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Roberts del.

Published for Balls Bridge Theatre April 7<sup>th</sup> 1778.Thornthwaite Sculp<sup>t</sup>

*M<sup>rs</sup> HARTLEY in the Character of ELVIRA.  
Were those of Duty, S<sup>r</sup> he is my Husband.*



BELL'S EDITION.



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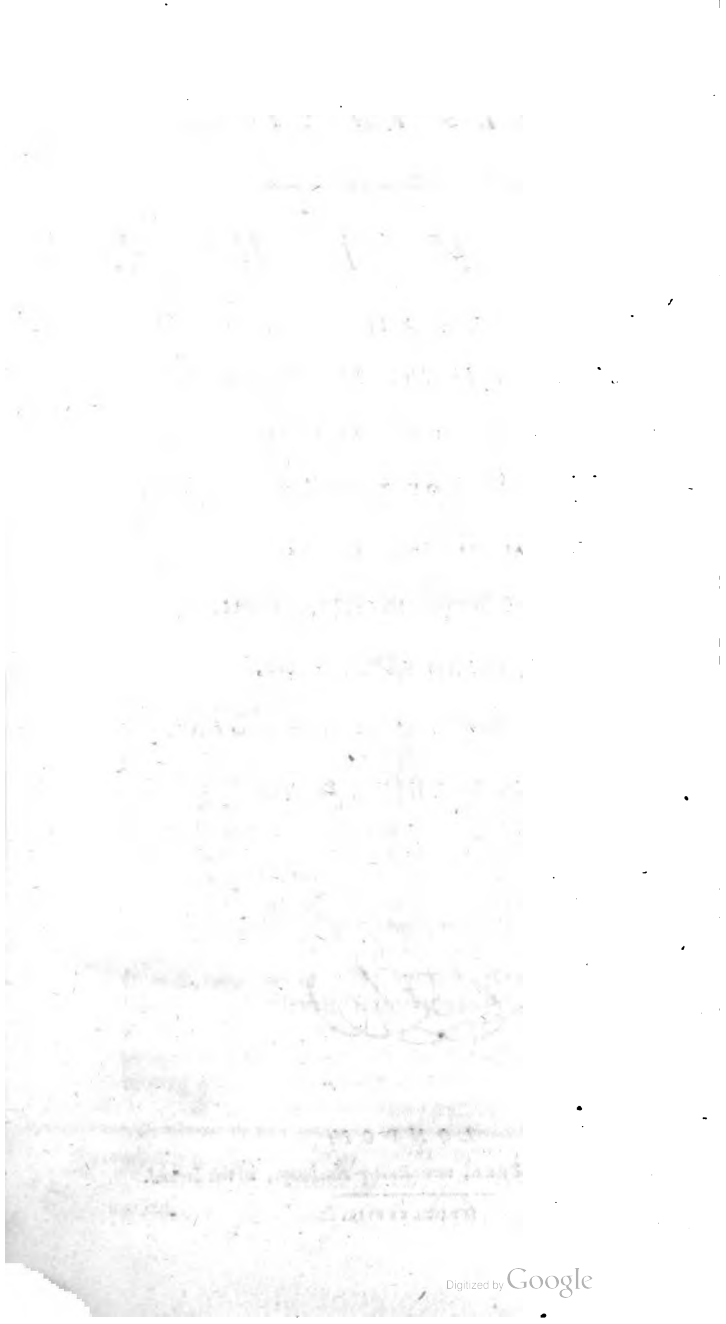


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MDCCLXXVIII.







TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

EARL OF BUTE.

MY LORD,

**A**S the performance I here offer to the public, under the sanction of your name, bears no immediate relation to public affairs, this address is more properly to the private nobleman than to the minister of state. To one, who in the former character has distinguished himself through the whole course of an unblameable life as a friend to all the liberal arts, and whose love of them has arisen from his being able to taste their genuine beauties, and to discern their real utility. The more useful have been the employment of his serious hours, the more ornamental the amusement of his leisure; and those who cultivated either with any degree of sufficiency, have ever found in him a patron as well as a judge. I wish, for the honour of my country, that this praise were not, almost exclusively, his own.

But while I do this scanty justice to the man, I must appear insensible to the welfare of Britain, I had almost said to the general interests of humanity, if I omitted all mention of the minister for services of another importance, and which have the happiness of a whole people for their aim.

The best and most amiable of princes has ardently desired that this long and consuming tho' successful war might be terminated by such a peace as should leave his domi-



nions secure and great and flourishing; and to render this his paternal care of us effectual has been the first object of your Lordship's ministry. Yet in a government constituted as ours is, where every member of the community may freely discover his sentiments, and where a diversity of interests will set the same object in different, perhaps in contrary, lights; an opposition both to ministers and measures may be the immediate consequence. Indeed a dislike, real or pretended, of the former, has ever, in the common course of things, produced opposition to the latter. But the good sense of the nation in general, assisted by the moderation of such individuals as think largely, and embrace in one comprehensive view the present and future interests of their country, must gradually allay the heats that never fail to arise on such occasions. And our posterity will look back with admiration and gratitude to the year seventeen hundred and sixty-two, as to the brightest period of British glory! In the mean while, my Lord, the *mens sibi conscia recti* will be your present reward; and to certain men, for they appear among us but seldom, it is the noblest and most valuable. To such men there is something beyond wealth and titles and power, which no popularity can give, no temporary want of it can destroy. I am, my Lord, with the highest regard,

Your Lordship's

most faithful

humble servant,

D. MALLET.

PRO.



## P R O L O G U E.

*WAR* is no more ; those thunders cease to roll,  
 That lately shook the globe from pole to pole ;  
 When Britain fought and triumph'd o'er her foe  
 Wherever winds can waft or waters flow.  
 She, and she only could, bade discord cease,  
 And, having humbled, gave the nations peace.  
 May its wish'd influence thro' this favour'd isle,  
 On every brow, in every bosom, smile !  
 'Twas union made her queen of land and main,  
 'Tis that alone her triumphs can maintain ;  
 Improve those blessings, arts will now adorn,  
 And send them safe to Britons yet unborn.

Oh, might no other strife your hearts divide,  
 Than how a culprit-author should be try'd !  
 Ours, whom no mean, no partial interest moves,  
 Would be the victim of that peace he loves.  
 Yet why this fear ? Good-nature is your boast,  
 And who most want it, ever feel it most.  
 Abroad you knew to conquer and to spare ;  
 And, as your cause, your conduct too was fair :  
 Then what you gave so nobly to the foe,  
 At home and to a friend you sure will shew.

His scenes to-night no feign'd adventure bring ;  
 If tears shall flow, from real ills they spring.  
 What Lisbon trembling saw and truly mourn'd,  
 What her first muse in epic strains adorn'd,  
 What Paris next bedew'd with copious tears,  
 Now to the sons of Britain late appears.  
 To you, wherever truth and nature reign,  
 And terror shakes, and pity melts the strain ;  
 Wherever these declare the genuine bard,  
 Your warm applauses are his sure reward :  
 Then while such judges strike our author's view,  
 His fears are from himself, and not from you.



# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
<i>Don Alonzo IV.</i> King of Portugal,	Mr. Garrick.
<i>Don Pedro,</i> his son,	Mr. Holland.
<i>Don Rodrigo,</i> a Prince of the blood,	Mr. Packer.
<i>Don Alvarez,</i> a Grandee of Portugal,	Mr. Love.
<i>Mendoza,</i>	Mr. Castle.
<i>Ramirez,</i>	Mr. Ackman.

## W O M E N.

<i>The Queen,</i>	Mrs. Pritchard.
<i>Almeyda,</i> her daughter,	Miss Bride.
<i>Elvira,</i> Maid of Honour to the Queen,	Miss Younge.

An Ambassador from the King of Castile.

Courtiers, Guards, Attendants.

SCENE, the Palace of Alonzo.

ELVIRA;



## E L V I R A.

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

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## A C T I.

*Enter Rodrigo and Alvarez.*

ALVAREZ.

**H**EALTH to your Highness !

*Rod.* Brave Alvarez, welcome !

This long-expected, this auspicious morn,  
Will see confirm'd the league of amity  
Betwixt Castile and Portugal. You time  
Your wish'd arrival well, to be at once  
The witness and partaker of our joy.

*Alv.* My absence, and th' unceasing cares of war  
On Afric's plains, against her swarthy sons,  
Where, till Don Pedro, our brave prince, return'd,  
The chief command was mine ; that tedious absence  
Has left me ignorant, or ill-inform'd,  
Of most particulars.

*Rod.* Then, know, my Lord,  
Our present queen, the mother of Almeyda,  
Brought with her from Castile that blooming princess,  
The wish of all beholders ! And, no doubt,  
You must have often heard her lover's voice  
Most lavish in the praises of the fair-one  
Whom he this day espouses, and in her  
Whate'er is excellent or lovely.

*Alv.*



*Alv.* Never.

Don Pedro, with that chaste reserve and caution  
Which would become the coldest virgin's fear,  
Ev'n on a theme so pleasing still was silent,  
Or only when alone indulg'd his rapture.

*Rod.* So cold a lover, and so warm a hero,  
Are contraries that seldom blend in youth.  
'Tis most suprising! for, as we have heard,  
His heat of valour is a rapid flame,  
Encreasing as it spreads——

*Alv.* And yet his prudence,  
Serenely cool, keeps measure with his fire.  
Had you, in this last battle with the Moors,  
Had you beheld the mutual poise of each,  
As either was call'd forth by fair occasion,  
Your praises would be transport—But proceed.

*Rod.* The sum of all is this. To-day he weds  
The bright Castilian princess, and this hour  
Her brother Ferdinand's ambassador  
Has audience of our king——

[Trumpet sounds.

*Alv.* That trumpet speaks  
The happy moment come. 'May peace, my Lord,  
'A long, a glorious peace, be the fair issue!'

[Trumpets sound again.

*Enter Alonzo, the Queen, Elvira, and Courtiers.*

*Alon.* The heavens, my Queen, look smilingly upon  
As pleas'd to see thus solemnly secur'd [us,  
The league that joins your Ferdinand to me  
In one true bond of love——Where is my son?  
Not follow us!

*Rod.* His modest fear avoids  
To be the hearer of his own just praise.

*Alon.* Such fear, attendant on successful arms,  
Becomes the brave, and most of all in youth;  
'Tis then the nobler conquest. Gentle cousin,  
The ties of blood have made his glory yours;  
I know they have, Rodrigo. You, Alvarez,  
Were partner of his day; you nobly fought  
And conquer'd with him. Both of you must share  
The joy sincere that swells a father's bosom,  
Made young again and blooming in a son.

*Enter*



# ELVIRA

*Enter Ramirez.*

*Ram.* The ambassador of Spain, my Lord——

*Alon.* 'Tis well.

Conduct him hither.

*[The King ascends his throne, placing the Queen on his left.*

*The Ambassador and his train enter and range themselves.*

*Amb.* Sir, my royal master,

Don Ferdinand, by his ambassador,

Thus speaks the true fraternal part he takes

In your full joy. He holds himself most happy

That his lov'd parent shares a throne with you,

And that his sister, his Almeyda, weds

So great a monarch's heir, and who renews

The virtues of his race. Don Pedro's fame

Spreads not o'er Portugal more welcome beams

Than o'er our friendly Spain: and you enjoy

The bliss supreme that noblest minds taste deepest,

A son that loves the fire he emulates.

Yes, you have seen him, from his earliest youth,

Pursue the path your valour trod before

To conquest and renown. Your arm, by him,

Has oft been felt in Afric, oft has shook

Her strongest forts, her deepest squadrons pierc'd,

And now, ev'n now, of laurels fairly won

A mighty harvest reap'd. Your interests, Sir,

Are link'd with ours by bonds of mutual friendship;

And where allies are mutual in their love,

The happiness is common. Our Castile,

Itself triumphant, triumphs too with you.

*Alon.* Your sovereign is the partner of my heart.

His mother, now my queen, and who adorns

The seat she fills, has made our nations one;

And that same treaty which declar'd her mine,

Assures Don Pedro to her daughter's arms,

Assures my kingdom's safety; for these nuptials,

Tho' by the guilt of intervening war

Too long delay'd, shall be accomplish'd now,

While to the holy temple Peace and Leisure,

His best attendants, wait in Hymen's train.

Go, bear this message to my brother back,

That all Castile may share the joy it gives.

*[Exit all but Alonzo, the Queen, and Elvira.]*

Yes,



Yes, Madam, your lov'd daughter soon shall see  
This happy union fix her future fate.

*Qu.* I could have wish'd the same propitious morn  
That join'd our hands, had seen compleated too  
Their plighted vows.

*Alon.* It was my fondest aim.  
But could a father's love to such a son  
Deny what his impatient courage urg'd,  
Some short delay, some respite, till his arm,  
By deeds of noble daring, should have earn'd  
The blessing he aspir'd to.

*Qu.* Yet, my Lord——

*Alon.* I plac'd myself the sword within his hand,  
And whetted his young spirit. Fortune oft  
Companions youth most willingly, and leads  
The nearest road to fame. I then foresaw  
He would be all that I had been before.  
I thenceforth ceas'd to conquer, but by him;  
And, thanks to Heaven! his actions have outgone  
A parent's warmest hope.

*Qu.* To this my heart  
Gives unrestrain'd assent.

*Alon.* 'The Moors you see  
'Reduc'd to the for mercy. Part, in chains,  
'His conquering arm confess, and grace his triumph;  
'The rest, subdu'd by his victorious name,  
'Lie trembling in the depth of distant desarts.'  
To him what glory! what true joy to me!  
I now dare hope he may deserve to wed  
The beauty he desires.

*Qu.* Forgive me, Sir——  
Have you no doubt, no foresight of resistance,  
Nay, of refusal, on the prince's part?  
For me, in spite of all my partial hopes,  
I dread some bar, some obstacle unknown,  
Betwixt us and our wishes.

*Alon.* Whence can rise  
Suspensions so unlikely?

*Qu.* I have mark'd,  
With all a mother's watchfulness of fear,  
His strange demeanour. Gloomy, lost in thought,  
He sees his bride, as if he saw her not.

No



No beam of kindness brightens in his eye,  
No word of tenderness melts from his lip,  
As if nor bloom, nor grace, nor gentle spirit,  
Grew with her opening years.

*Alon.* Th' alarm is vain.

Grant some indulgence to the pride of youth,  
An early hero's ardor, with the blaze  
Of his first conquest dazzled and engag'd.  
A softer passion, doubt it not, will soon  
Dispel that gaudy dream, and leave his breast  
All open to the better bliss that waits him.

*Qu.* And yet my busy fears still whisper to me,  
Why was he absent this distinguish'd day?  
Why with his presence deign'd he not to grace  
My Ferdinand, your brother and ally,  
Here in the person of his minister?  
Should he resist, my Lord——

*Alon.* Resist! Just Heaven!

I shudder at the thought. In such resistance,  
The rebel would at once efface the son.

' Ha! should he push his pride to that extreme,  
' More guilty as the more with glory bright,  
' He then should find that conquest and renown,  
' That even the bonds of nature, cannot free  
' A subject from the laws; that all are light  
' As the blown bubble, weigh'd with a king's honour.

*Qu.* Sir, I would yet advise——

*Alon.* No; a first subject,

' From whose example each descending rank  
' Should learn obedience, is himself most bound.  
' In him resistance would be deepest treason.'

It cannot be, my Queen; turn we our thoughts  
From such forebodings of imagin'd guilt.

I will, this coming moment, to the princess  
Disclose what I have fix'd. That done, the prince  
Shall know my last resolve.

*Qu.* Ah! in what words,  
How will a father speak it?

*Alon.* As his king.

[Exit.

*Qu.* Elvira—you have heard your queen's complaints,  
Have heard too what Alonzo, fix'd as fate,  
And resolutely just, has now determin'd.

The



The fatal secret that alarms us both,  
I think, is in your keeping.

*Elv.* Heaven! in mine!

*Qu.* In yours. Whene'er the prince vouchsafes a visit  
To my poor court, his eyes are ever turn'd,  
Are ever fix'd on you——What should that mean?

*Elv.* Your words amaze me!——

*Qu.* Are Almeyda's charms,  
Whatever Nature's kindest hand can lavish  
On favour'd youth, to justify at full  
A mother's fondness—tell me, are those charms  
Hid but from him, while all beholders else  
Divide with mine the transports they confess?  
They see in her combin'd each brighter grace  
Of look and air, see virtue's fairest stamp  
Upon her brow impress'd, and over all  
And all exalting, modest ignorance  
Of her own worth. And have I yet to fear  
For such a daughter coldness or disdain?

*Elv.* How can you deem the prince so stern of nature,  
That beauty has no power upon his heart?  
No, Madam, he has felt it, and admires  
Its awful influence in Almeyda's eyes.

*Qu.* You know it then?

*Elv.* It is not mine to read  
The secret of his bosom; but he oft,  
With me, confessing her superior charms,  
And that true virtue, lovely as unfeign'd,  
The beam that lights those beauties into blaze,  
Has oft proclaim'd her all your fondness thinks.

*Qu.* And sought out you, and only you, to pour  
His amorous rapture in your willing ear?  
Indeed!—Elvira—tremble!—You but pull  
Destruction on your head—yes, sure destruction,  
By daring to deceive me. No, no, her,  
When you are by, his theme is not Almeyda.  
Of you he talks.

*Elv.* Of me!

*Qu.* Of you alone!  
You either dare to love—or, calm my fears,  
And point me to the bosom I should pierce;  
For here—I here disclose my inmost soul——



She, the rash fair one, who should lift her eyes  
To that forbidden height ; ' should wound my breast,  
' A parent's breast, in its most tender sense,  
' She, the devoted victim of my rage,'  
The wretch, the vain presumer, then should feel  
How far a mother and a queen can punish !

*Elv.* Ye saints and angels !—Madam, let calm reason—

*Qu.* My daughter is to me health, pleasure, fame !  
My sum of good or ill is wrapt in her !  
Mine her affront, her rival too is mine !  
And to revenge her, earth and heaven in vain  
Would bar my way. I am on fire to know  
Where I should strike. Then—mark me—find her out,  
This guilty head—or ruin hangs o'er thine ! [*Exit.*

*Elv.* What have I heard ! If my stun'd ear may credit  
Her direful threats, the tempest is at hand  
That must o'erwhelm us both ! And yet how firm,  
Amid these horrors, would my heart be found,  
If only I stood obvious to the bolt !  
If all my fears were for myself alone !

*Enter Don Pedro and Ramirez.*

*Don Ped.* Elvira ! my soul's happiness—

*Elv.* Ah ! Prince !

I have to tell—O heaven !—But look that none,  
No eye may here surprize us.

*Don Ped.* You, Ramirez,  
Will watch without. Now, in the name of love,  
What mean these streaming eyes ? this face o'ercast  
With dark despair ? Speak, save me from my fears.  
Suspence is torture !

*Elv.* And discovery, death !  
My Lord ! my husband ! now the hour is come,  
The fatal moment my sad thought presag'd !  
Even at the sacred altar, when our hearts  
Were wedded with our hands, even then I fear'd it—  
O, were the threaten'd ruin all my own !

*Don Ped.* Our fate is one ; our happiness or woe  
Inseparably link'd—But whence, my love,  
This deep alarm ?

*Elv.* Your marriage with the Princess—  
O thence it springs ! Alonzo too has nam'd  
Th' approaching hour to tell you, it is fix'd !

B

Yet



Yet more, th' offended Queen suspects our loves !  
 Had you beheld the rage to which her soul  
 Abandons all its faculties !——And now,  
 Made furious by despair, to what a height  
 Will jealousy transport her, when its eye,  
 In this suspected mistress, finds a wife !

*Don Ped.* Yet calm thy fears. Since on Don Pedro's  
 Depends the sacred charge of saving thee, [faith  
 His sum of bliss ! what anger, whose revenge  
 Should wake such tempest in Elvira's bosom ?

*Elw.* Prince, judge more nobly of me. This alarm  
 Is all for him, whose every pain is mine.  
 My dangers touch me, but as your distress ;  
 As they must wound—for Oh, too sure they will !  
 Thy generous breast. And it will witness for me,  
 The splendor of a crown, that worship'd sun  
 Of vulgar eyes, could never dazzle mine :  
 For when I dar'd, in giving you my hand,  
 To violate the law, the rigid law,  
 That makes a marriage, such as mine, rebellion ;  
 I came the willing victim of your love,  
 Resign'd, devoted to whatever fate  
 Heaven may reserve for either !

*Don Ped.* Yes, Elvira,  
 Thy generous virtue was the charm supreme  
 That made me first, and binds me thine for ever !

*Elw.* Nor do I now repent me. No, my Lord :  
 Even on the scaffold, at the lifted ax  
 My heart could smile ; remembering it had once,  
 By being yours, brought happiness to both.

*Don Ped.* The same bright flame, which angels might  
 Inspires thy lover's breast—for such I am, [avow,  
 Such will to death be found. The name of wife,  
 While it refines this passion, makes it duty :  
 And if I needs must tremble for thy days,  
 All other names, however holy deem'd,  
 Son, subject, father, king, are light as air,  
 When in the balance laid to counterpoise  
 Those, still more sacred, that connubial love  
 Has rais'd, has sanctify'd——

*Elw.* My soul shrinks back  
 With horror from these transports. O remember,  
 When



When Hymen's secret rite first join'd our hands,  
Remember what my tenderness exacted,  
And what your vows assur'd me—still to hold.  
Elvira dear; but still, as death, to shun  
The crime of civil war! and O what doom,  
What fate soever heaven may have in store  
For her you honour'd, never to forget,  
Your father is your sovereign!

*Don Ped.* By the Power,  
Whose primal law has made our being one!  
No promises shall stay a husband's arm  
From sheltering thee. There is on earth no claim,  
No tie of duty strong enough to hold  
My fierce impatience. 'Thou to me art all,

'Faith, virtue, honour: or these shadowy names  
'All vanish at the brightness of thine eye!

'*Elv.* My Lord, I must not hear you——

'*Don Ped.* Then—retire:

'Fly, if it must be, this tumultuous court,  
'This scene of storm and danger. To the shade;  
'To that sweet solitude where first our loves  
'Were ratify'd and blest, where calm content  
'And true repose have fix'd their soft abode,  
'Return, Elvira: safety there awaits thee.

'*Elv.* O dear remember'd scene! O hours of peace  
'That are no more! Beneath its pensive pines,  
'And by the murmurs of its mazy stream  
'That breath'd out freshness on our secret walk,  
'The morn arose, the peaceful evening clos'd  
'On our united hearts! All fear was far,  
'All jealousy of courts; for Love himself  
'Stood guardian of the shade!

'*Don Ped.* No more, no more:

'These thoughts but soothe, but soften both to weakness.  
For me no colour of delay remains.  
I know Alonzo well; his eye severe,  
His breast inflexible: and I this hour  
Must meet their utmost terror. Then the Queen——  
Should her unsleeping jealousy at last  
Surprize the dangerous secret of our loves,  
The King, most sure, to her insulted pride,  
And to the voice of justice, would give up



Elvira's head— O fly, and guard my soul  
From this distracting fear !

*Elv.* It must not be.

For me to fly at present would be fatal :  
At once disclosing what with all our care  
We should conceal. 'Tis safer to remain ;  
To guide our steps with prudence, and our breasts  
With firmness arm. From this alarming hour,  
We meet no more—and is it I, O heaven !  
Who give the hard advice?—no more exchange  
A look, a smile, where other eyes are present ;  
For all around are hostile !

*Don Ped.* Be it so.

I go resolved—But, O my soul's best treasure !  
O'er every motion, every look and word,  
Let close-ey'd Caution watch.

*Elv.* Alas, my Lord !

All that a woman's feeble reason can,  
Elvira will attempt. Ye pitying powers,  
Who see with what reluctance from his sight  
I turn my parting steps, around his head  
Spread your protecting wings ! for Oh ! who knows  
What can assure us, but we both receive,  
And both an everlasting farewell give !

END of the FIRST ACT.

## A C T II.

*Enter Alonzo and Almeyda.*

ALONZO.

NO more, Almeyda.

*Alm.* Then I hop'd in vain  
To touch a king, in whom my heart reveres  
A second father? Yet, a while delay  
This promis'd union of your son and me,  
Till he himself with fond impatience chides

The



The tardy hours, and presses to be mine.  
It most becomes us both.

*Alon.* It suits at least  
The conscious pride that dignifies your sex.  
More nicely fram'd, more delicately coy,  
Than grosser man, such chaste reserve, that spreads  
New brightness o'er your charms, exalts them too.  
Complaint, on such a theme, would ill beseem  
A virgin's mouth. I know it: and the less  
You urge my promise, a king's honour given,  
Exacts, with stricter care, its full performance.  
My orders are already sent.

*Alm.* O Sir,  
If my true cares, by all a daughter's duty  
To merit your esteem, can have inspir'd  
Alonzo's least regard; and if amidst  
A kingdom's high concerns, you deign a thought  
On what may stain Almeyda's life with shame,  
Or make it bright and happy! yet recall  
Those orders: yet suspend——

*Alon.* Your words amaze me!  
I in my turn, am left in equal doubt;  
Nor know I what this strange reluctance means.  
My son! Don Pedro!——is he to your thoughts  
An object of such horror! 'Why this dread  
'Of calling me your father?' Must I think  
Contempt of him——

*Alm.* Contempt? Alas, my Lord,  
Could he deserve it, did my reason judge him  
Less worthy of the blood from whence he springs;  
I then,—O Sir!—I then might wait his pleasure,  
With less emotion trembling at this heart.  
To you I dare disclose its inmost weakness,  
Tho' shame arises blushing to forbid me——  
Then know—because I love—I dread his answer!  
Yes, from the moment I beheld him first,  
A sudden softness, to myself unknown,  
Sprung in my bosom; charm'd at once and pain'd me  
With all the mingled war of love and doubt;  
And gave me soon——alas! too soon to know,  
Almeyda's future fate was in his power!  
And——if I miss'd his heart——

B. 3.

*Alon.*



*Alon.* Proceed, fair princess.

The blush that reddens there is virtue's colour :  
Her chaste hand spreads it. But proceed unmov'd :  
And be assur'd a parent's kindest ear  
Is open to your tale.

*Alm.* I need not say

How, with his rising fame, my passion grew.  
'Twas glory fed it: and each added conquest,  
Like heaven's kind dew upon th' unfolding rose,  
Nurs'd the new blossom into strength and beauty.  
But, more unhappy as more fondly his,  
The cold that hangs on his constrain'd address  
Is winter here, and withers all my hopes!  
Hence grows, my Lord, the backwardness you blame :  
Permit it to my sex, till ripening time  
Shall warm his bosom into mutual softness.

*Alon.* Daughter!—for that dear name is justly due.  
To such exalted openness of heart,  
True honour's fair companion——trust to me ;  
Rely on all a father's love. I feel,  
Yes, feel already every soft emotion  
These tender names convey. Let not a dream,  
A distant doubt of ills impossible  
Alarm that gentle bosom. No, Almeysda !  
When you shall learn, as instantly you may,  
Not his obedience only, but his love,  
Your fears will fly before them.

*Enter Ramirez.*

*Ram.* Sir, the Prince  
Attends your pleasure.

*Alm.* Ah ! I must be gone :  
But if my tears have influence——

*Alon.* Go, my daughter,  
And on my love repose your every care *[Exit Alm.]*

*Enter Don Pedro.*

*Alon.* *[Sits.]* My subjects, Prince, the triumphs of your-  
Have oft beheld, oft hail'd with loud applause ; *[sword*  
Alonzo too has felt a parent's share  
Of joy in theirs. The time is come at last  
For other festivals, the gentler triumphs  
That wait on love and hymeneal rites.  
These are the honours that can best reward

The



The warrior's glorious toils: and much it moves  
My wonder, Prince, that I, who ought to find  
In your impatience all a lover's ardor,  
Must here advise, nay must impose, obedience!

*Don Ped.* Sir, from a father's kindness I had hop'd  
Commands less rigid, less severely urg'd:  
And that his love would in my silence read,  
What filial reverence stifles on my tongue.  
Ah, Sir! recall this harsh command.

*Alon.* Recall it!

By heaven, this rude demeanour, should I give  
The rein to my just wrath, might cost thee dear——  
Nor think thy blindness to Almeyda's worth,  
This savageness of soul by love unsoften'd,  
Thy sole offence.

*Don Ped.* Alas! what else can stir  
My sovereign's anger?

*Alon.* A King's word is past!  
Alonzo's word and oath! the league too seal'd  
And ratify'd, on this express condition!

*Don Ped.* And yet, Don Pedro's heart——

*Alon.* Ha! canst thou dream,  
The nuptials of a prince, those general ties  
On which depend the peace and bliss of millions,  
Are bound with flowery bands which fancy twists  
With idle fingers? twists for those alone,  
Th' inferior herd, who live but for themselves?  
Far other maxims guide the royal choice,  
More noble, more exalted. 'Not enslav'd  
'By vulgar forms,' the common good decides  
A prince's fate: and, where his people's welfare  
Directs his judgment, there he gives his hand.

*Don Ped.* Then—in the dearest interest of our heart,  
Its truest bliss or its severest woe,  
The heart itself has no election left!  
This would be binding hard, nay rivetting;  
Those artificial chains, which craft of state  
First forg'd, and vanity still deigns to wear.  
Yet nature has her claims, her elder rights,  
More holy, more inviolably binding.  
Are these extinguish'd only to the wretch,

Who.



Who nearest to a throne, is most a slave?  
The lowest slave——

*Alon.* What mean'st thou? Whither tends  
This raving talk?

*Don Ped.* Yes, here the cottage-hind,  
Burnt by the beam or shivering in the shade,  
Smote by the sore vicissitude thro' life  
Of cold, heat, hunger, is a king to him.  
He, with his heart, can freely give his hand:  
Can chuse—Ah, Sir, you tremble with your anger—  
But, at your knees, behold a son with pity!  
O with a father's gracious ear receive  
What now he must unfold!

