to defend me:
 Ximena has a grief I cannot disallow,
 Nor dare I hope for pardon, but your pity;
 Carlos ev'n yet may merit some compassion;
 Perhaps I'm partial to his piety,
 And see his deeds with a fond father's eye;
 But that I still must leave to royal mercy.
 Oh, Sir, imagine what the brave endure,
 When the chaste front of honour is insulted,
 Her fame abus'd, and ravish'd by a blow!
 Oh, piercing, piercing must the torture be,
 If soft Ximena wanted pow'r t' appease it!
 Pardon this weakness of o'erflowing nature;
 I cannot see such filial virtue perish,
 And not let fall a tear to mourn its hardship.

Xim. Oh, my divided heart! Oh, poor Alvarez!

[*Aside.*

King. Compose thy griefs, my good old friend; we
 feel them.

Alv. If Gormaz' blood must be with blood reveng'd,
 Oh, do not, sacred Sir, misplace your justice!
 Mine was the guilt, and be on me the vengeance:
 Carlos but acted what my sufferings prompted;
 The fatal sword was not his own, but mine;
 I gave it with my wrongs into his hand,
 Which had been innocent had mine been able.
 On me your vengeance will be just and mild;
 My days, alas! are drawing to their end,
 But Carlos spar'd may yet live long to serve you.
 Preserve my son, and I embrace my fate;

Since he has sav'd my honour from the grave,
Oh, lay me gently there to rest for ever !

King. Your mutual complaints require our tend'rsthought:
Our council shall be summon'd to assist us——
Look up, my fair, and calm thy sorrows ;
Thy king is now thy father, and will right thee.
Alvarez on his word has liberty ;
Be Carlos found to answer to his charge.
Sanchez, wait you Ximena to her rest,
Whom on the morrow's noon we full will answer.
Hard is the task of justice, where distress
Excites our mercy, yet demands redress.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, Ximena's Apartment.

Belzara alone.

SURE some ill-boding planet must preside,
Malignant to the peace of tender lovers !
Undone Ximena ! Oh, relentless honour,
That first subdu'd thy generous heart, then rais'd
Thy lover's fatal arm to pierce it through
Thy father's life, and make thy virtue wretched !
The hapless Carlos too is lost for ever !
Condemn'd to fly an exile from her sight
In whom he only lives !——Oh, Heav'n ! he's here !
His miseries have made him desperate.

Enter Carlos.

Carlos, what wild distraction has possess'd thee,
That thus thou seek'st thy safety in thy ruin ?
Is this a place to hide thy wretched head,
Where justice and Ximena's fure to find thee ?
Car. I would not hide me from Ximena's sight ;
Banish'd from her, I every moment die.
Since I must perish, let her frowns destroy me ;
Her anger's sharper than the sword of justice.

Bel. Alas, I pity thee ! but would not have
Thee tempt the first emotions of her heart,

While

While duty and resentment yet transport her :
 I wait each moment her return from court,
 Which now, be sure, will be with friends attended ;
 O fly, for pity's sake, regard her fame,
 Should you be seen, what must the world conclude ?
 Would you increase her miseries, to have
 Malicious tongues report her love conceal'd
 Beneath the roof, her father's murderer.
 But see, she comes ! O, hide thee but a moment !
 Kill not her honour too, let that persuade thee.

[*Exit* Carlos.

Don Sanchez here ! O, Heavens ! how I tremble.

[*Retires.*

Enter Don Sanchez and Ximena.

D. San. This noble conquest, Madam, of your love,
 To after-ages must record your fame.
 Just is your grief, and your resentment great,
 And great the victim that should fall before it ;
 But words are empty succours to distress :
 Therefore command my actions to relieve you.
 Would you have sure revenge, employ this sword,
 My fortune, and my life is yours to right you ;
 Accept my service, and you'll over-pay it.

Bel. O faithless, barbarous man ! but I'll divert
 Thy cruel aim, and use my power for Carlos. [*Aside.*

Xim. O, miserable me !

Bel. Take comfort, Madam.

D. San. Belzara here ! then I have lost th' occasion ;
 Yet I may urge enough to give her pain : [*Aside.*
 Commanding me, you make your vengeance sure.

Xim. That were t' offend the King, to whom I have
 Appeal'd, and whence I now must only wait it.

D. San. Revenge from justice, Madam, moves so slow,
 That oft the watchful criminal escapes it.
 Appeal to your resentment, you secure it.
 Carlos, you found, would trust no other power,
 And 'tis but just you quit him as he wrong'd you.

Bel. Alas ! Don Sanchez, Madam, feels not love,
 He little thinks how Carlos fills your heart ;
 What shining glory in his crime appears ;
 What pangs it cost him to take part with honour ;
 That you must hate the hand that could destroy him.
Sanchez,

Sanchez, to shew the real friend, would use
His secret int'rest with the King to spare him,
For tho' you're bound in duty to pursue him,
Yet Love, alas! would with a conscious joy,
Applaud the power that could unbid preserve him.

Xim. O, kind Belzara! how thou feel'st my sufferings;
Yet I must think, Don Sanchez means me well.

D. San. Confusion! how her subtle tongue has foil'd
me— [*Aside.*]

Madam, some other time I'll beg your leave
To wait your service, and approve my friendship.

Xim. Oh, every friend, but Carlos is at hand
To help me! Grief, Sir, is unfit to thank you.

D. San. Oh! if such beauties 'midst her sorrows shine,
What darting charms must point her smiling eyes. [*Exit.*]

Xim. At length I'm free, at liberty to think,
And give my miseries a loose of sorrow.

O, Belzara! Carlos has kill'd my father!
Weep, weep, my eyes, pour down your baleful show'rs,
He that in grief should be my heart's support,
Has wrought my sorrows, and must fall their victim.
When Carlos is destroy'd, what comfort's left me?
Spite of my wrongs he still inhabits here:

O, still his fatal virtues plead his cause;
His filial honour charms my woman's heart,
And there ev'n yet he combats with my father.

Bel. Restrain these headstrong fallies of your heart,
And try with slumbers to compose your spirits.

Xim. O! where's repose for misery like mine?
How grievous, Heaven! how bitter is my portion?
O, shall a parent's blood cry unreveng'd?
Shall impious love suborn my heart to pay
His ashes but unprofitable tears,
And bury in my shame the great regards of duty?

Bel. Alas! that duty is discharg'd; you have
Appeal'd to justice, and should wait its course.
Nor are you bound with rigour to enforce it;
His hard misfortunes may deserve compassion.

Xim. O! that they do deserve, it is my grief;
Could I withdraw my pity from his cause,
Were falsehood, pride, or insolence his crime,
My just revenge, without a pang, should reach him.
But as he is supported with excuse,

Defended

Defended by the cries of bleeding honour,
Whose cruel laws none but the great obey :
My hopeless heart is tortur'd with extremes,
It mourns in vengeance, and at mercy shudders.

Bel. O, what will be at last the dire resolve
Of your afflicted soul ?

Xim. There is but one
Can end my sorrows, and preserve my fame ;
The sole resource my miseries can have
Is to pursue, destroy ; then meet him in the grave.

[*Going.*

Carlos meets her.

Amazement ! horror ! have my eyes their sense ?
Or do my raving griefs create this phantom ?
Support me ! help me ! hide me from the vision !
For 'tis not Carlos come to brave my sorrows.

[*Carlos kneels.*

Bel. O turn your eye in pity of his griefs,
Reign'd, and prostrate at your feet for mercy.

Xim. What will my woes do with me ?

Bel. Now !

Now, conquering Love, shoot all thy darts to save him ;
Now snatch the palm from cruel honour's brow ;
Maintain thy empire, and relieve the wretched :
O, hang upon his tongue thy thrilling charms,
To hold her heart, and kill the hopes of Sanchez. [*Exit.*

Car. O, pierce not thus with thy offended eyes,
The wretched heart that of itself is breaking.

Xim. Can I be wounded, and not shrink with pain ?
Can I support with temper, him that shed
My father's blood triumphant in my ruin ?
O, Carlos ! Carlos ! was thy heart of stone ?
Was nothing due to poor Ximena's peace ?
O ! 'twas not thus I felt new pains for thee,
When at my feet, thy sighs of love were pity'd,
And all hereditary hate forgotten !
Tho' bound in filial honour, to insult
Thy flame ; I broke through all to crown thy vows,
And bore the censure of my race to save thee :
And am I thus requited ? Left forlorn !
The tender passion of my heart despis'd !
Could not my terrors move one spark of mercy ?

No

No mild abatement of thy stern revenge?
T'excuse thy crime, or justify my love?

Car. O, hear me but a moment.

Xim. O, my heart!

Car. One mournful word!

Xim. Ah! leave me to despair!

Car. One dying last adieu, then wreak thy vengeance:
Behold the sword that has undone thee.

Xim. Ah! stain'd with my father's blood! O, rueful
object!

Car. O, Ximena!

Xim. Take hence that horrid steel,
That, while I bear thy fight, arraigns my virtue.

Car. Endure it rather to support resentment,
T'inflame thy vengeance, and to pierce thy victim:
I am more wretched, than thy rage can wish me.

Xim. O, cruel Carlos! in one day thou hast kill'd
The father with thy sword, the daughter with
Thy fight—O, yet remove that fatal object;
I cannot bear the glare of its reproach;
If thou would'st have me hear thee, hide the cause,
That wounds reflection to our mutual ruin.

Car. Thus I obey—but how shall I proceed?
What words can help me to deserve thy hearing?
How can I plead my wounded honour's cause,
Where injur'd love and duty are my judges?
Or how shall I repent me of a crime,
Which, uncommitted, had deserv'd thy scorn?
Yet think not, O, I conjure thee, think not,
But that I bore a thousand racks of love,
While my conflicting honour press'd for vengeance.
O, I endur'd, submitted ev'n to shame,
Begg'd, as for life, for peaceful reparation!
But all in vain; like water sprinkled on
A fire, those drops but made him burn the more,
And only added to thy father's fierceness.
Reduc'd, at last, to these extremes of torture,
That I must be, or infamous, or wretched,
I sav'd my honour, and resign'd to ruin.
Nor think, Ximena, honour had prevail'd,
But that thy nobler soul oppos'd thy charms,
And told my heart, none but the brave deserv'd thee.

Now

Now having thus discharg'd my honour's debt,
 And wash'd my injur'd father's stains away,
 What yet remains of life, is due to love.
 Behold the wretch, whose honour's fatal fame
 Is founded on the ruin of thy peace :
 Receive the victim, which thy griefs demand,
 Prepar'd to bleed, and bending to the blow.

Xim. O, Carlos, I must take thee at thy word,
 But must with equal justice too discharge
 My ties of love, as fatal bonds of duty.
 O, think not, tho' enforc'd to these extremes,
 My heart is yet insensible to thee !
 O ! I must thank thee for thy painful pause ;
 The generous shame thy tortur'd honour bore,
 When at my father's feet my suff'rings threw thee.
 Can I present thee in that dear confusion,
 And not with grateful sighs of pity mourn thee ?
 I can lament thee, but I dare not pardon ;
 Thy duty done, reminds me of my own ;
 My filial piety, like thine distress'd,
 Compels me to be miserably just,
 And asks my love a victim to my fame :
 Yet think not duty could o'er love prevail,
 But that thy nobler soul assures my heart,
 'Thou wouldst despise the passion that could save thee.

Car. Since I must die, let that kind hand destroy me.
 Let not the wretch once honour'd with thy love,
 Thy Carlos, once thought worthy of thy arms,
 Be dragg'd a public spectacle to justice :
 To draw the irksome pity of a crowd,
 Who may with vulgar reason call thee cruel.
 My death from thee will elevate thy vengeance,
 And shew, like mine, thy duty scorn'd assistance.

Xim. Shall I then take assistance ? and from thee ?
 Accept that vengeance from thy heart's despair ?
 No, Carlos, no !
 I will not judge, like thee, my private wrongs,
 But to the course of justice trust my duty,
 Which shall, in ev'ry part, untainted flow ;
 Unmix'd with gain'd advantage o'er thy love,
 And from its own pure fountain raise my glory.

Car.

Car. O, can my death with shame advance that glory?
Can I do more than perish, to appease thee?
Can my misfortunes too have reach'd thy hate?

Xim. Can hate have part in interviews like this?
Nay, can I give thee greater proof of love,
Than that I trust my vengeance with thy honour?
Art not thou now within my power to seize?
Yet I'll release thee, Carlos, on thy word,
Give me thy word, that on the morrow noon,
Before the King in person thou wilt answer,
And take the shelter of the night to leave me.

Car. O, thou hast found the way to fix my ruin!
It must be so, thou shalt have ample vengeance,
Pursu'd by thee, my life's not worth the saving;
But then that fatal honour, my engagement,
That at the hour propos'd, I'll meet my fate——
But must we part, Ximena, like sworn foes?
Has love no sense of all its perish'd hopes?
Dismiss my miseries at least with pity:
May I not breathe upon this injur'd bosom
One parting sigh to ease my wounded soul,
And loose the anguish of a broken heart?

Xim. Support me, Heaven—we meet again to-morrow.

Car. To-morrow we must meet like enemies,
Thy piercing eyes, relentless in revenge,
And all the softness of thy heart forgotten;
This only moment is our life of love.
O, take not from this little interval,
The poor expiring comfort that is left me. [*Xim. weeps.*]
My heart's confounded with thy soft compassion,
And doats upon the virtue that destroys me.

Xim. O! I shall have the start of thee in woe;
Thou canst but fall for her thou lov'st; but what
Must she endure that loves thee—and destroys thee?
Yet, Carlos, take this comfort in thy fate,
That if the hand of justice should o'ertake thee,
Thy mournful urn shall hold Ximena's ashes.

Car. O, miracle of love!

Xim. O, mortal sorrow!
But haste, O leave me while my heart's resolv'd;
Fly, fly me, Carlos, lest thou taint my fame;
Left in this ebbing rigour of my soul,

I tell

I tell thee, tho' I prosecute thy fate,
My secret wish is, that my cause may fail me.

Car. O, spirit of compassion! O, Ximena!
What pangs and ruin have our parents cost us?
Farewel, thou treasure of my soul, O stay!
Take not at once my short-liv'd joys away,
While thus I fix me on thy mournful eyes,
Let my distresses to extremes arise,
Thy victim's now secure; for thus to part,
I fate thy vengeance with a broken heart. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Alvarez, with Noblemen, Officers, and others.

1st Nob. These few, my Lord, are on my part engaged,

In half an hour Don Henrique de Las Torres,
With sixty more, will wait upon your cause,
Resolv'd, and ready, all like us, to right you:
Since the just quarrel of your house must live,
Since the brave blood of Carlos is pursu'd,
The race of Gormaz shall attend his ashes.

Alv. My Lord, this mark of your exalted honour
Will bind me ever grateful to your friendship;
Tho' I still hope the mercy of the King
Will spare the criminal, whose guilt is honour.
The service I have done the state has found
A bounteous master always to reward it;
Nor am I yet so wedded to my rest,
But that I still can, on occasion, break it.
The Moors are anchored now within the river,
And, as I'm told, near landing to insult us —
Wherefore, I would intreat you at this time,
To wave my private danger for the public,
Since chance has form'd us to so brave a body,
Let us not part inactive to our honour;
Let's seize this glad occasion of th' alarm,
Let's chase these robbers in our King's defence,
And bravely merit, not demand his mercy.

1st Nob. Alvarez may command us, who is still
Himself, and owns no cause unmix'd with honour.

Enter a Servant, who whispers Alvarez.

Alv. How, now! the news.
Just enter'd, and alone!

O, Heav'n, my pray'rs are heard! my noble friends,
F Some

Something to our present purpose has occur'd ;
 Let me intreat you, forward to the garden,
 Where you will find a treble number of
 Our forces assembl'd on the like occasion;
 Myself will in a moment bring you news,
 That will confirm and animate our hopes. [Ex. Nob.]

Enter Carlos.

My Carlos ! O, do I live once more t' embrace thee,
 Prop of my age, and guardian of my fame !
 Nor think, my champion, that my joy's thus wild,
 For that thou only hast reveng'd my honour,
 (Tho' that's a thought might bless me in the grave)
 No, no, my son, for thee am I transported;
 Alas ! I am too sensible what pains
 Thy heart must feel from anguish of thy love ;
 And had I not new hopes that will support thee,
 Some present prospect of thy pain's relief,
 My sense of thy afflictions would destroy me.

Car. What means this kind compassion of my griefs ?
 Is there on earth a cure for woes like mine ?

O, Sir, you are so tenderly a father,
 So good, I can't repent me of my duty :
 Be not, however, jealous of my fame,
 If yet I mix your transports with a sigh,
 For ruin'd love, and for the lost Ximena :
 For since I drag, with my despair, my chain,
 Her fated vengeance only can relieve me.

Alv. No more depress thy spirits with despair,
 While glory and thy country's cause should wake it ;
 The Moors, not yet expected, are arriv'd,
 The tide and silent darkness of the night
 Lands, in an hour, their forces at our gates :
 The court's dismay'd, the people in alarm,
 And loud confusion fills the frightened town.
 But Fortune, ere this public danger reach'd us,
 Had rais'd five hundred friends, the foes of Gormas,
 Whose swords resolve to vindicate thy vengeance,
 And here without expect thee at their head.
 Forward, my son, their number soon will swell,
 Sustain the brunt and fury of the foe.
 And if thy life's so painful to be borne,
 Lay it at least with honour in the dust,

Cal

X I M E N A.

62

Cast it not fruitless from thee; let thy King
First know its value ere his laws demand it——
But time's too precious to be talk'd away.
Advance, my son, and let thy master see,
What he has lost in Gormaz is redeem'd in thee.

Car. Relenting Heaven at last has found the means
To end my miseries with guiltless honour.
Why should I live a burthen to myself,
A trouble to my friends, a terror to Ximena?
Not all the force of mercy, or of merit,
Can wash a father's blood from her remembrance,
Or reconcile the horror to her love.
Yet I'll not think her duty so severe,
But that to see me fall my country's victim
Would please her passion, tho' it shock'd her vengeance:
It must be so——Dying with honour, I
Discharge the son, the subject, and the lover.
O! when this mangled body shall be found,
A bare and undistinguish'd carcase 'midst the slain,
Will she not weep in pity of my wounds,
And own her wrongs have ample expiation?
Her duty then may with a secret tear,
Confess her vengeance great, and glorious my despair.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V,

Enter Belzara.

BELZARA.

Victorious Carlos, now resume thy hopes,
Demand thy life, and silence thy Ximena.
Hard were thy fate indeed, if she alone
Should be the bar to triumphs nobly purchas'd.
But see, she comes, with mournful pomp of woe,
To prosecute this darling of the people,
And damp, with ill-tim'd griefs, the public joy.

Enter Ximena in mourning, attended.

Ximena! Oh! I more than ever now
Deplore the hard afflictions that pursue thee;

F 2

While

While thy whole native country is in joy,
 Art thou the only object of despair?
 Is this a time to prosecute thy cause,
 When public gratitude is bound t' oppose thee?
 When on the head of Carlos, which thy griefs
 Demand, Fortune has pour'd protection down?
 The Moors repuls'd, his country sav'd from rapine,
 His menac'd King confirm'd upon his throne,
 From every heart but thine, will find a voice
 To lift his echo'd praises to the Heavens.