*Alon.* Thou shalt be heard.  
That justice bids; by whose eternal rule  
All kings should reign. Arise.

*Don Ped.* When first the mother  
Of Ferdinand became your queen, alas!  
You deign'd not, Sir, to read my heart, or know  
The springs that move it; but engag'd your faith,  
And promis'd me at once to his fair sister.

*Alon.* True: and that promise is inviolable.  
What would a king be, where the reverend awe  
That makes his person sacred, should mankind  
Not dare to rest their faith upon his honour?  
Ask thy own bosom.

*Don Ped.* O! I well believe,  
The youth, the beauty of that charming maid  
Left you no doubt of their full influence  
On my touch'd heart: you could not then foresee  
The bar invincible it still opposes——  
I speak it with regret——to this wish'd union.

*Alon.* [*Rising.*] Am I awake?

*Don Ped.* I feel, severely feel,  
Fair as she is, she never can be mine.  
Tho' beauty form'd her in the truest mold;  
Tho' love has added to her blooming youth  
Each winning grace, each air of sweet attraction;  
By all unmov'd, how can I bear the thought  
Of wedding her my heart can never own?  
O! if my soul is precious in your sight,  
If virtuous deeds, inspired by your example,

Have



Have made me not unworthy to be call'd  
 The son of him who most adorns a throne ;  
 To nature's nobler law let those of state  
 For once give place ! and save a breaking heart,  
 That cannot to itself be false or base,  
 My fire and sovereignty ! save it from the crime  
 Of disobedience !

*Alon.* Thou hast said : and still  
 A parent's fondness here is strongly pleading  
 The cause of mercy for thee. Yet, be warn'd ;  
 That parent is thy king ! and all his love  
 Will plead in vain against the voice of duty.  
 ' The sanctity of thrones should be preserv'd,  
 ' Like that of altars, pure ; the faith of leagues,  
 ' Inviolatè, as Heaven's own law supreme.'  
 And wouldst thou, by the breach of ties like ours,  
 Wouldst thou afford to Ferdinand pretence  
 For kindling up, as then he fairly might,  
 The flames of wasteful war,  
 And leave to us the deep, the long remorse  
 Of shedding in a cause unjust and base  
 The blood of thousands ?

*Don Ped.* Can Alonzo fear  
 To light a fire of stubble, which his nod  
 Extinguishes at once ? The laurel in our reach,  
 Why pause to make it ours ? No: rather urge,  
 Invite a foe, your power is sure to crush ;  
 And from the wish'd occasion, add Castile  
 To those late conquests that renown your arms.  
 Let neighbouring nations feel, with dread and reverence,  
 Th' ascendant of your genius: while your son,  
 In such a shining path, shall count it glory  
 With his last blood to seal a father's fame !

*Alon.* This language, Prince, perhaps may well become  
 A hero's mouth, whose business is destruction :  
 But I must act a nobler part—a king's !  
 The father, the preserver of his people !  
 We war for them alone, to make them safer  
 And happier by our triumphs. Other wars,  
 Of mad ambition or of blind revenge,  
 But shame the prince, and curse the land he rules.  
 And may the Nimrods of each blood-stain'd age,  
 Th' ex-



Th' exterminating demons of mankind,  
 Reap horror for their portion! Are we rais'd  
 Alone to conquer? Are mankind but made,  
 That we, as lust or fury drives our will,  
 Should traffic with their blood? We are the guardians  
 Of free-born men, not lords of slavish herds.  
 Upon their bliss is built our truest fame:  
 And when we deviate from that glorious end,  
 We are not kings, but robbers, but assassins.  
 Keep these fair maxims ever in your eye;  
 And when my death shall make this sceptre yours,  
 Remember and fulfil them. Now, Don Pedro,  
 My subject now, submission is thy part.  
 Accquit my promise, make Almeyda thine;  
 For thus, and in one word, thy king commands it.

*Don Ped.* O hear me, and recall the stern command—  
 Ah, then—in one word too—for what I am  
 Permits no more—I cannot.

*Alon.* Ha!

*Enter the Queen and Elvira.*

This rebel  
 Resists me to my face, ' and shews unveil'd  
 ' That unsubmitting pride, which my fond love  
 ' Durst not foresee. By this determin'd insult  
 ' To your Castle,' he covers me and you,  
 And your Almeyda, with one common shame:  
 And doubt I still to punish him?—But, tell me,  
 Say, is there not some partner of his crime,  
 Some dark accomplice, whose pernicious counsel  
 Thus hardens him in guilt?

*Qu.* You see her there,  
 Th' accomplice you would find!

*Alon.* Elvira!

*Elv.* Me!

*Qu.* Drawn from his duty by her feeble charms,  
 Aided, no doubt, with all th' ensnaring skill  
 Of female arts, to this degenerate passion  
 He poorly offers up Almeyda's worth,  
 And feeds a subject's vanity by boasting,  
 How rich a victim bleeds before her shrine!

*Alon.* Amazement! Can it be?

*Qu.*



*Don.* It is not now  
I first discover'd whence his coldness grows.  
Day after day have I beheld his eye  
Of love and softness ever hung on hers :  
Nay, when alone, when I the dreadful truth  
Try'd to explore, the starting tear, that stole  
Down her flush'd cheek, discover'd all I fear'd.  
Even now—I scarce had reach'd my own apartment—  
They met in secret ; and in secret long  
Conversing, parted, each with streaming eyes.  
And see, my Lord, read on their guilty cheeks  
Disorder and alarm !

*Elv.* I am accus'd—  
But 'tis in vain—Suspensions are not proofs—  
Th' imputed crime—

*Don Ped.* Elvira, we are born  
Above dissimulation. Yes—I love ;  
And dare, without a blush, avow my passion ;  
The object makes it glory—But, on me,  
On my devoted head, fall your full vengeance :  
Elvira, Sir, is guiltless. She—

*Alon.* Be dumb !  
Ungrateful ! cruel !

*Elv.* Hear Elvira speak.  
Make her untry'd, unjudg'd, the sacrifice !  
If so, fair peace betwixt you and the prince  
Might be restor'd, a death so justly due  
Would be my dearest wish !

*Alon.* What ? what remains ?  
Let her own chamber henceforth be her prison,  
Till she her conduct justifies at full.  
Madam, with you I trust her : be it yours  
To keep her person safe.

*Don Ped.* Good angels guard it !  
With whom, my gracious Lord—Ah ! in what hands  
Do you entrust her tender frame ?

*Alon.* Peace ! peace !  
Nor further urge my fury. ' I suspend  
' Thy fate some moments : ' this last day is given thee  
Yet to reflect ; ' yet to efface thy crime  
' By prompt obedience : and, ' should it pass in vain—  
Thou art no more my son ! Away.

*Don.*



*Don Ped. [Aside.]* Too soon  
I may return—more guilty than I go! [Exit.]

*Alon.* Thou see'st, O heaven! the horrors of my lot;  
That I may soon, in this offending son,  
Be forc'd to punish whom I hold most dear.  
' Oppose not now the monarch to the father!  
' My heart would be the first: imperious duty,  
' Alas! may drive me to assert the king.'  
Then teach submission to his stubborn will,  
That he may yet repent, and I be blest! [Exit.]

*Qu.* You see, your eyes enjoy the cruel triumph  
Of our despair. But you are now my prisoner,  
[Guards enter.]

And, with your head, shall answer what befalls!  
For could your arts disarm Alonzo's wrath,  
You never shall entreat a mother's heart,  
By jealous honour made inexorable.  
Nay more; should I resign the loosen'd rein  
To my full rage, one victim were too few!  
The cruel prince, who dares to stain our name  
With this disgrace, may then—The blood forsakes  
Your cheek at his imagin'd danger—Know,  
And let it shake your inmost soul! the fear  
You shew for him—but wings the fate of both! [Exit.]

*Elv.* I rise above all horrors for myself  
Of torments or of death. Don Pedro's fate,  
Inhuman queen! his fate alone can wound  
Elvira's breast: her own she scorns to feel.  
Ills, that but touch ourselves, all disappear;  
For what we love, we only know to fear! [Exit.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

### A C T III.

*Enter Alonzo and the Queen.*

**Y**ES, let her come. 'The' justice 'of a king,  
' That law supreme which ever ought to guide  
' His public will,' requires she should be heard.



Her virtues too, and the fair services  
To former monarchs and to me perform'd  
By her forefathers, make it juster still.

*Qu.* What would you more? Is not her guilt confess'd  
In that unworthy passion she inspires?  
Nor is the pride of her ambition bounded  
Barely to suffer it: I know, my Lord,  
That drawing glory from her conquest won,  
She spares no grace, no favour to maintain it.

*Alon.* Such oft is woman seen: to vanity,  
To that mere idol—yet their greater god;  
For Love himself holds but the second place—  
Devoting even that honour they oppose  
To nature's law!

*Qu.* And will you leave her then  
To boast this triumph o'er a monarch's oath?  
Leave her at large to stretch her boundless sway,  
Up from your meanest subject to the throne;  
Where she will reign imperious in a heart  
By love enslav'd: perhaps decide the fate,  
The being of an infant, yet unborn,  
Who is to heir your throne!

*Alon.* I hear, and weigh  
What you so justly urge: and my first thought  
Was, with her death to have aton'd her crime.  
But no: that were on the wild sea of passion  
To drive at random, 'as th' unguided bark  
'Is borne before the blast'.—She shall be heard—  
Yourself shall hear her; sound her secret aims,  
And search thro' all the woman in her soul.  
You know my thoughts, and what I purpose for her:  
Set those in open light before her eyes.  
With firmness—but with temper.

[Exit.]

*Qu.* Wise men tell us  
That deep dissembling is th' imperial art  
By which kings reign; and that its mystic veil  
Must still be drawn betwixt them and the eyes  
Of their presuming subjects. Must I stoop  
To this felt baseness? Is a sovereign's will  
By those to be controll'd whom heaven ordains  
The vassals of his nod? 'to crouch and kiss  
'The foot that spurns them?' Well; this art for once,  
C  
Descend-



Descending from myself, I will essay —  
 Guard, call your prisoner hither—and assume,  
 If yet I can—for just disdain forbids it—  
 This gentleness of look that is prescrib'd me.

*Enter Elvira.*

Draw near——Elvira.

*Elv.* Now assist me, heaven !

*Qu.* Your fears, perhaps, have form'd some direful  
 Of the King's wrath ; some sanguinary purpose, [image  
 By which your doom already is pronounc'd.  
 Those fears repress, and with the calmest ear  
 Attentive mark me. You, beneath this roof,  
 Have wide-diffus'd the flames of hateful discord,  
 It may be, undesigning ; and the crime  
 Your eyes have caus'd, your heart may disavow.

*Elv.* You judge me fairly, Madam !

*Qu.* Yet, attend.

• I dare not think you share Don Pedro's fault,  
 • Encouraging the rebel in his breast  
 • By favour or connivance. You too well  
 • Must know the distance, not to be surpass'd,  
 • Betwixt you and the throne. It is a height  
 • A subject's eye must from afar behold  
 • With reverend awe, but never hope to reach !  
 I know you fair and virtuous : these endowments,  
 That now adorn you, if bestow'd aright,  
 May make you happy too.

*Elv.* What mean you, Madam ?

*Qu.* Hear what Alonzo speaks by me. He owns  
 The state a debtor to your great forefathers,  
 For conquests won, for blood profusely spilt,  
 Not here alone in this our western world,  
 But in remotest regions, where the sun  
 Looks down direct at noon. He bids me dwell,  
 With chief regard, on what he owes Alphonso,  
 Your grandfire, that good man who form'd his youth  
 To love of virtue ; whose paternal care  
 Taught him, with no unequal hand, to wield  
 This kingdom's sceptre.

*Elv.* [*Aside.*] Whither tends her purpose ?

*Qu.* And when a king recounts a subject's worth,  
 What he has prais'd his glory bids him pay

With



With ample retribution. You shall find  
He now resolves no less——Rodrigo loves you;  
Rodrigo, near of kindred to the throne,  
I know he loves you.

*Elv.* [*Aside.*] I am lost for ever!

*Qu.* He oft has urg'd Alonzo to reward  
His ardent flame: and by a gift so noble,  
Your sovereign deems not his imperial house  
Diminish'd in its lustre. No: the world,  
By this great instance, shall be taught to know,  
He holds that man, who train'd a king to honour,  
As second only to the prince he form'd.

*Elv.* I hear with wonder this exalted strain  
Of royal gratitude. Yet, Madam, think,  
The blood they shed for him, of right was his;  
And to have lost it at fair honour's voice,  
Its own bright recompence! He who is call'd  
To serve his country, if he has deserv'd  
That glorious trust, is paid by serving well!  
But if too generous, great Alonzo's bounty  
Deigns to reward their services in me,  
'Tho' duty has no right——'

'*Qu.* You hesitate.

'Speak boldly: let your amplest claim be shewn.'

*Elv.* Then know, the sole return Elvira asks—  
Is to be mistress of her humble fate;  
That far from courts, and to Rodrigo lost,  
She may with gentle peace live out her days!

*Qu.* Your pride disdains him then?

*Elv.* Pride dwells not here:  
To such a guest this bosom is a stranger.

*Qu.* Yet can refuse, thro' mere humility  
A prince from great Alonzo's blood deriv'd?  
And dare to tell it me?

*Elv.* I dare to think,  
That all the brightest honours Hymen spreads,  
When he would join our hands, are airy toys,  
Or glittering load; if love attends not too,  
To plight consenting hearts.

'*Qu.* I see thro' yours!

'I fathom its last depth!

'*Elv.* Then you may find,

C 2

'What



• What equal Nature has to all indulg'd,  
 • Even to its poorest creatures, truth and worth,  
 • The inmates of this heart !

• *Qu.* To boast thy virtues

• Before thy queen is insult.

• *Elv.* Madam, no—

• O my full soul ! [*Aside.*] — but justice done myself

• To you is highest reverence. Truth should ever

• Be found a subject's language to the throne :

• And I but meant to say, our weaker sex,

• Even I, may think up to that height of honour,

• Which in all ages has ennobled man !

• The same blest power —

*Qu.* ' 'Tis well !' thy soul is trac'd

Thro' all its double mazes. Those suspicions

I sought to banish, now are truths confirm'd !

Ambitious ! yes, I mark the daring height,

The wild excess, to which your pride of heart

Elates imagination ! you reserve

That beauty for Don Pedro ! you revolt

A prince, a son, against his king and father !

*Elv.* You wrong me, Madam. By the faith sincere

I owe my king, this bosom never lodg'd

A thought against his dignity or peace.

And if the prince—I shall betray my heart—[*Aside.*

If I had power upon Don Pedro's will,

Eternal Concord with her sheltering wing,

Should ever guard the throne.

*Qu.* And what is she,

Whose great ambition buies thus itself

In matters of such weight ? unsummon'd too

To this high task ?—Am I awake ; Elvira !

What art thou ?

*Elv.* Mock me not—A subject, Madam !

A subject and your servant—yet the child

Of reason, born to think and act with choice !

Sprung too from such a race, so great and good,

Their daughter dares not deviate into baseness,

By wedding where she loves not !

*Qu.* I have found it !

A slave to this rebellious passion's force,

Don Pedro burns to mount a vacant throne,

That



That you may there be worship'd as his queen—  
 ' Ha! yet—who knows—it may, it may be true,  
 ' That, spurning all the ties of sacred law,  
 ' He is already yours! Perhaps, his fate  
 ' A secret marriage has already fix'd!  
 ' Should it be so, should he have sunk the throne  
 ' To that disgrace—the bolt is lanc'd already,  
 ' That strikes you into dust! Your grandfire, yes,  
 ' The very man, whose loyalty I boasted,  
 ' Prescrib'd this law. Think of it well—Ah, heaven!"

*[A great shout is heard, and the sound of trumpets at a distance.]*

What mingled uproar this way swells its storm?

*Enter Mendoza.*

Mendoza! speak.

*Mend.* Madam, the city swarms,  
 In every street, with multitudes enrag'd,  
 Who to the palace urge their furious course.  
 I came to know—

*Enter Rodrigo.*

*Rod.* Not here! Where's the king?

*Qu.* Rodrigo—what!

*Rod.* The sum of all misfortunes!

Arms in his hands and fury in his eyes,  
 Don Pedro, with a host of gather'd rebels,  
 Already fills the square, and threatens loudly  
 Destruction on our heads—I must return:  
 The king may want our swords.

*[Exit.]*

*Qu.* Perfidious! see,  
 Behold the curs'd effects—

*Elv.* O Madam, spare  
 This fruitless insult. Can Elvira dread  
 Your impotence of anger, while her fears  
 Embrace alike Alonzo and his son?  
 My bosom bleeds for both! But Oh, the prince!  
 Whate'er his fate may be, the same despair  
 Abides this tortur'd heart—since I must weep  
 His life, or virtue lost!

*Qu.* And dares thy pride  
 Affect this glorious sorrow, when 'tis you,  
 You only who have plung'd him into guilt?  
 ' But yet—and let it as the knell of death



- Sound in thine ear—alone he shall not fall!
- The thunder o'er thy head—think of it—think
- Thou art my prisoner still!
- *Elv.* I think withal,
- The death you threaten is but my enlargement
- From life's low dungeon, from its galling chains,
- To boundless freedom and to bliss supreme,
- Reserv'd by gracious heaven for every wretch
- Who suffers here unjustly!"

*Trumpets sound again.*

*Enter an Officer.*

*Qu.* Ha! what means  
Thy look of wild distraction!

*Officer.* Mighty Queen,  
Don Pedro—

*Qu.* What of him?

*Officer.* Has broken down  
The palace-gates; and now is rushing forward  
To where you stand—

*Qu.* Confusion! he is here—

*[Exit.*

*Enter Don Pedro.*

*Don Ped.* [*To those behind.*] Keep clear the secret pas-  
sage; plant your friends  
Thro' all its downward windings to the garden:  
I follow on the instant.  
Have I found thee,  
My heart's sole wealth, the jewel of my bosom!  
Let me secure it, let me lodge it safe  
Beyond the reach of robbers.

*Elv.* Ah, Don Pedro!

What have you done? O you have lost for ever  
A brighter gem, of dearer worth and price,  
Your faith and innocence! And now, your deed  
Opens my eyes on mine, and sets it full  
In all its horrors, all its guilt before me!

*Don Ped.* Cruel! what mean thy words?

*Elv.* Ah, me! what means

This blood upon thy sword? Forbid it, heaven!  
That what my fears suggest—

*Don Ped.* Thy fears are vain.

With care I shun'd where stern Alonzo stood,  
And stem'd the tide, majestic tho' alone,



Opposing a king's firmness to his fury.  
I turn'd another way : and what you see,  
These sanguine stains are from a vulgar breast,  
That would have barr'd my passage on to you.  
Then, let us fly, my love,

*Elv.* Ah, hope it not.

I dare to die — but tremble at a crime!  
I dare be deaf to love itself, and you!  
Return, defend a parent and a king.  
Yes, throw that rebel-sword beneath his feet:  
I less shall suffer from the hand of fate,  
To lose you, innocent, than save you, guilty!

*Don Ped.* What I have done, the meanest of mankind,  
The peasant, would have dar'd : have boldly met,  
With face erect, earth's universal Lord,  
Who from his cottage had presum'd to tear  
The partner of his bosom.

*Elv.* By the hold

I have upon your heart! More dear than life;  
Than fame itself more sacred! yet resume  
Your better thoughts. Let me behold your sorrow,  
Your filial penitence—

*Don Ped.* Ah, let me then,

Let me lodge thee, where my distracted fondness  
No more may tremble for thy life. I then  
Return to beg an injur'd sovereign's mercy;  
To ask it at his knees : but, while I fear  
For thy dear safety, duty pleads in vain!

*Elv.* Then, know, Don Pedro—should this guilty pas-  
sion, [sion,  
Deaf to the voice of reason, take no counsel  
But from its headlong fury—here I stay!  
I here remain, your hostage and your victim!

*Don Ped.* Thou angel-cruelty! Does then a wife  
Reject her husband's aid—

*Enter Almeyda.*

*Alm.* Don Pedro, fly!

Your life is on the cast, this minute's chance  
Decides your future fate. Alonzo comes :  
Those clamouring multitudes, at sight of him,  
Shrunk into tame submission. Not their boldest  
Could bear the mingled dignity and wrath  
That threaten'd from his brow. Begone, my Lord,  
Let not a father's vengeance find you here.

*Elv.*



# ELVIRA.

*Elv.* O, unexampled goodness!

*Don Ped.* Can it be?

Do you take part, Almeyda, for his life,  
The life of one who merits all your hate?

*Alm.* Ah, no! The jealousy of slighted love  
I stifle here. My soul is rais'd beyond  
The baseness of revenge. I pardon all,  
So you are safe. Fly then, this instant fly,  
Even were it with my rival——

*Elv.* See! Don Pedro,  
The King appears——

*Enter Alonzo.*

*Alon.* Yes, thou of many crimes!  
Thou complicated traitor! thou art lost  
Where mercy cannot find thee——But behold,  
Lo where he stands! Say, is thine arm still rais'd,  
Still eager for the sin of parricide?  
This instant yield thy sword; or plunge it here,  
Full in a father's breast.

*Don Ped.* That word, my Lord,  
That dreadful sound has wrench'd it from my hand.  
One moment's madness has not so effac'd  
Great Nature's law, that I should balance here.  
And now, disarm'd I know my ruin sure!  
My doom already past! But O, my Lord,  
O let impartial Justice draw her line,  
And separate strictly innocence from guilt!

*Alon.* Ha! innocence?

*Don Ped.* Elvira's safety, Sir;  
Unsheath'd my sword. I thought her life in danger:  
And to secure my bliss in guarding that,  
Tempestuous passion bore me into guilt.  
But her firm virtue, firm above all fear,  
Deny'd to be th' accomplice of my crime.  
She chose to stay and answer with her life  
For my returning reason. Save such goodness:  
Protect it, Sir, from one revengeful arm,  
I ask no more.

*Alon.* Far other cares should now  
Employ thy thoughts. To serve her better, know  
Thou shouldst defend her less. 'Tis thine to tremble  
For her and for thyself!

*Don Ped.*



# ELVIRA

*Don Ped.* If I must die,  
Let Punishment at once lift up her axe,  
And strike this rebel: for, while life is mine,  
That life in her defence will be employ'd.  
You think this recent tumult quench'd and dead;  
An instant blows it into sevenfold flame.  
Your subjects then, let loose from all regards,  
May force my prison-doors, and set me free:  
And I, amidst the horrors of my rage,  
May to its deep foundation shake this realm!  
Do things that reason shudders but to think!  
In that wild storm, discerning, sparing none,  
Noble or base, but you and this fair princess!

*Elv.* His passions blind him! All the guilt is mine,  
Who thus have arm'd a son against his sovereign.  
Then let my head atone it; let my death  
Restore that peace——

*Alon.* Who waits?—Confine the prince [*Guard's enter*]  
To his apartment.——

*Alm.* Dear unhappy youth!

*Alon.* And guard him at the peril of your heads.

[*Two conduct Don Pedro to his apartment.*  
Secure Elvira too. [*She is attended to hers by two others.*  
Stern Justice——no,

I have no son! I am no more a father!

*Alm.* Oh Sir!

*Alon.* Follow me not——I would avoid myself,

[*To Almeyda.*

Fly from mankind, forsake this hated light,  
And hide my woes in death's eternal night! [*Exit.*

End of the THIRD ACT.

## A C T IV.

*Enter Rodrigo and Alvarez.*

*ALVAREZ.*

' **Y**OU seem much mov'd  
' *Rod.* The horrid vision still  
' Pursues my wounded fancy!

*Alva.*



*Alva.* Speak, my Lord,  
 ' What have you seen ?  
*Rod.* I am not prone to shape  
 Unreal forms, with superstition's eye :  
 But thus it was. There, in that reverend pile  
 Where rest the bones of our departed kings,  
 And where in animated marble rise  
 Their sceptred forms around ; as on my knees  
 I pour'd to heaven my heart in secret prayer,  
 At once a more than midnight-darkness spread  
 O'er all the solemn scene : at once was heard  
 A peal of groans, resounding from below !  
 While sudden lightnings, darted thro' the gloom,  
 Shew'd every sanguine statue red with blood !  
 Chief that of old Alphonso—you have seen him,  
 Elvira's grandfire.

*Alva.* Yes : to crown whose virtues,  
 The reigning monarch plac'd his honour'd form  
 Next those of our dead kings.

*Rod.* The very same.  
 Down his stain'd armour ran the crimson drops,  
 And his shock image trembled on its base !  
 Now, if I live, I saw it.

*Alva.* That good angel,  
 Who watches o'er our state, avert the dangers  
 Such omens may foreshew—The King ! he gnaws  
 His angry lip, and storm is on his brow.

*Enter Alonzo.*

*Alon.* Then—it is fix'd—The Lords that you have  
 Are they assembled ? [summon'd.]

*Alva.* They wait your pleasure, Sir,  
 There, in the council-chamber—

*Alon.* Could they see  
 Their sovereign's breast unveil'd ! But no : the curtain  
 Must be close-drawn, that each man may advise  
 As unimpassion'd reason guides him [*Aside.*—Leave me.  
 [Exit *Alv. and Rod.*]

Advise !—Thou General Parent of mankind ;  
 Who bidst thy sun arise, thy rain descend  
 On all the various creatures thou hast made,  
 Just and unjust alike ! Is one sad father  
 Reserved, in his grey years, himself to punish

A lov'd,



A lov'd, an only son? And must he sit  
In judgment on him? hear the doom of death—  
My soul revolts, all nature in my bosom  
Shrinks and starts back from this detested duty;  
But 'tis a king's—and thou, Alonzo, thou  
Art he, that king! Oh, did the beggar know  
What splendid misery is lodg'd within  
The circle of a crown, he would not stoop  
His palsy'd hand to take it from the dust,  
And be its wearer—What, or how determine?  
Was it for this I weary'd heaven with vows  
To give my throne an heir? Was it in wrath,  
Heaven granted my request? and have I form'd  
His youth to glory, seen his steps outrun  
The swiftest in her race, that he, this son,  
With her fresh laurel wreath'd, should bleed at last  
Beneath the murderous axe?

*Support me, justice, 'gainst the struggles here.*

Guards, bring my son;

'Conduct Don Pedro hither.'

Once, once more

I mean to hear him—could I pardon too,  
I yet were blest! for my torn bosom feels  
The pangs of guilt, in following virtue's call.  
'Then summon all the monarch to thine aid!  
'For think, the present, think, each future age  
'Will fix their eyes of censure or applause  
'On this one act of thine. Although a father,  
'That private name must bend before the large,  
'The universal duties of a sovereign.  
'Quit we the sceptre, or its rights assert;  
'Chastise offence, while weeping o'er th' offender;  
'That humankind may tremble to transgress,  
'Who see inexorable Justice stretch  
'O'er all alike her rod of punishment;  
'Not even a prince, a throne's immediate heir,  
'Exempted from her arm!'

*Enter Don Pedro.*

*Alon.* The council, Prince,  
Is now assembling. Your own breast must tell you  
Th' inevitable sentence it will pass;  
And when your fury plung'd you into guilt,

Yc





# ELVIRA.

You on yourself pronounc'd it. Yet there is,  
There still remains one door of mercy open :  
' Take warning then in time. Your prompt obedience,  
' To me a son, to you restores a father.'  
Fulfil the treaty, wed that virtuous princess :  
You live on these conditions. These refus'd—  
I may be wretched—but your doom is past !

*Don Ped.* Then—know your son, with all his failings  
My soul, like yours, thus guilty as I am, [on him.  
Beholds, unmov'd, the nearest face of danger ;  
And you would blush, would deeply blush for both,  
If fear or force debas'd me to submission.  
What love and reverence, to a parent due,  
Could not persuade, nor tortures can obtain.

*Alon.* Thou cruel ! Why, deserving all my hate,  
Preserve this greatness, that but more embitters  
The grief I feel already ? Shew me rather  
A mortal enemy, a son ingrate  
Prepar'd to strike his parricidal knife  
Deep through my heart. Reduc'd to wish thy death,  
Let me behold it too—without despair !

*Don Ped.* I have deserv'd to die.

*Alon.* My pity still  
Would bid thee live.

*Don Ped.* What must I do ?

*Alon.* Obey !

*Don Ped.* Then all is o'er. It cannot be.

*Alon.* Retire—— [Exit Don Ped.

A tear would follow—but I blot it out.

*The back SCENE opens and discovers the Lords of the  
Council, Rodrigo, Alvarez, and others.*

*Enter the King, walking slowly up to his Chair of State.*

*Alon.* Be seated, Lords—Alas ! I look around,  
And read on every face the secret pangs  
Your bosoms share with mine. The ready drop  
Stands trembling in each eye, as if yourselves  
Had each a son to judge and to condemn !  
But let us rise above all private feelings ;

Remorse should have no place, where justice reigns :  
And those, whom heaven appoints to counsel kings,

And



And shed no tear, but for offended laws.  
 All other grief is weakness, or is guilt.  
 The prince, a rebel to the law and us,  
 Has set at nought the binding faith of oaths ;  
 The solemn ties of treaties ratify'd,  
 Whatever links one nation to another,  
 And king to king. Nor is this all. You saw,  
 With horror saw him, at the head of traitors,  
 Assault this palace ! force its gates against me !  
 And, if he shunn'd himself the guilt supreme  
 Of parricide, he left his king expos'd,  
 His father, at the mercy of those rebels  
 Whom he had made so !—These are his offences.  
 'Tis yours to judge them, and pronounce his doom.  
 Rodrigo, speak.

*Rod.* Alas ! I should be silent.  
 You know, and have approv'd the tender love  
 I bear Elvira. To my happiness  
 Don Pedro is the sole, the fatal bar ;  
 And you command me, Sir, to judge a rival  
 But far be from me each imagin'd hope,  
 However dear, that but respects myself !  
 Is it a question, can it bear debate,  
 If he, though deem'd a criminal, should live ?  
 Search your own breast ; the powerful pleadings there  
 Will best inform you what I should advise.  
 Forgive, my Lord, this transport.

*Alon.* Let calm reason  
 Guide all you say. Proceed.

' *Rod.* I ask again,  
 ' Is it in question, whether your renown  
 ' Should live by him, or be for ever lost ?  
 ' He, and there is none other, can support  
 ' The sceptre's weight ; he only, after you,  
 ' Preserve this kingdom flourishing and happy.  
 ' Weigh then, with candor weigh, against his crime,  
 ' Th' acknowledg'd prize of benefits like these.

' *Alon.* But treaties seal'd, and sanctify'd by oaths,  
 ' He dares to violate.

' *Rod.* Are treaties then,  
 ' But leagues of regal cruelty and force ?  
 Must you to please a neighbouring monarch's pride,



In your own son exterminate your race?  
 Extinguish every future hope? and would not  
 The cheek of Ferdinand burn red with shame,  
 Should his lov'd sister owe a husband's hand  
 To cold obedience; while, in other realms,  
 New thrones, new hearts, attend the fair one's choice?  
 He forc'd the palace gates. The crime is own'd;  
 But no design against your crown or person  
 Urg'd that blind violence. Alas! his aim  
 Was but to screen th'endanger'd life of one,  
 His fondness trembled for. You see him thus—  
 A rebel? No: a lover in despair!  
 And can a moment's rashness merit death?  
 No; let him live—and though my bosom bleeds  
 At what I utter—yes, indulge his love!  
 His life is all; a life like mine is nothing!

*Alon.* You approve the blood you spring from; and this  
 This generous violence you do your heart, [effort,  
 While it misleads, both honours and exalts you.  
 But 'tis the hero, not the judge has spoken.  
 What says Alvarez?

*Alv.* Could your eye, my Lord,  
 Pierce inward to my heart, the conflict there,  
 The war that duty and affection wage,  
 Would leave it doubtful which you most should pity,  
 Don Pedro or his judge. 'He sav'd my life.  
 ' Beneath an African's uplifted sabre,  
 ' Faint, bleeding through my former wounds, I lay.  
 ' He saw, he flew, and on his shield receiv'd  
 ' Th'impending sword! Was it, good heaven, for this,  
 ' That I, who but for his protecting arm,  
 ' Had now been dust, should sit to judge his fate?  
 ' Ah, no, my Lord; I would be dumb for ever!

*Alon.* Truth, honour, and the duty of this place  
 Exact it of you; call on you to speak  
 By truth's unbias'd dictates. 'This great cause  
 'Imports ourself, our realm, and all mankind.'

*Alv.* 'Alas, my Lord, to what alternate horror,  
 'As subject and as man, am I expos'd?  
 'But hence all private ties, the first and dearest!  
 'My life is his; my duty, Sir, is yours;  
 'And from the fear, so busy here within,

'Of



‘ Of being deem’d ungrateful to a friend,  
 ‘ I dare not be a traitor to my king.’  
 The law has spoke. His sentence is pronounc’d,  
 Is past already ; in despite of tears,  
 Of all the pain’d reluctance pity strives with :  
 For when the sovereign majesty of kings  
 Is once invaded, but one way remains  
 To expiate that offence. Th’insulted-rights,  
 You sit to judge of, are not yours. They grow  
 Inherent to the throne ; and you, my Lord,  
 Are to all present, all succeeding monarchs  
 Accountable for what you now decree.  
 I go too far.

*Alon.* Go on.

*Alv.* It cannot be :  
 Tears choke my voice.

*Alon.* Keep nothing from my view ;  
 Thy virtue here demands it.

*Alv.* I obey.

Should pity now prevail in his behalf,  
 You are no more a king ! You reign at mercy  
 Of winds and seas in his ungovern’d passions !  
 Your subjects too, the rebels of to-day,  
 Who now will think him-formidably theirs,  
 Are from this moment his. A nod from him.  
 Will be their law ; and each licentious hour  
 Wear its red mark of civil broils and murders :  
 The crown, the sceptre may remain with you,  
 The power, that should sustain them, will be his !

*Alon.* Heroic proof of loyalty and truth !  
 I can discern the painful throes of soul  
 This firmness costs thee : ‘ but its felt ascendant,  
 ‘ The sovereign influence of such virtue, chides  
 ‘ Fond nature from my bosom.’ How, who else  
 Among you, Lords, stands forth to give his suffrage ?  
 What ! no one rise ?—Alas ! the tears that stream  
 From each dejected eye, this mournful silence,  
 Big with all horror, but too clearly speak,  
 What you have judg’d—My son is then condemn’d  
 For you, for all my people, for mankind,  
 I here devote him—Were I but a father,  
 He still might live—A monarch must be just :



Who has betray'd the law would be a tyrant!  
 He shall not reign: no, from that threaten'd danger  
 I now deliver you, your wives, and children.  
 Let all retire; and you, Rodorigo, go  
 Inform him of his fate——

*Alon.* What will be mine?

Oh, tyrant duty! art thou satisfy'd,  
 While I with Roman names of cruel greatness,  
 With Brutus, Manlius, share the same abhorr'd  
 Of being more, or less, than man was meant?  
 ' But how? or when?—The blackest hour of night  
 ' Must cover this dire deed—Ha! there, behold  
 ' Th' uplifted axe! Ha! heaven! it falls—and, lo  
 ' A headless trunk! a scaffold red with blood!  
 Oh, thou, All-Just, who doom'd me to a throne!  
 Why, with its duties, leave this writhing bosom  
 Accessible to pangs, that but a child  
 Can pierce the soul with—and a parent know?

*Enter the Queen and Almeyda.*

*Alm.* What have I heard? This most inhuman sentence,  
 Is it then past? Each face bedew'd with tears,  
 And every eye cast in despair on heaven,  
 I saw the council part; and on your brow  
 I read my fate in characters of horror!  
 You have condemn'd your son!

*Alon.* I have done justice.

*Alm.* Oh, heaven! can you avow, and can I hear it?

*Queen.* This wound, my Lord, must, in a father's heart,  
 Be deeply felt. Why, by his guilty rashness,  
 Why has Don Pedro push'd you to the brink  
 Of dire necessity——

*Alon.* Madam, no more.

If in obedience to relentless duty,  
 If deaf to all that bleeding love can plead  
 In this sad bosom, I condemn a son;  
 'Tis yours to think, that mercy was his due.  
 Unhappy boy! alas, it is too plain,  
 He has no mother.

*Alm.* If my life is dear  
 To her who gave it, seize, Oh, seize this moment—  
 You see Alonzo softening into nature—  
 Kneel, press, adjure him—and you save the prince!

*Queen.*



*Queen.* I go. Your pains and pleasures all are mine :  
Be most assur'd they are—And, though the skies  
Look frowning round us, yet methinks a beam  
Of day-light breaks upon the doubtful horror !  
It lights me—yes, it points the secret path  
I should pursue ! Almeyda—trust to me.

*Alm.* Sir, bring your prisoner ; by the Queen's com-  
I have to talk with her. [mand  
[Guard goes out.

It must be so——

Yes, to preserve him, I will stoop to beg  
A rival's aid. Even should he live for her ;  
Is any price too high, at which we save  
The life of him we love ? She comes——

*Enter Elvira.*

*Alm.* Alas !

Don Pedro is found guilty !

*Elv.* Oh, despair !

Oh, death to all my hopes !

*Alm.* Elvira, now,

On this important, this deciding moment  
Our mutual fate depends. You long have mark'd  
My passion for the prince ; that, in despite  
Of scorn in him, of jealousy in me,  
Beyond whatever nature else can boast  
I hold him dear——

*Elv.* I have with heart-felt grief,  
And flowing eyes beheld it ; and even now  
They stream afresh !

*Alm.* The Queen is gone to try

Her tenderest influence on a husband's heart.  
I too will clasp his knees, and beg for mercy :  
But will these arts, these little aids prevail  
Against his dread severity of nature ?  
If you have thought, or if inventive love  
Can prompt your breast with more successful means,  
Advise, Elvira ; for your counsels here  
Shall be my law. Whatever you suggest,  
At peril of my life I will perform.

*Elv.* Ah ! how reply ? What equal answer find  
To such exalted worth ? All that my thought  
Is big with, your true virtue, my distress,



All press me with confusion. In your fight  
The prince must seem ungrateful and unjust;  
And I a worthless rival, cast beneath  
Your least regard.

*Alm.* Let virtue make us equal.

The prince to both is dear: let both unite,  
Without a farther thought, to save his life.

*Elv.* Oh, amiable goodness! Wonder fills  
And joy again attempts to cheer my bosom!  
There rises to my eye one glimpse of light,  
One ray of hope: but you, and only you  
Can make it real. Closely here confin'd,  
Alas! I have no means—Go then—and heaven  
Succeed your purpose! from the King intreat,  
Obtain a moment's audience for Elvira—  
I yet may calm his anger; yet prolong  
Don Pedro's threaten'd days—perhaps for you!

*Alm.* It would be cruel, as 'tis most unjust,  
To think such hopes could animate my zeal.  
Elvira, no: the fire that warms this breast  
Is of a purer beam. I go to find  
Th' unhappy King; with prayers and tears to try  
If he is yet a parent, or a man!

*Elv.* Oh, may the fair attempt successful prove!  
May stern Alonzo hear the voice of love!  
Oh, may we both preserve, what both adore!  
So he but lives—I ask of heaven no more!

*[The guards conduct her back,*

END of the FOURTH ACT.

## A C T V.

*Enter Mendoza and Ramirez:*

RAMIREZ.

CONDEMN'D to die, you say?

*Men.* This very moment  
The fatal preparations are begun;



The gloomy pomp that shews us death more dreadful !  
 Surrounding guards, whose silence terrifies  
 Beyond the din of their conflicting arms ;  
 The bloody theatre, with cypress hung—  
 Alas ! the colour that ten thousand mourners  
 Must shortly wear—And then the victim comes !  
 'Tis horrible to thought !

*Ram.* Who has in charge  
 To see this murder done ?

*Men.* On me, my friend,  
 On me the cruel duty is impos'd  
 By our relentless master.

*Ram.* Is the hour  
 Appointed, and the place ?

*Men.* Both, both are fix'd ;  
 And when the midnight-bell with mournful call  
 Tolls up the cloister'd fathers of Saint Francis,  
 Who have been nam'd on his departing soul  
 To beg heaven's mercy—when that fatal warning  
 Has struck my ear, Don Pedro is brought forth.

*Ram.* And whither then ?

*Men.* To that sequester'd spot,  
 Wall'd high around, where oft the noblest blood  
 Of Portugal has flow'd. 'Tis there the Prince  
 Must lose his head.

*Ram.* Mine shall be risk'd, by heaven !  
 Nor mine alone : a thousand more shall fall,  
 Ere that inhuman sentence takes effect.  
 A deed like this will stain our hated annals  
 Through all descending time. Let us prevent it.  
 The people, still tumultuous, like their sea,  
 May soon be blown into a second storm.  
 It shall be try'd.

*Men.* You cast yourself away,  
 And serve not him your friendship aims to save.  
 The palace-gates are strongly barr'd ; at each  
 A triple guard is planted ; and the King  
 Commands, on pain of death, that none approach him.

*Ram.* But sure these orders are not for the Queen :  
 And she, a woman, by those tender feelings,  
 That are her sex's glory, must be sway'd—  
 She moves this way, and with her, fair Almeyda.

*Enter*



*Enter the Queen and Almeyda.*

*Ram.* Oh, Queen! and you, lov'd Princess! hear me

*Queen.* Withdraw at once. [speak—

*Ram.* Don Pedro, gracious mistress—

*Queen.* Ha!—leave us—go.

*Ram.* Heaven! in her latest hour,  
When she would plead to thee, remember this! [Exit.

*Queen.* Elvira see the King! What hast thou done?  
Dishonour'd as we are, you seem to dread

The vengeance due to your disgrace and mine.

Far from resenting these repeated insults,

You, by your tears, solicit new and greater;

For they may live, the hated pair may live

To see our mutual shame, and triumph o'er it!

*Alm.* Let not the pious meltings of compassion

Offend you, Madam. Let her virtue still

Be your Almeyda's happiness and pride.

*Queen.* What is your aim? what visionary purpose

Deceives you into wishing they may meet?

'Tis madness all.

*Alm.* When Lisbon first beheld

It blest your daughter's steps. As peace and ease

Came, her companions, shouting thousands rais'd

Her name to heaven, and hail'd their guardian-genius.

But what a peace, good angels? writ in blood,

And seal'd with murder! Was I then but meant

The messenger of heaven's severest vengeance?

To tear asunder nature's closest ties;

And by the fire assassinate the son?

'Tis more than horror! May Elvira's tears

Prevent these threatened mischiefs—

*Queen.* May the rage,

This bosom swells with, rather be asswaged

By seeing both expire! Rejected? heaven!

The daughter of a king! in whose high veins

Flows undebas'd from a long line of heroes

The noblest blood! Shall Europe hear it told,

She has been set at nought? Ha!—and for whom?

Degenerate boy! I, with my own, could purchase

His death, this moment!

*Alm.* Do you then wish mine?

*Queen.* Ah, can't thou love him still?

*Alm.*



*Alm.* I still adore him,  
Ungrateful, cruel as he is !

*Qu.* Oh, shame !  
Oh, fall ignoble from the high-rai'd sense  
Of that resentment wrongs like ours demand,  
' Nay, sanctify, and make our vengeance virtue !'  
Can she, a child of mine, ' whose every pulse  
' Should beat with driving fury and disdain,'  
Whose bosom should expand to take in all  
That brave revenge avows, thus melt away  
In tears and sighs, like some fond village-maid  
Beneath her willow, ' by the brook obscure  
' That soothes her amorous folly ?

*Alm.* Oh, yet think !  
There is revenge more noble, more divine,  
That spreads no blush upon the injur'd cheek,  
By rendering good for ill.

*Qu.* My Ferdinand !  
Son of thy mother's soul, when thou shalt know  
Thy sister's abject spirit, thus resign'd  
To injuries and scorn, thy breast will flame  
With anger uncontroll'd ! On thee alone  
My hopes, my life depend—Who waits ?—'Tis glory  
To fall reveng'd.

*Enter Guard.*

*Guard.* Your pleasure, Madam ?

*Qu.* Go,  
Call in th' ambassador of Spain.

*Alm.* Ah, me !  
Whence this new storm of passion ?

*Enter Ambassador.*

*Qu.* You have had  
Your audience. Then begone ; this moment go ;  
On all the wings of haste to Spain return ;  
And there this letter, as you prize my favour,  
Deliver on the instant to my son. [*Gives a letter ;*  
Yet stay—You may be useful, and inforce  
With your best reason what my letter urges ;  
That he should arm incessantly, and lead  
His troops the nearest road tow'rd's hated Lisbon ;  
Extremest need, mine and Almeyda's safety  
Requires he should. That writing will explain

What



What else remains.

[*Exit Ambassador.*]

My brain's on flame—Ascend

From night eternal, and profoundest hell,

Ye powers of vengeance! Punish home with me

This object of my hate! thro' all her frame

Spread fires unquench'd! then with his funeral torch

Let death attend, to light her bridal bed!

And thus compleat my great revenge, as fits

A mother and a queen!

[*Exit.*]

*Alm.* My blood stops short,

And freezes in its course, to hear her threats.

But love and rage distract her.

*Enter Alonzo.*

*Alon.* Princess, yes,

Your tears have vanquish'd. I will hear Elvira.

But be most sure her hopes are empty air.

Leave me—the comes.

[*Exit Alm.*]

*Enter Elvira and Guard.*

*Elw.* This moment, Sir,

This awful moment, is, perhaps, the last

That e'er Elvira's voice shall reach your ear,

Or sight offend your eye. But let me now

Intreat this guard may go—He is already

Possess'd of what I purpose.

*Alon.* Be it so.

Do what you have in charge.

[*Exit Guard.*]

*Elw.* Speed wing thy steps! —

You have, against the voice of earth and heaven,

To-day condemn'd your first, your only hope,

A son who loves you, who reveres the voice

That dooms him to the block; an early Hero,

By you belov'd—Oh, Heaven!—And tho' I see

Remorse sit sad and silent on your brow,

You yet devote this victim, that mankind

With dread amazement may revere the justice

They tremble to behold—You turn away—

May I proceed?

*Alon.* Go on.

*Elw.* Thus far is well.

But then—'tis still the first, the law supreme,

On kings most binding, to be just in all.

Guilt may appear where yet no crime is found;

A rebel,



A rebel, an ingrate, deserves to die :  
And yet these names may not belong to him,  
To your unhappy son.

*Alon.* Thy words are wild ;  
Despair and love thy reason have unsettled.

*Elv.* Ah, no !—If he, against the faith of treaties,  
Refus'd Almeyda's hand, it was not, Sir—  
Believe these tears—'twas not the crime suppos'd  
Of disobedience——

*Alon.* How !

*Elv.* And if he forc'd  
These palace-gates, his noble soul abhorr'd  
All criminal attempt against his king.  
A word, a breath, his innocence had prov'd :  
But he, a hero in his cruel silence,  
'To save Elvira greatly chose to die !  
'Tis therefore mine, the sole remaining purpose  
Of my last hour, to clear his injur'd name,  
And lead you into truth. Don Pedro's faults  
Were those of duty, Sir—He is my husband !

*Alon.* Ha ! husband ! he ! my son !—And can thy fond-  
Think by discovery of this daring crime [nest  
To move compassion ? When no hope remains  
Of grace to his offence, dost thou presume  
On mercy for thy own acknowledg'd guilt ?

*Elv.* I ask for none ; my parting thoughts are fix'd  
On something nobler, dearer far than life.  
The rigid law, by you declar'd inviolable,  
I only have transgress'd——

*Alon.* True ; and thy life  
The penalty shall pay.

*Elv.* It is most just.  
I bring no plea, I urge no vain defence.  
That love for him—such love as would in heaven  
Be held no crime——

*Alon.* Away !—that very love  
Makes thee but still more guilty.

*Elv.* Sir, recall  
That dreadful moment, when your court beheld  
This son, this blooming promise of a hero,  
His eye extinguish'd, and his fading cheek  
Of its fresh rose forsaken, to the grave

Untimely



Untimely sinking, and a father's tears  
 In hopeless silence streaming o'er his face.  
 I urge it not, that, to preserve his youth,  
 And save your only hope, I gave my hand  
 Where I had vow'd my heart—I urge not this;  
 But now at last devote myself for both;  
 In death exulting to have sav'd him twice.

*Alon.* Thro' all the horrors guilt has thrown around  
 Thy virtue yet looks lovely—but in vain; [thee,  
 Thy crime and his stand manifest to view,  
 And what the laws exact shall be fulfill'd.

*Elv.* Just Heaven! shouldst thou, when kings address  
 For mercy on their own offences, then [thy throne  
 Be deaf to them, as he is now to me—  
 But on, my Lord; pursue these savage maxims;  
 Without remorse consummate your revenge.  
 Yet other victims, other heads attend,  
 To satiate its full fury—See, Oh, King!  
 Lo! where they stand—

[*Her two children are brought in by their Governess.*  
 Acknowledge them for yours,  
 By dooming both to bleed.

*Alon.* Ye holy Powers!  
 What do I see?

*Elv.* Yes, by one common fate,  
 Wife, children, husband—let us perish all!

*Alon.* What sayst thou?—Justice! Mercy! how ye  
 My heart! [rend

*Elv.* Forgive the language of despair.  
 My children, kneel with me; your infant tears  
 May wake at last the parent in his breast.  
 Sir, they are yours—behold them not as mine.  
 The law demands a victim—here, on me  
 Exhaust its utmost rage. But, Oh, to these  
 A father save, and to yourself a son!  
 Yet some few moments from his ear conceal  
 Elvira's death; for should it reach him now,  
 His own too sure would follow.

*Alon.* 'Tis too much!  
 'Tis not in man to bear it!—Call my son!  
 Fly, let him know—Elvira is his own!  
 My daughter!—

*Elv.*



*Elv.* Oh, unutterable joy !  
Here at your feet, to Heaven and you I pour  
My grateful bosom——

*Alon.* Nature, thou hast conquer'd !  
I am a man, a father—Rise, Elvira ;  
Live, and be happy long—Oh, my dear children !  
Take, take me all !

*Enter Don Pedro.*

*Don Ped.* My king ! my father !—— [Kneels.

*Alon.* My son !——*I cannot speak——*  
*These tears must tell thee all—Elvira's thine——*  
*There, take her to thy arms.*

*Don Ped.* *I'm mad with transport !*  
Elvira—from the grave to me restor'd !  
To these despairing arms !—And you my little ones !

*Elv.* Oh, I am bless'd ! beyond all utterance bless'd !  
And my transported heart——Ah, me !

*Alon.* Elvira !  
Thy cheek is pale !

*Elv.* Oh, I have death within me !

*Don Ped.* This flood of joy, my soul's best happiness,  
O'erpowers thy tender frame.

*Elv.* Ah, no ! I burn ;  
A kindled furnace rages in my bosom—  
Convulsions shake me—sweats of death bedew  
My trembling limbs !

*Don Ped.* Oh, Source of Life ! look down  
With pity on her——

*Elv.* Ha ! a sudden night  
Spreads dark around—You swim before my eyes—  
Their light is lost—But I will hold you fast—  
Again I burn !

*Alon.* Oh, most inhuman Queen !  
This Stygian draught, too sure, was by thy hand,  
Thy fatal hand, prepar'd.

*Don Ped.* Did Heaven look on,  
And suffer this ?—Yet, by my soul's strong anguish,  
Not she alone, her Spain shall weep in blood  
This deed accurs'd !

*Elv.* 'Tis past——Don Pedro, love  
My memory—Alonzo, cherish these—  
Oh, my poor babes !—and bless their dying mother.

E

But



But that fair princess—yes, reward for me  
 Her nobleness of virtue—My lov'd Lord,  
 These arms would fold thee still—But, Oh!— [Dies.  
*Alon.* She dies!

In that last sigh the gentle spirit fled.

*Don Ped.* Mine shall rejoin it ere it finds that heaven  
 Prepar'd for souls like hers—I will not live!

This sword, restor'd— [Drawing his sword.

*Alon.* [Seizing his hand.] Away!—Shall fury still  
 Sway all thy actions? No, reward her truth

A nobler way. These infants claim thy care;  
 And thou must suffer life to guide their steps  
 Safe from the snares that courtly fraud and falshood  
 Spread daily in a youthful prince's walk,

'Spread for his ruin. And' now, warn'd thyself,  
 Let all mankind, by one example know,  
 From passions unrestrain'd what mischiefs grow.

[Exit.

END of the FIFTH ACT.



POST-



## P O S T S C R I P T.

**H**AVING found, by frequent experience, how much the mind is apt to flag under the same kind of employment, too long and too uniformly continued, I had an inclination to try whether a different sort of labour might not be at the same time a sort of relief. To this experiment only the reader is indebted for the pleasure or distaste of the preceding poem. The melancholy event on which it is built has a foundation of truth in history, and was celebrated long ago by the famous Portuguese poet, Camoëns, in his *Lusiad*. There he has described at large, and with all the graces of his poetry, the beauty, the virtue, and the tragical fate of that lady, to whom I have here given the name of *Elvira*. Don Pedro, to whom she had been privately married while she lived in a pleasing solitude on the banks of the *Mondego*, was long happy in her truth and tenderness. After her death, when he became king of Portugal, he had her skeleton taken out of the coffin, placed on a magnificent throne, solemnly crowned, and acknowledged for his queen. It is reported, that he obliged the principal persons of his court to kiss the bones of those hands which had once been the object of his love and fondness. But it is true, that he ordered such of her enemies as fell into his power to be punished with circumstances of great severity. They were burnt alive.

A writer of distinguished reputation, who found the subject extremely fit for a tragedy, brought it on the French theatre, with great and universal applause. The reader who cares to give himself that trouble, will easily discover how much and how generally I have followed my original; and he only has a right to determine whether I have done it well or ill. If he is acquainted likewise with the history of our stage, he must have remarked, that it was no unfrequent practice among our poets, especially during the last part of the former century, first to borrow very freely from our neighbours on the continent, and then in their prefaces to boast how much they had excelled their benefactors. But surely the practice is too unfair to be justified, and too illiberal to be copied. Let the reputation therefore of *Monsieur de la Motte* remain entire and inviolate.

EPI.





## EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by ELVIRA.

**L**ADIES and gentlemen—'Tis so ill-bred—  
We have no epilogue, because I'm dead;  
For he, our bard, with frenzy-rolling eye,  
Swears you shan't laugh, when he has made you cry.  
At which I gave his sleeve a gentle pull,  
Suppose they should not cry, and should be dull;  
In such a case 'twould surely be no harm,  
A little lively nonsense taken warm:  
On critic stomachs delicate and queazy,  
'Twill even make a heavy meal fit easy.  
The town bates epilogues—It is not true;  
Has swer'd that for you, and you, and you.

[To pit, boxes, and 1st gallery.]

They call for epilogues, and hornpipes too—

[To the upper gallery.]

Madam, the critics say—To you they're civil,  
Here, if they have 'em not, they'll play the devil:  
Out of this house, Sir, and to you alone,  
They'll smile, cry Bravo! Charming!—Here they groan.  
A single critic will not frown, look big,  
Harmless and pliant as a single twig;  
But crowded here they change, and 'tis not odd;  
For twigs when bundled up, become a rod.  
Critics to bards, like beauties to each other,  
When tête à tête their enmity they smother—  
Kiss me, my dear—how do you?—Charming creature!  
What shape, what bloom, what spirit in each feature!—  
You flatter me—'Pan honour, no—You do—  
My friend—my dear—sincerely yours—Adieu!

But



## E P I L O G U E.

But when at routs, the dear friends change their tone——  
 I speak of foreign ladies, not our own.  
 Will you permit, good Sirs, these gloomy folk,  
 To give all tragedy, without one joke!  
 They gravely tell us—tragedy's design'd  
 To purge the passions, purify the mind;  
 To which I say, to strike those blackheads dumb,  
 With physie always give a sugar-plumb;  
 I love these sugar-plumbs in prose or rhymes,  
 No one is merrier than myself sometimes;  
 Yet I, poor I! with tears and constant moan,  
 Am melted down almost to skin and bone.  
 This night in sighs and sobs I drew my breath,  
 Love, marriage, treason, prison, poison, death,  
 Were scarce sufficient to compleat my fate,  
 Two children were thrown in to make up weight.  
 With all these suff'rings, is it not provoking,  
 To be deny'd at last a little joking?  
 If they will make new laws, for mirth's sake, break 'em;  
 Roar out for epilogues, and let me speak 'em.















*I. Roberts del.*

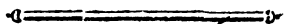
*Published for Belle British Theatre April 1778.*

*Thornthwaite Sc*

*MR. HUNTER in the Character of BOADICEA*



BELL'S EDITION.



B O A D I C I A.

A TRAGEDY.

*As written by Mr. GLOVER.*

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L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXVIII.







# P R O L O G U E.

**B**ESIDE his native Thames our poet long  
 Hath hung his silent harp, and hush'd his song.  
 Kind Commerce whisper'd, " See my blissful state,  
 And to no smiles but mine resign thy fate ;  
 Beneath the pregnant branches rest awhile,  
 Which by my culture spread this favour'd isle ;  
 On that fair tree the fruits of ev'ry coast,  
 All which the Ganges and the Volga boast,  
 All which the sun's luxuriant beam supplies,  
 Or slowly ripens under frozen skies,  
 In mix'd variety of growth arise.  
 The copious leaves beneficence diffuse,  
 Which on affliction drops restoring dews,  
 And birds of hope among the loaded sprays,  
 Tune with enchantment their alluring lays,  
 To cheer despondence and th' inactive raise.  
 Rest here, she cry'd, and smiling time again  
 May string the lyre, and I approve the strain."  
 At length his muse from exile he recalls,  
 Urg'd by his patrons in Augusta's walls.  
 Those gen'rous traders, who alike sustain  
 Their nation's glory on th' obedient main,  
 And bounteous raise affliction's drooping train ;  
 They, who benignant to his toils afford  
 Their sheltering favour, have his muse restor'd.  
 They in her future fame will justly share,  
 But her disgrace herself must singly bear ;  
 Calm hours of learned leisure they have giv'n,  
 And could no more, for genius is from heav'n.  
 To open now her long-bid roll she tries,  
 Where vary'd forms of pictur'd passions rise.  
 Revenge and pride their furies first unfold,  
 By artless virtue fatally controll'd.  
 Scenes, wrought with gentler pencils, then succeed,  
 Where love persuades a faithful wife to bleed ;  
 Where, join'd to public cares, domestic woe  
 Is seen from manly fortitude to flow.  
 But if her colours mock the candid eye  
 By surious tincts, unmix'd with nature's dye,  
 Ye friendly hands, restrain your fruitless aid,  
 And with just censure let her labours fade.

DRA.



## D R A M A T I S   P E R S O N Æ.

## M E N.

*Drury-Lane.*

<i>Dumnorix,</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Garrick.
<i>Tenantius,</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Burton.
<i>Ebrancus,</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Mozeen.
<i>Flaminius,</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Havard.
<i>Ænobarbus,</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Mossop.

## W O M E N.

<i>Boadicia,</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. Pritchard.
<i>Venusia,</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. Cibber.

Roman Ambassador, Icenians and Trinobantians.

SCENE, the British Camp before the Tent of Dumnorix.

BOADICIA.



## B O A D I C I A.

\* \* 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.

Boadicia, Dumnorix, Icenians, Trinobantians, and Roman Ambassador.

ROMAN AMBASSADOR.