Xim. Is't possible? Are all these wonders true?
 Am I the only mark of his misdoing?

Could then his fatal sword transpierce my father,
 Yet save a nation to defeat my vengeance?
 Still as I pass, the public voice extols
 His glorious deeds, regardless of my wrongs;
 The eye of pity, that but yesternight
 Let fall a tear in feeling of my cause,
 Now turns away, retracting its compassion,
 And speaks the general grudge at my complaining.
 But there's a King, whose sacred word's his law;
 Supported by that hope, I still must on,
 Nor, till by him rejected, can be silent.

Bel. Your duty should recede, when public good
 Must suffer in the life your cause pursues.

Xim. But can it be? Was it to Carlos' sword
 The nation thus transported owes its safety?
 O, let me taste the pleasure and the pain!
 Tell me, Belzara, tell me all his glory,
 O, let me surfeit on the guilty joy,
 Delight my passion, and torment my virtue.

Bel. Alonzo, who was present, will inform us.

Enter Alonzo.

Alonzo, if your business will permit.

Alon. The abbot, at whose house Count Gormaz lies,
 Has sent in haste to speak with me; I guess,
 To fix the order of his funeral. *[Aside to Belzara.]*

Bel. Spare us at least a moment from th' occasion,
 Ximena has not yet been fully told
 The action of our late deliverance;
 The fame of Carlos may compose her sorrows.

Alon.

Alon. Permit the action then to praise itself.
 Late in the night, at Lord Alvarez' house,
 Five hundred friends were gather'd in his cause,
 T' oppose the vengeance that pursu'd his son ;
 But in the common danger, brave Alvarez,
 With valiant Carlos at their head, preferr'd
 The public safety to their private honour,
 And march'd with swords determin'd 'gainst the Moors.
 This brave example, ere they reach'd the harbour,
 Increas'd their numbers to three thousand strong.

Bel. Were the Moors landed ere you reach'd the port ?

Alon. Not till some hours after. When we arriv'd,
 Our troops were form'd, Ximena was the word,
 And Carlos foremost to confront the foe.
 The Moors not yet in view, he order'd first
 Two thirds of our divided force to lie
 Conceal'd i' th' hatches of our ships in harbour ;
 The rest, whose numbers every moment swell'd,
 Halted with Carlos, on the shore, impatient,
 And silent on their arms reposing, pass'd
 The still remainder of the wassing night.
 At length the brightness of the moon presents
 Near twenty sail approaching with the tide ;
 Our order still observ'd, we let them pass ;
 Nor at the port, or walls, a man was seen.
 This deadness of our silence wings their hopes
 To seize th' occasion, and surprize us sleeping.
 And now they disembark, and meet their fate.
 For at the instant they were half on shore,
 Uprose the numbers in our ships conceal'd,
 And to the vaulted Heaven thunder'd their huzzas,
 Which Carlos echo'd from his force on shore :
 At this amaz'd, confusion seiz'd their troops,
 And ere their chiefs could form them to resist,
 We press'd them on the water, drove them on
 The land, then fir'd their ships to stop their flight :
 Howe'er at length their leaders bravely rallying,
 Recover'd them to order, and a while
 Sustain'd their courage, and oppos'd our fury :
 But, when their burning ships began to flame,
 The dreadful blaze presenting to their view
 Their slaughter'd heaps that fell where Carlos fought,

(For O, he fought as if to die were victory)
 Their fruitless courage then resign'd their hopes ;
 And now their wounded King despairing, call'd
 Aloud, and hail'd our General to surrender,
 Whom Carlos answering, receiv'd his prisoner.
 At this, the rest had on submission quarter,
 Our trumpets sound, and shouts proclaim our victory :
 While Carlos bore his captive to his father,
 Whose heart transported at the royal prize,
 Dropp'd tears of joy, and to the King convey'd him ;
 Where now he's pleading for his son's distress,
 And asks but mercy for his glorious triumph. [Exit.

Xim. Too much ! it is too much, relentless Heav'n !
 Th' oppression's greater than my soul can bear !
 O, wounding virtue ! O, my tortur'd heart !
 Art only thou forbidden to applaud him ?
 Cannot a nation sav'd appease thy vengeance ?
 Why, why, just Heaven ! are his deeds so glorious,
 And only fatal to the heart that loves him ?

Bel. Compose, Ximena, thy disorder ; see,
 The King approaches, smiling on Alvarez,
 Whose heart o'erflowing, gushes at his eyes,
 And speaks his plea too strong for thy complaint.

Xim. Then sleep, my Love, and virtue arm t' oppose
 him,

Let me look backward on his fatal honour,
 Survey this mournful pomp of his renown,
 These woeful trophies of his conquer'd love,
 That thro' my father's life pursu'd his fame,
 And made me in his nuptial hopes an orphan :
 O, broken spirit ! would'st thou spare him now,
 Think on thy father's blood ! exert the daughter,
 Suppress thy passion, and demand thy victim.

Enter King, Alvarez, Sanchez, &c.

King. Dismiss thy fears, my friend, and man thy heart,
 For while his actions are above reward,
 Mercy's of course included in the debt.
 Our ablest bounty's bankrupt to his merit,
 Our subjects rescu'd from so fierce a foe,
 The Moors defeated, ere the rude alarm
 Allow'd us time to order our defence,

Our

Our crown protected, and our sceptre fix'd,
Are actions that secure acknowledgment.

Alv. My tears, Sir, better than my words will thank you.

Enter Garcia.

Gar. Don Carlos, Sir, without, attends your pleasure,
And comes surrender'd as his word engag'd,
To answer the appeal of fair Ximena.

King. Attend him to our presence.

Xim. O, my heart!

King. Ximena, with compassion we shall hear thee,
But must not have thy griefs arraign our justice,
If in his judge thou find'st an advocate:
Not less his virtues, than thy wrongs will plead.

Xim. O, fainting cause! but thus my griefs demand him.

[*Kneeling.*

[*While the King raises Ximena, enter Alonzo, and whispers Alvarez.*

Alv. This instant, say'st thou? Can I leave my son?

Alon. The matter's more important than your stay.
Make haste, my Lord.

Alv. What can thy transport mean?
Be plain.

Alon. We have no time to lose in-words,
Away, I say.

Alv. Lead on, and ease my wonder. [Exit.

Enter Carlos, and kneels to the King.

King. Oh, rise, my warrior, raise thee to my breast,
And in thy master's heart repeat thy triumphs.

Car. These honours, Sir, to any sense but mine,
Might lift its transports to ambition's height;
But while Ximena's sorrows press my heart,
Forgive me, if despairing of repose,
I taste no comfort in the life she seeks;
And urge the issue of her grief's appeal.

King. Ximena, 'tis most true, has lost a father,
But thou hast sav'd her country from its fate,
And the same virtue that demands thy life,
Owes more than pardon to the public weal.

Xim. My royal Lord, vouchsafe my griefs a hearing
Oh, think not, Sir, because my spirits faint,

That

That the firm conscience of my duty staggers.
 The criminal I charge, has kill'd my father ;
 And, tho' his valour has preserv'd the state,
 Yet every subject is not wrong'd like me,
 Therefore with ease may pardon what they feel not :
 As he has sav'd a nation from its foe,
 The thanks that nation owes him are but just,
 And I must join the general voice t' applaud him :
 But all the tribute that my heart can spare him,
 Is tears of pity ; while my wrongs pursue him,
 What more than pity can those wrongs afford ?
 What less than justice can my duty ask ?
 If public obligations must be paid him,
 Let every single heart give equal share :
 (Carlos has prov'd, that mine is not ungrateful)
 But must my duty yield such disproportion ?
 Must on my heart a father's blood be levy'd,
 And my whole ruin pay the public thanks ?
 If blood for blood might be before demanded,
 Is it less due, because his fame's grown greater ?
 Shall virtue, that should guard, insult your laws,
 And tolerate our passions to infringe 'em ?
 If to defend the public, may excuse
 A private wrong, how is the public safe ?
 How is the nation from a foe preserv'd,
 If ev'ry subject's life is at his mercy ?
 My duty, Sir, has spoken, and kneels for judgment.

Car. Oh, noble spirit, how thou charm'st my sense,
 And giv'st my heart a pleasure in my ruin. [Aside.]

King. Raise thee, Ximena, and compose thy thoughts,
 As thou to Carlos' deeds hast spoke impartial,
 So to thy virtue, that pursues him, we
 Must give an equal plaudit of our wonder :
 But we have now our duty to discharge,
 Which, far from blaming, shall exalt thy own :
 If thy chaste fame, which we confess sublime,
 Compels thy duty to suppress thy love,
 To raise yet higher than thy matchless glory,
 Prefer thy native country to them both,
 And to the public tears resign thy victim.
 Where a whole people owe their preservation,

Shall

Shall private justice do a public wrong,
And feed thy vengeance with the general sorrow ?

Xim. Is then my cause the public's victim ?

King. No.

We've yet a hope to conquer thy resentment,
And rather would compose than silence it :
For if our arguments seem yet too weak
To guard thy virtue from the least reproach,
Behold the generous sanction that protects it,
Read there the pardon which thy father gives him,
And with his dying hand assigns thy beauties.

Xim. My father's pardon !

King. Read, and raise thy wonder.

Xim. [*Reads*] " Alvarez wrong'd me in my master's
favour,

Carlos is brave, and has deserv'd Ximena."

Car. Oh, soul of honour ! now lamented victory !

King. Now, fair Ximena, now resume thy peace,
Reduce thy vengeance to thy father's will,
And join the hand his honour has forgiven.

Xim. All-gracious Heaven ! have my sworn eyes their
sense ?

D. San. Oh, tottering hope ! but I have yet a thought
That will compel her virtue to pursue him.

Xim. Why did you shew me, Sir, this wounding good-
ness ?

This legacy, tho' fit for him to leave,
Would in his daughter be reproach to take ;
Honour unquestion'd may forgive a foe,
But who'll not doubt it when it spares a lover ?
If you propos'd to mitigate my griefs,
You should have hid this cruel obligation,
Why would you set such virtues in my view,
And make the father dearer than the lover ?

King. Since with such rigour thou pursu'st thy ven-
geance,

And what we meant should pacify, provokes it,
Attend submissive to our last resolve :
For since thy honour's so severely strict,
As not to ratify thy father's mercy,
We'll right at once thy duty and thy lover :

Give

Give thee the glory of his life pursu'd,
And seal his pardon to reward thy virtue.

Xim. Avert it, Heaven, that e'er my guilty heart
Should impiously insult a father's grave,
And yield his daughter to the hand that kill'd him.

D. San. Unnatural thought! Madam, suppress your
tears,

Your murder'd father was my dearest friend,
Permit me, therefore, in your sinking cause,
To offer an expedient may support it.

Xim. Whatever right or justice may, I am bound
In duty to pursue, and thank your friendship.

D. San. Thus then to royal justice I appeal,
And in Ximena's right her advocate,
Demand from Carlos your reverse of pardon.

King. What means thy transport?

D. San. Sir, I urge your laws,
And since her duty's forc'd to these extremes,
There's yet a law from whence there's no appeal,
A right, which e'en your crown's oblig'd to grant her,
The right of combat, which I here demand,
And ask her vengeance from a champion's sword.

Car. Oh, sacred Sir, I cast me at your feet,
And beg your mercy would relieve my woes;
Since her firm duty is inflexible,
Consign her victim to the braver sword.
Grant this expedient to acquit my crime,
Or silence with my arm her heart's reproaches:
Oh, nothing is so painful as suspense,
This way our griefs are equally reliev'd,
Her duty's full discharg'd, your justice crown'd,
And conquest must attend superior virtue.

King. This barbarous law, which yet is unrepeal'd,
Has often against right, gross wrongs supported,
And robb'd our state of many noble subjects;
Nor ever was our mercy tempted more
T' oppose its force, than in our care for Carlos:
But since his peace depends upon his love,
And cruel love insists upon its right,
We'll trust his virtues to the chance of combat,
And let his fate reproach, or win Ximena.

Xim. What unforeseen calamities surround me

King.

King. Ximena! now no more complain, we grant
Thy suit, but where's this champion of thy cause?
Whose appetite of honour is so keen,
As to confront in arms this laurell'd brow,
And dare the shining terrors of his sword?

D. San. Behold th' assailant of this glorious hero;
Your leave, dread Sir, thus to appel him forth. [*Draws.*

Bel. Hold, heart, and spare me from the public shame.
[*Aside.*

D. San. Carlos, behold the champion of Ximena,
Behold th' avenger of brave Gormaz' blood,
Who calls thee traitor to thy injur'd love,
Ungrateful to the sighs that pited thee,
And proudly partial to thy father's falshood:
These crimes my sword shall prove upon thy heart,
And to defend them dares thee to the combat.

Car. Open the lists, and give th' assailant room,
There on his life my injur'd sword shall prove,
This arm ne'er drew it but in right of honour.
First, for thy slander, Sanchez, I defy thee,
And throwing to thy teeth the traitor's name,
Will wash the imputation with thy blood;
And prove thy virtue false as is thy spirit:
For not Ximena's cause, but charms have fir'd thee,
Vainly thou steal'st thy courage from her eyes,
And basely stain'st the virtue that subdu'd her.

D. San. Oh, that thy fame in arms——

King. Sanchez, forbear——

'Tis not your tongues must arbitrate your strife,
Let in your lists your vauntings be approv'd.
Whose arm, Ximena, shall defend your cause?

Xim. Oh, force of duty! Sir, the arm of Sanchez.

D. San. My word's my gage.

King. 'Tis well, the lists are set, ——
Let on the morn the combatants be cited,
And, Felix, you be umpire of the field.

Car. The valiant, Sir, are never unprepar'd.
Oh, Sir, at once relieve my soul's suspense,
And let this instant hour decide our fate.

D. San. This moment, Sir,—I join in that with Carlos.

King.

King. Since both thus press it, be it now decided.
 Carlos be ready at the trumpet's call,
 You, Felix, when the combat's done, conduct
 The victor to our presence—Now, Ximena,
 As thou art just or cruel in thy duty,
 Expect the issue will reward or grieve thee.
 Sanchez, set forward—Carlos, we allow
 Thy pitied love a moment with Ximena.

[*Exit King and train.*

D. San. A fruitless moment that must prove his last.

[*Exit.*

Car. Ximena! Oh, permit me ere I die,
 To tell thy heart, thy hard unkindness kills me.

Kim. Ah, Carlos, can thy plaints reproach my duty,
 Nay, art thou more than Sanchez is, in danger?

Car. Or thou more injur'd than thy hapless father,
 Whose greater heart forgave my sense of honour?
 Thou canst not think I speak regarding life,
 Which, hopeless of thy love's not worth my care;
 But, Oh! it strikes me with the last despair,
 To think that lov'd Ximena's heart had less
 Compassion than my mortal enemy;
 My life had then indeed been worth acceptance,
 Had thy relenting throes of pity sav'd it:
 But, as it is pursu'd to these extremes,
 Thus made the victim of superfluous fame,
 And doom'd the sacrifice of filial rigour,
 These arms shall open to thy champion's sword,
 And glut the vengeance that supports thy glory.

Xim. Hast thou no honour, Carlos, to defend?

[*Trembling.*

Car. How can I lose what Sanchez cannot gain?
 For where's his honour where there's no resistance?
 Is it for me to guard Ximena's foe,
 Or turn outrageous on the friendly breast,
 Which her distressful charms have warn'd to right her.

Xim. Oh, cruel Carlos! thus to rack my heart
 With hard reproaches, that thou know'st are groundless;
 Why dost thou talk thus cruelly of death,
 And give me terrors unconceiv'd before?
 What tho' my force of duty has pursu'd thee,
 Hast thou not left thy courage to defend thee?

Oh!

Oh, is thy quarrel to our race reviv'd?
 Couldst thou, to right thy honour, kill my father,
 And now not guard it, to destroy Ximena?

Car. Oh, heav'nly sound? Oh, joy unselt before!

Xim. Oh, is my duty then not thought compulsive?
 Canst thou believe I'm pleas'd while I pursue thee?
 Or think'st thou I'm not pleas'd the King preserv'd thee?
 And that thy courage yet may ward my vengeance?
 Oh, if thou knew'st what transports fill'd my heart,
 When first I heard the Moors had fled before thee,
 Thy love would feel confusion for my shame,
 And scarce forgive the passion thou reproachest.
 Oh, Carlos, guard thy life, and save Ximena!

Car. And save Ximena! Oh, thou hast fir'd my heart
 With animated love, and sav'd thy Carlos!

[*Sound trumpets.*]

But hark, the trumpet calls me to the list!

Xim. May heav'n's high care, and all its angels guard
 thee!

Car. Words would but wrong my heart, my sword shall
 Sanchez, I come, impatient to chastise [speak it.
 Thy love, which makes thee now the criminal:
 I might have spar'd thee had the rival slept,
 But boldly thus avow'd, thou'rt worth my sword —
 'Tis said the lion, tho' distress'd for food,
 Espying on the turf the huntsman sleeping,
 Restrains his hunger, and forbears the prey;
 But when his rousing foe, alarm'd and ready,
 Uplifts his jav'lin brandish'd to assail him,
 The generous savage then erects his crest,
 Grinds his sharp fangs, and with fierce eyes inflam'd,
 Surveys him worthy of his rage defy'd,
 Furious uprearing rushes on the game,
 And crowns at once his vengeance and his fame. [*Exit.*]

Xim. Oh, glorious spirit! Oh, hard-fated virtue!
 With what reluctance has my heart pursu'd thee?

Bel. Was ever breast like mine with woe divided?
 I fear the dangers of the faithless Sanchez,
 And tremble more for his dread sword's success:
 Should Carlos fall, what stops him from Ximena?
 Keep down my sighs, or seem to rise for her. [*Aside.*]

Xim. Tell me, Belzara, was my terror blameful?
 G Might

Might not his passion make my heart relent,
And feel at such a time a pang to save him?

Bel. So far was your compassion from a crime,
That 'tis th' exalted merit of your duty :
Had Carlos been a stranger to your heart,
Where were the virtue that your griefs pursu'd him ?
Were it no pain to lose him, where the glory ?
The sacrifice that's great, must first be dear ;
The more you love, the nobler is your victim.

Xim. Thy partial friendship sees not sure my fault ;
I doubt my youthful ignorance has err'd,
And the strict matron, rigidly severe,
May blame this weakness of my woman's heart ;
But let her feel my trial first, and if
She blames me then, I will repent the crime.

[Sound trumpet at a distance.]

Hark, hark the trumpet ! Oh, tremendous sound !
Belzara, Oh, the combat is began !
The agonizing terror shakes my soul :
Help me, support me with thy friendly comforts ;
Oh, tell me what my duty owes a parent,
And warm my wishes in his champion's favour !—
Oh, Heav'n, it will not, will not be ! my heart
Rebels, and spite of me inclines to Carlos,
Who now again, in Sanchez, fights my father ;
Now he attacks him, presses, now retreats,
Again recovers, and resumes his fire,
Now grows too strong, and is at last triumphant !

Bel. Restrain thy thoughts, collect thy constancy,
Give not thy heart imaginary wounds ;
Thy virtue must be Providence's care.