**S**UETONIUS, leader of the Roman arms,  
 With gentlest greetings to th'Icenian queen,  
 And Dumnorix, the Trinobantian chief,  
 Sends health, and proffers friendship. Let the wrongs,  
 The mutual wrongs sustain'd by Rome and Britain--

*Boad.* May stern Andate, war's victorious goddess,  
 Again resign me to your impious rage,  
 If e'er I blot my sufferings from remembrance;  
 If e'er relenting mercy cool my vengeance,  
 Till I have driv'n you to our utmost shores,  
 And cast your legions on the crimson'd beach.  
 Your costly dwellings shall be sunk in ashes,  
 Your fields be ravag'd, your aspiring bulwarks  
 O'erturn'd and levell'd to the meanest thrub;  
 Your gasping matrons, and your children's blood  
 With mingled streams shall dye the British sword;  
 Your captive warriors, victims at our altars,  
 Shall croud each temple's spacious round with death:  
 Else may each pow'r, to whom the Druids bend,  
 Annul my hopes of conquest and revenge!

*Dum.* [*To the Ambassador.*] You come to offer terms.  
 Stand forth and answer.

A 3

Did



Did not Prasutagus, her dying lord,  
 On your insatiate emperor bestow  
 Half of his rich possessions, vainly deeming,  
 The rest might pass unpillag'd to his children?  
 What did ye then, ye savage sons of rapine?  
 You seiz'd the whole inheritance by force,  
 Laid waste our cities; with the servile scourge  
 Disgrac'd a royal matron; you deflow'r'd  
 Her spotless daughters, stole our noblest youth  
 To serve your pride and luxury in Rome;  
 Our priests you butcher'd, and our hoary elders;  
 Profan'd our altars, our religious groves,  
 And the base image of your Cæsar thrust  
 Among the gods of Britain; and by heav'n,  
 Do you repair to these victorious tents  
 With proffer'd peace and friendship?

*Rom. Am.* Yes, to treat,  
 As faith, benevolence and justice dictate.

*Dum.* How shall we treat with those, whose impious  
 Have rent the sacred bands of mutual trust? (hands  
 How shall we treat with those, whose stony hearts  
 Compassion cannot melt, nor shame control,  
 Nor justice awe, nor piety restrain,  
 Nor kindness win, nor gratitude can bind?

*Rom. Am.* Thou art a stranger to our gen'ral's virtues.  
 No pillager, like Catus, but a soldier,  
 To calm and sober discipline inur'd,  
 He would redress, not widen your complaints.

*Dum.* Can he restore the violated maid  
 To her untainted purity and fame?  
 Can he persuade inexorable death  
 To yield our slaughter'd elders from the grave?  
 No, nor by soothing tales elude our vengeance.

*Rom. Am.* Yet hear us calmly, ere from yonder hills  
 You call the legions of imperial Rome,  
 And wake her eagles, which would sleep in peace.

*Boad.* Begone, and bear defiance to your legions.  
 Tell them, I come, that Boadicia comes,  
 Fierce with her wrongs, and terrible in vengeance,  
 To roll her chariot o'er their firmest ranks,  
 To mix their soaring eagles with the dust,  
 And spurn their pride beneath her horses' hoofs.



*Rom. Am.* Then be prepar'd for war.

*Bod.* We are prepar'd.

Come from your hills, ye fugitive remains  
Of shatter'd cohorts, by their fear preserv'd.  
Th' embattled nations of our peopled isle,  
Yet fresh from seventy thousand slaughter'd Romans,  
Shall add yon refuse to the purple heap.  
And yet amid triumphant desolation,  
Though flames each Roman colony devour,  
Though each distracted matron view her infant  
Grasp with its tender hands the piercing spear,  
Though your grey fathers to the falchion's edge  
Each feeble head surrender, my revenge  
Will pine unsated, and my greatness want  
Redress proportion'd to a queen's disgrace.

*Dum.* Go, and report this answer to Suetonius.

Too long have parents' sighs, the cries of orphans,  
And tears of widows, signaliz'd your sway,  
Since your ambitious Julius first advanc'd  
His murd'rous standard on our peaceful shores.  
At length unfetter'd from his patient sloth,  
The British genius lifts his pond'rous hands  
To hurl with ruin his collected wrath  
For all the wrongs, a century hath borne,  
In one black period on the Roman race.

*Rom. Am.* Yet e're we part, your price of ransom name  
For the two captive Romans.

*Boad.* Not the wealth,  
Which loads the palaces of sumptuous Rome,  
Shall bribe my fury. Hence, and tell your legions,  
The hungry ravens, which inhabit round  
The chalky cliffs of Albion, shall assemble  
To feast upon the limbs of these your captains,  
Shall riot in the gore of Roman chiefs,  
These masters of the world. Produce the pris'ners.

[To an Icenian.]

*Enter Ænobarbus and Flaminius in chains.*

*Boad.* Stay, if thou wilt, and see our victims fall.

[To the Ambassador.]

*Ænob.* [To Boad.] Dart not on me thy fiery eyes, bar-  
Vain are thy efforts to dismay a Roman. [barian.  
Life



Life is become unworthy of my care ;  
And these vile limbs, by galling chains dishonour'd,  
I give most freely to the wolves and thee.

*Amb.* Mistaken Queen ! the Romans do not want  
These instigations, nor thy proud defiance  
To meet your numbers in the vale below.

*Ænob.* [*To the Amb.*] Then wherefore dost thou linger  
Commend us to Suetonius ; bid him straight [here in vain ?  
Arrange his conquering legions in the field,  
There teach these rash barbarians to repent  
Of their disdain, and wish for peace too late.

*Amb.* [*To the prisoners.*] Yes, to Suetonius and the Ro-  
These heavy commendations will we bear : [man camp  
That for two gallant countrymen, our love  
And indignation at their fate may sharpen  
Each weapon's point, and strengthen ev'ry nerve,  
Till humbled Britain have appeas'd their shades. [*Exit.*

*Ænob.* Come, let us know our fate.

*Boad.* Prepare for death.

*Ænob.* Then cease to loiter, savage.

*Dum.* [*To Ænob.*] Now, by Heaven,  
Wert thou no Roman, I could save and love thee.  
That dauntless spirit in another breast,  
And in a blameless cause, were truly noble,  
But shews in thee the murderer and ruffian.

*Ænob.* Thy hate or favour are alike to me.

*Flam.* [*To Dum.*] May I demand, illustrious Trino-  
Why must we fall, because uncertain war [bantian,  
Hath made us captives ?

*Dum.* If in open battle,  
With gen'rous valour to have fac'd our arms,  
Were all our charge against thee, thou might'st rest  
Secure of life ; but leading thee to die  
Is execution on a gen'ral robber. [barbarians ?

*Ænob.* [*To Flam.*] And dost thou meanly sue to these

*Flam.* [*To Dum.*] Though our rapacious countrymen  
Your just resentment, we are guiltless both. [have drawn

*Boad.* [*To Flam.*] So are ten thousand infants, whom  
The single name of Roman shall condemn, [the name,  
Like thee, to perish by th' unsparing sword.

*Flam.* Yet more than guiltless, we may plead desert  
With Boadicia.

*Boad.*



## B O A D I C I A.

*Boad.* Insolent pretension!

A Roman plead desert with Boadicia!

This shall enlarge the portion of thy sufferings;

For this not only shall thy blood embroil

Andate's shrine, but torture shall be added,

And fury wanton in thy various pains.

*Ænob.* [To Boad.] Produce thy tortures; them and thee we scorn.

*Tenan.* Fall back with reverence, Trinobantian soldiers! See who advances from your general's tent.

*Enter Venusia.*

*Ven.* Victorious sister, may thy unrelenting labour

Of fortune weave new honours to adorn thee,

And Dumnorix, thy colleague, and my lord.

But if, amid these warlike consultations,

Ere yet the order'd pomp of battle moves,

A supplicating sound may reach thy ear,

Stoop from thy glory to an act of mercy.

Thy doom pronounc'd on these unhappy captives—

*Boad.* Ha!

*Ven.* Their deservings, and thy daughter's pray'r,

Mix'd with my own compassion, from the tent

Have call'd me forth a suitor to thy pity,

That thou wouldst hear, and spare them.

*Boad.* Spare these captives!

*Dum.* Why this request, Venusia?

*Ven.* Give them hearing;

They can unfold a story which demands

Your whole attention.

*Dum.* Let us hear. Proceed.

[To Flam.]

*Flam.* The Romans' late injustice we abhor'd,

Nor join'd the band of spoilers. In that season

We chanc'd one day to wander through the forest

Which parts our confines from th' Icenian land.

We found a beauteous virgin in our way.

*Boad.* Wretch! dost thou hope to barter with our sister For thy base life?

*Flam.* I fear not death, Oh, Queen!

But dread dishonour ev'n among my foes.

*Ænob.* Death is thy terror; reason else would teach No gratitude with cruelty can dwell.

[thee,

*Flam.* Deep in that wood we met the lovely maid,

Chas'd



Chas'd by a brutal soldier. At our threats  
He soon retreated. To our home we led her,  
From insult guarded, sent her back with honour :  
Nor was she less than Boadicia's daughter.

*Ven.* Now, dearest sister, whose successful standard  
Not valour more than equity upholds ;  
And thou, my husband, who dost rise in arms,  
Oppressive deeds in others to chastise,  
From your own guiding justice will you stray,  
And blend deservers with the herd of guilt ?

*Dum.* And are you Romans ? Yes, we will, *Venusia*,  
Repay their worthy deed. Strike off their fetters.

*Boad.* What do I hear ? A British chief's command &  
Whoe'er unchains a Roman, on mankind  
Lets loose oppression, insolence and rapine,  
Sets treason, falshood, vice, and murder free.

*Ven.* Yet these preserv'd thy Emmeline from shame.

*Boad.* Not less the victim of eternal shame  
Was she conducted to their hateful mansion.  
To guard her honour, and be less than ruffians,  
Had been repugnant to their name and race ;  
But fear of me compell'd them to release her.  
Then shall two Romans, nurs'd in fraud and falshood,  
From childhood train'd to each flagitious deed,  
By colour'd pleas to shun the fate they merit,  
Here find regard against the thousand mouths  
Of Boadicia's suff'rings ? No, this moment  
Shall they expire in torture.

*Ven.* Yet reflect ;  
Of all the paths which lead to human bliss,  
The most secure and grateful to our steps  
With mercy and humanity is mark'd.  
The sweet-tongu'd rumour of a gracious deed  
Can charm from hostile hands th' uplifted blade,  
The gall of anger into milk transform,  
And dress the brows of enmity in smiles.

*Boad.* Still dost thou dare, *Venusia*——

*Dum.* Gently, sister :  
And, trust me, these resemble virtuous men.

*Boad.* Was I not virtuous, whom the Romans lash'd ?  
Were not my violated children virtuous ?  
Bear them this instant to the fiercest rack ;

And



And while their trembling limbs are strain'd with torture,  
While through the cruel agony of pain,  
The bloody drops bedew their shiv'ring cheeks,  
Tell them how gentle are the pangs they feel,  
To those the soul of Boadicia prov'd,  
When Roman rage her naked limbs expos'd,  
And mark'd her flesh with ever-during shame.

*Dum.* [*To the Britons.*] Withhold your hands.

*Boad.* What means the Trinobantian?

*Dum.* To save thy benefactors, and proclaim  
Whate'er by valour we extort from fortune,  
We yet deserve by justice.

*Boad.* To contend

' With Boadicia, and protect her foes,  
' Did she awaken thy ignoble sloth,  
' Which else without resentment of thy wrongs  
' Had slept obscure at home?

*Dum.* Forbear; be calm.

*Boad.* Yes, under bondage thou hadst tamely bow'd,  
' Had not I fir'd thy slow, inactive soul.

*Dum.* Not with unbridled passion, I confess,  
' I wield the sword and mount the warlike car.  
' With careful eyes I view'd our suff'ring isle,  
' And meditated calmly to avenge her.  
' Unmov'd by rage, my soul maintains her purpose  
' Through one unalter'd course; and oft before  
' As I have guided thy unruly spirit,  
' Against its wildness will I now protect thee,  
' And from a base, inhuman action save thee.'

*Boad.* Thy boasted calmness is the child of fear;  
Thou tremblest to exasperate the foe.  
Well was it, Britons, in our former conquests,  
That I presided o'er the scene of slaughter;  
Else had those thousands of the Roman youth,  
Whole bodies lie extended on our fields,  
Stood at this hour a threat'ning host against you:  
Come, then, ye warriors, follow your conductress,  
And drag these slaves to death.

*Dum.* They will not move,  
Fix'd with amazement at thy matchless frenzy.  
Do thou revere these warriors, who with scorn  
Observe thy folly.

*Ven.*



*Ven.* Husband, sister, hear !

Oh, if my humbled voice, my prostrate limbs,  
If tears and sighs of anguish, may atone  
For this pernicious discord I have rais'd——

*Boad.* [*To Ven.*] Hence with thy despicable sighs and  
tears. [*To Dum.*]

And thou, presumptuous, what invidious power,  
Foe to thy safety, animates thy pride  
Still to contend with Boadicia's wrath ?

*Dum.* No, by Andate, I contend not with thee.

At this important season, when the soldier  
Thirsts for the conflict, it would ill become me  
To trifle here in discord with a woman.  
Nay, do not swell that haughty breast in vain :  
When once the sacred evidence of justice  
Illuminates my bosom, on a rock,  
Which neither tears can soften, nor the gusts  
Of passion move, my resolution stands.

*Boad.* Now Heav'n fulfil my curses on thy head !  
May ev'ry purpose of thy soul be frustrate,  
May infamy and ruin overtake thee,  
May base captivity and chains o'erwhelm thee,  
May shameful crimson from thy shoulders start,  
Like mine, dishonour'd with the servile scourge !  
With pain all shiv'ring, and thy flesh contracting,  
Low mayst thou crouch beneath th' expected stroke,  
Ev'n from the hands thou sav'st !

*Tenan.* Alas, great Princess !

Divert this wrath against th' impending foe,  
Whose formidable ranks will soon descend  
From yonder hill.

*Boad.* [*To the Britons.*] Ungrateful and perfidious !  
Now would I draw my spirit from your camp,  
Leave you with him defenceless and expos'd,  
Then should your shatter'd chariots be o'erthrown,  
Your jav'lins broken, and in hasty flight  
Far from your trembling hands the buckler cast,  
Did not th' insatiate thirst which burns my soul  
To empty ev'ry vein of Roman blood  
Protect you, traitors, from my indignation.  
But, by th' unsanguin'd altars of Andate,

Thou,



Thou, Dumnorix, be sure, shalt rue this day ;  
For thou henceforward, art to me a Roman.

[Exit.

*Ven.* Oh, Dumnorix !

*Dum.* Let not this frantic woman  
Grieve thy mild nature—Romans, cease to fear.  
These are my tents ; retire in safety thither.

[*Exeunt Flam. and Ænob:*

Do thou go forth this instant and command [To *Tenan.*

Larch ardent youth to gird his falchion round him,  
His pond'rous spear to loosen from the turf,  
And brace the target firmly on his arm.

His car let ev'ry charioteer prepare,  
His warlike seat each combatant assume,

That ev'ry banner may in battle wave,  
Ere the sun reaches his meridian height. [Exit *Tenan.*

*Ven.* My lord and husband !

*Dum.* Wherefore dost thou hold me,  
And in my passage thy endearments plant ?  
I must prepare this moment to confront  
The foul and ghastly face of cruel war :  
And, by the gods, I rather court at present  
That shape of horror, than thy beauteous form.  
Then go, thou dear intruder, and remove  
Thy softness from me.

*Ven.* I will stay no longer

Than brave *Tenantius* hath perform'd thy orders.  
Long have I known thy valour skill'd to throw  
The rapid dart, and lift th' unconquer'd shield.  
A confidence like this hath still diffus'd  
Enough of firmness through my woman's heart,  
Ne'er to molest thee with a woman's fears,  
This day excepted ; now my weakness governs,  
And terror, too importunate, will speak.  
Hast thou encounter'd yet such mighty powers  
As down that mountain suddenly will rush ?  
From ev'ry part the Romans are assembled,  
All vers'd in arms, and terrible in valour.

*Dum.* Tell me, thou lovely coward, am not I  
As terrible, or falls the Roman sword  
On the tough buckler, and the crested helm  
With deadlier weight than mine ? Away and fear not.  
Secure and calm, repose thee in thy tent ;

B

Think



Think on thy husband, and believe he conquers ;  
 Amid the rage of battle he will think  
 On thee ; for thee he draws the martial blade,  
 For thy lov'd infants gripes the pointed ash.  
 Go, and expect me to return victorious ;  
 Thy hand shall dress my wounds, and all be well.

*Ven.* Far better be our fortune, than for thee  
 To want that office from my faithful hand,  
 Or me to stain thy triumphs with my tears.

*Dum.* Fear not. I tell thee, when thou seest my limbs  
 With dust bespread, my brows with glorious sweat,  
 And some distinguish'd wound to grace my breast,  
 Thou in the fulness of thy love shalt view me,  
 And swear, I seem most comely in thy sight.  
 Thy virtue then shall shew me worthier of thee,  
 Than did thy fondness on our nuptial day.

*Ven.* It shall be so. All wounded thou shalt find  
 My heart prepar'd to stifle its regret,  
 And smooth my forehead with obedient calmness.  
 Yet hear me further ; something will I offer  
 More than the weak effects of female dread ;  
 Thou go'st to fight in discord with thy colleague :  
 It is a thought which multiplies my fears.

*Dum.* Well urg'd, thou dearest counsellor, who best  
 Canst heal this mischief. Let thy meekness try  
 The soft persuasion of a private conf'rence,  
 To win from error a bewilder'd sister,  
 While none are present to alarm her pride.

*Ven.* I go, but, trembling, doubt my vain attempt ;  
 Unless, commission'd with thy dear injunctions,  
 My soul, exerted to perform thy pleasure,  
 Could give persuasion all my force of duty. [Exit.]

*Dum.* Hark ! we are summon'd.

*Tenan.* Ev'ry band is form'd :  
 The Romans too in close arrangement stand.

*Dum.* Ye warriors, destin'd to begin the onset,  
 My Trinobantians, it is time to seek  
 Th' embattled foe. And you, all-judging gods !  
 Look down benignant on a righteous cause.  
 Indeed we cannot give you, like the Romans,  
 A proud and sumptuous offering : we abound not  
 In marble temples, or in splendid altars :

Yet



Yet though we want this vain, luxurious pomp,  
 Rough though we wander on the mountain's head,  
 Through the deep vale, and o'er the craggy rock,  
 We still demand your favour; we can shew  
 Hands which for justice draw th' avenging steel,  
 Firm hearts, and manners undebat'd by fraud.  
 To you, my dauntless friends, what need of words?  
 Your cities have been sack'd, your children slain,  
 Your wives dishonour'd—Lo! on yonder hills  
 You see the spoilers; there the ruffians stand.  
 Your hands are arm'd; then follow, and revenge.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

## A C T II.

*Enter Flaminius and Enobarbus.*

FLAMINIUS.

**H**O! Enobarbus, thou mayst now come forward.  
 What has thy angry soul been brooding o'er?

*Enob.* Well thou hast sued, and hast obtain'd thy suit;  
 Of these barbarians meanly hast implor'd  
 Thy wretched life, and hast it. Must I thank thee  
 For this uncommon privilege to stand  
 A tame spectator of the Roman shame,  
 To see exulting savages o'erturn  
 Our walls and ramparts, see them with the spoils  
 Of our waste dwellings, with our captive eagles  
 And ancient trophies, ravish'd from our temples,  
 March in rude triumph o'er the gods of Rome?

*Flam.* What, thou hadst rather die!

*Enob.* And thou hadst rather  
 Live, like a dog, in chains, than die with courage,  
 Thou most unworthy of the Roman name.

*Flam.* Did those who now inhabit Rome deserve  
 The name of Romans, did the ancient spirit  
 Of our forefathers still survive among us,  
 I should applaud this bold contempt of life.

B 2

Our



Our ancestors, who liv'd while Rome was free,  
Might well prefer a noble fate to chains ;  
They lost a blessing we have never known :  
Born and inur'd to servitude at home,  
We only change one master for another,  
And Dumnorix is far beyond a Nero.

*Ænob.* Mean'st thou to mock me ?

*Flam.* No, I mean to shew

Thy stern opinions suit not with the times.

*Ænob.* Still by our valour we controul the world,  
And in that duty will I match the foremost.  
If our forefathers' manners be neglected,  
Free from that blame, I singly will maintain them.  
My sentiments are moulded by my spirit,  
Which wants thy pliant qualities to yield  
With ev'ry gust of fortune, rude or mild,  
And crouch beneath example, base or worthy.

*Flam.* Well, if thou canst not brook a British master—

*Ænob.* No, nor thy wanton folly will I brook,  
Which sports alike with slavery or freedom,  
Insensible of shame.

*Flam.* Suppose I free thee.

*Ænob.* Free me !

*Flam.* This day, if fortune be propitious.

*Ænob.* Ha ! do not cheat me with delusive fables,  
And trifle with my bonds.

*Flam.* By all my hopes,  
I do not trifle.

*Ænob.* Wilt thou give my bosom  
Once more to buckle on the soldier's harness,  
And meet in battle our insulting foes ?  
Shall my keen falchion gore the flying rout,  
And raise a bleeding trophy to revenge,  
For each indignity which Rome hath borne ?  
Hold me no longer in suspense ; instruct me  
From whence these hopes proceed.

*Flam.* Thou know'st I lov'd  
The British Princess.

*Ænob.* Hast thou rais'd my hopes  
To freedom, future victory, and honour,  
And dost thou talk of love ?

*Flam.* That love shall save us.

Thou



Thou saw'st, the gentle Emmeline but now.  
 Spoke to our tent, and gave the tend'rest welcome.  
 Unchang'd I found her, soft and artless still,  
 The gen'rous maid already hath suggested  
 The means of flight. The battle once begun,  
 While ev'ry Briton is intent on war,  
 Herself will guide us to a place of safety.

*Æno.* Now I commend thee.

*Flam.* Thou approv'st then.

*Æno.* Ay.

*Flam.* And see, the joyful moment is approaching;  
 See, where th' unnumber'd Trinobantians spread  
 In rude disorder o'er the vale beneath,  
 Whose broad extent this eminence commands.  
 Mark their wide-waving multitude, confus'd  
 With mingling standards, and tumultuous cars:  
 But far superior to the rest behold,  
 The brave and gen'rous Dumnorix, erect  
 With eager hope, his lofty jav'lin shakes,  
 And with unpolish'd majesty adorns  
 The front of war.

*Ænob.* I mark the rabble well;  
 And soon shall view the Romans from their station  
 Between those woods, which shade the adverse hills,  
 Sweep with resistless ardour to the vale,  
 And trample o'er the savages, like dust. [A march.

*Flam.* That smiling vale with pity I contemplate,  
 And wish more gentle foot-steps might be seen  
 To press its verdure, and that softer notes,  
 Than war's terrific clamours, might be tun'd  
 From those surrounding shades, to join the murmurs,  
 Of that fair chancel, whose sonorous bed  
 Receives the stream, descending from this grove  
 To form the dimpid maze, which shines below.

*Ænob.* I see it glistering in the noon-day sun.

But British gore will change its glassy hue.

*Flam.* Oh! might we rather on its friendly banks  
 Erect a grateful monument to Peace;  
 That she, her way returning, might afford me  
 To clasp the gallant Dumnorix, and style him  
 My friend, my benefactor, and preserver.—  
 Stand from before this tempest, while it passes.



*Enter Boadicia and Icenians.*

*Boad.* Oh ! I could drive this jav'lin through my heart  
To ease its tortures. Disobey'd ! Countroul'd !  
Ev'n in my army's fight ! Malignant pow'rs,  
If such there be, who o'er revenge preside,  
Who steel the breast with ever-during hate,  
And aid black rancour in its purpos'd mischief,  
Be present now, and guide my indignation !  
The Trinobantians are advanc'd before me. [Pauses.  
Let them sustain the onset ; let the Romans  
On Dumnorix with ev'ry cohort press,  
Till he intreat for Boadicia's aid,  
Then shall my eager eyes enjoy his ruin ;  
And when th'insulting boaster is o'erthrown,  
His bands dispers'd, or gasping in the dust,  
Then will I rush exulting in my car,  
Like fierce Andate, on the weary'd foe  
Lead rout and slaughter, through a tide of gore  
Impel my clotted wheels, redeem the day,  
And from the mouth of danger snatching conquest,  
Crown my revenge with glory.

*Enter Venusia.*

*Ven.* Stand apart,  
At my request, Icenians. O unbend, [To Boad.  
That louring brow, and hear a suppliant sister !  
So prone to error is our mortal frame,  
Time could not step without a trace of horror,  
If wary nature on the human heart  
Amid its wild variety of passions  
Had not impress'd a soft and yielding sense,  
That, when offences give resentment birth,  
The kindly dews of penitence may raise  
The seeds of mutual mercy and forgiveness.

*Boad.* Weak wretch, and yet whose impotence aspires  
To mix in warlike councils, and determine  
The fate of captives, won in fields of death,  
Thou wouldst do better to reserve thy tears ;  
Thou shalt have cause for penitential torrents.

*Ven.* They will not wait a second birth of woe ;  
At thy severity they burst already,  
• Why turns on me that formidable aspect,  
• Wont with commanding sternness to behold  
• Its foes abash'd, and victory its vassal ?

• Yet



' Yet how much brighrer is the wreath of glory,  
' When interwove with clemency and justice ?  
' Thou go'st to battle, there obtain renown ;  
' But learn compassion from my tears, nor think,  
' Benignity enfeebles, or dishonours  
' The most exalted valour.

' *Boad.* Shall the tears  
' Of abject importunity detain me,  
' While vengeance, striding from his grisly den,  
' With fell impatience grinds his iron teeth,  
' And waits my nod to satisfy his hunger ?  
' Hence to th' employment of thy feeble distaff !  
' *Ven.* Not skill'd, like thee, in war's ennobling toils,  
' Inferior praise, and humbler tasks I court,  
' And own my safety in thy loftier virtues ;  
' Yet not like thee, with unforgiving wrath  
' Could I resign a sister to her grief  
' At this tremendous hour, so near deciding  
' The fate of both. One gentle word bestow,  
' And I will leave thee with obedient haste ;  
' Nay I will seek the altars, and request,  
' That in the future triumphs of this day  
' Heav'n may refuse to Dumnorix a share,  
' And give thee all.

*Boad.* Does Dumnorix consent  
To sacrifice the Romans ? Art thou mute ?  
Still does he brave me ? But your favour'd captives  
Shall not escape. They soon shall join the victims,  
Which this unconquer'd jav'lin shall reserve  
To solemnize the fall of Rome's dominion.  
Then to my glory Dumnorix shall bend.  
In sight of Britain shall his baffled pride  
The pomp of public sacrifice behold,  
Behold and pine. You take a band of soldiers ;

[*To an Icenian*,

Watch well around the Trinobantian tents,  
And guard these Romans, as your lives. I tell thee,  
[*To Ven.*

Their gore shall yet besmear Andate's altar.

*Ven.* In silent awe I heard thy first resentment,  
Yet hop'd, the well known accents of affection,  
In kindness whisper'd to thy secret ear,

Might



Might to thy breast recal its exil'd pity,  
That gentle inmate of a woman's heart.

*Boad.* Durst thou, presumptuous, entertain a thought  
To give this bosom, nerv'd with manly strength,  
The weak sensations of a female spirit?

*Ven.* When I remind thy elevated soul,  
That we by mutual int'rest are but one,  
And by th' indissoluble ties of birth;  
Are those sensations weak, which nature prompts  
With justice strengthen'd, can her pow'rful voice  
Find no persuasion?—

*Boad.* None. Provoke no more  
With plaintive murmurs my indignant ear.  
Thou, and thy husband, authors of my shame,  
Before th' assembled chiefs, may rest assur'd,  
No pray'rs shall soften, no atonement bribe,  
And no submission shall appease the wrong.  
May desolation trample on my dwelling  
A second time, rapacious force again,  
And insult revel through my inmost chambers;  
If I forgive you. Thou hast food for anguish;  
Go, and indulge its appetite at leisure.

*Ven.* Yes, I will hasten to the holy shrine,  
There wring my hands, and melt in copious sorrow,  
Not for my injur'd self, but thee remorseless,  
To mourn thy faded honours, which, deform'd  
By harsh injustice to thy blameless friends,  
Ne'er will revive in beauty. Not success,  
Not trophies rising round thee, not the throng  
Of circling captives, and their conquer'd standards,  
Nor glorious dust of victory can hide  
From just reproach thy unrelenting scorn,  
While none deplore thee, but the wrong'd *Venus*.

[*Exit.*]

*Boad.* Stern pow'r of war, my patroness and guide,  
To thee each captive Roman I devote  
Come then, vindictive goddess, in thy terrors;  
O'erwhelm with wrath his sacrilegious head;  
Who would defraud thy altars: O confound  
His ranks, his steeds, his chariots, and thy favour  
To me, thy martial votaries, confer.



In sex like thee, and glowing with thy fires.

[*Exeunt all but Ænobarbus and Flaminius.*]

*Æno.* Do thou come forward now, and say, what terror  
Has thy dejected soul been brooding o'er? [rings]

Yon furious dame, who fill'd thee so with dread,  
Is marching onward. Raise thy head, and look;  
See, where ev'n now with sullen pride she mounts  
Her martial seat; yet wondrous slow, by heav'n,  
Her car descends, nor soon will reach the vale.  
Thou look'st desponding. Art thou still dismay'd?  
Think'st thou, yon dreadful woman will return?  
From us she moves, though, slowly; then take comfort.

*Flam.* Far other care, than terrors, fill my breast.

*Æno.* What means this langour? Wherefore heaves  
that sigh?

*Flam.* O Ænobarbus, wilt thou bear my weakness;  
I see the moment of deliverance near,  
Yet pine with grief.

*Æno.* Whate'er the folly be,  
With which thy bosom teems, the gods confound it.

*Flam.* To see the dearest object of my soul,  
Just see her after such a tedious absence,  
Then vanish from her sight perhaps for ever;  
When these reflections rise, the sweet exchange  
From bonds to freedom, which to her I owe,  
Is mix'd with bitterness, and joy subsides.

*Æno.* Why didst thou leave the fair Italian fields,  
Thou silken slave of Venus? What could move  
Thee to explore these boist'rous northern climes,  
And change yon radiant sky for Britain's clouds?  
What dost thou here, effeminate? By heav'n,  
Thou should'st have loiter'd in Campania's villas,  
And in thy garden nurs'd, with careful hands,  
The gaudy-vested progeny of Flora;  
Or indolently pac'd the pebbled shore,  
And ey'd the beating of the Tuscan wave  
To waste thy irksome leisure. Wilt thou tell me,  
What thou dost here in Britain? Dost thou come  
To sigh and pine? Could Italy afford  
No food for these weak passions? Must thou traverse  
Such tracts of land, and visit this cold region  
To love and languish? Answer me, what motive

First



First brought thee hither? But forbear to urge;  
It was in quest of honour; for the god  
Of war disclaims thee.

*Flam.* Well, suppose I answer,  
That friendship drew me from the golden Tiber,  
With thee to combat this inclement sky,  
Will it offend thee?

*Eno.* No, I am thy friend,  
And I will make a Roman of thee still;  
But let me see no languishing dejection  
More on thy brow, nor hear unmanly sighs.  
Gods! canst thou dream of love, when yonder see  
The Roman legions, all array'd for battle,  
Are now descending; see their dreaded eagles,  
Their dazzling helmets, and their crimson plumes:  
A grove of jav'lines glitters down the steep;  
They point their terrors on th' astonish'd foe;  
Soon will they charge the Britons in the vale,  
And with the auspicious glories of this day  
Enrich the annals of imperial Rome.  
O curst captivity! with double weight  
I feel thee now! malicious fate! to suffer  
A Roman thus to stand confin'd in bondage,  
And see the triumphs, which he cannot share  
By heav'n, Flaminius, I will never bear it.  
Where is thy Briton? Will she lead us hence?  
Else, by the god of war, unarm'd I rush  
To join the glorious scene, which opens there.

*Flam.* I see her coming, and will fly to meet her. [*Exit.*]

*Eno.* Our time is short, remember, do not dally.  
' I have a thought, lies rip'ning in my breast;  
' And teems with future glory, if the fight  
' Prove undecisive, and these tents subside,  
Soon will I bid thee, hostile camp, farewell.  
Thou saw'st me come in thralldom; I depart  
A fugitive: if ever I return,  
Thou shalt receive me in another guise;  
Then shalt thou see me, when my shining helm  
Shall strike cold terror through thy boldest guards,  
And from its lofty crest destruction shake.

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT



## A C T III.

*Enter Flaminius and Ænobarbus.*

FLAMINIUS.

OUR lovely guide attends us. Thy impatience  
Hath call'd me leit' rer.

*Æno.* Thou may'st loiter still.  
Thou canst not hasten, nor retard our fate,  
Which is irrevocably fix'd.

*Flam.* What say'st thou?

*Æno.* I say, prepare to die. If Boadicia  
Return once more, our destiny is fix'd.  
Whate'er her merciless revenge may purpose,  
Elate with conquest, or incens'd by loss,  
If on the rack to strain our bursting sinews,  
If from the bleeding trunks to lop our limbs,  
Or with slow fires protract the hours of pain,  
We must abide it all. Collect thy spirit,  
And, like a Roman, dauntless wait thy doom.

*Flam.* I hear thee, but thy meaning—

*Æno.* Hear again ;

Before the tent some paces as I stood,  
And joyful saw the Trinobantion guard,  
Of us neglectful, from this quarter drawn  
To view the impending battle ; on a sudden  
A curs'd Icenian cast his jealous eye  
Athwart my steps, then call'd a num'rous band,  
Who prowl around us, as a destin'd prey.

*Flam.* Malicious fortune!

*Æno.* Now thou see'st my meaning.

*Flam.* Our flight were vain, while these observe us.

*Æno.* True.

What has thy tame submission now avail'd,  
Thy abject supplication to barbarians ?  
Hadst thou with courage met thy fate at first,  
We had been dead, ere now.

*Flam.* To view the sun  
Through his gay progress from the morn, till even,  
Possess my friends, my parents, and my love,  
Within the circle of my native walls,

Were



Were joys, I deem'd well worthy of my care ;  
 But since that care is fruitless, I can leave  
 This light, my friends, my parents, love, and country,  
 As little daunted at my fate, as thou,  
 Though not so unconcern'd.

*Enob.* Oh, Mars and Vesta!

Is it a vision, which you raise before me  
 To charm my eyes? Behold a scene, Flaminius,  
 To cheer a Roman in the gasp of death.  
 The Britons are defeated; look, Flaminius;  
 Back from the vale in wild tumultuous flight  
 Behold their numbers sweeping tow'rd the hill:  
 Already some are swarming up its side  
 To reach their camp for shelter; pale dismay  
 With hostile rage pursue their broken rear,  
 While massacre, unhidden, cloy's his famine,  
 And quaffs the blood of nations. Oh, in vain  
 Dost thou oppose thy bosom to the tide  
 Of war, and brandish that recover'd standard;  
 • Vain is thy animating voice to those,  
 • Whom fear makes deaf;' Oh, Dumnorix, thy toils  
 Are fruitless, Britain in the scale of fate  
 Yields to the weight of Rome. Now, life, farewell:  
 • Shine on, bright Phœbus, those, who rest behind  
 • To share thy splendours, while I sink in darkness,  
 • Are far beneath my envy;' I resign  
 These eyes with pleasure to eternal shades,  
 They now have seen enough.

*Flam.* Whence this despair?

A blind confusion fills the spacious camp,  
 Already consternation hath dispers'd  
 Our guard. Ev'n Dumnorix retires—He comes;  
 Avoid him—Trust me, I am well instructed,  
 And will conduct thee to a safe retreat.

*Enter Dumnorix with a standard.*

*Dum.* Thou hard-kept remnant of our shatter'd fortune,  
 Stand there before the partial eye of heav'n,  
 Which has prefer'd the Romans' splendid altars,  
 To the plain virtue of a British heart.  
 Presumptuous frenzy! Why is Heav'n reproach'd?  
 Oh, Boadicia, thou perfidious mischief!

*Enter*



*Enter Venusia.*

*Ven.* Now let my duty o'er my fear prevail,  
Fill my whole breast with tenderness, and heal  
With sweetest comfort thy distress.

*Dum.* My wife!  
Thou most unlike to yon degen'rate woman,  
Her country's bane!

*Ven.* I tremble at thy words.

*Dum.* Be not dismay'd; the camp is still our own.  
Night is impending, and the Romans halt.

*Ven.* But what of Boadicia?

*Dum.* Hear and mourn.  
The Trinobantians scarce had fill'd the vale,  
When from a narrow pass between the woods  
Forth burst the Romans, wedg'd in deep array.  
I found our struggle vain, and sent for aid  
To Boadicia; she with scorn reply'd,  
I did not want th' assistance of a woman;  
Nor left her station, till my broken ranks  
Were driv'n among th' Icenians; in a moment  
All was confusion, slaughter and defeat.

*Enter Boadicia.*

*Dum.* Gods! art thou safe?

*Ven.* Oh! most unhappy sister!  
When last we parted, cruel were thy words,  
A sure presage of endless grief to me;  
Yet my desponding spirit ne'er forboded,  
That thou couldst deviate from a prosp'rous course,  
When ev'ry gale conspir'd to swell thy glory.

*Boad.* Throw not on me the crime of envious fortune.

*Dum.* Dost thou blame fortune, traitress?

*Boad.* Then the blame  
Take on thy fingle head.

*Dum.* Avoid my fight.

*Boad.* Thou led'st the van.

*Dum.* Avaunt.

*Boad.* Thou fled'st the first.  
Now find'st too late th'importance of a woman.

*Dum.* Too true I find a woman curs'd with pow'r  
To blast a nation's welfare. Heav'nly rulers!  
How have the Britons merited this shame?  
Have we with fell ambition, like the Romans,

C

Un-



Unpeopled realms, and made the world a desert ?  
 Have we your works defac'd ; or how deserv'd  
 So large a measure of your bitt'rest wrath,  
 That you should cloath this spirit of a wolf  
 In human form, and blend her lot with ours ?

*Boad.* Beset with perils, as I am, pursu'd  
 By rout and havoc to th' encircl'ing toil ;  
 Untam'd by this reverse, my lofty soul,  
 Upbraiding still thy arrogance, demands,  
 Who spar'd the captive Romans ? Who provok'd  
 My just resentment ? Who, in pow'r, in name  
 And dignity inferior, but elate  
 With blind presumption, and by envy stung,  
 Dar'd to dispute with me supreme command,  
 Then pale and trembling turn'd his back on danger ?

*Ven.* Oh, once united by the friendliest ties,  
 And leaders both of nations, shall this land  
 Still view its bulwarks, tott'ring with disunion,  
 Enhance the public and their own misfortunes ?  
 Thou, my complacent Lord, wert wont to smooch  
 That manly front at pity's just complaint ;  
 And, thou entrusted with a people's welfare,  
 A queen and warrior, let disdain no more  
 Live in the midst of danger—See Venusia  
 Upon her knees——

*Dum.* Shall thy perfections kneel  
 To this——

*Ven.* Oh ! stop, nor give resentment utterance.  
 In such a cause the proudest knee might sue  
 To less than Boadicia——Turn not from me !

[To Boadicia.

Look on a prostrate sister ;—think, thou hear'st  
 Our children's plaintive notes enforce my pray'r,  
 And Albion's genius mix his solemn moan ;  
 That lamentations through thy ears resound  
 From all the wives and mothers of those thousands,  
 Whose limbs lie stretch'd on yonder fields of death ;  
 Those wretched wives and mothers, Oh ! reflect,  
 But for the fatal discord of this day,  
 With other looks, with other cries and gestures,  
 'With diff'rent transports, and with diff'rent tears,  
 Might have receiv'd their sons and husbands home,



' Than they will now survey their pale remains,  
' Which there lie mangled by the Roman sword'  
To feed the raven's hunger—yet relent !  
Yet let restoring union close our wounds,  
And to repair this ruin be thy praise !

*Dum.* Rise, rise. Thy mildness, whose persuasive charm  
No cruelty, but hers, could hear unmov'd,  
In vain would render placable and wise  
That malice, inhumanity and frenzy,  
Which have already wasted such a store  
Of glory and success.

*Boad.* Oh !

*Dum.* Dost thou groan ?

*Boad.* No, no, I do not feel a moment's pain.

*Dum.* Thy words are false. Thy heart o'erflows with  
anguish.

*Boad.* No, I despise both thee and fortune still.

*Dum.* By heav'n, I know distraction rends thy soul,  
And to its view presents th'approaching scene  
Of shame and torture, when th'indignant Romans  
Exact a tenfold vengeance for their sufferings ;  
And when thou passest through their streets in chains,  
The just derision of insulting foes,  
A frantic woman, who resign'd her hopes,  
And to indulge an empty pride, betray'd  
Her children, friends and country ; then recal,  
What once was Boadicia, fall'n how low  
From all her honours, by her folly fall'n  
From pow'r, from empire, victory and glory,  
To vilest bonds, and ignominious stripes.

*Boad.* May curses blast thee, worse than I can utter,  
And keener pangs than whips or shackles seize thee !

*Ven.* Oh ! sister, how unseemly is this rage ?  
Whom dost thou load with these ungen'rous curses ?  
Thy faithful friend, thy counsellor and brother,  
Whom thou hast injur'd, injur'd past the pow'r  
Of reparation. ' Dost thou call for whips  
' To print those venerable limbs with shame,  
' For bonds to humble that majestic head,  
' Which foes themselves must honour ? Yet, if chains  
' Must be our fate, what cruel hand hath forg'd them,  
' But thine alone ? Thy hand hath heap'd destruction



‘ On him, thy once rever’d ally, on me,  
 ‘ On my poor children, guiltless of offence,  
 ‘ And on thy own, who claim’d protection from thee ;  
 Yet thou, obdurate, to thy rage a prey,  
 Dost chide remorse and pity from thy breast.

*Dum.* Source of thy own afflictions ! to behold thee  
 [To Boadicia.]

Distracted thus, thus fall’n and lost, to see  
 Thus strongly painted on thy lab’ring features  
 The pangs, thou feel’st within, awakes compassion.

*Boad.* Ha ! no——divine Andate shall uphold me:  
 Above thy pity. Think’st thou, Boadicia  
 Is thus deserted by her patron goddess,  
 Thus void of all resources ? Think so still,  
 And be deceiv’d. Ev’n now I feel her aid ; [Aside.  
 I feel her here ; the warlike queen inspires  
 My pregaant soul ; the mighty plan is forming ;  
 It grows, it labours in my ardent bosom ;  
 It springs to life, and calls for instant action ;  
 Lead on, exert thee, goddess, till the furies,  
 Which heretofore have thunder’d at thy heels,  
 Start at the new-born horrors of this night. [Exit.

*Ven.* Oh ! Dumnorix, how virtue hath recoil’d  
 Upon itself ! my interposing pity,  
 Thy manly firmness in a gen’rous act  
 Gave these disasters being.

*Dum.* I forbid thee  
 To blame thy virtues, which the gods approve,  
 And I revere. Now leave me to concert  
 With our surviving chiefs the means of safety.

*Ven.* Oh ! that, like me, compliant, at thy word  
 Peace a benign companion would attend,  
 And moderate thy cares, while I depart.

*Dum.* Have I been guilty ? answer me, my heart,  
 Who now wouldst burst my agonizing breast,  
 Hath Dumnorix been guilty ? Wilt thou, Britain,  
 To me impute the horrors of this day ?  
 Perhaps a Roman’s policy had yielded,  
 And to a colleague’s cruelty and pride  
 Had sacrific’d humanity and justice ?  
 I did not so, and Albion is destroy’d.  
 Yet, Oh, be witness, all ye gen’rous spirits,

So



## BOADICIA.

29

So lately breathing in those heaps of death,  
That in this day's extremity and peril,  
Your Dumnorix was mindful of his charge ;  
My shiver'd javelin, my divided shield,  
And blunted sword, be witness for your master,  
You were not idle in that dreadful hour ;  
Nor ev'n amid the carnage pil'd around me,  
Will I relinquish my pursuit of hope——  
Hope may elude me——For myself I fear not——  
But my Venusia——Ha ! prepare, my soul——  
There is thy struggle, on her tender mind  
To graft thy firmness, which can welcome death,  
And hold it gain, when liberty is lost.

END of the THIRD ACT.

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## A C T IV.

*Enter Dumnorix.*

DUMNORIX.

**T**ILL good Tenantius and the rest return,  
I have been led by solitary care  
To yon dark branches, spreading o'er the brook,  
Which murmurs through the camp ; this mighty camp,  
Where once two hundred thousand sons of war  
With restless dins awak'd the midnight hour.  
Now horrid stillness in the vacant tents  
Sits undisturb'd ; and these incessant rills,  
Whose pebbled channel breaks their shallow stream,  
Fill with their melancholy sound my ears,  
As if I wander'd like a lonely hind,  
O'er some dead fallow far from all resort :  
Unless that ever and anon a groan  
Bursts from a soldier, pillow'd on his shield  
In torment, or expiring with his wounds,  
And turns my fix'd attention into horror.  
Venusia comes——The hideous scene around me

C 3

Now



Now prompts the hard but necessary duty. ———  
Yet how to name thee, death, without thy terrors !

*Enter Venusia.*

*Ven.* Thou didst enjoin my absence. I departed.  
With ill-tim'd care if now returning. ———

*Dum.* No.

*Ven.* Alas ! deep-plung'd in sadness still I find thee.

*Dum.* Dost thou ? Come nearer. Thou hast seen this  
How thy perfidious, thy invet'rate sister [day,  
Hath stain'd my glory, and my fortune baffled ;  
Thou hast receiv'd me vanquish'd, who before  
Was us'd to greet thee with the sound of conquest.  
Now tell me truly ; am I still the same  
In my Venusia's eyes ?

*Ven.* What means my Lord ?

*Dum.* Am I still lov'd and honour'd, as before ?

*Ven.* Canst thou suspect, that fortune rules my love ?  
Thy pow'r and honours may be snatch'd away,  
Thy wide possessions pass to other lords,  
And frowning heav'n resume, whate'er it gave,  
All but my love, which ne'er shall know decay,  
But ev'n in ruin shall augment its fondness.

*Dum.* Then will my dictates be regarded still.

*Ven.* Impart this moment thy rever'd commands ;  
And if it prove within my slender pow'r  
To ease thy troubles, I will bless the gods,  
And, unrepining, to our fate submit.

*Dum.* Think not my own calamities distress me ;  
I can encounter fortune's utmost malice :  
But, Oh ! for thee, Venusia ———

*Ven.* Do not fear.

While in these faithful arms I hold my Lord,  
I never shall complain. Let ev'ry ill,  
Let ruin and captivity o'ertake me,  
With thee I will be happy.

*Dum.* Ha ! Venusia !

Could thou and I find happiness together,  
Depriv'd of freedom ? Dost thou mark ?

*Ven.* I do.

*Dum.* Thou art most fair ; but could thy lovely face  
Make slavery look comely ? Could the touch  
Of that soft hand convey delight to mine  
With servile fetters on ?

*Ven.*



*Ven.* Why dost thou gaze  
Thus stedfastly upon me?

*Dum.* I would have thee  
Reflect once more upon the loss of freedom.

*Ven.* It is the heaviest sure of human woes.

*Dum.* Learn one thing more, and though relentless  
‘ Its care withdraws from this ill-destin’d isle, [heav’n  
‘ Thou in the fall of nations shalt be safe.’

Oh! heed Venusia! never did thy welfare  
Raise in my breast such tender cares before;

‘ Else from the public danger would I spare  
‘ These precious moments to assist thy virtue.’

*Ven.* Thou mak’st me all attention.

*Dum.* Reach thy hand.

Now while I hold thee, do I bless Andate,  
That this free hand, protected by my sword,  
Hath not yet known the shameful doom of bondage.

*Ven.* Nor shall I know it; thy unshaken valour  
Will be my safeguard still.

*Dum.* If fate confounds

My utmost efforts, can I then protect thee?

*Ven.* Why dost thou lead me to despair? Why fill  
My breast with terrors? Never did I see thee,  
Till this sad hour, thus hopeless and dejected.

Oh! how shall I, a woman weak and fearful,  
Sustain my portion of the gen’ral woe;  
If thou, in perils exercis’d and war,  
Dost to ill fortune bow thy gallant spirit?

*Dum.* Think not, Venusia, I abandon hope:  
No, on the verge of ruin will I stand,  
And dauntless combat with our evil fate;  
Nor till its rancour bear me to the bottom,  
My soul shall ever entertain despair:  
But as the wisest, and the best resolv’d  
Cannot control the doubtful chance of war,  
I would prepare thee for the worst event.

*Ven.* Fly where thou wilt, my faithful steps shall follow  
‘ I can pursue thy course with naked feet,  
‘ Though roaming o’er the rough and pointed crags,  
‘ Or through the pathless tract of deepest woods; a.  
‘ By thy dear hand supported, would I pass

‘ Thruis



‘ Thro’ the cold snow, which hides the mountain’s brow,  
 ‘ And o’er the frozen surface of the vale.’

*Dum.* ‘ Thou best of women, I believe thou wouldst,  
 ‘ Believe thy constant heart would teach those limbs,  
 ‘ Thus soft and gentle, to support all hardship,  
 ‘ And hold with me society in toil.’

But should we want the wretched pow’r to fly,  
 What then?

*Ven.* What then?

*Dum.* The Romans may surround us.

*Ven.* How wouldst thou act in such a dreadful season?

*Dum.* Ne’er shall the hands of Dumnorix endure  
 The shame of fetters; ne’er shall Rome behold  
 This breast, which honourable war hath seam’d,  
 Pant with the load of bondage: gen’rous wounds,  
 Ye deep engraven characters of glory,  
 Ye faithful monitors of Albion’s cause,  
 Oft, when your midnight anguish hath rebuk’d  
 Oblivious slumber from my watchful pillow,  
 And in her danger kept my virtue waking:  
 You, when that office can avail no more,  
 Will look more graceful on my death-cold bosom,  
 Than to be shewn before the scoffing Romans,  
 Should they behold that Dumnorix in shackles,  
 Whom once they dreaded in the field of war.

*Ven.* Assist me, Heav’n!

*Dum.* Speak out. I watch to hear thee.  
 My pow’rs are all suspended with attention.

*Ven.* What shall I do?

*Dum.* Explain thy thoughts.

*Ven.* I cannot.

*Dum.* Why canst thou not? Remember who thou art,  
 And who thy husband is.

*Ven.* The first of men,  
 Join’d to the least deserving of her sex.

*Dum.* View thy own heart; be conscious of thy merit;  
 And in its strength confiding, be secure;  
 That thou art worthy of the greatest man,  
 And not unequal to the noblest task.

*Ven.* Oh, I will struggle to assert that claim!  
 Yet, dearest Lord, extend thy whole indulgence,

Non



Nor undeserving of thy love esteem me,  
While trembling thus.

*Dum.* I know thy native softness.

Yet wherefore dost thou tremble? Speak, my love.

*Ven.* Oh, I have not thy courage, not been us'd,  
Like thee, to meet the dreadful shape of death;  
I never felt the anguish of a wound;  
Thy arm hath still kept danger at a distance;  
If now it threatens, and my heart no more  
Must treat with safety, it is new to me.

*Dum.* It is, my love. My tenderness implies  
No expectation, that thy gentle mind  
Should be at once familiariz'd with fate.  
Not insurmountable I hold our danger.  
But to provide against delusive fortune.

' That thou mayst bear, unterrify'd, the lot,  
' Which best shall suit thy dignity and name,'  
Demands thy care; take counsel of thy virtue.

*Ven.* I will.

*Dum.* And arm thy breast with resolution.

*Ven.* Indeed I will, and ask the gracious gods  
To fill my heart with constancy and spirit,  
And shew me worthy of a man, like thee;  
' Perhaps their succour, thy rever'd injunction,  
' And high example may control my terrors;'  
But, Oh! what pow'r shall sooth another care,  
Than life more precious, and a keener pang,  
Than death's severest agony, relieve;  
The sad remembrance of my helpless infants,  
Our love's dear pledges, who before me rise  
In orphan woe, defenceless and forsaken,  
And all my borrow'd fortitude dissolve.

*Dum.* Thou perfect pattern of maternal fondness,  
And conjugal compliance, rest assur'd,  
That care was never absent from my soul.  
Confide in me; thy children shall be safe.

*Ven.* How safe?

*Dum.* Shall live in safety. Thou shalt know.  
Mean time retire. Our anxious chiefs, return'd,  
Wait my commands, and midnight is advancing.

[*Exit Venusia.*

She goes——her love and duty will surmount

This



This hideous task—Oh, morning bright in hope,  
 Clos'd by a night of horror, which reduces  
 This poor—dear woman, yet in blooming years,  
 Bless'd in her husband, in her offspring bless'd,  
 Perhaps to cut her stem of being short  
 With her own tender hand—If ever tears  
 Might sort with valour, nor debase a soldier,  
 It would be now—Ha! whither do I plunge?

*Enter Ebrancus, Tenantius, and Trinobantians.*

*Dum.* Well, my brave friends, what tidings?

*Ebran.* Through thy quarter  
 With weary steps and mourning, have we travers'd  
 A silent desert of unpeopled tents  
 Quite to the distant station of th' Icenians.  
 Their chiefs we found in council round their queen;  
 The multitude was arming: twenty thousand  
 Were yet remaining, and unhurt by war,  
 Unlike our Trinobantians, who, unaided,  
 The fatal onset bore. Those huge battalions,  
 Which Rome so dreaded, are, alas! no more.

*Dum.* Be not dejected. Far the greater part  
 Are fled for shelter to their native roofs,  
 And will rejoin us, when with force repair'd  
 We may dispute our island still with Rome.  
 But have you gain'd access to Boadicia?

*Ebran.* We have.

*Dum.* What said she?

*Ebran.* She approv'd thy counsel.

*Dum.* You told her then my purpose to retreat  
 Through yonder forest.

*Ebran.* To herself alone  
 We told it.

*Dum.* I commend you. You have sav'd us  
 A conference, both needless and unpleasing.

*Ebran.* She further bade us note, how all th' Icenians  
 Were then in arms, and ready to advance.

*Dum.* Return, and tell her, (let thy phrase, Ebrancus,  
 Be soft and humble) ere two hours be wasted,  
 We must begin our march. Do you explore

[To the other Trinobantians.  
 The



The secret passage, and with winged haste  
Bring back your tidings. Thou, Tenantius, wait.

[*Exeunt Eboracius and Trinobantianus.*]

*Dum.* To thee my inmost bosom I must open,  
And to thy friendship trust my tend'rest cares.  
Thou must pursue thy journey, heed me well,  
Quite through the forest—Dost thou know the pass?

*Tenan.* Yes, where those gushing waters leave the grove  
To seek the valley, deeper in the shade  
From the same fountain flows a smaller brook,  
Whose secret channel through the thicket winds,  
And will conduct me farther down the vale—

*Dum.* Which once attain'd, proceed and gain my  
dwelling.  
Give me thy honest hand—Come nearer, soldier,  
Thy faithful bosom would I clasp to mine—  
Perhaps thy general and thou may never  
Embrace again.

*Tenan.* What means my fearless chief?  
Why hast thou call'd this unaccustom'd moisture  
Into thy soldier's eyes!

*Dum.* Thou dost not weep,  
My gallant vet'ran—I have been to blame.  
A tenderness resulting from a care,  
Which struggles here, subdu'd me for a moment.  
This shall be soon discharg'd, and all be well.  
I have two boys—If after all my efforts,  
(I speak not prompted by despair, but caution)  
Rome should prevail against me, and our hopes  
Abortive fall, thou take these helpless infants;  
With thee transport them to our northern frontiers,  
And hide them deep in Caledonian woods.  
There in their growing years excite and cherish  
The dear remembrance of their native fields;  
That, to redeem them from th' Italian spoiler,  
If e'er some kind occasion should invite,  
Forth from their covert they may spring undaunted.  
' Ne'er let the race of Dumnorix divert  
' One thought from Albion to their own repose.  
' Remind them often of their father's toils,  
' Whom thou leav'st grappling to the last with fortune.  
And if beneath this island's mould'ring state

I to



I to avoid disgraceful chains must sink,  
 Fain would my spirit in the hope depart,  
 That on the ruins, which surround my fall,  
 A new-born structure may hereafter stand,  
 Rais'd by my virtue, living in my sons.

[*Exeunt*]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

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## ACT V.

*Enter Venusia.*

VENUSIA.

**A** Hollow sound of tumult strikes my ear;  
 Perhaps the howl of some night-roaming wolves,  
 Who, wak'd by hunger, from their gloomy haunts  
 Are trooping forth to make their fell repast  
 On my fresh-bleeding countrymen, whose limbs  
 O'erspread the valley. Shall I mourn your fall,  
 Lost friends, who, couch'd in death, forget your cares,  
 I, who may shortly join your ghastly band,  
 Unless that forest yield its promis'd aid?  
 O hope, sweet flatt'rer, whose delusive touch  
 Sheds on afflicted minds the balm of comfort,  
 Relieves the load of poverty, sustains  
 The captive, bending with the weight of bonds,  
 And smooths the pillow of disease and pain,  
 Send back th' exploring messenger with joy,  
 And let me hail thee from that friendly grove:

*Enter Dumnorix.*

*Dum.* Why hast thou left thy couch?

*Ven.* I heard a sound,  
 Like tumult at a distance.

*Dum.* So did I,  
 As near the op'ning pass I stood, to watch  
 Our messenger's return.

*Enter Ebrancus.*

What means this haste?  
 Why lookst thou pale?

*Ebran.*



*Ebran.* With thy instructions charg'd,  
I fought th' Icenian quarter. All around  
Was solitude and silence. When I call'd,  
No voice reply'd. To Boadicia's tent  
With fearful haste I trod. Her daughters there  
I found in consternation. I enquir'd  
The cause: they answer'd only with their tears;  
Till from the princess Emmeline at last  
I learn'd, that all th' Icenians were that hour  
In silent march departed; but their course  
She could not tell me: that her furious mother  
Had with a fell, determin'd look enjoin'd them  
To wait her pleasure, which should soon be known;  
Mean time to rest immoveable and mute.

*Enter an Icenian carrying a bowl.*

*Ven.* My Dumnorix, defend me.

*Dum.* Ha! what means  
This wild demeanour—wilt thou speak, Icenian? —  
Fear not, my love; thy Dumnorix is near.  
What is that bowl, thou carry'st?

*Icen.* Honour'd chief,  
If ought appears disorder'd in my gesture,  
Which ill becomes the reverence I owe thee,  
Charge that demerit to my horrid errand,  
And not to me.

*Ven.* What will befall us now!

*Dum.* [*To the Icen.*] Wilt thou begin?

*Icen.* I come from Boadicia.

*Dum.* Where is she?

*Icen.* Far advanc'd o'er yonder vale.

*Dum.* With what intention?

*Icen.* To assail the Romans.

*Dum.* Assail the Romans?

*Icen.* To surprize their camp,  
At this dead hour, with unexpected slaughter.  
Before she march'd, to me this secret charge  
In words, like these, she gave.—Observe our course;  
When I have pass'd the camp's extremest verge,  
Back to my daughters and Venusia speed:  
Tell them, I go our fortune to restore,  
If unsuccessful never to return.  
Should that stern doom attend me, bid them take

D

The



The last, best gift, which dying I can leave them ;  
 That of my blood no part may prove dishonour'd.  
 The Trinobantian, of his Roman friends  
 So well deserving, may accept their grace.—  
 This said, with wild emotion in her breast,  
 Her visage black'ning with despair and horror,  
 She streight committed to my trembling hands  
 Two fatal bowls, which flow with poison'd stream:  
 I have accomplish'd half my horrid task  
 With Boadicia's daughters.