Xim. Oh, guard me, Heav'n ! help me to support it—

Ah !

[Trumpets and shouts.]

'Tis done ! the dreadful shouts proclaim the victor :
If Carlos conquers, still I've lost a father ;
And if he perishes, then—die Ximena.

Bel. Conquer who may, no hope supports Belzara.

[Aside.]

Enter Garcia.

Came you, Don Garcia, from the combat ?

Gar. Madam,

The King, to shew he disapproves the custom,

I

Forbade

Forbade his own domestics to be present. [*Shouts nearer.*
 But I presume 'tis done; these shouts confirm it :
 Hence from this window we may guess the victor.

Kim. Oh, tell me quickly, while I've sense to hear thee !

Gar. Oh, Heav'n ! 'tis Sanchez ! I see him with his
 In triumph pressing thro' the crowd his way. [*sword,*

Kim. Sanchez !—thou'rt sure deceiv'd. Oh, better yet
 Inform thy dazzled eyes !

Gar. 'Tis certain he ;

For now he stops, and seems to warn them back :
 The crowd retires, I see him plain, and now
 He mounts the steps that lead to this apartment.

Kim. Then, fatal Vengeance, thou art dearly sated.

Now love unbounded may o'erflow my heart,
 And Carlos' fate without a crime be mourn'd.
 Oh, Sanchez, if poor Carlos told me true,
 If 'twas thy love, not honour, fought my cause,
 Thy guilt has purchas'd with thy sword my scorn,
 And made thy passion wretched as Ximena.

Bel. Oh, Heav'n support her nobler resolution !
 But see, he comes to meet the disappointment.

Enter Don Sanchez, and lays his sword at Ximena's feet.

D. San. Madam, this sword, that in your cause was
 drawn——

Kim. Stain'd with the blood of Carlos, kills Ximena.

D. San. I come to mitigate your griefs.

Kim. Avaunt, avoid me, wing thee from my fight !
 Oh, thou hast giv'n me for revenge despair,
 Hast ravish'd with thy murderous arm my peace,
 And robb'd my wishes of their dearest object !

D. San. Hear me but speak——

Kim. Canst thou suppose 'twill please me
 To hear thy pride triumphant, paint my ruin,
 Vaunt thy vain prowess, and reproach my sorrows ?

D. San. Those sorrows, would you hear my story——

Kim. Hence !

To regions distant as thy soul from joy,
 Fly, and in gloomy horrors waste thy life :
 Remorse, and pale affliction wait thee to
 Thy rest, repose forsake thee, frightful dreams

Alarm thy sleeps, and in thy waking hours,
May woes like mine pursue thy steps for ever.

Bel. Oh, charming rage! how cordially she hates him!
[*Afide.*

Enter King.

King. What, still in tears, Ximena? Still complaining?
Cannot thy duty's full discharge content thee?
Repin'st thou at the act of Providence,
And think'st thy cause still wrong'd in Heav'n's decree?

Xim. Oh, far, Sir, from my soul be such a thought!
I bow submissive to high Heaven's appointment;
But is affliction impious in its sorrow?
Tho' vengeance to a father's blood was due,
Is it less glorious that I priz'd the victim?
Has nature lost its privilege to weep,
When all that's valuable in life is gone?
Oh, Carlos, Carlos, I shall soon be with thee!

King. Are then these tears for Carlos? Oh, Ximena,
The vanquish'd Sanchez has deceiv'd thy grief,
And made this trial of thy generous heart!
For know, thy Carlos lives, and lives t' adore thee.

Xim. What means my royal Lord?

King. Inform her, Sanchez.

D. San. The fortune of the combat I had told before,
Had, Sir, her fright endur'd to hear my speech;
I would have told you, Madam, as oblig'd
In honour to the conquering sword of Carlos,
How nobly, for your sake, he spar'd your champion,
When on the earth, succumbent and disarm'd,
I lay: Live, Sanchez, said the generous victor,
The life that fights Ximena's cause is sacred;
Take back thy sword, and at her feet present
The glorious trophy which her charms have won,
The last oblation that despair can make her——
Touch'd with the noble fullness of his heart,
I flew to execute the grateful charge;
But, Madam, your affright mistook the victor,
And your impatient griefs refus'd me audience.

King. Now think, Ximena, one moment think for Car-

Xim. Oh, love! Oh, persecuted heart! [l^{os}.
Instruct me, Heaven, to support my fame,
To right my passion, and revere my father.

D. San.

D. San. And now, with just confusion, Sir, I own
In me 'twas guilty love that drew my sword.
But since th' event has crown'd a nobler passion,
I plead the merit of that sword's defeat,
Regret the error, and intreat for pardon.

King. Sanchez, thy crime is punish'd in itself :
We late have heard of thy retracted vows,
Which on thy strict allegiance we enjoin
Thy honour instantly to ratify——
Suppress thy tears, Belzara, he shall right thee.

Xim. 'Tis fix'd—a beam of heav'nly light breaks forth,
And shews my ruin'd peace its last resource.

Gar. Don Carlos, Sir, attends your royal pleasure.

King. Has he your leave, Ximena, to approach ?

Xim. Oh, Sir, yet hold ! I dare not see him now :
While my depending justice was my guard,
I saw him fearless from assaults of love ;
But now my vanquish'd vengeance dreads his merit,
And conscious duty warns me to avoid him.
Since then my heart's impartial to his virtues,
Oh, do not call me cruel to his love,
If I, in reverence to a father's blood,
Should shut my sorrows ever from his sight !
For tho' you raise above mankind his merit,
And I confess it—still he has kill'd my father—
Nay, tho' I grant the fact may plead for mercy,
Yet 'twould in me be impious to reward it ;
My eyes may mourn, but never must behold him more.
Yet, e'er I part, let, Sir, my humblest sense
Applaud your mercy, and confess your justice.
Hence to some sacred cloister I'll retire,
And dedicate my future days to Heav'n——
'Tis done——Oh, lead me to my peaceful cell,
One sigh for Carlos——Now, vain world, farewell !

[*As Xim. is going off*]

Enter Alvarez and Alonzo.

Alv. Turn, turn, Ximena, Oh, prepare to hear
A story will distract thy sense with joy,
Drive all thy sorrows from thy sinking heart,
And crown thy duty with triumphant love.
Pardon, dread Sir, this tumult of my soul,
That carries in my rudeness my excuse ;

G 3

Oh,,

Oh, press me not to tell particulars,
 But let my tidings leap at once the bounds
 Of your belief, and in one burst of joy
 Inform my royal master, that his crown's support,
 My vanquish'd friend, thy father, Gormaz lives ;
 He lives in health confirm'd from mortal danger ;
 These eyes have seen him, these bless'd arms embrac'd him.
 The means, th' occasion of his death suppos'd,
 Would ask more words than I have breath to utter.
 Alonzo knows it all——Oh, where's my Carlos ?

King. Fly, Sanchez, make him with this news thy friend.

Alv. Oh, lead me, lead me to his heart's relief !

[*Exeunt Alv. and San.*]

Xim. Oh, Heav'n ! Alvarez would not sure deceive me.

King. Proceed, Alonzo, and impart the whole ;
 Whence was his death so firmly credited,
 And his recovery not before reveal'd ?

Alon. My Liege, the great effusion of his blood
 Had such effect on his deserted spirits,
 That I, who saw him, judg'd him quite expir'd :
 But when the Abbot, at whose house he lay,
 With friendly sorrow wash'd his hopeless wound,
 His heaving breast discover'd life's return ;
 When calling straight for help, on stricter search,
 His wound was found without a mortal symptom :
 And when his senses had resum'd their function,
 His first words spoke his generous heart's concern
 For Carlos and Ximena ; when being told
 How far her filial vengeance had pursu'd him,
 Is't possible, he cry'd ? Oh, Heav'n ! then wept,
 And begg'd his life might be one day conceal'd,
 That such exalted merit of her duty,
 Might raise her virtue worthy of his love.
 But, Sir, to tell you how Alvarez met him,
 What generous reconcilements pass'd between them,
 Would ask more time than public joy could spare.
 Let it suffice, the moment he had heard
 Ximena had appeal'd brave Carlos to the lists,
 We flew with terror to proclaim him living——
 But, Sir, so soon the combat follow'd your
 Decree, that, breathless, we arriv'd too late,

And

And had not his physicians, Sir, prescrib'd
His wound repose, himself had ventur'd forth
To throw his errors at your feet for pardon.

King. Not only pardon, but our love shall greet him.
Brave Carlos shall himself be envoy of
Our charge, and gratulate his blest recovery—
Has he your leave, Ximena, now t' approach you?

Xim. My senses stagger with tumultuous joy,
My spirits hurry to my heart's surprise,
And sinking nature faints beneath the transport.

Enter Alvarez, Sanchez, and Carlos.

King. Look up, Ximena, and compleat thy joy.

Xim. My Carlos!—Oh!

Car. Ximena! Oh, my heart! [*Embracing.*

Alv. Oh, Carlos! Oh, Ximena! yet suppress
These transports till kind Gormaz' hand confirms them;
First pay your duty there, haste to his feet,
And let his sanction consecrate your love.

King. Lose not a moment from his sight—Oh, fly!
Tell him his King congratulates his health,
And will with loads of honour crown his virtues;
Nor in his orisons let him forget
The hand of Heav'n, whose providential care
Has order'd all, the innocent to save,
To right the injur'd, and reward the brave.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the FIFTH ACT.



EPI.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by XIMENA.

Well, Sirs!

IM come to tell you, that my fears are over,
I've seen papa, and have secur'd my lover.
And, troth, I'm wholly on our author's side,
For had (as Corneille made him) Gormaz dy'd,
My part had ended as it first begun,
And left me still unmarried, and undone,
Or what were harder far than both—a nun.
The French, for form indeed, postpones the wedding,
But give her hopes within a year of bedding.
Time could not tie her marriage-knot with honour,
The father's death still left the guilt upon her:
The Frenchman stopp'd her in that forc'd regard,
The bolder Briton weds her in reward:
He knew your taste would ne'er endure their billing
Should be so long deferr'd, when both were willing.
Your formal Dons of Spain an age might wait,
But English appetites are sharper set.
'Tis true, this difference we indeed discover,
That, though like lions you begin the lover,
To do you right, your fury soon is over.
Beside, this scene thus chang'd, the moral bears,
That virtue never of relief despairs:
But while true love is still in plays ill-fated,
No wonder you gay sparks of pleasure hate it—
Bloodshed discourages what should delight you,
And from a wife, what little rubs will fright you!
And virtue not consider'd in the bride,
How soon you yawn, and curse the knot you've ty'd!
How oft the nymph, whose pitying eyes give quarter,
Finds in her captive she has caught a Tartar!

While

E P I L O G U E.

*While to her spouse, that once so high did rate her,
She kindly gives ten thousand pounds to hate her.
So, on the other side, some fighting swain,
That languishes in love whole years in vain,
Impatient for the feast, resolves he'll have her,
And in his hunger vows he'll eat for ever;
He thinks of nothing but the honey-moon,
But little thought he could have din'd so soon.
Is this not true? Speak, dearies of the pit,
Don't you find too how horribly you're bit?
For the instruction, therefore, of the free,
Our author turns his just catastrophe:
Before you wed, let love be understood,
Refine your thoughts, and chase it from the blood:
Nor can you then of lasting joys despair,
For when that circle holds the British fair,
Your hearts may find heroic daughters there.*

}



J. Roberts del.

Published for J. & A. Smith, Theatre Street, Sept. 6. 1777.

Thornhill & Co. Sculp.

MR. GARRICK in the Character of DEMETRIUS.

'Tis they presume who know not to deserve.

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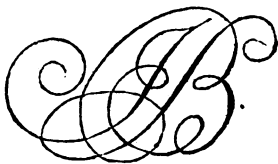
THE
BROTHERS.

A TRAGEDY,
As written by Dr. YOUNG.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
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AS PERFORMED AT THE
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By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,
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LONDON:

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MDCCLXXVII.



P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. DODSLEY.

THE tragic muse, revolving many a page
 Of Time's long records drawn from every age,
 Forms not her plans on low or trivial deeds,
 But marks the striking!—When some hero bleeds
 To save his country, then her powers inspire,
 And souls congenial catch the patriot fire.——
 When bold Oppression grinds a suffering land;
 When the keen dagger gleams in Murder's hand;
 When black Conspiracy infects the throng;
 Or fell Revenge sits brooding o'er his wrong;
 Then walks she forth in terror; at her frown
 Guilt shrinks appall'd, tho' seated on a throne.
 But the rack'd soul when dark suspicions rend,
 When brothers hate. and sons with fires contend;
 When clashing interests war eternal wage;
 And love, the tenderest passion, turns to rage;
 Then grief on every visage stands impress'd,
 And pity throbs in every feeling breast;
 Hope, fear, and indignation rise by turns,
 And the strong scene with various passion burns,
 Such is our tale.——Nor blush if tears should flow:
 They're Virtue's tribute paid to human woe.
 Such drops new lustre to bright eyes impart;
 The silent witness of a tender heart:
 Such drops adorn the noblest hero's cheek,
 And paint his worth in strokes that more than speak:
 Not he who cannot weep, but he who can,
 Shews the great soul, and proves himself a man.
 Yet do not idly grieve at others' pain,
 Nor let the tears of Nature fall in vain:
 Watch the close crimes from whence their ills have grown,
 And from their frailties learn to mend your own.

A 2

D R A.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

<i>Philip</i> , King of Macedon,	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
<i>Perseus</i> , his elder son,	Mr. Berry.
<i>Demetrius</i> , his younger son,	Mr. Mossop.
<i>Pericles</i> , the friend of <i>Perseus</i> ,	Mr. Garrick.
<i>Antigonus</i> , a minister of state,	Mr. Blakes.
<i>Dymas</i> , the King's favourite,	Mr. Burton.
<i>Posthumius</i> , } <i>Roman Ambassadors,</i> {	Mr. Simson.
<i>Curtius</i> , }	Mr. Winstone.
	Mr. Mozeen.

W O M E N.

<i>Erixene</i> , the <i>Thracian</i> Princess,	Mrs. Bellamy.
Her Attendant. —	Miss Hippisley.

T H E
B R O T H E R S.

•• The lines distinguished by inverted comas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.

A C T I.

Enter Curtius and Posthumius.

CURTIUS.

THERE's something of magnificence about us
I have not seen at Rome. But you can tell me.
[Gazes round.]

Post. True: hither sent on former embassies,
I know this splendid court of Macedon,
And haughty Philip, well.

Cur. His pride presumes
To treat us here like subjects, more than Romans,
More than ambassadors, who, in our bosoms,
Bear peace and war, and throw him which we please,
As Jove his storm, or sunshine, on his creatures.

Post. This Philip only, since Rome's glory rose,
Preserves its grandeur to the name of King;
Like a bold star, that shews its fires by day.
The Greek, who won the world, was sent before him,
As the grey dawn before the blaze of noon:
Philip had ne'er been conquered, but by Rome;
And what can fame say more of mortal man?

Cur. I know his public character.

Post. It pains me
To turn my thought on his domestic state.
There Philip is no god; but pours his heart,
In ceaseless groans, o'er his contending sons;
And pays the secret tax of mighty men
To their mortality.

A 3

Cur.

Cur. But whence this strife,
Which thus afflicts him ?

Post. From this Philip's bed
Two Alexanders spring.

Cur. And but one world ?
'Twill never do.

Post. They both are bright ; but one
Benignly bright, as stars to mariners ;
And one a comet, with malignant blaze,
Denouncing ruin.

Cur. You mean Perseus.

Post. True.

The younger son Demetrius, you well know,
Was bred at Rome, our hostage from his father.
Soon after, he was sent ambassador,
When Philip fear'd the thunder of our arms.
Rome's manners won him, and his manners Rome ;
Who granted peace, declaring the forgave,
To his high worth, the conduct of his father.
This gave him all the hearts of Macedon ;
Which, join'd to his high patronage from Rome,
Inflames his jealous brother.

Cur. Glows there not
A second brand of enmity ?

Post. O yes ;
The fair Erixene.

Cur. I've partly heard
Her smother'd story.

Post. Smother'd by the King ;
And wisely too : but thou shalt hear it all.
Not seas of adamant, not mountains whelm'd
On guilty secrets, can exclude the day.
Long burnt a fix'd hereditary hate,
Between the crowns of Macedon and Thrace ;
The sword by both too much indulg'd in blood.
Philip, at length, prevail'd ; he took, by night,
The town, and palace, of his deadly foe ;
Rash'd thro' the flames, which he had kindled round,
And slew him, bold in vain : nor rested there ;
But, with unkingly cruelty, destroy'd
Two little sons within their mother's arms ;
Thus meaning to tread out those sparks of war,

Which

Which might one day flame up to strong revenge.
The Queen, thro' grief, on her dead sons expir'd.
One child alone surviv'd; a female infant,
Amidst these horrors, in the cradle smil'd.

Cur. What of that infant?

Post. Stung with sharp remorse,
The victor took, and gave her to his queen.
The child was bred, and honour'd as her own;
She grew, she bloom'd; and now her eyes repay
Her brother wounds, on Philip's rival sons.

Cur. Is then Erixene that Thracian child?
How just the gods! from out that ruin'd house
He took a brand, to set his own on fire.

Post. To give thee, friend, the whole in miniature;
This is the picture of great Philip's court:
The proud, but melancholy King, on high,
Majestic sits, like Jove, enthron'd in darkness;
His sons are as the thunder in his hand;
And the fair Thracian princess is a star,
That sparkles by, and gilds the solemn scene.

[*Shouts heard.*]

'Tis their great day, supreme of all their year,
The fam'd lustration of their martial powers;
Thence, for our audience, chosen by the King.
If he provokes a war, his empire shakes,
And all her lofty glories nod to ruin.

Cur. Who comes?

Post. O, that's the jealous elder brother;
Irregular in manners, as in form.
Observe the fire, high birth, and empire, kindle!

Cur. He holds his conference with much emotion.

Post. The brothers both can talk, and, in their turns
Have borne away the prize of eloquence
At Athens. Shun his walk: Our own debate
Is now at hand. We'll seek his lion fire,
Who dares to frown on us, his conquerors;
And carries so much monarch on his brow,
As if he'd fright us with the wounds we gave him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Perseus and Pericles.

Per. 'Tis empire! empire! empire! let that word
Make sacred all I do, or can attempt!

Had

Had I been born a slave, I should affect it ;
 My nature's fiery, and, of course, aspires.
 Who gives an empire, by the gift defeats
 All end of giving ; and procures contempt
 Instead of gratitude. An empire lost,
 Destroy'd, would less confound me, than resign'd.

Peri. But are you sure Demetrius will attempt ?

Per. Why does Rome court him ? For his virtues ? No.
 To fire him to dominion : to blow up
 A civil war ; then to support him in it :
 He gains the name of King, and Rome the power.

Peri. This is indeed the common art of Rome.

Per. That source of justice thro' the wond'ring world !
 His youth and valour second Rome's designs :
 The first impels him to presumptuous hope ;
 The last supports him in it. Then his person !
 Thy hand, O Nature, has made bold with mine
 Yet more ; what words distil from his red lip,
 To gull the multitude ! and they make Kings.
 Ten thousand fools, knaves, cowards, lump'd together,
 Become all wise, all righteous, and almighty.
 Nor is this all : the foolish Thracian maid
 Prefers the boy to me.