*Dum.* Frantic woman !

*'* Who hopes with fury and despair to match

*'* The vigilance and conduct of Suetonius.

*'* *Icin.* From this ill-fated hand receive the draught,

*'* Whose hue and odour warrant it the juice

*'* Of that benumbing plant, the Druids gather ;

*'* That plant, whose drowsy moisture lulls the sense,

*'* And with a silent influence expels

*'* The unresisting spirit from her seat.

*Dum.* Mistaken woman ! did she deem Venusia  
 Was unprovided of this friendly potion—

Perform thy orders ; bear it to my tent.—

Thou mayst not want it yet—take comfort, love.

*Enter a second Icenian.*

*Second Icen.* Oh ! Dumnorix.

*Dum.* Icenian, spare thy voice.

Thy flight, thy terror, and thy wounds interpret  
 Too plainly.

*Second Icen.* We are vanquish'd.

*Dum.* I believe thee.

*Second Icen.* Oh ! I have much to tell thee—but I faint.

*Dum.* [*To Ebrancus.*] Conduct him hence, and learn  
 the whole event.

[*Exit Icenian with Ebrancus.*]

*Ven.* On you, celestial arbiters, we call.

Now as we stand environ'd by distress,

Now weigh our actions past, deform'd, or fair,

If e'er oppression hath defil'd his valour,

In help and pity to the woes of others :

Our hearts been scanty, and our hands reserv'd,

Let our transgressions ratify our doom :

Else with your justice let our merits plead,

To



To hold its shield before us, and repel  
These undeserv'd misfortunes.

*Dum.* Heav'n may hear,  
And through that forest lead us still to safety.  
Ha! no; each pow'r against us is combin'd;  
What but their anger, level'd at our heads,  
Could bring Tenantius back, so strictly charg'd  
To seek our home—The intercepting foes  
Have seiz'd the secret pass.

*Ven.* Whose guardian care  
Now to the gloomy shelter of a desert,  
To solitary innocence and peace  
Will guide our friendless orphans?

*Dum.* True, Venusia.  
Through ev'ry trial heav'n is pleas'd to lead us,  
Droop not—one comfort never can forsake us.  
The mind, to virtue train'd, in ev'ry state  
Rejoicing, grieving, dying, must possess  
Th' exalted pleasure to exert that virtue.

*Enter Tenantius.*

*Ven.* Speak, speak, Tenantius.

*Tenan.* We pursu'd our course,  
But had not travel'd far, before we heard  
The sound of footsteps, dashing through the brook,  
Whose winding channel marks the secret way.  
Not long we stood in wonder, ere a troop  
Of Romans sally'd forth, and made us captives.

*Dum.* Why then, farewell to what was left of hope.

*Tenan.* Not so, my lord.

*Ven.* Speak. What resource is left?

*Tenan.* We were conducted to the Roman leaders;  
One fierce and haughty, gentler far the other,  
Who calm'd his stern companion, gave us comfort,  
Nam'd thee with reverence, then an earnest zeal  
Disclosing for thy safety, and requesting  
A short, but friendly conference between you,  
With courtesy dismiss'd us.

*Ven.* Is he near?

*Tenan.* Hard by he waits impatient for an answer,  
Just where the pass is open to the tent.

*Dum.* What would the Roman?

D 2

*Ven.*



*Ven.* Hasten back, Tenantius,  
And say, that Dumnorix consents to parley.

*Dum.* Ha! trust our freedom in a Roman's pow'r?

*Tenan.* Unarm'd and single will the Roman join thee.

*Dum.* Oh, ineffectual effort!

*Ven.* Only see him,  
If but to parley for thy children's safety.  
Weak as I am, unequal to these conflicts,  
I would embrace destruction ere request thee  
Once to comply with ought below thy greatness.

*Dum.* Let him approach.

*Enter Ebrancus.*

What hast thou learnt, my soldier?

*Ebran.* Like ours, th' Icenian force is all destroy'd.

*Dum.* And Boadicia?

*Ebran.* Nought of her I know,  
But that she found the Roman host embattled,  
Which she had fondly deem'd immers'd in sleep.

*Dum.* And so is fall'n a victim to her folly.

Retire.

*[Exit Ebrancus.]*

*Enter Flaminius.*

*Tenan.* *[To Flam.]* Thy helmet cast aside, restores thee  
To my remembrance. Lo! thy benefactors.

*Flam.* Brave Dumnorix!

*Dum.* My captive!

*Flam.* Yes, Flaminius,  
Who owes to thy humanity his life.

*Dum.* Where hast thou hid thee from my notice? Ra-  
Whence now return'st, ennobled with command, *[ther,*  
No more in thrakdom, but a Roman leader?

*Flam.* Amid the tumult of your late defeat  
We sought th' adjacent forest; thence we pass'd  
The vale below, and reach'd the Roman tents.

*Dum.* And now are masters of our late retreat—  
Had I been cruel, Britain had been safe.

*Flam.* Was this an act unworthy of a soldier?

*Dum.* Our woes are all the progeny of folly,  
Not charg'd to thee or fortune.

*Ven.* Heav'n, well pleas'd,  
Perhaps ordain'd this unforeseen event,  
That our benevolence to brave Flaminius  
Its due return of gratitude should find.

*Flam.*



*Flam.* The life you gave me, to your mutual welfare  
 I here devote. My influence, my pow'r,  
 My thoughts, my care, to soften your afflictions,  
 Shall all combine. Surrender to your friend,  
 Before Suetonius with his legions pours  
 On your defenceless camp, who long in arms  
 Hath stood, expecting the appointed signal,  
 Which he enjoin'd us with the dawn to rear.

*Dum.* Though thou didst well, accepting life from me,  
 That gift from thee must Dumnorix refuse.

*Flam.* Thou wilt not rob my gratitude of pow'r  
 To shew how well thy goodness was bestow'd.

*Dum.* Thou canst not shew it. If thou sav'st my life,  
 Canst thou from bonds protect me and a triumph?

*Flam.* Alas, I cannot!

*Dum.* Wouldst thou see me led  
 A sullen captive, and through haughty Rome,  
 Inglorious, count my paces to the clink  
 Of my own chains? This faithful woman too——

*Ven.* Like thee, disdains a being so preserv'd.

*Flam.* Oh, let me water with my tears your feet!  
 ' If ev'ry drop which issues from my heart,  
 ' Could from the doom you justly scorn secure you,  
 ' Before you now the purple sluice should open ;'  
 And let my knees, in humblest adoration,  
 Before such elevated virtue bend.

Oh, godlike Britons! my acknowledg'd patrons  
 And benefactors, if my soul retain not  
 Your memory for ever dear and sacred,  
 May disappointment, poverty, and shame,  
 Deform my life, and pining sickness close  
 My youthful eyes untimely in the grave!

*Dum.* Thou seem'st, of all the Romans, to possess  
 A heart which feels for others. Rise and hear.  
 Though we reject the wretched boon of life,  
 Thou may'st, Flaminus, yet repay our bounty.

*Flam.* Then will I ask no other grace from Heav'n.

*Dum.* We have two children——

*Ven.* Oh, my bleeding heart!  
 My poor, deserted infants, whom these arms  
 No more must cherish, nor my lulling voice  
 Hush in the quiet of my shelt'ring bosom!



*Dum.* [*Afide.*] Yet shall not this unman me. I will feel  
A father's anguish, but conceal the pain. [*nantius,*  
[*To Flam.*] Know then, I meant this faithful friend, Te-  
Should traverse yonder wood to reach my dwelling,  
Which lies remote, and thence convey my sons  
Far from these borders, to extremeſt north,  
Where they might reſt ſecure, nor ſhare the illſ  
Doom'd to their parents. . Wilt thou let him paſs?

*Flam.* I will, and Jove be witneſs to my word.

*Dum.* Give thy laſt charge, Venuſia, to Tenantius.  
One word apart with thee, my Roman friend.  
As thou art gen'rous, answer me with truth.  
When muſt thou make thy ſignal?

*Flam.* At the dawn,  
Whoſe beams, though faint, already tinge the eaſt.

*Dum.* What time will bring your legions near this tent?

*Flam.* An hour at fartheſt.

*Dum.* I have heard, Flaminius,  
Of your forefathers' ſpirit, how they fell  
Oft on their ſwords to ſhun ignoble bondage.  
This part have we to act; and, friendly Roman,  
When thou ſhalt ſee our cold remains—my own  
Are little worth attention—Oh, remember  
Venuſia's goodneſs, and her gentle clay  
Defend from ſhame and inſult!

*Flam.* Thou doſt pierce  
My heart—I cannot answer—But believe  
Theſe tears ſincere.

*Dum.* Enough. Perform thy promiſe.  
Thy obligations will be then diſcharg'd.

Farewel. Fulfil thy General's commands. [*Exit Flam.*

*Ven.* [*To Tenan.*] Thou future parent of my orphan  
Soon as their gen'rous minds imbibe thy precepts, [*babes,*  
And thy example warms their budding virtues,  
Do not forget to tell them, that no perils,  
Nor death in all its terrors, can efface  
Maternal love; that their ill-fated mother,  
Amid this awful ſeaſon of diſtreſs,  
Wept but for them, and loſt her fears in fondneſs.

*Dum.* We have been long companions, brave Tenantius,  
Thy leader I, once fortunate and great,

And



And thou my faithful and intrepid soldier.  
Nay, do not weep ; we have not time for wailing.  
By thy approv'd fidelity and love,  
Thy chief, just ent'ring death's unfolded gates,  
Stops, and once more conjures thee to retain  
This his last charge in memory—his children.

[*Exit Tenantius.*]

The sun is ris'n. All hail ! thou last of days  
To this high-finish'd being. Radiant pow'r !  
Thou through thy endless journey may'st proclaim  
That Dumnorix dy'd free, for thou shalt view it.  
Behold th' appointed signal from the grove,  
Just as Flaminius warn'd us, is uprear'd,  
To call Suetonius and his legions on.  
' Come, Desolation, Tyranny, resort  
' To thy new seat ; Come, Slavery, and bend  
' The neck of Albion, all her sons debase,  
' And ancient virtue from their hearts expel.'  
Now, then, ye honour'd mansions of our fathers,  
Ye hallow'd altars, and ye awful groves,  
The habitation of our gods, farewell !  
' And yet the guilty auth'res of these woes  
' Deserves a share of praise, who, still retaining  
' One unextinguish'd spark of gen'rous honour,  
' Scorn'd to remain spectatress or partaker  
' Of Albion's fall, and, dying, still is free.  
' Need I say more, *Venusia* ?'

*This last embrace. And now prepare, Venusia.*

*Ven.* Oh, my lord !

*Dum.* Why heaves that sigh ?

*Ven.* Alas, I am a woman !

*Dum.* True, a defenceless woman, and expos'd  
To keener sorrow by thy matchless beauty,  
That charm, which captivates the victor's eye,  
Yet, helpless to withstand his savage force,  
Throws wretched woman under double ruin.  
But wherefore this ? Thy virtue knows its duty.

*Ven.* Stay but a little.

*Dum.* Would I might for years !

But die that thought !—False tenderness, away !  
Thou British genius, who art now retiring  
From this lost region, yet suspend thy flight,

And



And in this conflict lend me all thy spirit—

We only ask thee to be free, and die.

[*Aside.*]

Well, my Venusia, is thy soul resolv'd,

Or shall I still afford a longer pause?

*Ven.* Though my weak sex by nature is not arm'd

With fortitude like thine, of this be sure,

That dear subjection to thy honour'd will,

Which hath my life directed, ev'n in death

Shall not forsake me; and thy faithful wife

Shall with obedience meet thy last commands.

But canst thou tell me? Is it hard to die?

*Dum.* Oh! rather ask me, if to live in shame,

Captivity, and sorrow, be not hard?

*Ven.* Oh, miserable!

*Dum.* In a foreign land

The painful toils of servitude to bear

From an imperious mistress?

*Ven.* Dreadful thought!

*Dum.* Or be insulted with the hateful love

Of some proud master?

*Ven.* Oh, proceed

No further!

*Dum.* From thy native seat of dwelling,

From all the known endearments of thy home,

From parents, children, friends, and—husband torn.

*Ven.* Stop there, and reach the potion; nor to drink

The cure of troubles will I longer pause. [Exit *Dum.*]

For ev'ry pass'd possession of delight,

Both in my offspring and their godlike fire,

A dying matron bends her grateful knee.

Ye all-disposing pow'rs! as now these blessings

Must reach their period, to my sons transfer

That copious goodness I have shar'd so long!

Through my resigning soul that promise breathe,

And my last moments comfort thus with peace!

*Re-enter Dumnorix with a bowl.*

*Dum.* [*Aside, seeing Venusia on her knees.*] Hold, resolution; now be doubly arm'd

[*He gives her the bowl, and she drinks.*]

Now stand a while before the fanning breeze;

So with its subtle energy the potion,

Less rudely stealing on the pow'rs of life,

Will



Will best perform its office, to remove  
 Pain, fear, and grief for ever from thy breast.  
*Dost thou not feel already ev'ry terror  
 Begins to lessen, that a calm succeeds  
 Within thy bosom, banishing the sense  
 Of present pain, and fear of future woes?  
 How dost thou fare, Venusia?*

*Ven.* I perceive  
 No alteration; every sense remains  
 Yet unimpair'd. Then while these moments last,  
 Let me on thee direct my eyes to gaze,  
 While unobstructed still their sight endures;  
 Let me receive thee to my faithful bosom,  
 Before my heart is motionless and cold.  
 Speak to me, Dumnorix, my lord, my husband!  
 Give one kind accent to thy dying wife,  
 Ere yet my ears be frozen, and thy voice  
 Be heard no longer; join thy lip to mine,  
 While I can feel thy last and tend'rest kisses.

*Dum.* Yes, I will utter to thy dying ear  
 All my fond heart, sustain thee on my bosom,  
 And cheer thy parting spirit in its flight.  
 Oh, wheresoe'er thy fleeting breath shall pass,  
 Whate'er new body, as the Druids sing,  
 Thou shalt inform hereafter, still thy soul,  
 Thou gentle, kind, and ever-pleasing creature,  
 Shall bear its own felicity along,  
 Still in its native sweetness shall be bless'd,  
 And in its virtue, which can thus subdue  
 The fear of death, still brave the pow'r of fortune!  
 But thou beginn'st to droop.

*Ven.* My eyes grow dizzy.

*Dum.* Keep firm, my heart.

[*Aside.*

*Ven.* A heaviness, like sleep,  
 O'ercomes my senses—Every limb is faint—  
 Thy voice is scarce distinguish'd in my ears.

*Dum.* Indeed!

*Ven.* Alas, thou look'st so kindly on me!  
 My weak and darken'd sight deceives me sure,  
 Or thy fond eye did never yet o'erflow  
 With tenderness like this.

*Dum.*



*Dum.* I never view'd thee  
For the last time.

*Ven.* Look, look upon me still——  
Why dost thou turn thy face away?

*Dum.* For nothing.

*Ven.* Nay, thou art weeping, Dumnorix—And where—  
Wouldst thou conceal thy tears? [sore

*Dum.* I cannot hide them.

*Ven.* And dost thou weep?

*Dum.* I do.

*Ven.* Then didst thou love me  
With such excess of fondness?—For Venusia  
Do these soft streams bedew that awful face?

*Dum.* Love thee! Behold, when Albion groans around  
Yet thou these springs of tenderness canst open, [me,  
To wet the cheeks of British Dumnorix.

*Ven.* Oh, ecstasy! which stops my parting soul,  
And gives it vigour to enjoy these transports!——  
Once more receive me to thy breast.

*Dum.* Venusia!

*Ven.* Thy tenderness makes death delightful to me——  
Oh, I would speak!—would answer to thy kindness——  
My salt'ring tongue——

*Dum.* What say'st thou?

*Ven.* Cease to grieve——  
No pain molests me—every thought is calm——  
Support my drowsy burthen to that couch——  
Where death—serenely smiles. [He bears her off.

*Enter, Flaminius speaking to the Romans behind the scene.*

*Flam.* My warlike friends,  
Keep back—Our troops on ev'ry side advance;  
I cannot long controul them. Yet I tremble  
To enter there——By Heav'n, he lives, and sees me!

*Re-enter Dumnorix with his sword drawn.*

*Dum.* Importunate Flaminius! art thou come  
To rob my dying moments of their quiet?

*Flam.* Forgive the crime of ignorance—Forgive,  
Since accident hath join'd us once again,  
If strong compassion at thy fate, yet pleads——

*Dum.* What, when Venusia is no more?

*Flam.* No more!

*Dum.*



*Dum.* No ; and be further lesson'd by a Briton,  
 Who, since his union with the best of women,  
 Hath never known an interval from love,  
 And at this solemn pause yet melts in fondness ;  
 While death's black curtain shrouds my cold Venusia,  
 Of dearer value doth my soul esteem her,  
 Than should those eyes rekindle into lustre,  
 And ev'ry charm revive with double pow'r  
 Of winning beauty, if alone to shine  
 Amid the gloom of bondage.

*Flam.* I will urge  
 No more. Farewel—our legions hover nigh. *[Exit.*

*Dum.* Now in my breast resume thy wonted seat,  
 Thou manly firmness, which so oft has borne me  
 Through ev'ry toil and danger. Oh, return,  
 Rise o'er my sorrow, and complete thy last,  
 Thy highest task, to close a life of glory—  
 They come !—Be swift, my sword—By thee to fall,  
 Near that dear clay extended, best becomes  
 A soldier's courage, and a husband's love. *[Exit.*

*Enter Ænobarbus, Flaminius, and Romans.*

*Ænob.* To Boadicia's quarter I advanc'd,  
 At thy request, who since her last defeat,  
 Blind with despair and disappointed fury,  
 Fled to her tent ; expiring there I found her,  
 With one ill-fated daughter, both by poison :  
 Nor had the friendly Emmeline escap'd,  
 But by the swift prevention of my hand.  
 Dost thou not thank me, whose suggestion prompted  
 Our quick return to seize the secret pass ?  
 Thou gav'st me freedom ; love and fame repay thee.

*Flam.* If thou couldst add, that Dumnorix surviv'd—

*Ænob.* *[Looking into the tent.]* Thou seest the gods have  
 otherwise decreed.

Forbear to mingle vain regret with conquest.  
 He hath done nobly. Fair befall his urn.  
 Death is his triumph, which a captive life  
 Had forfeited to Rome, with all the praise  
 Now from the virtuous to his ashes due.

*Flam.* Then art thou fall'n at last, thou mighty tow'r,  
 And more than Roman edifice of glory ?

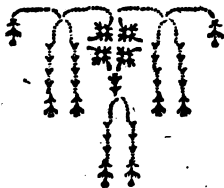
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See too Venusia, pale in death's embrace,  
 Presents her faded beauties. Lovely ruin !  
 Of ev'ry grace and virtue once the seat,  
 The last kind office from my hand receive,  
 Which shall unite thee to thy husband's side,  
 And to one grave your mingling reliques trust.  
 There soon a hallow'd monument shall rise ;  
 Insculptur'd laurel with the myrtle twin'd,  
 The well-wrought stone adorning, shall proclaim  
 His gen'rous valour, and thy faithful love.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the FIFTH ACT.



EPI-



# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by FLAMINIUS.

**N**OW we have shewn the fatal fruits of strife,  
A hero bleeding with a virtuous wife,  
A field of war embu'd with nations' gore,  
Which to the dust the hopes of Albion bore:  
If weak description, and the languid flow  
Of strains unequal to this theme of woe  
Have fail'd to move the sympathizing breast,  
And no soft eyes their melting sense express'd,  
Not all the wit this after scene might share  
Can give success where you refus'd a tear;  
Much less, if happ'ly still the poet's art  
Hath stol'n persuasive to the feeling heart;  
Will be with fancy's wanton hand efface  
From gen'rous minds compassion's pleasing trace;  
Nor from their thoughts, while pensive they pursue  
This maze of sorrow, snatch the moral clue.  
If yet to him those pow'rs of sacred song  
To melt the heart, and raise the mind, belong,  
Dar'd he to hope this sketch of early youth  
Might stand th' arward of nature and of truth,  
Encourag'd thus, hereafter might he soar  
With double strength, and loftier scenes explore,  
And, following fortune through her various wiles,  
Shew struggling virtue, dress'd in tears, or smiles;  
Perhaps his grateful labours would requite  
With frequent off'rings one propitious night.



E













Roberts del.

Published for Bells British Theatre April 1778.

Thornthwaite Scul.

MISS YOUNGE in the Character of CREUSA.

It is, it is Ulysses —  
My Son, My Son! —



BELL'S EDITION.

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QUEEN OF ATHENS.

A TRAGEDY.

*As written by Mr. WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.*

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MDCCLXXVIII.







TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
**G E O R G E B U S S Y,**  
LORD VISCOUNT VILLIERS,  
THE FOLLOWING TRAGEDY IS  
INSCRIBED, BY  
HIS LORDSHIP'S  
MOST OBLIGED  
AND MOST AFFECTIONATE  
HUMBLE SERVANT,  
**W. WHITEHEAD.**



1000



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**T**HE subject of the following scenes is so ancient, so slightly mentioned by historians, and so fabulously treated by Euripides, in his tragedy of Ion, that the author thought himself at liberty to make the story his own. Some glaring circumstances he was obliged to adhere to, which he has endeavoured to render probable.





200



# PROLOGUES of old, the learn'd in language say,

Were merely introductions to the play,  
 Spoken by gods, or ghosts, or men who knew  
 Whate'er was previous to the scenes in view;  
 And complaisantly came to lay before ye  
 The several beads, and windings of the story.  
 But modern times and British rules are such,  
 Our bards beforehand must not tell too much;  
 Nor dare we, like the neighb'ring French, admit  
 Ev'n confidantes, who might instruct the pit,  
 By asking questions of the leading few,  
 And hearing secrets, which before they knew.  
 Yet what we can to help this antique piece  
 We will attempt.—Our scene to-night is Greece.  
 And, by the magic of the poet's rod,  
 This stage the temple of the Delphic God!  
 Where kings, and chiefs, and sages came of old,  
 Like modern fools, to have their fortunes told;  
 And monarchs were enthron'd, or nations freed,  
 As an old priest, or wither'd maid decreed.  
 Yet think not all were equally deceiv'd,  
 Some knew, more doubted, many more believ'd,  
 In short, these oracles, and witching rhimes  
 Were but the pious frauds of ancient times;  
 Wisely contriv'd to keep mankind in awe,  
 When faith was wonder, and religion law!  
 Thus much premis'd, to every feeling breast  
 We leave the scenes themselves to tell the rest.  
 —Yet something sure was to the critics said,  
 Which I forget,—some invocation made!  
 Ye critic bands, like jealous guardians plac'd  
 To watch th' encroachments on the realms of taste,  
 From you our author would two boons obtain,  
 Not wholly diffident, nor wholly vain:  
 Two things he asks; 'tis modest sure, from you  
 Who can do all things, to request but two:  
 First, to his scenes a kind attention pay,  
 Then judge!—with candour judge—and we obey.

DRA.



# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

*Drury-Lane.*

<i>Xuthus</i> , King of <i>Atbas</i> ,	——	Mr. Berry.
<i>Byssus</i> , an unknown youth, attendant on the temple at <i>Delphi</i> ,	—	Miss Macklin.
<i>Aletes</i> , a Grecian sage,	——	Mr. Garrick.
<i>Phorbas</i> , an old Athenian,	——	Mr. Messop.
Priests of <i>Apollo</i> .		
Citizens of <i>Athens</i> .		

## W O M E N.

<i>Creusa</i> , Queen of <i>Athens</i> ,	——	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Pythia</i> , priestess of <i>Apollo</i> ,	——	Miss Haughton.
<i>Eycea</i> , and other women attending on the Queen,	——	Mrs. Cowper, &c.
Virgins belonging to the Temple.		
Guards, &c.		

SCENE, the Vestibule of the Temple of *Apollo* at *Delphi*, and the Laurel Grove adjoining.

CREUSA.



## C R E U S A.

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

## A C T I.

SCENE *the Vestibule of the Temple.*

*Enter Ilyssus and Virgins.*

ILYSSUS.

**H**ASTE, haste, ye virgins ; round the columns twine  
 Your flowery chaplets ; and with streams fresh-  
 Of Castaly, bedew the sacred porch [drawn  
 Of the great God of Day. Already see  
 His orient beam has reach'd the double top  
 Of high Parnassus, and begins to shed  
 A gleamy lustre o'er the laurel grove !  
 Haste, haste, ye virgins. From the vale beneath  
 I hear the noise of chariots and of steeds,  
 Which hither bend their course ; for every sound  
 Seems nearer than the former. — And behold  
 A reverend stranger, who perhaps proclaims  
 Th' approach of some great monarch, to consult  
 All-seeing Phœbus, or implore his aid.  
 Haste, haste, ye virgins !

*Enter Phœbus.*

*Phor.* Tell me, gentle maids,  
 And thou, fair youth, who seem'st to lead the train,  
 Is this the temple of the Delphic god ?

*Ilyss.* It is ; and on the middle point of earth  
 Its firm foundation by immortal hands

Stands



Stands fix'd :——But break we off ; the folded gates  
Unbar, and lo ! the priestess' self appears !

*[The Pythia speaks as she descends from the temple.]*

*Pyth.* Hence, ye profane ! nor with unhallow'd step  
Pollute the threshold of the Delian king,  
Who slew the Python !——Say, from whence thou art,  
And what thy business, stranger.

*Phor.* Sacred maid,  
From Athens am I come, the harbinger  
Of great Creusa, mine and Athens' queen.

*Pyth.* Comes she on pious purpose, to adore  
The mystic shrine oracular ?

*Phor.* She does ;  
And with her comes the partner of her bed,  
Æolian Xuthus : he whose powerful arm  
Sav'd Athens from her fate, and in return  
From good Erechtheus' bounteous hand receiv'd  
His daughter and his crown.—Would he had found  
Some other recompence ! *[Half aside.]*

*Pyth.* *[Overhauling him]* Would he had found !  
Old age is talkative, and I may learn  
Somewhat of moment from him—Wherefore come strept  
Does famine threaten, or wide-wasting plague  
Infest the land ?

*Phor.* Thank heaven, our crowded streets  
Have felt no dire disease ; and Plenty still  
Laughs in our blooming fields. Alas ! I fear  
The childless goddess who presides o'er Athens  
Has found a surer method to declare  
How ill she brooks that any stranger hand  
Should wield th' Athenian scepter.

*Pyth.* Does from her  
The vengeance come ?

*Phor.* I know not whence it comes,  
But this I know, full fifteen years have roll'd  
Since first their hands were join'd, and roll'd in vain ;  
For still the royal pair in silence mourn,  
Curs'd with a barren bed. For this they come,  
T' explore the latent cause, and beg of heav'n  
To grant an heir, or teach them where to fix,  
On what selected head, the Athenian crown.

*Phy.*



*Pyth.* And heaven, no doubt, will hear and grant their  
Ilyssus, haste, and bid the priests prepare [prayer:

For sacrifice. You, Nyssa, and your sisters,  
Amid the laurel grove with speed perform  
The morning's due lustration.

Then hither all return.—Myself mean while  
Will tempt the vice of age, and try to draw  
Some useful secrets from him.

[Aside

The good king  
Of whom you speak, Erechtheus, did his people  
Esteem and love him as they ought? for Fame  
Talk'd largely of his worth. He was a king—

*Phor.* He was my good old master, such a king  
As heaven but rarely sends. Did we esteem  
And love him, dost thou ask? Oh, we ador'd him;  
He was our father, not our king.—These tears  
At least may speak my heart.—We must not hope  
In these degenerate times to see him equal'd.  
He never did an unkind act, but once,  
And then he thought the public good requir'd it;  
Tho' much I fear the evils we lament  
From thence derive their origin.

*Pyth.* What act?

What unkind act?

*Phor.* O maid, 'twere long to tell  
The whole unhappy story, yet in part  
Hear what to me appears too closely join'd  
With these our present ills. There was a youth  
Athenian born, but not of royal blood,  
His name Nicander; him unlucky fate  
Had made the lover of our present queen,  
While yet a maid. What will not love attempt  
In young ambitious minds? He told his pain,  
And won the fair in secret to admit,  
And to return his passion. The good king  
Was for a time deceiv'd, but found at last  
Th' audacious fraud, and drove the guilty youth  
To banishment perpetual. Some say  
'Twas by his means he fell, tho' that my heart  
Consents not to believe. Thus much is sure,  
Nicander wander'd forth a wretched exile,  
And ere few days had past, upon the road.

Were



Were found his well-known garments stain'd with blood.  
 Sure sign of murder, and as sure a sign  
 No needy robber was the instrument.

*Pyth.* How bore Creusa this?

*Phor.* At first her sorrows  
 Were loud and frantic. Time at length subdued  
 Her rage to silent grief. The good old king,  
 To sooth her woes, consented she should raise  
 A tomb to her Nicander; and perform  
 A kind of annual rites to parted love.

*Pyth.* But that not long continued, for we find  
 She married Xuthus.

*Phor.* 'Twas a match of state;  
 He sav'd her country, and she gave her hand  
 Because that country ask'd it. But her heart  
 Is buried with Nicander. Still to him;  
 And Xuthus' self permits it, she performs  
 Her yearly off'rings, and adorns with flowers  
 An empty tomb.—Would he had liv'd and reign'd  
 Her wedded lord! we had not wanted then  
 Th' assistance of a stranger arm to guard  
 Th' Athenian state, nor had we then been driven  
 To search for heirs at Delphi.

*Pyth.* Stop thy tongue,  
 Or speak with rev'rence of the sacred shrine.  
 —Thy words were hasty, but thy silence now  
 Makes just atonement for them.—Then perhaps  
 Thou think'st this want of heirs a curse entail'd  
 By heaven on Athens for Nicander's death  
 And Xuthus' reign?

*Phor.* I am Athenian born,  
 Nor love Æolian kings, however great  
 And good they may be.

*Pyth.* The imperial Xuthus  
 Is much renown'd.

*Phor.* Is virtuous, brave, and pious;  
 Perhaps too pious

*Pyth.* How!

*Phor.* Forgive me, maid,  
 I speak my thoughts with freedom.

*Pyth.* What thou speak'st  
 To me, is sacred. Then perchance thou rank'st

His



His journey hither to address the god  
Among those acts which thou would'st call too pious ?

*Pbor.* For me the gods of Athens would suffice.—

Yet do I pay just rev'rence, holy maid,  
To thee, and to thy shrine.

*Pyth.* Thy zeal for Athens  
Is too intemperate.—But the train returns  
And interrupts our converse. Say, Ilysius,  
Are they prepar'd ?

*Enter Ilysius and Virgins.*

*Ilyf.* They are, and only wait  
Th' approaching victims.

*Pyth.* By yon train, the Queen  
Is now on her arrival. Thou, Ilysius,  
Receive her here ; while I, as custom wills,  
Deep in the temple's inmost gloom retire  
And wait th' inspiring God.—Ilysses, hear ;  
When thou hast paid due honours to the Queen,  
Haste to Aletes, in the laurel grove  
Impatient I expect him ; tell him, youth,  
Things of uncommon import do demand  
His instant presence.—But the croud approaches.  
Stranger, farewell.—I feel, I feel within  
An heav'n-born impulse, and the seeds of truth  
Are lab'ring in my breast.—Stranger, farewell.

*[The Pythia returns to the temple, and the gates shut.]*

*Enter Creusa and Attendants.*

*Cre.* No farther need we conduct. Bid the guards  
Return, and wait the King.

*Pbor.* Does ought of moment  
Detain him on the road ?

*Cre.* He stops a while  
At great Trophonius' cave, that he may leave  
No duty unperform'd. Heaven grant his zeal  
May meet with just success !

*Ilyf.* Please you, great Queen,  
In yon pavilion to repose, and taste  
Some light refection.

*Cre.* Ha ! — Lycea, — Phorbas,  
What youth is this ? There's something in his eyes,  
His shape, his voice.—What may we call thee, youth ?

*Ilyf.* The servant of the god, who guards this fane.

B

*Cre.*



*Cre.* Bear'st thou no name?

*Ilyf.* Ilyssus, gracious Queen,  
The Priests and virgins call me.

*Cre.* Ha! Ilyssus!  
That name's Athenian. Tell me, gentle youth,  
Art thou of Athens then?

*Ilyf.* I have no country,  
Nor know I whence I am.

*Cre.* Who were thy parents?  
Thy father, mother?

*Ilyf.* Ever honour'd Queen,  
I never knew a mother's tender cares,  
Nor heard the instructions of a father's tongue.

*Cre.* How cam'st thou hither?

*Ilyf.* Eighteen years are past  
Since in the temple's portal I was found  
A sleeping infant.

*Cre.* Eighteen years! good heaven!  
That fatal time recalls a scene of woe—  
Let me not think.—Were there no marks to shew  
From whom or whence thou wert?

*Ilyf.* I have been told  
An osier basket, such as shepherds weave,  
And a few scatter'd leaves, were all the bed  
And cradle I could boast.

*Cre.* Unhappy child!  
But more, O ten times more unhappy they  
Who lost perhaps in thee their only offspring!  
What pangs, what anguish must the mother feel,  
Compell'd, no doubt, by some disastrous fate—  
—But this is all conjecture.—

*Ilyf.* O great Queen,  
Had those from whom I sprung been form'd like thee;  
Had they e'er felt the secret pangs of nature,  
They had not left me to the desert world  
So totally expos'd. I rather fear  
I am the child of lowliness and vice,  
And happy only in my ignorance.  
—Why should she weep? Or if her tears can fall  
For even a stranger's but suspected woes,  
How is that people blest where she presides  
As mother and as queen!—Please you retire?

*Cre.* No, stay. Thy sentiments at least bespeak



A gen'rous education. Tell me, youth,  
How has thy mind been form'd?

*Ilys.* In that, great Queen,  
I never wanted parents. The good priests  
And pious priestesses, who with care sustain'd  
My helpless infancy, left not my youth  
Without instruction. But O, more than all,  
The kindest, best good man, a neighb'ring sage  
Who has known better days, tho' now retir'd  
To a small cottage on the mountain's brow,  
He deals his blessings to the simple swains  
In balms and powerful herbs. He taught me things  
Which my soul treasures as its dearest wealth,  
And will remember ever. The good priests,  
'Tis true, had taught the same, but not with half  
That force and energy; conviction's self  
Dwelt on Aletes' tongue.

*Cre.* Aletes, said'st thou?  
Was that the good man's name?

*Ilys.* It is, great Queen,  
For yet he lives, and guides me by his counsels.

*Cre.* What did he teach thee?

*Ilys.* 'To adore high heaven,  
And venerate on earth heaven's image, truth!  
To feel for others' woes, and bear my own  
With manly resignation.—Yet I own  
Some things he taught me which but ill agree  
With my condition here.

*Cre.* What things were those?

*Ilys.* They were for exercise, and to confirm  
My growing strength. And yet I often told him  
The exercise he taught resembled much  
What I had heard of war. He was himself  
A warrior once.

*Cre.* And did those sports delight thee?

*Ilys.* Great Queen, I do confess my soul mix'd with them.  
Whene'er I grasp'd the osier-platted shield,  
Or sent the mimick javelin to its mark,  
I felt I know not what of spirit in me.  
But then I knew my duty, and repress'd  
The swelling ardor. 'Tis to shades, I cried,

B 2.

The



The servant of the temple must confine  
His less ambitious, not less virtuous cares.

*Cre.* Did the good man observe, and blame thy ardor ?

*Ily.* He only smil'd at my too forward zeal ;  
Nay seem'd to think such sports were necessary  
To soften what he call'd more rig'rous studies.

*Cre.* Suppose when I return to Athens, youth,  
Thou should'st attend me thither ! would'st thou trust  
To me thy future fortunes ?

*Ily.* O most gladly !

— But then to leave these shades where I was nurs'd  
The servant of the god, how might that seem ?  
And good Aletes too, the kind old man  
Of whom I speak ?—But wherefore talk I thus,  
You only throw these tempting lures to try  
'Th' ambition of my youth.—Please you, retire.

*Cre.* Ilyssus, we will find a time to speak  
More largely on this subject, for the present  
Let all withdraw and leave us. Youth, farewell,  
I see the place, and will retire at leisure.  
Lycea, Phorbas, stay,

*Ily.* [*Aside.*] How my heart beats !  
She must mean something sure. Tho' good Aletes  
Has told me polish'd courts abound in falsehood.  
But I will bear the priestess's message to him,  
And open all my doubts.

[*Exit.*

*Phor.* Great Queen, why stand'st thou silent ? Some-  
To labour in thy breast. [thing seems

*Cre.* Alas ! good Phorbas,  
Didst thou observe that youth ? When first my eye  
Glanc'd on his beauteous form, methought I saw  
The person of Nicander.

*Phor.* Gracious Queen,  
Your heart misleads your eyes. The image there  
Too deeply fix'd makes every pleasing object  
Bear some resemblance to itself.

*Cre.* Lycea,  
And yet, tho' thou wast there I well believe  
Thy youth can scarce remember how he look'd,  
When from the fight triumphant he return'd  
Grac'd with the victor laurel ; such a wreath  
As now Ilyssus wears. Indeed, Lycea,

Thy



Thy mother, had she liv'd, had thought as I do.  
 Nay when he spake the voice too was Nicander's.  
 I know not what to think, perhaps 'twas fancy,  
 Perhaps 'twas something more.

*Phor.* Illustrious Queen,

You do abuse your noble mind, and lend  
 To mere illusions of the brain, the force  
 And power to make you wretched. Grant there were  
 Some slight resemblance of Nicander's form  
 In young Ilysius, tho' my eyes perceive not  
 Even the most distant likeness; grant there were,  
 Yet wherefore should the sight so nearly touch thee,  
 Casual similitude; we know too well  
 Nicander left no heir. *[She seems disturbed.]*

I say not this,  
 Great Queen, to heighten, but relieve your sorrows,  
 And banish from your breast each vain surmise  
 Which fancy might suggest.

*Cre.* Too well indeed,

O Phorbas, much too well indeed we know  
 Nicander left no heir to his perfections,  
 No image of himself. — And yet, good Phorbas,  
 Blame not my folly, nor demand a reason  
 If I intreat thee to examine strictly  
 The fortunes of this young unknown. The priests  
 Or priestesses may know more than they entrust  
 To his unwary youth. The sage he spake of,  
 Could'st thou not search him out; 'tis somewhere near.  
 He dwells, I think, upon the mountain's brow.  
 Thou wonder'st at me; call it, if thou please,  
 A woman's weakness; but obey me, Phorbas.

*Phor.* You say I wonder; 'tis indeed to see  
 My honour'd Queen employ her thoughts thus idly  
 On griefs long past; when things of dear concern  
 To her and Athens should alarm her nearly.

*Cre.* What things of near concern?

*Phor.* See'st thou not, Queen,  
 Thy crown, Erectheus' crown, the crown of Athens,  
 Wav'ring in fortune's power?

*Cre.* The gods will fix it.

*Phor.* The gods! Ah, great Creusa, may my fears  
 Be vain and groundless; but I fear the gods  
 Have left us to ourselves. When we resign'd



Th' Athenian scepter to a stranger hand  
 We did reject their guidance. Wherefore come we  
 To Delphi now, but that th' offended gods  
 Have turn'd too long an inattentive ear  
 To our ill-judg'd petitions.

*Cre.* Why ill-judg'd?

We ask'd for heirs.

*Phor.* We did; for Xuthus' heirs,  
 The race of Æolus. I know, great Queen,  
 They were to spring from thee; but Heaven permits not  
 The native pureness of th' Athenian soil  
 Should mix with foreign clay. I wish we find not  
 More alien kings at Delphi.

*Cre.* Think'st thou Xuthus  
 Deceives us then? His worth, his piety,  
 Forbid the thought. Besides, the sacred place  
 Admits not of deceit.

*Phor.* Credulity  
 Is not the vice of age. Forgive me, Queen,  
 If I suspect that piety which brings us  
 To search for kings at Delphi. Might not Athens  
 Have chosen her own monarch? Her brave youth,  
 Her bearded sages, are they not the flower  
 And pride of Greece? Nay, might'st not thou, Creusa,  
 With liberal hand bestow th' imperial wreath?  
 And who has better right?

*Cre.* The gods, who gave it  
 To me, and my great ancestors.

*Phor.* Whate'er  
 The gods bestow can never be resum'd,  
 Tho' we repent. The pious populace  
 Will rev'rence kings from heaven.

*Cre.* And wherefore not?

*Phor.* O, Queen! perhaps my fears are too officious;  
 But let thy servant beg——

*Cre.* I know thy zeal  
 For me, and for thy country. Rest assur'd,  
 Creusa never will consent to aught  
 Which can endanger Athens.

*Phor.* My heart thanks thee!

*Cre.* Mean while the youth, Ilyssus——

*Phor.* Should the king,

Confirm'd



# C R E U S A.

Confirm'd by oracles, presume to fix  
A stranger on the throne——

*Cre.* He will not do it.

*Phor.* I hope he will not; yet——

*Cre.* The youth I spake of,  
Wilt thou enquire?——

*Phor.* Should Xuthus lay aside  
His usual mildness, and assume at once  
The monarch and the husband, couldst thou then——

*Cre.* In Athens' cause I could resist them all.  
But cease these vain suspicions. A few hours  
Will prove thy fears were groundless. Mean while, *Phor.*  
Thou wilt find methods to inform thyself [bas,  
Touching this unknown youth.

*Phor.* By yonder guards,  
The King should be at hand.

*Cre.* I will retire  
To the pavilion, and expect him there.  
Yet hear me, *Phorbas*; let not Xuthus know  
Why thou enquir'st.

*Phor.* Xuthus has other cares.

*Cre.* The priestess too, I would confer with her:  
Tho' that *Lycea* may perform. Farewel,  
And prosper in thy task—Alas, *Lycea*! [*Exit Phorbas*,  
There is a secret labours in my breast,  
But fate forbids that I should give it utterance.  
This boding heart was early taught to feel  
Too sensibly; each distant doubt alarms it;  
It starts at shadows——But retire we, maid.  
Grief is th' unhappy charter of our sex;  
The gods, who gave us readier tears to shed,  
Gave us more cause to shed them.

[*Exeunt*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T



## ACT II.

SCENE, *the Laurel Grove.**Enter Aletes and Ilyssus.*

ALETES.

SEEM'D she disturb'd when she beheld thee?

*Ilyf.* Much;

And when I gave her the slight hints I knew

Relating to my fortunes, she dissolv'd

In silent tears: such soft humanity

Sure never dwelt in any breast but hers.

Nor did I think till now that I had cause

Of discontent; but since she wept my fate,

I seem to find a reason in her grief,

And feel myself unhappy.

*Alet.* Why unhappy?*Ilyf.* I know not why: and yet to be confin'd

Thus to a single spot, to draw in air,

To take in nourishment, to live, to die,

For this was man design'd? Ah, good Aletes!

Sure thou hast taught me, godlike man was made

For nobler purposes of general good,

For action, not for rest. The Queen propos'd

I should attend her to th' Athenian state;

Wouldst thou advise it? Dost thou think, Aletes,

She meant I should attend her?

*Alet.* Doubtless, youth,

If she propos'd, she meant it.

*Ilyf.* And wouldst thou

Advise I should attend her?

*Alet.* Wherefore not?*Ilyf.* May I desert these shades? Or can I leave

Thee, thee, my good Aletes?

*Alet.* O, Ilyssus!

Strive not to hide thy heart; from me thou canst not:

I form'd it, and I know it. Delphi's shades

Have now no peace for thee; thy bosom feels

Ambition's active, unrelenting fires.

Thou wishest and thou hop'st thou know'st not what.

'Tis



'Tis glory thou wouldst have. Go then, brave youth,  
Where virtue calls thee: be the means but noble,  
Thou canst not soar too high.

*Ilyf.* My more than father!

Thy words inspire me, and I feel a warmth  
Unknown before——But then, my birth——

*Alet.* Thy birth!

Did I not teach thee early to despise  
A casual good? Thou art thyself, *Ilyfius*.  
Inform me, youth, wouldst thou be what thou art,  
Thus fair, thus brave, thus sensibly alive  
To glory's finest feel, or give up all,  
To be descended from a line of kings,  
The tenth perhaps from Jove? I see thy cheek  
Glow a repentant blush—' Our greatest heroes,  
' Those gods on earth, those friends of human kind,  
' Whose great examples I would set before thee,  
' Were once unknown like thee.' And yet, if birth  
Concern thee, know, prophetic is my speech;  
Thy fate is now at work, and a few hours  
May shew thee what thou art—My words alarm thee.

*Ilyf.* They do, indeed. Oh, tell me!——

*Alet.* 'Tis in vain

Thou wouldst enquire from me what Heaven conceals  
Till its fit time. Didst thou not say, *Ilyfius*,  
The Pythia would be here?

*Ilyf.* She comes.

*Alet.* Retire,

And leave us to ourselves.

*Ilyf.* I will—And yet,

Might I not know——

*Alet.* From me thou canst know nothing.

*Ilyf.* A few hours, said you?

*Alet.* Hence, and beg of Heaven  
To prosper the event. Retire, and leave us. [*Exit Ilyf.*

*Enter Pythia.*

*Pyth.* Now, good Aletes, if thy pregnant mind,  
Deep judging of events, has ever fram'd  
Such artful truths as won believing man  
To think them born of Heaven, and made my name  
Renown'd in Greece, Oh, now exert thy power!  
No common cause demands it. Kings and states

Are



Are our solicitors, and Athens' fate  
Hangs on my lips.

*Alet.* I know it. And now,  
If, as thou say'st, my secret kind advice,  
And worn experience in the ways of men,  
Have gain'd thy altars credit, and with gifts  
Loaded thy shrines, now, by one grateful act,  
Thou may'st repay me all.

*Pyth.* What act? Oh, speak!  
And gladly I obey.

*Alet.* An act, my Pythia,  
Which, tho' at first it may seem bold and dangerous,  
Shall in the end add lustre to thy shades,  
And make ev'n kings protectors of thy fane.  
Oh, Pythia! 'twas the hand of Heaven itself  
Which brought these royal suppliants to thy shrine.  
I could unfold a tale—but let it rest.  
'Thou shalt ere night know all, and bless with me  
Th' indulgent Powers above. Only in this  
Obey me blindly, Pythia.

*Pyth.* Say, in what?

*Alet.* Declare Ilyssus heir to Athens' crown.

*Pyth.* Ilyssus heir! What mean'st thou? 'Tis a fraud  
Too palpable.

*Alet.* I knew 'twould startle thee.  
But 'tis because thou know'st the fraud, my Pythia,  
That it alarms thee. Didst thou really think  
This youth were heir to the Athenian crown,  
Wouldst thou not seize the happy gift of chance,  
And to the world proclaim it?

*Pyth.* True, I should;  
And bless my fate that in these sacred shades  
I had nurs'd up unknowingly a king  
For my protector. But what then might seem  
The consequence, now seems the cause, Aletes:  
Will they not say I made the king, to gain  
The kind protector?

*Alet.* So to thee it seems;  
But who will say it? The believing many  
Will bow with rev'rence and implicit faith  
To what thy shrine ordains; and for the few  
Who may suspect the cheat, true policy

Will



Will keep them silent. Should they dare detect  
 A fraud like this, and spurn at right divine,  
 Where were their power? The many headed beast  
 Would feel the slacken'd rein, and from his back  
 Shake off the lordly rider. ' Nay, should Athens  
 ' Be blind to her own good; the states of Greece,  
 ' Thou know'st it well, would arm in thy defence,  
 ' And force her to receive the king thou gav'st her.  
 ' His form, his unknown birth, his winning softness,  
 ' His education here in Heaven's own eye,  
 ' All plead in his behalf. And, as he tells me,  
 ' The Queen already with unusual marks  
 ' Of favour has beheld him. For the King,  
 ' A pious awe and rev'rence for the gods  
 ' Is his distinguish'd attribute.' Thou seem'st  
 To weigh my words. To clear thy doubts at once,  
 Know, many days are past since first I knew  
 Of their approach. Thou think'st I should have told thee.  
 It needed not. I have myself prepar'd  
 Each previous circumstance, and found due means  
 To forward the event. Thy part is easy;  
 Behold the oracle. [woe.]

*Pyth.* [*Reads.*] "A banish'd youth is Athens' cause of  
 How know'st thou that? [*Looking earnestly at him.*]

*Akt.* Demand not, but read on.

*Pyth.* [*Reads.*] "For that youth banish'd Athens must  
 Another youth; and on the young unknown, [receive  
 Who 'tends my shrine, and whom I call my son,  
 Bestow th' imperial wreath. The god declares  
 No more."

*Akt.* Thou seem'st amaz'd.

*Pyth.* I am indeed,  
 To find thee thus instructed on a theme  
 I came prepar'd to mention. The Queen's passion,  
 Her lover banish'd—

*Akt.* What thou see'st I know  
 May tell thee I know more. ' But say from whence  
 ' Thou gain'dst thy intelligence.

' *Pyth.* From one  
 ' Whose zeal may thwart thy schemes; a warm old man,  
 ' And firm in Athens' cause, who came to-day  
 ' Before the rest, and, led by my enquiries,

' Gave



- ‘ Gave me those hints on which I thought to build
- ‘ Prophetic, doubtful answers. But I find
- ‘ My best instructor here.

‘ *Alet.* Perhaps thou dost.

- ‘ Of this rest well assur’d, I ne’er had ask’d
- ‘ Of Pythia ought but what I knew with safety
- ‘ She might comply with.’

*Pyth.* Tell me what thou know’st.

*Alet.* Not yet; ’tis better thou remain in ignorance  
Till all be finish’d. But pronounce the oracle,  
And leave the rest to me. Dost thou distrust me?

*Pyth.* I do not. Yet if on slight hints alone  
Thou form’st this weighty fraud, consider well  
What may or may not follow. By thy looks,  
There should be something hid. ‘ Thy coming hither  
‘ Was much upon the time we found this child;  
‘ And since, with what almost paternal care  
‘ Thou hast instructed him. Tho’ that indeed  
‘ Might spring from thy benevolence of heart,  
‘ Which I have known is boundless.’ Say, Aletes,  
What should I think? Thou smil’st.

*Alet.* Wilt thou obey me?

*Pyth.* I will: ‘ and yet if ’tis a fraud, Aletes,  
‘ The warm old man of whom I spake detests  
‘ A stranger king. Ev’n Xuthus’ self, whose worth  
‘ He doth acknowledge great, he views with pain  
‘ Upon th’ Athenian throne.

‘ *Alet.* I know him well;

‘ ’Tis Phorbas. Do not wonder at my words,  
‘ But find a means that I may see the Queen  
‘ In secret, unobserv’d by prying eyes,  
‘ And all that old man’s tears and rage shall vanish.  
‘ He shall with joy receive a stranger king.  
‘ Wilt thou devise the means?

‘ *Pyth.* I now begin

To hope indeed. There is some secret hid  
Of most important weight. But does the Queen——

*Alet.* I will not answer thee; my time’s too precious.  
Only devise some means that I may see her  
Quite unobserv’d by all.

*Pyth.* You cannot see her  
Till all be past. Will that suffice?

*Alet.*



*Alet.* It will.

*Pyth.* Here in the laurel grove.

*Alet.* No place more fit.

But, Oh, be careful, Pythia, that the King  
Observe us not ! for 'tis of mighty moment  
He should believe this substituted youth  
Of race Æolian. To which end, my Pythia,  
I have among the priests these few days past,  
When they suspected not th' approach of Xuthus,  
Dropp'd doubtful hints as if I had discover'd  
Some antique marks amid the osier twigs  
Which form'd Ilyssus' cradle, that denote  
He sprang from Æolus. And at the cave  
Of great Trophonius have I ta'en due care  
Such answers should be given as would induce  
One of less faith than Xuthus to expect  
An heir of his own family.

*Pyth.* The boy,  
Knows he of thy intentions ?

*Pyth.* No, nor must  
Till ripening time permit. His fate depends  
Upon his ignorance. Soft, who comes here ?

*Pyth.* It is the warm old man, and, as I think,  
Some fair attendant of the Queen. Retire.  
I would know more, but——Wherefore dost thou gaze  
So ardently upon them ?

*Alet.* Hence, away !  
We must not now be seen.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Lycea and Phorbas.*

*Lyc.* This place seems quite retir'd. Here if thou wait,  
I will inform the Queen, and her impatience  
Will bring her on the instant. Surely, Phorbas,  
Something mysterious lurks beneath her tears,  
Her strange anxieties. Since thou wert absent  
This unknown youth alone has fill'd her thoughts ;  
Of him alone she talks, recounts his words,  
Describes his looks, his gestures, loves to dwell  
On each particular. Ere thou wert gone  
She wish'd and even expected thy return ;  
Dispatch'd me often, tho' she knew 'twas vain,  
To watch for thy arrival. When the King  
Approach'd, she smooch'd her brow, as if to hide

C

The



The strugglings of her mind ; nay, seem'd afraid  
He should suspect her sorrows.

*Phor.* Then to him  
She mention'd not this youth ?

*Lyc.* Her conduct there  
Was most mysterious. With a voice of fear,  
She slightly dropp'd that she had seen a youth  
Whom she could wish to bear with her to Athens.  
The King consented, and with smiles propos'd  
They should adopt him.

*Phor.* Ha ! adopt him, saidst thou ?

*Lyc.* In short, he spake, but at his words a glow  
Of sudden joy spread o'er her face, her tongue  
Forgot restraint, and in his praise grew lavish ;  
Then stopp'd again, and, hesitating, strove  
To check its zeal, as fearful to betray  
Some hidden transport.

*Phor.* Whatsoe'er it be,  
I soon shall damp her joy. This youth, Lycea,  
Must not to Athens — But behold, the Queen.

*Lyc.* Oh, how impatient ! ere I could return  
To tell her thou wert here, she comes herself,  
Eager to learn thy tidings.

*Enter Creusa.*

*Cre.* Now, my Phorbas,  
Say what thou know'st at once. The King already  
Consents he should attend us.

*Phor.* Never, never  
Shall Athens see that youth.

*Cre.* What mean'st thou, Phorbas ?

*Phor.* Too much already of *Æolian* blood  
Has hapless Athens known.

*Cre.* *Æolian* blood !

*Phor.* The King consents ! I doubt not his consent—  
Yes 'twas my word, great Queen, *Æolian* blood ;  
This youth descends from *Æolus*.

*Cre.* Be dumb,  
Or bring me better tidings.

*Phor.* Worse I cannot ;  
But what I speak is truth.

*Cre.* Peace, monster, peace !  
Thou know'st not truth. 'Tis thy affected zeal



For Athens, for thy country, that suggests  
This horrid falshood; 'tis thy hate of Xuthus.

*Phor.* What means my Queen? Or how have I de-  
Such harsh expressions? Does my honest love {serv'd  
For Athens and Creusa subject me  
To such unkind suspicions?

*Cre.* Gracious Gods!

It cannot be—Alas, forgive me, Phorbas!  
I know not what I say; thy words strike thro' me,  
They pierce my very soul. Oh, I had hop'd!—  
But tell me all; tho' I believe thee honest,  
Thy zeal for Athens, and for me, may make thee  
Too hasty of belief. Why art thou silent?

*Phor.* Amazement stops my tongue; these starts of  
This violence of grief, must have a cause. [passion,

*Cre.* Perhaps they have, perhaps to thee, good Phorbas,  
This bursting heart may open all its sorrows.  
But tell me first, what are thy proofs? From whence  
Gain'dst thou this curs'd intelligence?

*Phor.* O, Queen!

Thy looks, thy words—I know not how to answer.  
Yet if there be offence in what I speak,  
My ignorance offends, not I offend.  
Know then, Creusa, from the priests who 'tend  
This Delphic shrine, by your command I learnt  
My first intelligence.

*Cre.* And did they say

This youth was of Æolian race?

*Phor.* They did:

At least their words imported little less.  
They judg'd me Xuthus' friend, not enemy,  
As would thy rage suggest, and as a friend,  
Dropp'd hints they thought would please me.

*Cre.* Then, perhaps,

It was not truth they spake; they but deceiv'd  
Thy ear with well-judg'd flattery.

*Phor.* What follow'd

Confirm'd it truth. Has the King mention'd to thee  
What promises were given him at the shrine  
Of sage Trophonius?

*Cre.* General promises

Of sure success, no more.



*Phor.* Know then, great Queen,  
As I return'd from converse with the priests,  
I met his friend and bosom favourite, Lycon.  
Joy sparkled in his eyes, and his vain tongue  
O'erflow'd with transport. I observ'd it well,  
And gave the torrent passage, nay, with art,  
Ev'n led it blindly forward; till at length  
He open'd his whole soul, and, under seal  
Of firmest secrecy, told me the King  
Would find an heir at Delphi, such an heir  
As would rejoice the unapparent shades  
Of his great ancestors. At that I started.  
He found his error then, and told me, glozing,  
That great Trophonius had almost proclaim'd,  
Tho' not expressly, Xuthus here should find  
An heir of his own race.

*Cre.* Of his own race!

*Phor.* So said he. Whether great Trophonius spake  
This oracle, I know not; but I know  
Too well whose oracle to me declar'd it.

*Cre.* Think'st thou this youth—

*Phor.* Grant it were only done  
To try my zeal, why should they try it now,  
Unless some close design requir'd that trial?  
Yes, mighty Queen, I do believe this youth  
Is our intended king. But, by yon heaven,  
If it be he, or any other he  
Of Xuthus' race, he shall not reign in Athens.  
This poignard first shall drink his blood.

*Cre.* Forbear!

That thought distracts me—Tho' perhaps 'tis just—  
Oh, Phorbas! 'twas my hope, my wish, my prayer,  
That youth might reign in Athens. But thy words  
Strike deadly damps, like baleful aconite,  
And poison all within.

*Phor.* What means my Queen?

*Cre.* O, Phorbas! O, Lycea!—But first swear  
By Nemesis, and the tremendous Powers  
Who punish broken faith, no word, no hint,  
Shall scape your lips of all your Queen declares.

*Both.* We swear.

*Cre.*



*Cre.* Knew then, Oh, pain to memory !  
I had a son.

*Phor.* A son !

*Lyc.* Good Heaven !

*Phor.* A son !

*Cre.* Oh, my full heart !—Thy mother, my Lycea,  
Knew all the fatal process of my woes;  
And was their only solace. Phorbas, yes;  
I had a son ; but witness every god  
Whose genial power presides o'er nuptial leagues,  
Nicander was my wedded lord. That night,  
That fatal night, which drove him forth from Athens,  
Forc'd from my swelling womb, ere yet mature,  
Its precious burthen. To thy mother's cares  
I ow'd my life. In secret she assuag'd  
My piercing pangs, and to Nicander's arms  
In secret she convey'd the wretched infant.  
What follow'd well thou know'st. Nicander sell,  
And with him doubtless sell the dear, dear charge  
Consign'd to his protection. Yet, good Phorbas,  
When I beheld this youth, his looks, his voice,  
His age, his unknown birth, all, all conspir'd  
To cheat me into hopes. Alas, how fallen !  
How blasted all !

*Phor.* Great Queen, my tears confess,  
An old man's tears, which rarely fall, confess  
How much I share your anguish. Had I known  
Nicander was your lord, by earth and heaven,  
I would have rais'd all Athens in his cause,  
Nay, been a rebel to the best of masters,  
Ere the dear pledge of your unspotted loves  
Should thus have fall'n untimely. Now, alas !  
I have not ev'n one flattering hope to give thee.  
Till now I oft have wonder'd why so far  
Their rage pursu'd Nicander. 'Tis too plain  
They knew the precious burthen which he bore,  
And for the hapless child the father died.