Peri. And does that pain you ?

Per. O Pericles, to death. It is most true,
 Thro' hate to him, and not thro' love for her,
 I paid my first addressee ; but became
 The fool I feign'd : my sighs are now sincere.
 It smarts ; it burns : O that 'twere fiction still !
 By Heaven, she seems more beauteous than dominion !

Peri. Dominion, and the princess, both are lost,
 Unless you gain the King.

Per. But how to gain him ?
 Old men love novelties ; the last arriv'd
 Still pleases best ; the youngest steals their smiles.

Peri. Dymas alone can work him to his pleasure ;
 First in esteem, and keeper of his heart.

Per. To Dymas thou ; and win him to thy will.
 In the mean time, I'll seek my double rival ;
 Curb his presumption, and erect myself,
 In all the dignity of birth before him.
 Whate'er can stir the blood, or sway the mind,

Is now at stake ; and double is the loss,
When an inferior bears away the prize.

Peri. Your brother, dress'd for the solemnity.

Per. To Dymas fly ! gain him, and think on this :
A prince indebted, is a fortune made. [Exit *Per.*

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. How, brother ! unattir'd ! Have you forgot
What pomps are due to this illustrious day ?

Per. I am no gew-gaw, for the throne to gaze at :
Some are design'd by nature but for shew ;
The tinsel and the feather of mankind.

Dem. Brother, of that no more : for shame, gird on
Your glitt'ring arms, and look like any Roman.

Per. No, brother, let the Romans look like me,
If they're ambitious.—But, I pr'ythee, stand ;
Let me gaze on thee :—No inglorious figure !

More Romano, as it ought to be.

But what is this that dazzles my weak sight ?
There's sunshine in thy beaver.

Dem. 'Tis that helmet
Which Alexander wore at Granicus.

Per. When he subdu'd the world ? Ha ! is't not so ?
What world hast thou subdu'd ? O yes, the fair.
Think'st thou there could in Macedon be found
No brow might suit that golden blaze, but thine ?

Dem. I wore it but to grace this sacred day :
Jar not for trifles.

Per. Nothing is a trifle
That argues the presumption of the soul.

Dem. 'Tis they presume who know not to deserve.

Per. Or who, deserving, scorn superior merit.

Dem. Who combats with a brother, wounds himself ;
Wave private wrath, and rush upon the foes
Of Macedonia.

Per. No ; I would not wound
Demetrius' friends.

Dem. Demetrius' friends !

Per. The Romans.

You copy Hannibal, our great ally :

Say, at what altar was you sworn their foe ?

Peace-making brother ! Wherefore bring you peace,

But

But to prevent my glory from the field ?
The peace you bring, was meant as war to me.

Dem. Perseus, be bold when danger's all your own :
War now, were war with Philip more than Rome.

Per. Come, you love peace ; that fair cheek hates a
scar.

You that admire the Romans, break the bridge
With Cocles, or with Curtius leap the gulph ;
And league not with the vices of our foes.

Dem. What vices ?

Per. With their women, and their wits.
Your idol Lælius, Lælius the polite.
I hear, Sir, you take wing, and mount in metre.
Terence has own'd your aid, your comrade Terence.
God-like ambition ! Terence there, the slave !

Dem. At Athens bred, and to the arts a foe ?

Per. At Athens bred, and borrow arts from Rome ?

Dem. Brother, I've done : let our contention cease :
Our mother shudders at it in her grave.
And how has Philip mourn'd ? a dreadful foe,
And awful King ; but O, the tend'rest parent
That ever wept in fondness o'er a child !

Per. Why, ay, go tell your father ; fondly throw
Your arms around him ; stroke him to your purpose,
As you are wont ; I boast not so much worth ;
I am no picture, by the doating eye
To be survey'd, and hung about his neck.
I fight his battles ; that's all I can do.
But if you boast a piety sincere ;
One way you may secure your father's peace ;
And one alone—resign Erixene.

Dem. You flatter me, to think her in my power.
We run our fates together ; you deserve,
And she can judge ; proceed we then like friends,
And he who gains her heart, and gains it fairly,
Let him enjoy his gen'rous rival's too.

Per. Smooth-speaking, unsincere, insulting boy !
Is then my crown usurp'd but half thy crime ?
Desist ; or by the gods that smile on blood !
Not thy fine form, nor yet thy boasted peace,
Nor patronizing Rome, nor Philip's tears,
Nor Alexander's helmet ; no, nor more,
His radiant form, should it alight in thunder,

And

And spread its new divinity between us,
Should save a brother from a brother's fury. [*Exit.*]

Dem. How's this? the waves ne'er ran thus high before.

Resign thee! yes, Erixene, with life.
Thou in whose eyes, so modest, and so bright,
Love ever wakes, and keeps a vestal fire.
Ne'er shall I wean my fond, fond heart from thee.
But Perseus warns me to rouse all my powers.

As yet I float in dark uncertainty;
For tho' she smiles, I found not her designs:
I'll fly, fall, tremble, weep upon her feet;
And learn (O all ye gods!) my final doom!
My father! ha! and on his brow deep thought,
And pale concern! Kind Heav'n assuage his sorrows,
Which strike a damp thro' all my flames of love. [*Exit.*]

Enter King and Antigonus.

King. Kings of their envy cheat a foolish world:
' Fate gives us all in spite, that we alone
' Might have the pain of knowing all is nothing.
' The seeming means of bliss but heighten woe,
' When impotent to make their promise good:
' Hence, kings, at least, bid fairest to be wretched.'

Ant. True, Sir; 'tis empty, or tormenting, all,
The days of life are sisters; all alike.
None just the same; which serves to fool us on
Thro' blasted hopes, with change of fallacy:
While joy is like to-morrow, still to come;
Nor ends the fruitless chace but in the grave.

King. Ay, there, Antigonus, this pain will cease,
' Which meets me at my banquet; haunts my pillow;
' Nor, by the din of arms, is frighted from me.'
Conscience, what art thou? thou tremendous power!
Who dost inhabit us without our leave;
And art, within ourselves, another self,
A master self, that loves to domineer
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave.
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds?
Make the past, present; and the future frown?
How, ever and anon, awake the soul,
As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,
In this long restless dream, which idiots hug,
Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life?

Ant.

Ant. You think too much.

King. I do not think at all :

The gods impose, the gods inflict, my thoughts,
And paint my dreams with images of dread.
Last night, in sleep, I saw the Thracian queen,
And her two murder'd sons. She frown'd upon me,
And pointed at their wounds. How throb'd my heart !
How shook my couch ! and when the morning came,
The formidable picture still subsisted,
And slowly vanish'd from my waking eye.
I fear some heavy vengeance hangs in air,
And conscious deities infuse these thoughts,
To warn my soul of her approaching doom.
The gods are rigid when they weigh such deeds
As speak a ruthless heart ; they measure blood
By drops ; and bate not one in the repay.
Could infants hurt me ? 'Twas not like a king.

Ant. My Lord, I do confess the gods are with us ;
Stand at our side in ev'ry act of life ;
And on our pillow watch each secret thought ;
Nay, see it in its embryo, yet unborn.
But their wrath ceases on remorse for guilt ;
And well I know your sorrows touch your sons ;
Nor is it possible but time must quench
Their flaming spirits, in a father's tears.

King. Vain comfort ! I this moment overheard
My jarring sons with fury shake my walls.
Ah ! why my curse from those who ought to bless me ?
The queen of Thrace can answer that sad question.
She had two sons ; but two : and so have I.
Misfortune stands with her bow ever bent
Over the world ; and he who wounds another,
Directs the goddess by that part he wounds,
Where to strike deep her arrows in himself.

Ant. I own, I think it time your sons receive
A father's awful counsel ; or, while here,
Now weary nature calls for kind repose,
Your curtains will be shaken with their broils ;
And, when you die, sons' blood may stain your tomb.
But other cares demand you now : the Romans.

King. O change of pain ! the Romans ? Perish Rome !
Thrice happy they who sleep in humble life,

THE BROTHERS.

15

Beneath the storm ambition blows. 'Tis meet
The great should have the same of happiness,
The consolation of a little envy ;
'Tis all their pay, for those superior cares,
Those pangs of heart, their vassals ne'er can feel.
Where are these strangers ? First I'll hear their tale ;
Then talk in private with my sons.

Ant. But how

Intends my Lord to make his peace with Rome ?

King. Rome calls me fiery : let her find me so.

Ant. O, Sir, forbear ! Too late you felt Rome's power.

King. Yes, and that reason stings me more than ever ;
To curse, and hate, and hazard all against her.

Ant. Hate her too much to give her battle now ;
Nor to your god-like valour owe your ruin.

Greece, Thessaly, Illyrium, Rome has seiz'd ;
Your treasures wasted, and your phalanx thin'd :
Should she proceed, and strike at Macedon,
What would be left of empire ?

King. Philip : all.

I'll take my throne. Send in these foreigners.

SCENE *draws, and discovers a magnificent Throne, Perseus, Demetrius, Courtiers, &c. attending. Posthumius and Curtius, the Roman Ambassadors, enter. Trumpets sound. The King ascends the Throne.*

Post. Philip of Macedon, to those complaints
Our friends groan out, and you have heard at large,
Rome now expects an answer. She sits judge,
And will have right on earth.

King. Expects an answer !

I so shall answer, as becomes a king.

Post. Or more, Sir ; as becomes a friend of Rome.

King. Or Alexander's heir, to rise still higher.

But to the purpose. Thus a king to those
That would make kings, and puff them out at pleasure :
Has Philip done amiss ? 'Twas you provok'd him.
My cities, which deserted in my wars,
I thought it meet to punish : you deny'd me.
When I had shook the walls of Marena,
You pluck'd me thence, and took the taken town.

B

Then

Then you sent word I should retire from Greece,
 A conquest at my door, by nature mine ;
 And said, Here end thy realm ; as ye were gods !
 And gods ye shall be, ere Rome humbles me.
 All this is done ; yet Philip is your friend !
 If this buys friendship, where can ye find foes ?
 In what regard will stern Rome look upon me ?
 If as a friend ; too precious let her hold
 Her own esteem, to cast a stain on mine :
 If as an enemy, let her proceed,
 And do as she has done ; she needs no more.

Post. The Romans do no wrong ; yet still are men :
 And if to-day an error thwarts their purpose,
 To-morrow sets it right. If Philip loves
 Dominion, and the pride that waits on kings,
 (Of which, perhaps, his words too strongly favour)
 Humility to Rome will lead him to it.
 She can give more than common kings can govern.

King. Than common kings ? Ambassador ! Remember
 Cannæ—Where first my sword was flush'd with blood.—

Dem. My Lord, forbear. [*Aside to the King.*]

King. And Hannibal still lives.

Post. Because he fled at Capua.

King. There, indeed,

I was not with him.

Post. Therefore he fled alone—

Since thus you treat us, hear another charge.
 Why here detain you, prisoner of your power,
 His daughter, who was once Rome's good ally,
 The king of Thrace ? Why is she not restor'd ?
 For our next meeting you'll provide an answer.
 What now has past, for his sake, we forgive.

[*Pointing to Demetrius.*]

But mark this well : there lies some little distance,
 Philip, between a Roman and a king. [*Exeunt Romans.*]

King. How say'st, unscepter'd boaster ! This to me !
 With Hannibal I cleft yon Alpine rocks ;
 With Hannibal choak'd Thrasymene with slaughter :
 But, O the night of Cannæ's raging field !
 When half the Roman senate lay in blood
 Without our tent, and groan'd as we carous'd !

Immar-

THE BROTHERS.

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Immortal gods ! for such another hour !
Then throw my carcase to the dogs of Rome.

Ant. Sir, you forget your sons.

King. Let all withdraw.

[Exeunt all but the King and his Sons.]

Two passions only take up all my soul ;
Hatred to Rome, and tenderness for them.
Draw near, my sons, and listen to my age.
By what has past, you see the state of things.
Foreign alliance must a king secure ;
And insolence sustain to serve his power.
And if alliances with Rome are needful,
Much more among ourselves. If I must bear,
Unmov'd, an insult from a stranger's brow,
Shall not a brother bear a brother's look
Without impatience ? Whither all this tends,
I'm sorry that your conscious hearts can tell you :
Is it not most severe ? Two sons alone
Have crown'd my bed ; and they two are not brothers.
Look here, and, from my kind regards to you,
Copy such looks as you should bear each other.
Why do I sigh ? Do you not know, my sons ?
And if you do—O let me sigh no more !
Let these white hairs put in a claim to peace !

Per. Henceforth, my sole contention with my brother
Is this ; which best obeys our father's will.

Dem. Father, if simple Nature ever speaks
In her own language, scorning useless words,
You see her now ; she swells into my eyes.
I take thee to my heart : I fold thee in it.

[Embracing Perseus.]

Our father bids ; and that we drank one milk,
Is now the smallest motive of my love.

King. Antigonus, the joy their mother felt
When they were born, was faint to what I feel.

Dem. See, brother, if he does not weep ! His love
Runs o'er in venerable tears. I'm rude ;
But nature will prevail—My king ! My father !

Per. Now cannot I let fall a single tear. *[Aside.]*

King. See ! the good man has caught it too.

Ant. Such tears,
And such alone, be shed in Macedonia !

B 2

King.

King. Be not thou, Perseus, jealous of thy brother ;
 Nor thou, Demetrius, prone to give him cause ;
 Nor either think of empire till I'm dead.
 You need not ; you reign now ; my heart is yours.
 Sheath your resentments in your father's peace ;
 Come to my bosom both, and swear it there.

[*Embracing his Sons.*]

Ant. Look down, ye gods, and change me, if you can,
 This fight for one more lovely. What so sweet,
 So beautiful, on earth, and, ah ! so rare,
 As kindred love, and family repose ?
 This, this alliance, Rome, will quite undo thee.
 See this, proud Eastern monarchs ! and look pale !
 Armies are routed, realms o'er-run by this.

King. Or if leagu'd worlds superior forces bring,
 I'd rather die a father than a king.
 Fathers alone, a father's heart can know ;
 What secret tides of still enjoyment flow,
 When brothers love : but if their hate succeeds,
 They wage the war ; but 'tis the father bleeds.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Enter Perseus.

PERSEUS.

WHY loiters my ambassador to Dymas ?
 His greatness will not sure presume to scorn
 A friendship offer'd from an heir of empire.
 But Pericles returns.

Enter Pericles.

Is Dymas ours ?

Per. He's cautious, Sir ; he's subtle ; he's a courtier.
 Dymas is now for you, now for your brother ;
 For both, and neither : he's a summer-insect,
 And loves the sunshine : on his gilded wings,
 While the scales waver, he'll fly doubtful round you ;
 And sing his flatteries to both alike :

The

THE BROTHERS.

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The scales once fix'd, he'll settle on the winner,
And swear his pray'rs drew down the victory—

But what success had you, Sir, with your brother?

Perf. All, all my hopes are at the point of death!

The boy triumphant keeps his hold in love:

He's ever warbling nonsense in her ear,

With all th' intoxication of success.

Darkness incloses me; nor see I light

From any quarter dawn, but from his death.

Per. Why start at his death, who resolves on yours?

Perf. Resolves on mine!

Per. Have you not mark'd the princess?

You have: with what a beam of majesty

Her eye strikes sacred awe! It speaks her mind

Exalted, as it is. Whom loves she then?

Demetrius? No; Rome's darling; who, no doubt,

Dares court her with your empire. And shall Perseus

Survive that loss—Thus he resolves your death.

Perf. Most true. What crime then to strike first? But

Or when? or where? O Pericles! assist me. [how?]

Per. 'Tis dangerous.

Perf. The fitter for me.

Per. Wait an occasion that befriends your wishes.

Perf. Go, fool, and teach a cataract to creep!

Can thirst of empire, vengeance, beauty, wait?

Per. In the mean time, accept a stratagem

That must secure your empire, or your love.

Your brother's Roman friendships gall no less

The King, than you: he dreads their consequence.

Dymas hates Rome; and Dymas has a daughter.

How can the King so powerfully fix

Demetrius' faith, as by his marriage there?

For Dymas, thus, Rome's sworn, eternal foe,

Becomes a spy upon his private life,

And surety for his conduct.

Perf. True—but thus

Our art defeats itself. My brother gains

The favourite, and so strengthens in his treason.

Per. Think you, he'll wed her? No; the Princess

Makes no such short-liv'd conquest. He'll refuse, [eye]

And thus effect what I have strove in vain:

Yes, he'll refuse; and Dymas, in his wrath,

B 3

Will

Will list for us, and vengeance—Then the King
Will doubtless, much resent his son's refusal;
And thus we kindle the whole court against him.

Perf. My precious friend, I thank thee. I take wing
On ardent hope: I think it cannot fail.
Go, make thy court to Dymas with this scheme:
Begone—Erixene?—I'll feed her pride [*Looking out*]
Once more, but not expend my breath in vain.
This meeting stamps unalterable fate,
I will wed her, or vengeance.

Enter Erixene and Delia.

O, Erixene!
O, Princess! colder than your Thracian snows!
See Perseus, who ne'er stoop'd but to the gods,
Prostrate before you. Fame, and empire sue.
Why have I conquer'd?—Because you are fair.
What's empire—but a title to adore you.
Why do I number in my lineage high
Heroes and gods?—That you, scarce less divine,
Without a blush may listen to my vows.
My ancestor subdu'd the world. I dare
Beyond his pride, and grasp at more, in you.
Obdurate maid! or turn, or I expire.

Erix. If love, my Lord, is choice, who loves in vain
Should blame himself alone; and if 'tis fate,
'Tis fate in all: Why then your blame on me?
My crown's precarious, thro' the chance of war;
But sure my heart's my own. Each villager
Is queen of her affections, and can vent
Her arbitrary fighs where-e'er she pleases.
Shall then the daughter of a race of kings—

Per. Madam, you justly blame the chance of war:
The gods have been unkind: I am not so.
No! Perseus comes to counter-balance fate.
Thrace ne'er was conquer'd—if you smile on me.
Silent! obdurate still! as cold as death!
But 'tis Demetrius—

Erix. Prince, I take your meaning.
But, if you truly think his worth prevail,
How strange is your request!

Perf. No, Madam, no;
Tho' love has hurt my mind, I still can judge.

What

What springs controul the passions of the great.
Ambition is first minister of state ;
Love's but a second in the cabinet :
Nor can he feather there his unfledg'd shaft
But from Ambition's wing : but you conceive
More sanguine hopes, from him whom Rome supports,
Than me. You view Demetrius on my throne ;
And thence he shines indeed, his charms from thence
Transpierce you soul, enamour'd of dominion.

Erix. Why now you shew me your profound esteem !
Demetrius' guilt alone has charms for me ;
'Tis not the prince, but traitor wins my love.
Such insults are not brook'd by royal minds,
Howe'er their fortunes ebb ; and tho' I mourn
An orphan, and a captive, gods there are——
Fear then an orphan's and a captive's wrong.

Perf. Your cruel treatment of my passion——
But I'll not talk.—This, Madam ; only this——
Think not the cause, the cursed cause of all,
Shall laugh secure, and triumph in my pangs.
No ; by the torments of an heart on fire,
She gluts my vengeance, who defrauds my love ! [*Exit.*]

Erix. What have I done ? In what a whirlwind rage
Has snatch'd him hence on ill ? I frown on Perseus
And kill Demetrius.

Delia. Madam, see the Prince.

Enter Demetrius.

Erix. Ah, Prince ! the tempest, which so long has
Is now full ripe, and bursting o'er your head. [lour'd,
This moment Perseus' malice flam'd before me ;
Victorious rage broke thro' his wonted guard,
And menac'd loud your ruin. Fly, O fly !
This instant.

Dem. To what refuge ?

Erix. Rome extends

Her longing arms to clasp you for her own.

Dem. Madam, 'tis prudent ; I confess it is :
But is it loving as true lovers ought,
To be so very prudent in our love ?
I boast not so much wisdom : I prefer
Death at your feet, before the world without you.

Erix.

Erix. In danger thus extreme——

Dem. Oh ! most belov'd !

Lov'd you like me, like me you would discern
That I but execute my brother's purpose
By such a sight. At that his clamour, rage,
And menace aim : to chase a rival hence,
And keep the field alone. Oh ! shall I leave him
To gaze whole days ; to learn to read your eye ;
To study your delights, to chide the wind's
Too rude approach ; to bid the ground be smooth ;
To follow, like your shadow, where you go ;
Tread in your steps ; perhaps—to touch your hand !
O death ! to minister in little things ;
From half a glance to prophecy your will,
And do it, ere well form'd in your own mind !
Gods ! Gods ! while worlds divide me from my princess,
That, should she call, Demetrius might grow old,
Ere he could reach her feet.

Erix. If Perseus' love

Pains you, it pains me more. Is your heart griev'd ?
Mine is tormented : but since Philip's self
Is love's great advocate, a flat refusal
But blows their rage, and hastens your destruction.
Had I not that to fear ! were you secure !
I'd ease my bosom of its full disdain,
And dash this bold presumer on his birth.
But, see ! the grand procession.

Dem. We must join it.

Enter the King, Perseus, Romans, Antigonus, &c.

King. Let the procession halt ! and here be paid,
Before yon flaming altar, thanks to Heav'n,
That brings us safe to this auspicious day !
The great lustration of our martial powers,
Which from its distant birth to present time
Unfolds the glories of this antient empire,
And throngs the pride of ages in an hour.

Post. What figure's that, O Philip ! which precedes ?

[*Pointing.*

King. The founder of our empire, furious son
Of great Alcides. We're ally'd to Heaven ;
And you, I think, call Romulus a god.——

That,

That, Philip, second of our name ; and here,
O bend with awe to him, whose red right hand
Hurl'd proud Darius like a star from Heaven,
With lesser lights around him, flaming down,
And bid the laurel'd sons of Macedonia
Drink their own Ganges.

Perf. Give him his helmet, brother. [*Aside to Dem.*

King. You lead the troops that join in mock encounter :
And in no other may you ever meet ! [*To his sons.*
But march one way, and drive the world before you,
The victor, as our antient rites decree,
Must hold a feast, and triumph in the bowl.

Dem. I long, my Lord, to see the charge begin :
The brandish'd faulchion, and the clashing helm,
Tho' but in sport ; it is a sport for men.
Raw Alexander thus began his fame,
And overthrew Darius, first, at home.
We'll practise o'er the plans of future conquests,
While neighb'ring nations tremble at our play ;
And own the fault in Fortune, not in us,
That we but want a foe to be immortal.

Perf. You have supply'd my wants : I thank you, brother.

King. [*Rising and coming forwards. Music.*] How vain
all outward efforts to supply

The soul with joy ! The noon-tide sun is dark,
And music discord, when the heart is low :
Avert its omen ! what a damp hangs on me !
These sprightly, tuneful airs but skim along
The surface of my soul, not enter there :
She does not dance to this enchanting sound.
How, like a broken instrument, beneath
The skilful touch, my joyless heart lies dead !
Nor answers to the master's hand divine !

Antig. When men once reach their autumn, sickly joys
Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,
At ev'ry little breath misfortune blows ;
Till, left quite naked of their happiness,
In the chill blasts of winter they expire.
This is the common lot. Have comfort then :
Your grief will damp the triumph.

King. It is over.
Hear too ; the trumpet calls us to the field,

And

And now this phantom of a fight begins.
 Fair Princess, you and I will go together,
 As Priam and bright Helen did of old,
 To view the war. Your eyes will make them bolder,
 And raise the price of victory itself.

[*All go out but Perseus, who has observed Demetrius and Erixene all this time conversing, and stays behind thoughtful and disturbed.*

Perf. Before my face she feeds him with her smiles :
 The King looks on, nor disapproves the crime ;
 And the boy takes them as not due to me.
 Without remorse as happy as she'll make him.
 Perish all three ! I'll seek allies elsewhere ;
 Father and brother, nay, a mistress too.
 Destruction, rise ! Though thou art black as Night,
 Thy mother, and as hideous as Despair ;
 I'll clasp thee thus, nor think of woman more.
 How the boy doats, and drinks in at his eyes
 Her poison ! O to stab him in her arms !
 And yet do less than they have done to me.

Enter Pericles.

Per. Where is my prince ? The nation's on the wing,
 No bosom but exults ; no hand but bears
 A garland or a trophy : and shall Perseus——

Perf. Vengeance !

Per. Hear how with shouts they rend the skies !

[*Shout within.*

Perf. Give me my vengeance !

Per. Forty thousand men,
 In polish'd armour, shine against the sun.

Perf. Dare but another word, and not of vengeance,
 And I will use thee, as I would—my brother.

Per. Vengeance ! on whom ?

Perf. On him.

Per. What vengeance ?

Perf. Blood.

Per. 'Tis yours.

Perf. What god will give it me ?

Per. Your own right-hand.

Perf. I dare not—for my father.

Per. You shall dare.

Perf.

THE BROTHERS.

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Perf. Shalt thou dare give encouragement to Perseus ?
Unfold thy purpose ; I'll outshoot the mark.

Per. Where are you going ?

Perf. To the mock encounter.

Per. What more like mock encounter than the true ?

Perf. Enough—He's dead ! 'Twas accident ; 'twas er-
No matter what. Ten thousand share the blame.. [ror :

Per. Hold, Sir ! I had forgot : on this occasion,
The troops are search'd ; and foils alone are worn,
Instead of swords.

Perf. An osier were enough.

Who pains my heart, plants thunder in my hand.

Per. But should this fail——

Perf. Impossible !

Per. But, should it,

The banquet follows.

Perf. Poison in his wine.

I thank the gods ! my spirits are reviv'd !

I draw immortal vigour from that bowl !

Per. Nay, should both fail, the field and banquet too,
All fails not ; fairer hopes to fair succeed :

For know, my Lord, the King receiv'd with joy
The marriage-scheme, and sent for Dymas' daughter.

Perf. Then there's a second bowl of poison for him.

Per. Yet more : this ev'ning those ambassadors,
Which Philip sent to Rome, beneath the name
Of public business, but, in truth, to learn
Your brother's conduct, are expected home.

Perf. Those whom I swore, before they parted hence,
In dreadful sacraments of wine and blood,
To bring back such reports as should destroy him :
And what if, to compleat our secret plan,
We feign a letter to his friend the consul,
To strengthen our ambassadors' report.

Per. That care, my Lord, be mine : I know a knave,
Grown fat on forgery ; he'll counterfeit
Old Quintius' hand and seal, by former letters
Sent to the King ; which you can gain with ease.

Perf. Observe—This morning, at their interview,
The Romans, in effect, inform'd the King,
That Thrace was theirs, and order'd him restore
The Princess. This will give much air of truth,

If

If our forg'd letters say the Romans crown
Demetrius king of Thrace and promise more.

Per. My Lord, it shall be done.

Perf. All cannot fail.

[*Trumpets.*

Per. The trumpets sound : the troops are mounted.

Perf. Vengeance !

Sweet Vengeance calls : nor ever call'd a god

Such swift obedience : like the rapid wheel

I kindle in the course ? I'm there already ;

Snatch the bright weapon ; bound into my seat ;

Strike ; triumph ; see him gasping on the ground,

And life, love, empire, springing from his wound.

When god-like ends, by means unjust, succeed,

The great result adorns the daring deed.

Virtue's a shackle, under fair disguise,

To fetter fools, while we bear off the prize.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

Enter Perseus.

PERSEUS.

COWARDS in ill, like cowards in the field,
Are sure to be defeated. To strike home,
In both, is prudence : guilt, begun, must fly
To guilt consummate, to be safe.

Enter Pericles.

Per. My Lord —

Perf. Disturb not my devotions ; they decline
The beaten track, the common path of pray'r —
Ye powers of darkness ! that rejoice in ill ;
All sworn by Styx, with pestilential blasts
To wither every virtue in the bud ;
To keep the door of dark conspiracy,
And snuff the grateful fumes of human blood !
From sulphur blue, or your red beds of fire,
Or your black ebon thrones, auspicious rise ;
And bursting through the barriers of this world,

Stand in dread contrast to the golden sun;
 Fright day-light hence with your infernal smiles,
 And howl aloud your formidable joy,
 While I transport you with the fair record
 Of what your faithful minister has done,
 Beyond your inspiration, self-impell'd
 To spread your empire, and secure his own.
 Hear, and applaud. Now, Pericles, proceed;
 Speak, is the letter forg'd?

Peri. This moment; and might cheat
 The cunning eye of jealousy itself.

Per. 'Tis well: Art thou appriz'd of what hath past
 Since last we parted?

Peri. No, my Lord.

Per. Then rouse
 Thy whole attention: here we are in private:
 Know then, my Pericles, the mock encounter
 I turned, as taught by thee, to real rage.
 But blasted be the cowards which I led!
 They trembled at a boy.

Peri. Ha!

Per. Mark me well:
 The villains fled; but soon my prudence turn'd
 To good account that momentary shame.
 Thus—I pretend 'twas voluntary flight
 To save a brother's blood; accusing him
 As author of that conflict I declin'd,
 And he pursu'd with ardour and success.

Peri. That's artful. What ensued?

Per. The banquet follow'd,
 Held by the victor, as our rights require:
 To which his easy nature, soon pleas'd,
 Invited me. I went not; but sent spies
 To learn what past; which spies, by chance detected,
 (Observe me) were ill us'd.

Peri. By whom? your brother?

Per. No; by his sons of riot. He soon after,
 Not knowing that my servants were abus'd,
 Kind, and gay-hearted, came to visit me.
 They, who misus'd my spies, for self-defence,
 Conceal'd their arms beneath the robes of peace.
 Of this inform'd, again my genius serv'd me.—

C

Peri.

36 THE BROTHERS.

Peri. You took occasion, from these few in arms,
To charge a murderous assault on all.

Per. True, Pericles; but mark my whole address:
Against my brother swift I bar my gates;
Fly to my father; and with artful tears
Accuse Demetrius; first, of turning sports,
And guiltless exercise, to mortal rage;
Then of inviting me (still blacker guilt!)
To smiling death in an invenom'd bowl;
And last, that both these failing, mad with rage,
He threw his schemes of baffled art aside,
And with arm'd men avow'dly fought my life.

Peri. Three startling articles, and well concerted,
Following each other in an easy train.
With fair similitude of truth! But, Sir,
How bore your father?

Per. Oh! he shook! he fell!
Nor was his fleeting soul recall'd with ease.

Peri. What said he when recovered?

Per. His resolve
I know not yet; but see, his minion comes;
And comes perhaps to tell me. But I'll go;
Sustain my part, and echo loud my wrongs.
Nought so like innocence as perfect guilt.
If he brings aught of moment, you'll inform me.

[As Perseus goes off, he is seized by Officers.

Enter Dynias.

Peri. Even as the King?

Dym. Even as an aged oak
Push'd to and fro, the labour of the storm;
Whose largest branches are struck off by thunder:
Yet still he lives, and on the mountain groans;
Strong in affliction, awful from his wounds,
And more rever'd in ruin than in glory.

Peri. I hear Prince Perseus has accus'd his brother.

Dym. True: and the King's commands are now gone
forth

To throw them both in chains; for farther thought
Makes Philip doubt the truth of Perseus' charge.

Peri. What then is his design?

Dym. They both this hour
Must plead their cause before him. Nay, already
His nobles, judges, counsellors, are met;

And

And public justice wears her sternest form :
 A more momentous trial ne'er was known ;
 Whether the pleaders you survey as brothers,
 Or princes known in arts, or fam'd for arms ;
 Whether you ponder in their awful judge,
 The tender parent, or the mighty King.
 Greece, Athens hears the cause : the great result
 Is life, or death ; is infamy, or fame. [Trumpet.]

Peri. What trumpets these ?

Dym. They summon to the court. [Exeunt.]

SCENE *draws, and discovers the Court, King, &c.*

Enter Dymas, and takes his place by the King.

King. Bring forth the prisoners.

Strange trial this ! Here sit I to debate,
 Which vital limb to lop, nor that to save,
 But render wretched life more wretched still.
 What see I, but Heaven's vengeance, in my sons ?
 Their guilt a scourge for mine : 'tis thus Heaven writes
 Its awful meaning, plain in human deeds,
 And language leaves to man.

Enter Perseus and Demetrius in chains, from different sides of the stage ; Perseus followed by Pericles, and Demetrius by Antigonus.

Dym. Dread Sir, your sons.

King. I have no sons ; and that I ever had,
 Is now my heaviest curse : and yet what care,
 What pains, I took to curb their rising rage !
 How often have I ranged through History,
 To find examples for their private use !
 The Theban brothers did I set before them——
 What blood ! what desolation ! but in vain !
 For thee, Demetrius, did I go to Rome,
 And bring thee patterns thence of brother's love :
 The Quintii, and the Scipios : but in vain !
 If I'm a monarch, where is your obedience ?
 If I'm your father, where's your duty to me ?
 If old, your veneration due to years ?
 But I have wept, and you have sworn, in vain !
 I had your ear, and enmity your heart.
 How was this morning's counsel thrown away !
 How happy is your mother in the grave !

She, when she bore you, suffered less: her pangs,
Her pungent pangs, throb thro' the father's heart.

Dem. You can't condemn me, Sir, to worse than this.

King. Than what, thou young deceiver? While I live
You both with impious wishes grasp my sceptre:
Nothing is sacred, nothing dear, but empire.
Brother, nor father, can you bear; fierce lust
Of empire burns, extinguish'd all beside.
Why pant you for it? to give others awe?
Be therefore aw'd yourselves, and tremble at it,
While in a father's hand.

Dym. My Lord, your warmth
Defers the business.

King. Am I then too warm?
They that should shelter me from every blast,
To be themselves the storm! O! how Rome triumphs!
Oh! how they bring this hoary head to shame!
Conquest and fame, the labour of my life,
Now turn against me, and call in the world
To gaze at what was Philip, but who now
Wants even the wretch's privilege—a wish.
What can I wish? Demetrius may be guileless.
What then is Perseus? Judgment hangs as yet
Doubtful o'er them; but I'm condemn'd already;
For both are mine, and one—is foul as hell.
Should these two hands wage war; (these hands less dear!)
What boots it which prevails? In both I bleed.
But I have done. Speak, Perseus, and at large;
You'll have no second hearing. Thou forbear.

[To Demet.]

Per. Speak!—'Twas with utmost struggle I forbore:
These chains were scarce design'd to reach my tongue.
Their trespass is sufficient, stopping here.

[Shewing his arms.]

These chains! for what? Are chains for innocence?
Not so; for see, Demetrius wears them too.
Fool that I was to tremble at vain laws;
Nor learn from him defiance of their frown;
Since innocence and guilt are us'd alike;
Blood-thirsty stabbers, and their destin'd prey:
Perseus, and he—I will not call him brother:

[Pointing to Demet.]

He wants not that enhancement of his guilt.

King.

THE BROTHERS.

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King. But closer to the point ; and lay before us
Your whole deportment this ill-fated day.

Per. Scarce was he cool from that embrace this morning,
Which you enjoin'd, and I sincerely gave ;
Nor thought he plann'd my death within my arms ;
When holding vile, oaths, honour, duty, love,
He fir'd our friendly sports to martial rage.
If war, why not fair war ? But that has danger.
From hostile conflict, as from brothers play,
He blush'd not to invite me to his banquet.
I went not ; and in that was I to blame ?
Think you there nothing had been found but peace,
From whence soon after fall'd armed men ?
Think you I nothing had to fear from swords,
When from their foils I scarce escap'd with life ?
Or poison might his valour suit as well : ———
This pass'd, as suits his wisdom, Macedonians,
Who volis o'er elder brothers to a throne ;
With an arm'd rout he came to visit me.
Did I refuse to go, a bidden guest ?
And should I welcome him, a threat'ning foe !
Resenting my refusal ! boiling for revenge ?

Dem. 'Tis false.

Ant. Forbear — The King.

Per. Had I receiv'd them,
' You now had mourn'd my death, nor heard my cause.
' Dares he deny he brought an armed throng ?
' Call those I name ; who dare this deed, dare all ;
' Yet will not dare deny, that this is true.
' My death alone can yield a stronger proof ?
' Will no less proof than that content a father ?

Peri. Perseus, you see, has art, as well as fire ;
' Nor have the wars worn Athens from his tongue.'

Per. Let him who seeks to bathe in brother's blood,
Not find well pleas'd the fountain whence it flow'd :
Let him, who shudders at a brother's knife,
Find refuge in the bosom of a father :
For where else can I fly ? Whom else implore ?
I have no Romans, with their eagle's wings,
To shelter me ; Demetrius borrows those,
To mount full rebel-high : I have their hatred ;
And, thanks to Heaven ! deserve it : Good Demetrius

C 3

Cao

Can see your towns and kingdoms torn away
By these protectors, and ne'er lose his temper.
My weakness, I confess, it makes me rave;
It makes me weep—and my tears rarely flow.

Peri. Was ever stronger proof of filial love?

Per. Vain are Rome's hopes while you and I survive:
But should the sword take me, and age my father,
(Heav'n grant they leave him to the stroke of age)
The kingdom, and the King, are both their own;
A duteous loyal King, a scepter'd slave,
A willing Macedonian slave to Rome.

King. First let an earthquake swallow Macedonia.

Per. How, at such news, would Hannibal rejoice!
How the great shade of Alexander smile!
The thought quite choaks me up; I can no more.

King. Proceed.

Per. No, Sir,—Why have I spoke at all?
'Twas needless: Philip justifies my charge;
Philip's the single witness which I call,
To prove Demetrius guilty.

King. What dost thou mean?

Per. What mean I, Sir! what mean I!—To run mad!
For who, unshaken both in heart and brain,
Can recollect it?

King. What?

Per. This morning's insult.

This morning they proclaim'd him Philip's King.
This morning they forgave you for his sake.
O, pardon, pardon! I could strike him dead.

King. More temper.

Per. Not more truth; that cannot be!
And that it cannot, one proof can't escape you?
For what but truth could make me, Sir, so bold?
Rome puts forth all her strength to crown her minion.
Demetrius' vices, thriving of themselves,
Her fulsome flatt'ries dung to ranker growth.
Demetrius is the burden of her song;
Each river, hill, and dale, has learnt his name;
While elder Perseus in a whisper dies.
Demetrius treats; Demetrius gives us peace;
Demetrius is our god, and would be so.
My fight is short: look at him you that can:

What sage experience sits upon his brow ?
 What awful marks of wisdom ? who vouchsafes
 To patronize a father, and a King !
 Such patronage is treason.

King. Treason ! Death !

Per. Nor let the ties of blood tie up the hands
 Of justice ; nature's ties are broke already :
 For, who contend before you ?——Your two sons ?——
 No ; read aright, 'tis Macedon and Rome.
 A well-mask'd foreigner, and your——only son,
 Guard of your life, and——exile of your love.
 Now, bear me to my dungeon : What so fit
 As darkness, chains, and death, for such a traitor ?

King. Speak, Demetrius.

Ant. My Lord, he cannot speak ; accept his tears—
 Instead of words.

Per. His tears as false, as they——
 Now, with fine praise, and foppery of tongue,
 More graceful action, and a smother tone,
 That orator of fable, and fair face,
 Will steal on your brib'd hearts, and, as you listen,
 Plain truth, and I, plain Perseus, are forgot.

Dem. My father ! King ! and judge ; thrice awful
 power !

Your son, your subject, and your prisoner, hear ;
 Thrice humble state ! If I have grace of speech,
 (Which gives, it seems, offence) be that no crime,
 Which oft has serv'd my country and my King ;
 Nor in my brother let it pass for virtue,
 That, as he is, ungracious he would seem :
 For, Oh ! he wants not art, tho' grace may fail him—
 The wonted aids of those that are accus'd,
 Has my accuser seiz'd. He shed false tears,
 That my true sorrows might suspected flow :
 He seeks my life, and calls me murderer ;
 And vows no refuge can he find on earth,
 That I may want it in a father's arms ;
 Those arms, to which e'en strangers fly for safety.

King. Speak to your charge.

Dem. He charges me with treason.

If I'm a traitor, if I league with Rome,
 Why did his zeal forbear me till this hour ?
 Was treason then no crime, till (as he seigns)

I fought

I fought his life ? Dares Perseus hold so much
 His father's welfare cheaper than his own ?
 Less cause have I, a brother, to complain.
 He says, I wade for empire thro' his blood :
 He says, I place my confidence in Rome :
 Why murder him, if Rome will crown my brow ?
 Will then a sceptre, dipp'd in brother's blood,
 Conciliate love, and make my reign secure ?
 False are both charges ; and he proves them false
 By placing them together.

Ant. That's well urg'd.

Dem. Mark, Sir, how Perseus, unawares, absolves me
 From guilt in all, by loading all with guilt.
 Did I design him poison at my feast ?
 Why then did I provoke him in the field ?
 That, as he did, he might refuse to come ?
 When angry he refus'd, I should have sooth'd
 His rous'd resentment, and deferr'd the blow ;
 Not destin'd him that moment to my sword,
 Which I before instructed him to shun.
 Thro' fear of death, did he decline my banquet ?
 Could I expect admittance then at his ?
 These numerous pleas at variance, overthrow
 Each other, and are advocates for me.

Per. No, Sir, Posthumius is his advocate.

King. Art thou afraid that I should hear him out ?

Dem. Quit then this picture, this well-painted fear,
 And come to that which touches him indeed.
 Why is Demetrius not despis'd of all,
 His second in endowments, as in birth ?
 How dare I draw the thoughts of Macedon ?
 How dare I gain esteem with foreign powers ?
 Esteem, when gain'd, how dare I to preserve ?
 These are his secret thoughts ; these burn within ;
 These sting up accusations in his soul ;
 Turn friendly visits to foul fraud, and murder ;
 And pour in poison to the bowl of love.
 Merit is treason in a younger brother.
King. But clear your conduct with regard to Rome.
Dem. Alas ! dread Sir, I grieve to find set down,
 Among my crimes, what ought to be my praise.
 That I went hostage, or ambassador,

Was

33.

'Ant: There spoke at once the hero and the son.'

[*Speaking to Perseus.*

Per. His bold assurance——

Dem. O Perseus! how I tremble as I speak!
Where is a brother's voice, a brother's eye?
Where is the melting of a brother's heart?
Where is our awful father's dread command?
Where a dear dying mother's last request?
Forgot, scorn'd, hated, trodden under foot!
'Thy heart, how dead to ev'ry call of nature!
Unson'd! unbrother'd! nay, unhumaniz'd!
Far from affection, as thou'rt near in blood!
Oh! Perseus! Perseus!—But my heart's too

[Falls on Antigonus.
King.

King. Support him.

Per. Vengeance overtakes his crimes.

King. No more !

Ant. See, from his hoary brow he wipes the dew,
Which agony wrings from him.

King. Oh, my friend,
These boys at strife, like Ætna's struggling flames,
Convulsions cause, and make a mountain shake ;
Shake Philip's firmness, and convulse his heart ;
And, with a fiery flood of civil war,
Threaten to deluge my divided land.
I've heard them both ; by neither am convinc'd :
And yet Demetrius' words went thro' my heart ;
A double crime, Demetrius, is your charge ;
Fondness for Rome, and hatred to your brother.
If you can clear your innocence in one,
'Twill give us cause to think you wrong'd in both.

Dem. How shall I clear it, Sir ?

King. This honest man
Detests the Romans : If you wed his daughter,
Rome's foe becomes the guardian of your faith.

Dem. I told you, Sir, when I return'd from Rome—

King. How ! Dost thou want an absolute command ?
Your brother, father, country, all exact it.

Ant. See yonder guards at hand, if you refuse.

[*Aside to Demet.*

Nay, more ; a father, so distress'd, demands
A son's compassion, to becalm his heart.
Oh ! Sir, comply.

Dem. There ! there ! indeed you touch me !
Besides, if I'm confin'd, and Perseus free,
I never, never shall behold her more.—
Pardon, ye gods ! an artifice forc'd on me.
Dread Sir, your son complies.

[*Aside.*

Dym. Astonishment !

King. Strike off his chains. Nay, Perseus too is free ;
They wear no bonds, but those of duty, now.
Dymas, go thank the prince : he weds your daughter ;
And highest honours pay your high desert.

[*Exit.*

Dym. O, Sir, without presumption, may I dare
To lift my ravish'd thought ?——

Dem.

Dem. In what I've done,
I paid a duty to my father's will :
And set you an example, where 'tis due,
Of not with-holding yours.

Dym. My duty, Sir,
To you, can never fail.

Dem. Then, Dymas, I request thee,
Go seek the King, and save me from a marriage
My brother has contriv'd, in artful malice,
'To make me lose my father, or my love.
Go, charge the just refusal on thyself.

Dym. What Philip authorizes me to wish,
You, Sir, may disappoint. But, to take on me
The load of the refusal——

Dem. Is no more
Than Dymas owes his honour, if he shun
The natural surmise, that he concurr'd
In brewing this foul treason.

Dym. Sir, the King
Knows what he does : and, if he seeks my glory——

Dem. In a degree, destructive of his own ;
'Tis yours to disappoint him, or renounce
Your duty to your King.

Dym. You'll better tell——

Dem. Yes, better tell the King, he wounds his honour,

By lifting up a minion from the dust,
And mating him with princes. Use your power
Against yourself. Yes, use it like a man,
In serving him who gave it. Thus you'll make
Indulgence, justice ; and absolve your master.
Tho' Kings delight in raising what they love,
Less owe they to themselves, than to the throne ;
Nor must they prostitute its Majesty,
To swell a subject's pride, howe'er deserving.

Dym. What the King grants me——

Dem. Talk not of a grant :

What a King ought not, that he cannot give ;
And what is more than meet from princes' bounty,
Is plunder, not a grant. Think you, his honour
A perquisite belonging to your place,
As favourite paramount ? Preserve the King

From

From doing wrong, tho' wrong it done for you ;
And shew, 'tis not in favour to corrupt thee.

Dym. I fought not, Sir, this honour.

Dem. But would take it.

True majesty's the very soul of Kings ;
And rectitude's the soul of majesty ;
If mining minions sap that rectitude,
The King may live, but majesty expires :
And he that lessens Majesty, impairs
That just obedience public good requires ;
Doubly a traitor, to the crown and state.

Dym. Must I refuse what Philip's pleas'd to give ?

Dem. Can a King give thee more than is his own ?
Know, a King's dignity is public wealth ;
On that subsists the nation's fame and power.
Shall fawning sycophants, to plump themselves,
Eat up their master, and dethrone his glory ?
What are such wretches ? What, but vapours foul,
From fens and bogs, by royal beams exhal'd,
That radiance intercepting, which should cheer
Theland at large ? Hence subjects' hearts grow cold,
And frozen loyalty forgets to flow :
But, then 'tis slippery standing for the minion :
Stains on his ermin, to their royal master
Such miscreants are ; not jewels in his crown.
If you persist, Sir—But, of words no more !
To me, to threat, is harder than to do !

Dym. Let me embrace this genuine son of empire,
When warm debates divide the doubtful land,
Should I not know the prince most fit to reign ?
I've try'd you as an eagle tries her young,
And find, your dauntless eye is fix'd on glory.
I'll to the King, and your commands obey.—
We must give young men opiates in a fever.
Yes, boy, I will obey thee, to thy ruin.
Erixene shall strike thee dead for this.

[*Exit. Dym.*]

Dem. These statesmen nothing woo but gold and power.
I'm a bold advocate for other love ;
Tho' at their bar, indicted for a fool.
When reason, like the skilful charioteer,
Can break the fiery passions to the bit,
And, spite of their licentious sallies, keep

The

THE BROTHERS.

37

The radiant track of glory ; passions, then,
Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant reason,
Firm in her seat, and swift in her career,
Enjoys their violence, and, smiling, thanks
Their formidable flame, for high renown.
Take then my soul, fair maid ! 'tis wholly thine ;
And thence I feel an energy divine.
When objects worthy praise our hearts approve,
Each virtue grows on consecrated love :
And sure soft passion claims to be forgiv'n,
When love of beauty is the love of heav'n.

[*Exit.*

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

Enter Erixene and Delia.

ERIXENE.

'TIS plain ! 'tis plain ! this marriage gains her father :
He join'd to Rome, the crown. Thy words were
He woos the diadem, that diadem which I [true ;
Despis'd for him. Oh, how unlike our loves !
But it is well ; he gives me my revenge.
Wed Dymas' daughter ! What a fall is there !
Not the world's empire could repair his glory.

Del. Madam, you can't be mov'd too much ! But why
More now than at the first ?

Erix. At first I doubted :

For who, that lov'd like me, could have believ'd ?
I disbeliev'd what Pericles reported ;
And thought it Perseus' art to wound our loves.
But when the good Antigonus, sworn friend
To false Demetrius, when his word confirm'd it,
Then passion took me, as the northern blast
An autumn leaf. O gods ! the dreadful whirl !
But, while I speak, he's with her : laughs and plays ;
Mingles his dalliance with insulting mirth ;
To this new goddess offers up my tears ;
Yes, with my shame and torture, woos her love.

D

I see

I see, hear, feel it! O these raging fires!
Can then the thing we scorn give so much pain?

Del. Madam, these transports give him cause to triumph!

Erix. I vent my grief to thee; he ne'er shall know it.
If I can't conquer, I'll conceal my passion,
And stifle all its pangs beneath disdain.

Del. The greatest minds are most relenting too:
If then Demetrius should repent his crime——

Erix. If still my passion burns, it shall burn inward:
On the fierce rack in silence I'll expire,
Before one sigh escape me.—He repent!
What wild extravagance of thought is thine?
But did he? Who repents, has once been false:
In love, repentance but declares our guilt;
And injur'd honour shall exact its due.
In vain his love; nay, mine should groan in vain:
Both are devoted. Vengeance, vengeance reigns!
Our first love murder'd, is the sharpest pang
A human heart can feel.

Del. The King approaches.

Enter the King, &c.

King. Madam, at length we see the dawn of peace,
And hope an end of our domestic jars.
The jealous Perseus can no longer fear
Demetrius is a Roman, since this day
Makes him the son of Dymas, Rome's worst foe.

Erix. Already, Sir, I've heard, and heard with joy,
Th' important news.

King. To make our bliss run o'er:
You, Madam, will complete what Heav'n begins;
And save the love-sick Perseus from despair.
That marriage would leave Rome without pretence
To touch our conquest; and for ever join
To these dominions long disputed Thrace.

Enter Dymas.

Erix. Tho' Thrace by conquest stoops to Macedon,
I know my rank, and would preserve its due.
With meditated coldness have I heard
Prince Perseus' vows; unwilling to consent
Before restor'd to my forefather's throne,
Lest that consent should merit little thanks,
As flowing less from choice than your command:

But since the Roman pride will find account
In my persisting still, and Philip suffer,
I quit the lofty thought on which I stood,
And yield to your request.

King. Indulgent gods !
Blest moment ! How will this with transport fill
The doubtful Perseus, after years of pain ?

Dym. My Lord, I've heard what past, and give you joy
Of Perseus' nuptials, which your state requires :
But for Demetrius'—think of those no more.
Far from accepting such a load of glory,
I bring, I bring, my Lord, this forfeit head,
Due to my bold refusal.

King. Dares the boy
Fall from his promise, and impose on thee
Forc'd disobedience to my royal pleasure ?

Dym. No, my most honour'd Lord, there, there's my
Fond of the maid, with ardour he prest on ; [crime :
But should I dare pollute his blood with mine ?
But you, Sir, authorize it—still more base,
To wrong a master so profusely kind.

King. The man is noble on whom Philip smiles ;
Come, come, there's something more in this—explain.

Dym. Why am I forc'd on this ungrateful office ?
Yet can't I tell you more than fame has told ;
Which says, Demetrius is in league with Rome.
Why weds ambition then an humble maid,
But to gain me to treason ? What then follows ?
They'll say, the subtle statesman plann'd this marriage,
To raise his blood into his master's throne.
No, Sir, preserve my fame, let life suffice.

Enter Pericles.

Per. Sir, your ambassadors arriv'd from Rome——

[*Presents a letter.*

King. Ha ! I must read it ; this will tell me more.

[*After reading it.*

Oh, Princess ! Now our only comfort flows
From your indulgence to my better son.
This dreadful news precipitates my wish.
To keep rapacious Rome from seizing Thrace,
You cannot wed too soon : my fair ally !
What if you bless me and my son to-morrow ?

D 2

Erix.

Erix. Since your request, and your affairs demand it,
Without a blush, I think I may comply.

King. Oh, daughter!—but no more; the gods will
I go to bless my Perseus with the news. [thank you.

Dym. Thus the boy's dead in empire and in love.

[*Exeunt King, Dymas, &c.*

Erix. I triumph! I'm reveng'd! I reign! I reign!
Nor thank Demetrius' treason for a crown.
Love is our own cause, honour is the gods.
I can be glorious without happiness;
But without glory never can be blest.

Del. 'Tis well: but can you wed the man you scorn?

Erix. Wed any thing, for vengeance on the perjurd.
I'll now insult him from an higher sphere:
This unexpected turn may gall his pride.
Whate'er has pangs for him, has charms for me.

Del. A rooted love is scarce so soon remov'd.

Erix. If not, the greater virtue to controul it:
And strike at his heart, tho' 'tis through my own.

Del. I can't but praise this triumph; yet I dread
The combat still. And see, the foe draws near.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Erixene!

Erix. My Lord!

Dem. My pale cheek speaks;
My trembling limbs prevent my faltering tongue,
And ask you——

Erix. What, my Lord?

Dem. My Lord!—Her eyes
Confirm it true, and yet, without a crime,
I can't believe it. Oh, Erixene——

Erix. I guess your meaning, Sir; but am surpriz'd
That Dymas' son should think of ought as I do.

Dem. False are my senses! false both ear and eye!
All, all be rather false than her I love!

Erix. She past not, Sir, this way.

Dem. Is then my pain
Your sport? And can Erixene pretend
Herself deceiv'd, by what deceiv'd the King?
An artifice made use of for your sake;
A proof, not violation of my love.

Erix. I thought not of your love, nor artifice;

Both

Both were forgot ; or, rather, never known.
 But without artifice I tell you this ;
 Your brother lays his sceptre at my feet,
 And whose example bids my heart resist
 The charms of empire ?

Dem. This is woman's skill :

You cease to love, and from my conduct strive
 To labour an excuse. For if, indeed,
 You thought me false, had you been thus serene,
 Calm, and unruffled ? No ; my heart says, no.
 Passions, if great, tho' turn'd to their reverse,
 Keep their degree, and are great passions still.
 And she who, when she thinks her lover false,
 Retains her temper, never lost her heart.

Erix. That I'm serene, says not I never lov'd :
 Indeed, the vulgar float as passion drives ;
 But noble minds have reason for their queen.
 While you deserv'd, my passion was sincere :
 You change, my passion dies. But, pardon, Sir,
 If my vain mind thinks anger is too much ;
 Take my neglect, I can afford no more.

Dem. No ; Rage ! Flame ! Thunder ! give a thousand
 deaths !

Oh, rescue me from this more dreadful calm !
 This curs'd indifference ! which, like a frost
 In northern seas, out-does the fiercest storm.
 Commanded by my father to comply,
 I feign'd obedience : had I then refus'd —

Erix. I grant the consequence had been most dreadful !
 I grant that Dymas' daughter had been angry.

Dem. Ask Dymas, with what rage —

Erix. You well might rage
 To be refus'd.

Dem. Refus'd !

Erix. He told your secret ;
 The King, and I, and all the court can witness.

Dem. Refus'd ! false villain ! Oh, the perjur'd slave !
 Hell-born impostor ! Madam, 'tis most false !
 Warm from my heart in ev'ry word I speak ;
 The villain lies ! Believe the pangs that rend me ;
 Believe the witness streaming from my eyes,
 And let me speak no more.

D 3

Erix.

Erix. I do believe
Your grief sincere. I've heard the maid is fair.

Dem. Proceed ; and thus, indeed, commit that crime
You falsely charge on me. The crown has charm'd you.
How warm this morning did you press my flight !
The cause is plain : an out-rag'd lover's groan,
And dying agony molest our ear,
And hurt the musick of our nuptial song.

Erix. Since your inconstancy persists to charge
Its crime on my ambition, I'll be kind,
And leave you in possession of an error
Of which you seem so fond.

Dem. Ah ! stay one moment !

Enter Perseus and Pericles.

Per. Erixene !

Dem. Distraction !

[*Starting.*

Erix. 'Tis well tim'd.

My Lord, your brother doubts if I'm sincere,
And thinks (an error natural to him)
I'll break my vow to you. You'll clear my fame,
And labour to convince him, that to-morrow,
Erixene's at once a bride and queen.

[*Exit.*

Per. When I have work'd him up to violence,
Bring thou the King, and pity my distress.

[*To Per. who goes out.*

' *Dem.* On what extremes extreme distress compels
' In things impossible I put my trust : [me !
' I in my only brother find a foe ;
' Yet in my rival, hope the greatest friend.
' When all our hopes are lodg'd in such expedients,
' 'Tis as if poison were our only food,
' And death was call'd on as the guard of life.'

Per. Why dost thou droop ?

Dem. Because I'm dead ; quite dead
To hope ; and yet rebellious to despair ;
Like ghosts unblest'd, that burst the bars of death.
Strange is my conduct ?—Stranger my distress :
Beyond example both ! Who e'er before me
Press'd his worst foe, to prove his truest friend ?
But tho' thou'rt not my brother, thou'rt a man ;
And, if a man, compassionate the worst
That man can feel ; tho' found that worst in me

Per.

Per. What wouldst?

Dem. Unclinch thy talons from thy prey;
 Let the dove fly to this her nest again. [*Striking his breast.*
 For, Oh! the maid's unalienably mine,
 Tho' now thro' rage run mad, and turn'd to thee.
 How often have I languish'd at her feet?
 Bask'd in her eye, and revell'd in her smile?
 How often, as she listen'd to my vows,
 Trembling and pale with agonies of joy,
 Have I left earth, and mounted to the stars?

Per. There Dymas' daughter shone above the rest,
 Illustrious in thy fight.

Dem. Thy taunt, how false!—
 I no less press your int'rest than my own.
 Think you 'tis possible her heart so long
 Inclined to me, the price of all my vows,
 Purchas'd by tears and groans, and paid me down
 In tenderest returns of love divine,
 Can in one day be yours?—Impossible!

Per. If I'm deceiv'd, I'm pleas'd with the deceit.
 How my heart dances in the golden dream!
 In pity do not wake me 'till to-morrow.

Dem. Then thou'lt awake distracted. Trust me, bro—
 * She gives her hand alone. [ther,

* *Per.* Nor need I more;
 * That hand's enough that brings a sceptre in it.
 * I scorn the prince who weds with meaner views.
 * Her duty's mine, and I conceive small pain
 * From your sweet error, that her love is yours.
 * I'm pleas'd such cordial thoughts of your own merit
 * Support you in distress.'

Dem. Inhuman Perseus!
 If pity dwells within the heart of man,
 If due that pity to the last distress,
 Pity a lover exquisitely pain'd,
 A lover exquisitely pain'd by you.
 Oh! in the name of all the gods, relent!
 Give me my princess, give her to my throes!
 Amidst a thousand you may chuse a love;
 The spacious earth contains but one for me.—
 But Oh! I save. Art thou not he, the man
 Who drinks my groans like music at his ear?

And

And would as wine, as nectar drink my blood ?
 Are all my hopes of mercy lodg'd in thee ?
 Oh, rigid gods ! and shall I then fall down,
 Embrace thy feet, and bathe them with my tears ?
 Yes, I will drown thee with my tears, my blood,
 So thou afford a human ear to pangs,
 A brother's pangs, a brother's broken heart.

Per. Pardon, Demetrius ; but the Princess calls,
 And I am bound to go.

Dem. Oh, stay !

[Laying hold of him.]

Per. You tremble.

Dem. The Princess calls, and you are bound to go !

Per. E'en so.

Dem. What princess ?

Per. Mine.

Dem. 'Tis false.

Per. Unhand me.

Dem. What, see, talk, touch, nay taste her like a bee,
 Draw honey from her wounded lip, while I
 Am stung to death !

Per. The triumph once was yours.

Dem. Rip up my breast, or you shall never stir.
 My heart may visit her ! Oh, take it with you !
 Have I not seen her, where she has not been ?
 Have I not clasp'd her shadow ? Trod her steps ;
 Transported trod ! as if they led to Heaven ?
 Each morn my life I lighted at her eye,
 And every evening, at its close expir'd.—

[Bursts into tears.]

Per. Fie ! thou'rt a Roman ; can a Roman weep ?
 Sure Alexander's helmet can sustain
 Far heavier strokes than these. For shame, Demetrius ;
 E'en snatch up the next Sabin in the way,
 'Twill do as well.

[Going.]

Dem. By Heaven, you shall not stir.
 Long as I live, I stand a world between you,
 And keep you distant as the poles asunder.
 Who takes my love, in mercy takes my life ;
 Thy bloody pass cleave thro' thy brother's breast.
 I beg, I challenge, I provoke my death.

[His hand upon his sword.]
Enter

Enter King and Dymas.

Per. You will not murder me?

Dem. Yes, you and all.

King. How like a tyger foaming o'er his prey!

Per. Now, Sir, believe your eye, believe your ear,
And still believe me perjurd as this morning.

King. Heav'n's wrath's exhausted, there's no more to
My darling son found criminal in all. [fear.

Dem. That villain there to blast me! Yes, I'll speak;
For what have I to fear, who feel the worst?

'Tis time the truth were known. That villain, Sir,
Has cleft my heart, and laughs to see it bleed:

But his confession shall redeem my fame,
And re-enthronè me in my Princess's smile;
Or I'll return that false embrace he gave me,
And stab him in your sight.

King. Hold, insolent!
Where's your respect to me?

Dem. Oh, royal Sir!
' That has undone me. Thro' respect I gave
' A feign'd consent, which this black artifice
' Has turn'd to my destruction. I refus'd
' That slave's, that curst slave, that statesman's daugh-
' And he pretends she was refus'd to me. [ter,
' Hence, hence, this desolation. Nought I fear,
' Tho' nature groans her last. And shall he then
' Escape and triumph?

King. Guards there! Seize the Prince!
The man you menace you shall learn to fear.

Dym. Hold, Sir! not this for me! It is your son.
What is my life, tho' pour'd upon your feet?

King. Is this a son?

Dem. No, Sir; my crime's too great,
Which dares to vindicate a father's honour,
To catch the glories of a falling crown,
And save it from pollution. But I've done.
I die, unless my Princess is restor'd; [*Pointing to Dym.*
And if I die, by heav'n, and earth, and hell!
His sordid blood shall mingle with the dust,
And see if thence 'twill mount into the throne.
Oh, Sir! think of it! I'll expect my fate.

[*Exit.*

King. And thou shalt have it.

Dym.

Dym. How, my Lord, in tears !

King. As if the gods came down in evidence !
How many sudden rays of proof concur
To my conviction ? Was e'er equal boldness ?
But 'tis no wonder from a brother king ;

[Produces the forg'd letter.]

This king of Thrace—To-morrow he'll be king
Of Macedon—He therefore dies to-night.

Per. And yet I doubt it, for I know his fondness.
Thou practise well the lesson I have taught thee,
While I put on a solemn face of woe,
Afflicted for a brother's early fall— *[Aside to Dym.]*
Heaven knows with what regret—But, Sir, your safety—

[Presenting the mandate for Demetrius's death.]

King. What giv'st thou here ?

Dym. Your passport to renown.
You sign your apotheosis in that.
What scales the skies, but zeal for public good ?

Per. How god-like mercy !

Dym. Mercy to mankind,
By treason aw'd.

King. Must then thy brother bleed ? *[To Per.]*
*[Dym. seeming at a loss, Per. whispers him,
and gives a letter.]*

Dym. No, Sir, the king of Thrace. *[Looks on the letter.]*

King. Why that is true—

Yet who, if not a father, should forgive ?

Dym. Who, Sir, if not a Philip, should be just ?

King. Is't not my son ? *[To Dym.]*

Dym. If not, far less his guilt.

King. Is't not my r'other Perseus ? *[To Per.]*

Per. Sir, I thank you :

That seeks your crown and life.

King. And life ?

Dym. No, Sir ;

He'll only take your crown, you still may live.

King. Heav'n blast thee for that thought.

Per. Why shakes my father ?

King. It stabs, it gnaws, it harrows up my soul.
Is he not young ? Was he not much indulg'd ?
Gall'd by his brother ? Doubted by his father ?
Tempted by Rome ? A nation to a boy ?

Dym.

Dym. Oh, a mere infant!—that deposes kings.

King. No; once he sav'd my crown.

Dym. And now would wear it.

King. How my head swims!

Per. Nor strange; the task is hard.

Dym. Yet scarce for him. Brutus was but a Roman;

[Speaking as if he would not have the King hear.]

Yet like a Philip dar'd, and is immortal.

King. I hear thee, Dymas; give me then the mandate.

[Going to sign, he stops short.]

Dym. No wonder if his mother thus had paus'd.

Per. Rank cankers on thy tongue! Why mention her?

[Aside.]

King. Oh, gods! I see her now: what am I doing?

[Throws away the style.]

I see her dying eye let fall a tear

In favour of Demetrius. Shall I stab

Her lovely image stamp'd on ev'ry feature?

Dym. His soul escap'd it, Sir.

King. Thou ly'st; be gone.

[Per. and Dym. in great confusion, Per. whispers Dym.]

Dym. True, that or nought will touch him.

[Aside to Per.]

If, Sir, your mercy——

[To the King.]

Per. O speak on of mercy!

Mercy, the darling attribute of Heav'n.

Dym. If you should spare him——

King. What if I should spare him?

Dym. I dare not say——Your wrath again might rise.

King. Yes, if thou'rt silent--What if I should spare him?

Dym. Why if you should, proud Rome would thank you for it.

King. Rome!--Her applause more shocks me than his
Oh, thou, Death's orator! Dread advocate *[death.]*

For bowellefs severity! assist

My trembling hand, as thou hast steel'd my heart;

And if it is guilt in me, share the guilt.

He's dead. *[Signs.]* And if I blot it with one tear,

Perseus, tho' less affected, will forgive me.

Per. Forgive! Sir, I applaud, and with my sorrow
Was mild enough to weep.

*[The King going out meets Demetrius in mourning,
introduced by Antigonus.]*

[King]

[King starts back, and drops on Dym.
Recovering speaks.

King. This, Fate, is thy tenth wave, and quite o'erwhelms me.

It less had shock'd me, had I met his ghost.

This is a plot to sentence me to death.

What hast thou done, my mortal foe ! thrown bars

[To Ant.

Athwart my glory ? But thy scheme shall fail.

As rushing torrents sweep th' obstructing mound,

So Philip meets this mountain in his way,

Yet keeps his purpose still.

[Perseus and Pericles subsist aside.

Peri. I can't but fear it.

Per. I grant the danger great, yet don't despair.

Jove is against thee, Perseus on thy side.

Ant. The Prince, dread Sir, low on his bended knee--

King. This way, Antigonus. Dost mark his bloom ?

Grace in his aspect, grandeur in his mein ?

Ant. I do.

King. 'Tis false, take a King's word. He's dead.

That darling of my soul would stab me sleeping.

How dar'st thou start ? Art thou the traitor's father ?

If thou art pale, what is enough for me ?

How his grave yawns ! Oh, that it was my own !

Ant. Mourn not the guilty.

King. No, he's innocent ;

Death pays his debt to justice, and that done,

I grant him still my son, as such I love him ;

Yes, and will clasp him to my breast, while yet

His clay is warm, nor moulders at my touch.

Per. A curse on that embrace.

[Aside.

Dym. Nay, worse, he weeps.

King. Poor boy, be not deceiv'd by my compassion ;
My tears are cruel, and I groan thy death.

Dem. And am I then to die ? If death's decreed,
Stab me yourself, not give me to the knife
Of midnight ruffians, that have forg'd my crimes.
For you I beg, for you I pour my tears ;
You are deceiv'd, dishonour'd, I am only slain.
Oh, father !

King. ' Father ! there's no father here.'

For-

Forbear to wound me with that tender name :
Nor raise all nature up in arms against me.

Dem. My father ! guardian ! friend ! ' nay, deity !
' What less than gods give being, life and death !'
My dying mother—

' *King.* Hold thy peace, I charge thee.'

Dem. Pressing your hand, and bathing it with tears,
Bequeath'd your tenderness for her, to me ;
And low on earth my legacy I claim,
Clasping your knees, tho' banish'd from your breast.

' *King.* My knees !—Would that were all, he grasps
my heart.

' Perseus, canst thou stand by and see me ruin'd ?

[*Reaching his hand to Perseus.*]

' *Per.* Loose, loose thy hold. It is my father too.

' *King.* Yes, Macedon, and thine, and I'll preserve thee.

' *Dem.* Who once before preserv'd it from the Thra-
' And who at Thracimene turn'd the lifted bolt [cian ?
' From Philip's hoary brow ?'

King. I'll hear no more.

O Perseus ! Dymas ! Pericles ! assist me,
Unbind me, disenchant me, break this charm
Of nature, that accomplice with my foes ;
Rend me, O rend me, from the friend of Rome.

' *Per.* Nay, then, howe'er reluctant, aid I must.

' The friend of Rome !—That severs you for ever,

' Tho' most incorporate and strongly knit,

' As lightning rends the knotted oak asunder.

' *Dem.* In spite of lightning I renew the tie ;

' And stubborn is the grasp of dying men.

' Who's he that shall divide me from myself ?

[*Demetrius is forced from the King's knees, on which,
starting up, he flings his arms round his father.*]

' Still of a piece with him from whom I grew,

' I'll bleed on my asylum, dart my soul

' In this embrace, and thus my treason crown.'

King. Who love yourselves, or Macedon, or me,
From the curs'd eagle's talons wrench my crown ;
And this barb'd arrow from my breast.—'Tis done ;

[*Forced asunder.*]

And the blood gushes after it. I faint.

Dym. Support the King.

E

Per.

Per. While treason licks the dust.'

[*Pointing to Demetrius fallen in the struggle.*

Dym. A field well fought.

Per. And justice has prevail'd.

King. 'O, that the traitor could conceal the son !'
Farewel, once best belov'd ! still most deplor'd !

He, he who dooms thee, bleeds upon thy tomb. [*Exit.*

Dem. Prostrate on thee, my mother Earth, be thou
Kinder than brother, or than father ; open
And save me in thy bosom from my—friends.

' Friends, sworn to wash their hands in guiltless tears,

' And quench infernal thirst in kindred blood.

' As if relation sever'd human hearts ;

' Or that destruction was the child of love.

' *Per.* Farewel, young traitor ; if they ask below,
' Who sent thee beardless down, say, honest Perseus ;

' Whom reason sways, not instinct ; who can strike

' At horrid parricide, and flagrant treason,

' Tho' thro' a bosom dearer than his own.

' Think'st thou, my tender heart can hate a brother ?

' The gods and Perseus war with nought but guilt.

' But I must go. What, Sir, your last commands

' To your Erixene ? She chides my stay. [*Exit.*

Dem. ' Without that token of a brother's love

' He could not part ; my death was not enough.

' I came for mercy, and I find it here.

' And death is mercy, since my love is lost.'

Alas ! my father too ; my heart aches for him.

And Perseus—fain wou'd I forgive e'en thee :

But Philip's sufferings cry too loud against it.

Blind author, and sure mourner of my death !

Father most dear ! What pangs hast thou to come ?

Like that poor wretch is thy unhappy doom,

Who while in sleep his fever'd fancy glows,

Draws his keen sword, and sheaths it in his foes :

But waking starts upright, in wild surprize,

To feel warm blood glide round him as he lies ;

To see his-reeking hands in crimson dy'd,

And a pale-corse extended by his side.

He views with horror what mad dreams have done,

And sinks heart-broken on a murder'd son.

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

King, Posthumius, &c. *meeting.*

POSTHUMIUS.

WE, in behalf of our allies, O King!
 Call'd on thee, yesterday, to clear thy glory.
 No wonder now that Philip is unjust
 To strangers, who has murder'd his own son.

King. 'Tis false.*Post.* No thanks to Philip that he fled.*King.* A traitor is no son.

Post. Heav'n's vengeance on me,
 If he refus'd not yesterday thy crown,
 Tho' life and love both brib'd him to comply.

King. See there.[*Gives the letter.*]*Post.* 'Tis not the consul's hand or seal.*King.* You're his accomplices.*Post.* We're his avengers.*'Tis war.**King.* Eternal war.*Post.* Next time we meet——*King.* Is in the capitol. Haste, fly my kingdom.*Post.* No longer thine.*King.* Yes, and proud Rome a province.[*Exeunt Posthumius, &c.*]

The brave, they make, they tyrannize o'er kings.
 The name of king the prostrate world ador'd,
 Ere Romulus had call'd his thieves together.—
 But let me pause— Not Quintius' hand or seal!—
 Doubt and impatience, like thick smoak and fire,
 Cloud and torment my reason.

Ant. Sir, recall,

And re-examine those you sent to Rome.

You took their evidence in haste and anger.

Torture, if they refuse, will tell the truth.

King. Go stop the nuptials till you hear from me.[*Exeunt King and Ant.*]*Erizene and Delia meeting.*

Del. Madam, the Prince who fled from threaten'd
 death,

52 THE BROTHERS.

Attempting his escape to foreign realms,
Was lately taken at the city gates,
So strongly guarded by his father's pow'rs ;
And now confin'd expects his final doom.

Erix. Imprison'd and to die !—And let him die.
Bid Dymas' daughter weep. I half forgot
His perjur'd insolence ; I'll go and glut
My vengeance. Oh, how just a traitor's death !
And blacker still, a traitor to my love.

[*Exeunt Erixene and Delia.*]

Scene draws, and shews Demetrius in prison.

Dem. Thou subterranean sepulchre of peace !
Thou home of horror ! hideous nest of crimes !
Guilt's first sad stage in her dark road to hell !
Ye thick-barr'd sunless passages for air,
To keep alive the wretch that longs to die !
Ye low brow'd arches, thro' whose sullen gloom,
Resound the ceaseless groans of pale despair !
Ye dreadful shambles, cak'd with human blood !
Receive a guest, from far, far other scenes,
From pompous courts, from shouting victories,
Carousing festivals, harmonious bow'rs,
And the soft chains of heart-dissolving love,
Oh, how unlike to these ! Heart-breaking load
Of shame eternal, ne'er to be knock'd off !
Oh, welcome death ! No, never but by thee—
Nor has a foe done this.—A friend ! a father !—
Oh, that I could have dy'd without their guilt !—

Enter Erixene, Demetrius gazing at her.

So look'd in chaos the first beam of light.
How drives the strong enchantment of her eye
All horror hence !—How die the thoughts of death !

Erix. I knew not my own heart. I cannot bear it.
Shame chides me back : for to insult his woes
Is too severe ; and to condole, too kind. [*Going.*]

Dem. Thus I arrest you in the name of mercy,
And dare compel your stay. Is then one look,
One word, one moment, a last moment too ;
When I stand tottering on the brink of death,
A cruel ignominious death, too much

For

For one that loves like me ? A length of years
 You may devote to my blest rival's arms ;
 I ask but one short moment. O permit,
 Permit the dying to lay claim to thee,
 To thee, thou dear equivalent for life.
 Cruel, relentless, marble-hearted maid !

Erix. Demetrius, you persist to do me wrong ;
 For know, tho' I behold thee as thou art,
 Doubly a traitor to the state and me,
 Thy sorrow, thy distress have touch'd my bosom :
 I own it is a fault, I pity thee.

Enter Officer.

[*you.*

Off. My Lord, your time is short, and death waits for

Erix. Death !—I forgive thee from my inmost soul.

Dem. Forgive me ? Oh ! thou need'st not to forgive,
 If imposition had not struck thee blind.

Truth lies in ambush yet, but will start up,
 And seize thy trembling soul, when mine is fled.

O, I've a thousand, thousand things to say.

Erix. And I am come a secret to disclose,
 That might awake thee wert thou dead already.

Off. My Lord, your final moment is expir'd.

Dem. and *Erix.* One, one short moment more.

Dem. No ; death lets fall

The curtain, and divides our love for ever.

[*Dem. is forced out.*

Erix. Oh, I've a darker dungeon in my soul,
 Nor want an executioner to kill me.

What revolutions in the human heart

Will pity cause ! What horrid deeds revenge ! [*Exit.*

Scene shuts.

Enter Antigonus with Attendants.

Ant. How distant virtue dwells from mortal man !

Was't not that each man calls for other's virtue,

Her very name on earth would be forgot,

And leave the tongue, as it has left the heart.

Was ever such a labour'd plan of guilt ?

Take the King's mandate, to the prison fly

Throw wide the gates, and let Demetrius know

The full detail.

Enter Erixene.

The Princess ! ha ! be gone.

[*To the Attendant.*

E 3

While

While I stir up an equal transport here.
 Princess, I see your griefs, and judge the cause :
 But I bring news might raise you from the grave ;
 Or call you down from Heaven to hear with joy.
 Just gods ! the virtuous will at last prevail.
 On motives here too tedious to relate,
 I begg'd the King to re-examine those
 Who came from Rome. The King approv'd my counsel.
 Surpriz'd, and conscious, in their charge they faulted,
 And threaten'd tortures soon discover'd all :
 That Perseus brib'd them to their perjuries ;
 That Quintius' letter was a forgery ;
 That prince Demetrius' intercourse with Rome
 Was innocent of treason to the state.

Erix. Oh, my sworn heart ! What will the gods do
 with me ?

Ant. And to confirm this most surprising news,
 Dymas, who, striving to suppress the tumult,
 The rumour of Demetrius' flight had rais'd,
 Was wounded sore, with his last breath confess'd,
 The Prince refus'd his daughter, which affront
 Inflam'd the statesman to his Prince's ruin.

Erix. Did he refuse her ? [Swoons.

Ant. Quite o'ercome with joy !
 Transported out of life !—The Gods restore her !

Erix. Ah ! why recall me ? This is a new kind
 Of murder ; most severe ! that dooms to life.

Ant. Fair Princess, you confound me.

Erix. Am I fair ?

Am I a princess ? Love and empire mine ?
 Gay, gorgeous visions dancing in my sight !—
 No, here I stand a naked shipwreck'd wretch,
 Cold, trembling, pale, spent, helpless, hopeless, mad,
 Cast on a shore as cruel as the waves.
 O'er hung with rugged rocks, too steep to climb :
 The mountain billows loud, come foaming in
 Tremendous ; and confound, ere they devour.

Ant. Madam, the King absolves you from your vow.

Erix. For me, it matters not ; but Oh ! the Prince—
 When he had shot the gulph of his despair ;
 Emerging into all the light of Heav'n ;
 His heart high beating, with well-grounded hope ;

Then

' Then to make shipwreck of his happiness,
 ' Like a poor wretch that has escap'd the storm,
 ' And swam to what he deems an happy isle,
 ' When lo ! the savage natives drink his blood.
 ' Ah ! why is vengeance sweet to woman's pride,
 ' As rapture to her love ? It has undone me.'

Del. Madam, he comes.

Erix. Leave us, Antigonus.

Ant. What dreadful secret this ?——But I'll obey,
 Invoke the gods, and leave the rest to fate. [*Exit.*]

Erix. How terribly triumphant comes the wretch !
 He comes, like flowers ambrosial, early born,
 To meet the blast, and perish in the storm.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. After an age of absence in one hour,
 Have I then found thee, thou celestial maid !
 Like a fair Venus in a stormy sea ;
 Or a bright goddess, thro' the shades of night,
 Dropt from the stars, to these blest arms again ?
 How exquisite is pleasure after pain !
 Why throbs my heart so turbulently strong,
 Pain'd at thy presence, thro' redundant joy,
 Like a poor miser, beggar'd by his store ?

Erix. Demetrius, joy and sorrow dwell too near.

Dem. Talk not of sorrow, lest the gods resent,
 As under-priz'd, so loud a call to joy.
 I live, I love, am lov'd, I have her here !
 Rapture in present, and in prospect, more !
 No rival, no destroyer, no despair ;
 For jealousies, for partings, groans, and death,
 A train of joys, the gods alone can name !
 When Heav'n descends in blessings so profuse,
 So sudden, so surpassing hope's extreme,
 Like the sun bursting from the midnight gloom,
 'Tis impious to be niggards in delight ;
 Joy becomes duty ; Heav'n calls for some excess,
 And transport flames our incense to the skies.

Erix. Transport how dreadful !

Dem. Turns Erixene ?

Can she not bear the sun-shine of our fate ?
 Meridian happiness is pour'd around us ;
 And laughing loves descend in swarms upon us ;

And

And where we tread is an eternal spring.
By Heav'n, I almost pity guilty Perseus
For such a loss.

Erix. That stabs me thro' and thro' !

Dem. What stabs thee ?—Speak. Have I then lost thy
love ?

Erix. To my confusion be it spoke——'Tis thine.

Dem. To thy confusion ! Is it then a crime ?

You heard how dying Dymas clear'd my fame.

Erix. I heard, and trembled ; heard, and ran distracted.

Dem. Astonishment !

Erix. I've nothing else to give thee.

*[He retires in astonishment, she in agony, and both are
silent for some time.]*

He is struck dumb ; nor can I speak ;—yet must I.

I tremble on the brink ; yet must plunge in.

Know, my Demetrius, joys are for the gods ;

Man's common course of nature is distress :

His joys are prodigies ; and like them too,

Portend approaching ill. The wise man starts,

And trembles at the perils of a bliss.

To hope, how bold ? How daring to be fond,

When, what our fondness grasps, is not immortal ?—

I will presume on thy known, steady virtue,

And treat thee like a man ; I will, Demetrius ;

Nor longer in my bosom hide a brand,

That burns unseen, and drinks my vital blood.

Dem. What mystery ? *[Here a second pause in both.]*

Erix. The blackest.

Dem. How every terror doubles in the dark !

Why muffled up in silence stands my fate ?

This horrid spectre let me see at once,

And shew if I'm a man.

Erix. It calls for more.

Dem. It calls for me then ; love has made me more.

Erix. Oh, fortify thy soul with more than love ;

To hear, what heard, thou'lt curse the tongue that tells

Dem. Curse whom ? Curse thee !

[Thee.]

Erix. Yes, from thy inmost soul.

Why dost thou lift thine eyes and hands to Heav'n ?

The pow'rs most conscious of this deed, reside

In darkness, howl below in raging fires,

Where

Where pangs like mine corrode them. Thence arise
 Black gods of execration and despair !
 'Thro' dreadful earthquakes cleave your upward way,
 While nature shakes, and vapours blot the sun ;
 Then thro' those horrors in loud groans proclaim,
 That I am——

Dem. What ?—I'll have it, tho' it blast me.

Erix. Thus then in thunder—I am Perseus' wife.

[*Demetrius falls against the Scene. After a pause,*

Dem. In thunder ! No ; that had not struck so deep.
 What tempest e'er discharg'd so fierce a fire ?
 Calm and deliberate anguish feeds upon me.
 Each thought sent out for help brings in new woe.
 Where shall I turn ? Where fly ? To whom but thee ?

[*Kneeling.*

Tremendous Jove ! whom mortals will not know
 From blessings, but compel to be severe.
 I feel thy vengeance, and adore thy power.
 I see my failings, and absolve thy rage.
 But, Oh ! I must perceive the load that's on me ;
 I can't but tremble underneath the stroke.
 Aid me to bear !—But since it can't be borne,
 Oh, let thy mercy burst in flames upon me !
 Thy triple bolt is healing balm to this.
 This pain unfelt, unfancy'd by the wretch,
 The groaning wretch, that on the wheel expires.

Erix. Why did I tell thee ?

Dem. Why commit a deed

Too shocking to be told ? What fumes of hell
 Flew to thy brain ? What fiend the crime inspir'd ?

Erix. Perseus, last night, as soon as thou wast fled,
 At that dead hour, when good men are at rest,
 When every crime and horror is abroad,
 Graves yawn, fiends yell, wolves howl, and ravens scream ;
 Than ravens, wolves, or fiends more fatal far ;
 To me he came, and threw him at my feet,
 And wept, and swore, unless I gave consent
 To call a priest that moment, all was ruin'd.
 That the next day Demetrius and his powers
 Might conquer, he lose me, and I my crown,
 Confer'd by Philip but on Perseus' wife.
 I started, trembled, fainted ; he invades

M.

My half-recover'd strength, brib'd priests conspire,
 All urg'd my vow, all seiz'd my raviſh'd hand,
 Invoke the gods, run o'er the haſty rite ;
 While each ill omen of the ſky flew o'er us,
 And furies howl'd our nuptial ſong below.—
 Can'ſt thou forgive ?

Dem. By all the flames of love,
 And torments of deſpair, I never can.
 The furies toſs their torches from thy hand,
 And all their adders hiſs around thy head.
 I'll ſee thy face no more.

Erix. Thy rage is juſt.
 Yet ſtay and hear me. [*She kneels and holds him.*]

Dem. I have heard too much. [*me !*]

Erix. 'Till thou haſt heard the whole, O do not curſe

Dem. Where can I find a curſe to reach thy crime ?

Erix. Mercy ! [*Weeping.*]

Dem. [*Aſide.*] Her tears, like drops of molten lead,
 With torment burn their paſſage to my heart.
 And yet ſuch violation of her vows——

Erix. Mercy !

Dem. Perſeus—— [*Stamping.*]

Erix. Stamp 'till the centre ſhakes,
 So black a dæmon ſhalt thou never raiſe.
 Perſeus ! Can'ſt thou abhor him more than I ?
 Hell has its furies, Perſeus has his love,
 And, Oh ! Demetrius his eternal hate.

Dem. Eternal ! Yes, eternal and eternal ;
 As deep, and everlaſting as my pain.

Erix. Some god deſcend and ſooth his ſoul to peace !

Dem. Talk'ſt thou of peace ! what peace haſt thou be-
 A brain diſtracted, and a broken heart. [*ſtow'd ?*]

'Talk'ſt thou of peace ? Hark, hark, thy huſband calls,
 His father's rebel ! Brother's murderer !
 Nature's abhorrence, and thy lawful lord !
 Fly, my kind patroness, and in his boſom
 Conſult my peace.

Erix. I never ſhall be there.
 My lord ! my life !

Dem. How ſay'ſt ? Is Perſeus here ?——
 Fly, fly ! away, away ; 'tis death ! 'tis inceſt !

[*Starting wide, and looking round him.*]
 Dar'ſt

Dar'st thou to touch Demetrius ? Dar'st thou touch him,
Even with thine eye ?

[*As he is going, she lays hold of his robe.*]

Erix. I dare—and more, dare seize,
And fix him here : no doubt to thy surprize——
I'm blemish'd, not abandon'd ; honour still
Is sacred in my sight. Thou call'st it incest ;
'Tis innocence, 'tis virtue ; if there's virtue
In fixt, inviolable strength of love.
For know, the moment the dark deed was done ;
The moment madness made me Perseus' wife,
I seiz'd this friend, and lodg'd him in my bosom.

[*Shewing a dagger.*]

Firmly resolv'd I never would be more :
And now I fling me at thy feet, imploring
Thy steadier hand to guide him to my heart.
Who wed in vengeance, wed not but to die.

' *Dem.* Has Perseus then an hymeneal claim ?
' And no divorce, but death ?—and death from me,
' Who should defend thee from the world in arms ?
' O thou still excellent ! still most belov'd !

' *Erix.* Life is the foe that parts us ; death a friend,
' All knots dissolving, joins us ; and for ever.
' Why so disorder'd ? Wherefore shakes thy frame ?
' Look on me ; do I tremble ? Am I pale ?
' When I let loose a sigh, I'll pardon thine.
' Take my example, and be bravely wretched :
' True grandeur rises from surmounted ills ;
' The wretched only can be truly great.
' If not in kindness, yet in vengeance strike ;
' 'Tis not Erixene, 'tis Perseus' wife.
' Thou'lt not resign me ?

' *Dem.* Not to Jove.'

Erix. Then strike.

Dem. How can I strike ? [*Gazing on her with astonishment.*]
Stab in the face of Heav'n ?

How can I strike ? Yet how can I forbear ?
I feel a thousand deaths debating one.

' A deity stands guard on every charm,
' And strikes at me.

' *Erix.* As will thy brother soon :
' He's now in arms, and may be here this hour.

No.

- ‘ Nothing so cruel as too soft a soul ;
- ‘ This is strange tenderness that breaks my heart,
- ‘ Strange tenderness that dooms to double death :
- ‘ To Perseus.
- ‘ *Dem.* True—But how to shun that horror ?
- ‘ By wounding thee, whom savage pards would spare ?
- ‘ My heart’s inhabitant ! my soul’s ambition !
- ‘ By wounding thee, and bathing in thy blood ;
- ‘ That blood illustrious, thro’ a radiant race
- ‘ Of kings and heroes, rolling down from gods !
- ‘ *Erix.* Heroes and kings, and gods themselves, must
[yield
- ‘ To dire necessity.
- ‘ *Dem.* Since that absolves me,
- ‘ Stand firm and fair.
- ‘ *Erix.* My bosom meets the point,
- ‘ Than Perseus far more welcome to my breast.
- ‘ *Dem.* Necessity, for gods themselves too strong,
- ‘ Is weaker than thy charms. [Drops the dagger.
- ‘ *Erix.* Oh, my Demetrius !
[Turns, and goes to the farther part of the stage.
- ‘ *Dem.* Oh, my Erixene ! [Both silent, weep, and tremble.
- ‘ *Erix.* Farewel ! [Going.
- ‘ *Dem.* Where goest ? [Passionately seizing her.
- ‘ *Erix.* To seek a friend.
- ‘ *Dem.* He’s here.
- ‘ *Erix.* Yes, Perseus’ friend——
- ‘ Earth, open and receive me.
- ‘ *Dem.* Heav’n strike us dead,
- ‘ And save me from a double suicide,
- ‘ And one of tenfold death.—— O Jove ! O Jove !
[Falling on his knees.
- ‘ But I’m distracted. [Suddenly starting up.
- ‘ What can Jove ? Why pray ?
- ‘ What can I pray for ?
- ‘ *Erix.* For a heart.
- ‘ *Dem.* Yes, one
- ‘ That cannot feel. Mine bleeds at every vein.
- ‘ Who never lov’d, ne’er suffer’d ; he feels nothing,
- ‘ Who nothing feels but for himself alone ;
- ‘ And when we feel for others, reason reels,
- ‘ O’erloaded, from her path, and man runs mad.
- ‘ As love alone can exquisitely blefs,

‘ Love

- * Love only feels the marvellous of pain ;
- * Opens new veins of torture in the soul,
- * And wakes the nerve where agonies are born.
- * E'en Dymas, Perseus, (hearts of adamant !)
- * Might weep these torments of their mortal foe.'

Erix. ' Shall I be less compassionate than they ?'

[*Takes up the dagger.*

What love deny'd, thine agonies have done ;

[*Stabs herself.*

Demetrius' sigh outstrings the dart of death.

Enter the King, &c.

King. Give my Demetrius to my arms ; I call him
To life from death, to transport from despair.

Dem. See Perseus' wife ! [*Pointing to Erix.*] let De-
lia tell the rest.

King. My grief-accustom'd heart can guess too well.

Dem. That fight turns all to guilt, but tears and death.

King. Death ! Who shall quell false Perseus, now in
Who pour my tempest on the capitol ? [arms ?

How shall I sweeten life to thy sad spirit ?——

I'll quit my throne this hour, and thou shalt reign.

Dem. You recommend that death you would dissuade ;
Ennobled thus by fame and empire lost,
As well as life !——Small sacrifice to love.

[*Going to stab himself, the King runs to prevent him,
but too late.*

King. Ah, hold ! nor strike thy dagger thro' my heart !

Dem. 'Tis my first disobedience, and my last. [*Falls.*

King. There Philip fell ! There Macedon expir'd !
I see the Roman eagle hovering o'er us,
And the shaft broke, should bring her to the ground.

[*Pointing to Dem.*

Dem. Hear, good Antigonus, my last request.
Tell Perseus, if he'll sheath his impious sword
Drawn on his father, I'll forgive him all ;
Tho' poor Erixene lies bleeding by.
Her blood cries vengeance.—But my father's peace——

[*Dies.*

King. As much his goodness wounds me, as his death.
* What then are both ?——O, Philip, once renown'd !
* Where is the pride of Greece, the dread of Rome,
* The theme of Athens, the wide world's example,

F

* And

* And the god Alexander's rival now ?
 * E'en at the foot of fortune's precipice,
 * Where the slave's sigh wafts pity to the prince,
 * And his omnipotence cries out for more.
 ' *Ant.* As the swoln column of ascending smoke,
 * So solid swells thy grandeur, pigmy man !
 ' *King.* My life's deep tragedy was plann'd with art,
 From scene to scene advancing in distress,
 Thro' a sad series, to this dire result ;
 As if the Thracian queen conducted all,
 And wrote the moral in her children's blood ;
 (Which seas might labour to wash out in vain.)
 Hear it, ye nations ! distant ages, hear ;
 And learn the dread decrees of Jove to fear :
 His dread decrees the strictest balance keep ;
 The father groans, who made a mother weep ;
 But if no terror for yourselves can move,
 Tremble, ye parents, for the child ye love ;
 For your Demetrius : Mine is doom'd to bleed,
 A guiltless victim for his father's deed. [*Exeunt.*

END of the FIFTH ACT.



AN HISTORICAL EPILOGUE.

AN Epilogue, thro' custom, is your right,
But ne'er perhaps was needful till this night ;
To-night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies,
Guilt's dreadful close our narrow scene denies.
In history's authentic record read
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' shade :
Vengeance so great, that when his tale is told,
With pity some, even Perseus may behold.
Perseus surviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne ;
But ceaseless cares, in conquest made him groan.
Nor reign'd he long ; from Rome swift thunder flew,
And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw :
Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,
For this night's deed, his perjur'd bosom bled.
His brother's ghost each moment made him start,
And all his father's anguish rent his heart.
When rob'd in black his children round him hung,
And their rais'd arms in early sorrow wrung ;
The younger smil'd, unconscious of their woe ;
At which thy tears, O Rome ! began to flow,
So sad the scene : what then must Perseus feel,
To see Jove's race attend the victor's wheel :
To see the slaves of his worst foe encrease,
From such a source !—An emperor's embrace.
He sicken'd soon to death, and, what is worse,
He well deserv'd, and felt the coward's curse ;
Unpity'd, scorn'd, insulted his last hour,
Far, far from home, and in a vassal's power.
His pale cheek rested on his shameful chain,
No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign.
No suit retards, no comfort soothes his doom,
And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
Nor ends it thus—dire Vengeance to compleat,
His ancient empire falling, shares his fate.
His throne forgot ! His weeping country chain'd !
And nations ask—Where Alexander reign'd.
As public woes a prince's crimes pursue,
So, public blessings are his virtue's due.
Shout, Britons, shout ! Auspicious fortune blest !
And cry, Long live—our title to success !



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