*Cre.* Oh, Gods ! I feel the truth of what thou utter'st,  
And my heart dies within me. Oh, Lycea !  
Who, who would be a mother ?

*Phor.* Be a queen,  
And turn thy grief to rage. Shall aliens sport



With thy misfortunes? Shall insulting spoilers  
Smile o'er the ruins of thy hapless state,  
While all the golden harvest is their own?  
Shall Xuthus triumph? Shall his race succeed,  
While thine (I mean not to provoke thy tears)  
Thy tender blossoms, are torn rudely off,  
Almost or ere they bloom?

*Cre.* It shall not be;

No, ye immortal Powers!—Yet let us wait  
Till the dire truth glare on us. One short hour,  
And doubt shall be no more. Then, Phorbas, then,  
Should he presume to place on Athens' throne  
His alien race, nay, tho' this beauteous youth,  
This dear resemblance of my murder'd lord,  
Should be the fatal choice, by that dear shade,  
Which perish'd as it reach'd the gates of life,  
I will—I think I will—assist thy vengeance—  
Soft! who comes here?—'Tis he! how innocent,  
How winning soft he looks! Whate'er it be,  
He knows not the deceit. Look on him, Phorbas;  
Nay, thou shalt question him.

*Phor.* Not I. Great Queen,  
Resume yourself, nor let this fond persuasion  
Betray you to a weakness you should blush at.

*Cre.* If possible I will.

*Enter Ilyssus.*

*Ilyf.* Illustrious Queen,  
The altar stands prepar'd, and all things wait  
Your royal presence. From the King I come  
His messenger.

*Cre.* We will attend his pleasure.

Be near me, Phorbas; I may want thy counsel.

*Ilyf.* She looks not on me sure as she was wont.  
I'll speak to her. [*Aside.*] Permit me, gracious Queen,  
To pay my humblest thanks; for, by your means,  
The King is kind as you are.

*Cre.* Rise, Ilyssus.

Perhaps you needed there no advocate.  
Phorbas, lead on. My resolution melts,  
And all my sex returns. One look from him  
Outweighs a thousand proofs. Phorbas, lead on,  
Or I am lost in weakness. [*Exeunt Creusa and Phorbas.*

*Ilyf.*



# CREUSA.

31

*Ihs.* [Stopping Lycen.] Gentle maid,  
Stay yet a moment. Wherefore does the Queen  
Look coldly on me? Know'st thou if in ought  
I have offended?

*Lyc.* Things of mightiest import  
At present fill her mind, nor leave they room  
For less affairs. My duty calls me hence. [Exit.]

*Ihs.* I hope it is no more; yet each appearance  
Alarms me now. Aletes, thou hast rais'd  
Such conflicts here, such hopes, such fears, such doubts,  
That apprehension sinks beneath their weight.  
Well might'st thou say these solitary shades  
Have now no peace for me. Yet once thou taught'st me,  
That the pure mind was its own source of peace.  
But that philosophy I find belongs  
To private life; for where ambition enters  
I feel it is not true: [Exit.]

END of the SECOND ACT.

## A C T III.

SCENE, *the Vestibule of the Temple.*

*Enter Aletes.*

ALETES.

**W**HY should I doubt? It will, it must succeed.  
Yet I could wish that I had seen Creusa  
Before 'twas undertaken; for perhaps—  
'Tis better as it is. Her part had then  
Been difficult to act; now what she does,  
Assisting or opposing the design,  
Will all seem natural—The Pythia sure  
Will act as I directed—Hark! the rites  
Should be ere this perform'd. Why stay they then?  
That noise proclaims them finish'd, and the croud  
Will soon be here—They come: I must not yet  
Be seen; the Pythia in the laurel grove  
May tell me what has pass'd.

[Exit.  
Creusa]



*Creusa descends hastily from the temple in great disorder,  
Lycea following.*

*Lyc.* Stay, mighty Queen;  
You know not what you do; your rage transports you;  
You leave the rites unfinish'd, and the croud  
In wild amazement gaze on your departure.

*Cre.* I will not stay; nor will I tamely bear  
My disappointed hopes. Oh, honest Phorbas!  
Oh, good old man! thy penetrating mind  
Saw early their designs. 'Tis to supply  
Nicander's loss (Oh, ne'er to be supply'd!)  
That we must call in strangers to the throne,  
And yield our sceptres to Æolian hands.  
Yes, ye great shades of my progenitors,  
I hear ye call; ye shall, ye shall have vengeance!

*Lyc.* Whatever you design, conceal at least  
This transport of your rage.

*Cre.* Why loiters Phorbas?  
He saw my anguish; wherefore comes he not  
To its relief? They fool me past endurance.  
~~Rely~~ they on the weakness of my sex?  
Lycea, they shall find this feeble arm  
In such a cause can lay the distaff by,  
And grasp th' unerring thunderbolt of Jove.  
Oh, Phorbas, art thou come?

*Enter Phorbas from the temple.*

*Phor.* Now, mighty Queen,  
Are my suspicions just? Is Phorbas honest?

*Cre.* As light as truth itself. My counsellor,  
My bosom friend!

*Phor.* Now shall a casual likeness,  
If such there be, a semblant cast of features,  
The sport of nature in a human form,  
Shall trifle light as these weigh down conviction?  
Oh, Queen! from first to last th' apparent scheme  
Glares on us now. Why were we brought to Delphi,  
But that this youth has long been nurtur'd here  
In secret from the world; perhaps the son  
Of Xuthus' self, plac'd here at first, to hide  
The guilt and shame of some dishonest mother,  
Tho' now applied to more pernicious ends.

*Cre.*



*Cre.* It may be so.

*Phor.* And why, say why, to-day,  
While Xuthus stays behind for oracles  
He wanted not, is young Ilyuss's bid  
To meet your eyes, and win with artful tales  
Your easy heart?

*Cre.* Bid! Was he bid to do it?

*Phor.* I saw the priestess whisper something to him,  
Then loud she bid him wait for thy approach.  
She must, forsooth, retire to sacred glooms,  
And wait for inspiration. Xuthus' gold  
Was what inspir'd the traitress. Yet, good heaven,  
When from the shrine she gave the fraudulent words,  
With what strange art the holy hypocrite  
In mimic trances died!—"A banish'd youth  
Is Athens' cause of woe." Too truly said;  
Tho' for a wicked purpose, to allure  
Thy easy faith, and lead thee to admit  
The fraud which follow'd.

*Cre.* Never, never, Phorbas,  
Will I that fraud admit, How readily  
Did Xuthus, when my foolish fondness ask'd it,  
Consent to my request! Thou heard'st him say [*To Lyca.*  
We should adopt this youth; in seeming sport  
He spake it, but ev'n then th' insulting tyrant  
Couch'd fatal truths beneath th' ambiguous phrase.

*Phor.* Why should a youth design'd for solitude  
Be taught the arts of war? He saw himself  
The impropriety. Who is this sage  
That has instructed him? And why should Lycon  
O'erflow with sudden joy, but that he found,  
From thy apparent fondness for the boy,  
Their schemes grew practicable: Nay, to-day,  
When to the priestess' self my honest love  
For Athens, and dislike of stranger kings,  
Burst freely forth, she chid my hasty zeal,  
Commended Xuthus, talk'd of piety  
And reverence to the gods: 'twas to their priests  
She meant, their meddling priests, who dare presume  
To sport with thrones to sell their gods for gold,  
And stamp rank falsehoods with the seal of heaven.

*Lyca.*



*Lyc.* Forbear, you are too loud so near the temple —  
Xuthus himself will hear.

*Cre.* We would be heard.  
Instruct me, Phorbas, by what means to crush  
This impious combination.

*Phor.* Athens yet  
Has honest hearts. Yes, Phorbas yet has friends  
Who dare be patriots, and prefer their country  
To Xuthus' kindest smile. Some such are here,  
Ev'n now at Delphi: But, illustrious Queen,  
We must with caution act. The name of heaven,  
Howe'er usurp'd, adds vigour to their cause,  
And weakens ours. We might in secret find  
A sure revenge.

*Cre.* What?

*Phor.* Death.

*Cre.* Of Xuthus?

*Phor.* His  
Might follow, but the more immediate cause  
Should earliest be remov'd, the boy.

*Cre.* The boy!

Why should he die? Believe me, honest Phorbas,  
He knows not of the fraud. His every look  
Proclaims his innocence. If impious men  
Make him their instrument of evil deeds,  
Can he be blam'd? Bred up in shades, poor youth,  
He never knew the arts of base mankind  
Nor should he share their punishment.

*Phor.* O Queen,  
They have too well succeeded. This fond passion,  
Which their insidious cunning first inspir'd,  
Clings close about your heart, and may at last  
Undo us all. — But hark, that noise declares  
The finish'd rites. Retire we to the grove,  
And there will I enforce——

*Cre.* No, let us stay.  
I will confront this artful politician,  
And shew him I am yet a queen.

*Phor.* Perhaps  
'Twere better to retire till our full scheme  
Were ripe for vengeance. — Yet if we remain,

High



High words must rise, which will alarm her pride  
And fit her for my purpose. [*Aside.*]

*Enter Xuthus, Ilyffus, Priests, Virgins, Guards, &c. from the temple.*

*Xut.* [*Coming up to Creusa.*] Thy looks, Creusa, thy abrupt departure

Affronting to the god himself, and these  
His sacred ministers, too plainly shew  
Irreverent rage, resisting heaven's high will.  
Nor dost thou want, I see, unthinking woman,  
Inflamers of thy folly—But of this  
Enough; behold the youth whom heaven designs  
Thy heir, and mine.

*Cre.* My heir!

*Xut.* Thy heir, Creusa.

What means that haughty look? Why with contempt  
Dost thou behold him? Is he chang'd Creusa?  
Have a few hours so totally transform'd him?  
Is all that winning grace of which thou spak'st  
Almost with rapture, is that native charm  
Of innocence all vanish'd? Hear him speak,  
Hear if he talks less sensibly than when  
Thy pleas'd attention hung upon his words,  
And lent each syllable an added grace.  
What hast thou found, or thy grave monitor  
What has he found, which can so suddenly  
Have wrought this wond'rous change? Is it because  
The gods have thought with thee that he deserves  
A crown? or is it that my will consents?  
And therefore thine, proud Queen, perversely strives  
To combat thy affections?

*Cre.* We, methinks,  
Have chang'd affections. The calm, steady Xuthus,  
Whose equal mind ne'er knew the stormy gusts  
Of discomposing passion, now can feel  
Indecent warmth, when touch'd by pious zeal.  
Nay he, to whom the tend'rer sentiments  
Seem'd but the weakness of the human frame,  
Now wakes inspir'd with some unusual softness.  
Have oracles the power to raise at once  
The kind affections? Or did he conceal

The



The smother'd flame, 'till, authoris'd by Heaven,  
It might burst out unquestion'd?

*Xuth.* Haughty Queen,

I understand thee well; thou think'st this youth  
A substitute of mine, and dar'st affront  
Yon awful shrine, the fountain of pure truth.  
But by that god who bears the vengeful bow,  
And whose large eye——Yet wherefore should I strive  
By oaths to undeceive thee; breasts like mine  
Can scorn th' imputed falshood they detest.  
Nor am I now to learn from what vile source  
Thy vain suspicions rise. But know, proud Queen,  
This youth shall reign in Athens; and yet more  
To punish thy vain pride, since thou provok'st it,  
I do believe him of Æolian race.

*Cre.* Thou dost?

*Xuth.* I do. A race as glorious, Queen,  
As Cecrops' boasted lineage. For the youth,  
Were I to beg the choicest boon of Heaven  
From my own loins to rise, I could not hope  
A nobler offspring.

*Pbor.* Hear'st thou that?

[*Aside to Creusa.*

*Cre.* I do,

And will revenge the insult.

*Ilyf.* [*Kneeling.*] Gracious Queen!  
What have I done which should estrange thee to me?  
Am I the unhappy cause of these dissensions?

*Cre.* Kneel not to me, Ilyssus.

*Xuth.* Kneel not to her;

'Tis I am thy protector, and thy friend,  
Nay, now thy father.

*Ilyf.* Yet, Oh, mighty King,  
Permit me at her royal feet to pay  
My humblest duty. If I call thee father,  
She sure must be a mother. [*She turns away disordered.*

*Xuth.* Rise, Ilyssus,  
Thou seest she stands unmov'd.

*Ilyf.* No, now she softens,  
I see it in her eyes.

*Cre.* I will, I will  
Be mistress of my soul. Why kneel'st thou, youth,  
I blame not thee.

*Xuth.*



*Xuth.* Me then thou blamest, Creusa.  
I am the object of thy rage. 'Tis Xuthus  
Thou think'st unworthy of th' Athenian throne.

*Cre.* Athens might well have spar'd a foreign lustre,  
Secure of fame, had Xuthus ne'er been born.

*Xuth.* Ungrateful queen, had Xuthus ne'er been born,  
What now had Athens been ?

*Cre.* Perhaps in ruins,  
And better so than to become the prey  
Of needy wand'ring strangers.

*Xuth.* Earth and Heaven !  
This the return ?—I knew thou never lov'dst me,  
Yet, witness Heav'n, I ravish'd not thy hand;  
Thou gav'st it fullenly, but yet thou gav'st it ;  
And I well hop'd thy female sense of honour,  
Of duty to thy Lord, might have secur'd  
At least my future peace. Thy tend'rer thoughts,  
The wife's best ornament, I knew were buried  
In a plebeian grave.

*Cre.* Plebeian grave !

*Xuth.* Fool that I was, I flatter'd thy vain sorrows,  
Indulg'd their weak excess, and rais'd, I find,  
Imaginary rivals in the tomb :  
But never more, Creusa, never more  
Shalt thou affront my ill-requited fondness.  
I will destroy that pageant of thy passion,  
Tear from that idol shrine th' insulting wreaths,  
And cancel thy mock worship.

*Ilys.* Gracious Queen,  
Retire a while.

*Cre.* Begone.—Insulting tyrant,  
Touch but a wreath that's sacred to Nicander,  
And, by pale Hecate's awful rites, I swear  
Thy life shall pay the forfeit ; nay, the lives  
Of thy whole dastard race.—Plebeian grave !  
Had that Plebeian liv'd, imperial Xuthus  
Had crouch'd beneath his feet.

*Xuth.* Oh, would to Heaven  
This scepter'd arm could raise him from the earth,  
That thou might'st see how infamous a slave  
Thou dar'st prefer to Xuthus.—Come, Ilyssus,  
We leave her to her follies. Look not on her,

D

She



She merits not thy tendernefs. Away!  
 If reason ſhould again reſume its ſeat,  
 We may expect her at the banquet. Come,  
 All here muſt be our gueſts.

[*Exeunt Xuthus, Ilyſſus, &c.*]

*Phor.* Curb not thy paſſion, give it vent, great Queen,  
 And let it burſt in thunder on thy foes.

*Cre.* It ſhall, by Heaven, it ſhall.—I thought till now  
 My griefs were ſacred, but this monſter dares  
 Inſult even miſery itſelf. Oh, Phorbas,  
 Forgive me, if my tears will force a paſſage.  
 Now, they are gone, and I will weep no more.  
 Come, faithful counſellor of vengeance, come,  
 Inſtruct me how to act, ſteel all my ſoul;  
 Let not remorse or pity's coward voice,  
 The bane of noble deeds, intrude to croſs us.  
 Nicander's injur'd ghoul ſhall aid our counſels.  
 Say, ſhall he die?

*Phor.* Not yet, firſt be his ſchemes  
 Abortive all, his politic deſigns,  
 Then let him die deſpis'd.

*Cre.* Agreed; but how?

*Phor.* Now at the banquet may we cruſh at once  
 His full blown hopes. The fatal cauſe remov'd,  
 Th' effect of courſe muſt ceaſe.

*Cre.* What cauſe?

*Phor.* The boy.

I ſee thou ſhudder'ſt at it; 'but, great Queen,  
 ' Hear but the cogent reaſons I ſhall offer,  
 ' And thou wilt think as I do.' For the boy,  
 Heav'n knows, I wiſh to ſpare him, but no means  
 No earthly means but this can curſe completely  
 This politic deſigner. ' Doubtleſs, long  
 ' This fav'rite ſcheme to place on Athens' throne  
 ' His hated race, has labour'd in his breaſt,  
 ' And all his hours employ'd. On this alone  
 ' He builds the firm foundation of his peace,  
 ' His happineſs to come. His death were nothing,  
 ' He knows his friends, the minions of his fortune,  
 ' He knows all Greece, ſuch is their dread and awe  
 ' Of Delphi's ſhrine, will join in the ſupport  
 ' Of this deceitful claim; and that firm hope

' Will



' Will make him triumph ev'n in death, and laugh  
' At our too shallow vengeance.

*Cre.* Laugh he shall not.

' No, I will punish home.'

*Phor.* ' You cannot punish

' By any means but this. And' know, great Queen,  
I have a poison of such subtle force,  
(Why dost thou start?) of such amazing strength,  
Yet so peculiar in its operation,  
That it shall seem the surfeit of the feast,  
Not we have done the deed. At least shall seem so  
To all but Xuthus' self; for he, methinks,  
Should know the truth. at least suspect it strongly,  
And yet not dare revenge.

*Cre.* I cannot bear it;

Howe'er we fail in our revenge; my Phorbas,  
The boy must live..

*Phor.* Good Heav'n! Is this Creusa?

Is this the vengeful Queen who would not hear  
Remorse or pity's voice?—Farewel then, Athens;  
Yes, my poor country, thou must sink enslav'd  
To foreign tyrants. She who should defend  
Thy rights, thy liberties, stands tamely by,  
And sees the yoke impos'd, nay, smiles to see it:  
Thy Queen, the last of her illustrious line,  
Consents to thy destruction.

*Cre.* Never, Phorbas.

Do what thou wilt. With this last parting pang  
I give him to thy rage.—Yet, Oh, beware  
I see him not again. One look from him  
Would baffle all thy schemes.

*Phor.* Now at the banquet

Will we infuse the draught, ev'n in the cup  
Which the King's self presents to his young heir  
In token of election.

*Cre.* Stay, good Phorbas.

*Phor.* Already have I for the just design  
Suborn'd a faithful slave. Nay, should it fail,  
I have a trusty band, a chosen few,  
Athenian souls, who scorn to bow the knee,  
To any foreign lord; these will I place

D. 2

Ac.



At the pavilion doors, if need require,  
To second our attempt.

*Cre.* Yet stay, good Phorbas.  
How kindly did he seem to sympathize  
With my distress! Nay, almost chide the King,  
When his loud rage——

*Phor.* He had been taught his lesson.  
'Twas all design, all artifice to work  
Upon a woman's weakness.

*Cre.* Think'st thou so?

*Phor.* I do. But, Oh, my Queen, be more than wo-  
Conquer this foible of thy sex. [man,

*Cre.* Heav'n knows  
How much it costs to do it. Go then, Phorbas,  
I cannot bid thee prosper. [Exit Phorbas.  
Oh, Lycea,  
'Thou know'st not what I feel.—Haste, call him back.  
No, stay——I think the bitterness is past,  
And I can bear it now. Lend me thy arm,  
I would retire, Lycea.—Yet from what  
Should I retire? I cannot from myself!——  
Oh, boy! thou art reveng'd; whate'er thou suffer'st  
Is light, to what thy murder's feels! [Exit.

### END of the THIRD ACT.

## A C T IV.

### SCENE, the Laurel Grove.

*Phorbas and Athenians.*

*PHORBAS.*

**T**HIS way, my friends; at the pavilion doors  
Stand ready arm'd, that if we need your aid,  
You may observe the sign, and crush at once  
These vile usurpers on the rights of Athens.  
I hope we want ye not.—I must be hid  
A while, lest Xuthus should suspect my presence.

The



The Queen too may repent, I'll therefore shun her  
Till the deed's done, irrevocably done. [*Aside.*]

—But stir not till I come—What noise is that?  
Retire, my friends, the temple's postern door  
Grates on its hinge.—Be secret, and we prosper.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter Aletes and Pythia.*

*Alet.* This quarrel was unlucky. A slight breach  
Had lent my purpose strength; but wrought thus high  
It may defeat our hopes. She cannot now  
With ease recede from her too rash resolves,  
At least not unsuspected. Did she, say'st thou,  
Reject thy message?

*Pyth.* Scarcely did she pay  
The decent dues my sacred office claims.  
And when I prest her mote, with sullen pride  
She silently withdrew.

*Alet.* See her I must.  
Where went she?

*Pyth.* To the shades which over-hang  
Th' Aonian fount.

*Alet.* I will pursue her thither.

*Pyth.* It may not be, for now I know thy secret  
'Tis my turn to be prudent. Know'st thou not  
Thou should'st be cautious, nor expose thyself  
To prying eyes? I heard her, as she pass'd,  
In broken whispers bid Lycea haste  
To Phorbas, and inform that trusty friend  
That she would wait him in the laurel grove.  
Here then thou may'st surprise them both, and crown  
At once thy whole design.

*Alet.* Thou counsell'st well,  
And I will guide me by thy kind advice.  
' Oh, Pythia, how did every thing conspire  
' To give me hopes that I should place the boy  
' Secure on Athens' throne, unknown to all  
' But those whom fate had made his firmest friends.  
' The very means I us'd to make it sure,  
' Have been most adverse to the cause I labour'd:  
' Had I relied on Xothus' piety,  
' Nor mention'd Æolus, success were mine;  
' And let me hope it still.'—What most I fear



Is the Queen's warmth of passion. To which end  
I must proceed with tenderness, and hide,  
For some short time, Ilyssus from her knowledge.  
I have unnumber'd cautions to premise,  
Which her o'erflowing joy may haply ruin.  
The banquet, is it ready?

*Pyth.* It has long  
In vain expected its illustrious guests.  
The King already has forgot his rage,  
And hopes returning thought may move the Queen  
To equal amity: he therefore finds  
Continual causes to delay the feast.

*Alet.* Retire. Perhaps 'tis she; I hear the steps  
Of some who move this way. [Exit Pythia.  
What means he here?

Why art thou absent from the banquet, youth?

*Enter Ilyssus.*

*Ilyf.* It has no joys for me. I fear, Aletes,  
Thou and the Pythia have most foully play'd  
For my advancement.

*Alet.* Ha!

*Ilyf.* Where are the parents  
Whom thou didst promise to my hopes? Alas!  
I find no parents here, no kind regards,  
No inexpressive fondness. Stern debate,  
And foul dissention kindle here their torch  
To usher in my greatness. Ev'n Creusa,  
Whose tenderness I know not how alarm'd  
My throbbing heart with hopes, and doubts, and fears,  
Unfelt before, ev'n she has taught her eyes  
To look with strangeness on me. The good King,  
Who yet withdraws not his protection from me,  
Seems lost in anxious thought. Unkind Aletes,  
Art thou the cause of this? Say, am I sprung  
Of race *Æolian*? For by Heaven I swear,  
By that pure fountain of immortal truth,  
I will not brook deceit. I will again,  
Howe'er the glitt'ring mischief tempt my youth,  
Become that humble unknown thing I was,  
Rather than wear a crown by falshood gain'd.  
'Speak then, and give me ease.'

*Alet.* My dearest boy——

His



His virtue charms me, though it may prevent  
His own success. Oh, happy, happy Athens,  
To gain a king like him, whose honest soul  
Starts at imagin'd fraud !

[*Aside.*

*Ilyf.* Speak on, Aletes,  
And do not by that look of tenderness,  
And murm'ring to thyself, alarm me more.

*Alet.* What should I speak ? This very morn, Ilyffus,  
This very morn I told thee a few hours  
Would shew thee what thou wert ; but thy impatience  
Brooks not that short delay. It seems Aletes  
Has lost his usual credit with Ilyffus,  
Ev'n with the youth his anxious care has form'd.  
Think'st thou, the man who taught thy feeling heart  
To start at falshood, would himself commit  
The fraud thou shudder'st at ? What have I done,  
Which should induce thee to a thought so base ?  
Did e'er my precepts contradict my heart ?  
Did I e'er teach a virtue I not practis'd ?  
---I see thou art confounded. Know then, youth,  
I blame not thy impatience, nay, I praise  
That modesty which can so soon resume  
Its seat, when all things round are big with wonder.  
Ere night thou shalt know all ; till then, Ilyffus,  
Behave as Athens' king.

*Ilyf.* Ob, good Aletes,  
Forgive my rashness. Yes, I know thee honest  
As truth itself, and know the wond'rous debt  
I owe thy goodness. Yet, if thou confess  
That I have reason for these anxious cares,  
Thou wilt permit me still to question thee.  
Nay, look upon me whilst I speak to thee.  
Perhaps thou hast some secret cause, Aletes,  
For all that kind attention thou hast shewn me,  
From infancy till now ? Why dost thou turn  
Thy eyes to earth ? 'Tis plain thou hast a cause :  
Thou know'st from whom I spring ; how canst thou else  
With confidence assert, that yet ere night  
I shall know all ?—Say this at least, Aletes,  
Shall the Queen's anger cease ?

*Alet.* It shall, Ilyffus.  
Ev'n now I wait her here ; on what design

I must



I must not yet inform thee. The next time  
Thou shalt behold her thou wilt find a change  
Incredible indeed, from rage to fondness,  
From cold reserve to tears of bursting joy.

[*Ilyssus is going to speak eagerly.*  
—Ask me no more.—Yet something didst thou say  
Relating to the cause which fix'd me here  
Thy guardian, thy instructor, and—the time  
Will come, when thou shalt know it all, Ilyssus,  
And bless my memory.

*Ilyf.* Thou weep'st, Aletes.  
My tears will mingle too.

*Alet.* Forbear, and leave me.  
Yet stay a while, for now perhaps we part  
To meet no more.

*Ilyf.* No more! Thou wilt not leave me  
When most I want thy care! 'Twas my first thought,  
'Twas the first boon I ask'd of the good King,  
That thou might'st be my kind instructor still.  
He prais'd my gratitude, and I had promis'd  
To bring him to thy cottage. He himself  
Shall be a suitor to thee,

*Alet.* Thou hast ask'd  
Thou know'st not what: it cannot be, Ilyssus,  
That Xuthus and Aletes e'er should meet  
On terms of amity. The smiles of greatness  
To me have lost their value. For thy love  
I could do much, and to be sever'd from thee  
Pulls at my heart-strings. But resistless fate  
Has fix'd its seal, and we must part for ever,  
How hard soe'er it seem. Thy youth will soon,  
Amidst the busy scenes of active greatness,  
Forget its monitor: but I must bear  
In hopeless solitude the pangs of absence  
Till thought shall be no more.

*Ilyf.* Oh, heav'nly powers!  
Then there is something dreadful yet conceal'd.  
I cannot part from thee in ignorance.  
Tell me, Aletes.

*Alet.* Would I could! But now  
It must not be.—Haste to the banquet, youth,  
Thy duty calls thee thither.

*Ilyf.*



*Ilyf.* Go I cannot,  
Till thou assur'st me we shall meet again.

*Alet.* If possible we will. If not, remember,  
When thou shalt know thyself, that on thyself  
Thy fate depends; that virtue, glory, happiness,  
Are close connected, and their sad reverse  
Is vice, is pain, is infamy.—Alas!  
These were the lessons of thy private life,  
This I have told thee oft, but my fond tongue  
Runs o'er its former precepts, and forgets  
Thou now must mount a throne; a larger scene  
Of duty opens.

*Ilyf.* Yet the tender friend,  
Who should direct me, leaves me to myself.  
Canst thou abandon me?

*Alet.* Would fate permit  
I would attend thee still. But, Oh, Ilyffus,  
Whate'er becomes of me, when thou shall reach  
That envied pinnacle of earthly greatness,  
Where faithful monitors but rarely follow,  
Ev'n there, amidst the kindest smiles of fortune,  
Forget not thou wert once distress'd and friendless.  
Be strictly just; but yet, like Heaven, with mercy  
Temper thy justice. From thy purged ear  
Banish base flattery, and spurn the wretch  
Who would persuade thee thou art more than man;  
Weak, erring, selfish man, endued with power  
To be the minister of public good.  
If conquest charm thee, and the pride of war  
Blaze on thy sight, remember thou art placed  
The guardian of mankind, nor build thy fame  
On rapines, and on murders. Should soft peace  
Invite to luxury, the pleasing bane  
Of happy kingdoms, know from thy example  
The bliss or woe of nameless millions springs,  
Their virtue, or their vice. 'Nor think by laws  
'To curb licentious man; those laws alone  
'Can bend the headstrong many to their yoke,  
'Which make it present int'rest to obey them.'  
Oh, boy!—

*Enter*



*Enter Pythia hastily.*

*Pyth.* Ilyssus! wherefore art thou here?  
The King expects thee, and the banquet waits.

*Ilyf.* I cannot go.

*Alet.* Thou must; thy fate depends  
Upon thy absence now. The Queen approaches.  
After the banquet I again will see thee,  
And thou shalt know the whole. I will, by Heaven.

[*Exit Ilyssus.*

Pythia, away, and wait me in the temple. [*Exit Pythia.*  
She saw them not; on her contracted brow  
Sits brooding care. She speaks? My heart beats thick,  
And my tongue trembles to perform its office.  
Now fate attend, and perfect thine own work!

*Enter Creusa.*

*Cre.* To what have I consented!—Ha! who art thou  
That thus intrud'st on sacred privacy,  
When the o'erburthen'd mind unloads its griefs,  
Its hoarded miseries.

*Alet.* Thy better genius!

*Cre.* That voice is sure familiar to my ear!  
Who art thou? Speak.

*Alet.* One whom adversity  
Has taught to know himself. I bring thee tidings  
Of an unhappy man who wrong'd thee much,  
But much repented of the wrongs he did thee;  
Of thy Nicander, Queen.

*Cre.* Nicander, say'st thou?  
Oh, then thou art indeed my better genius!

*Alet.* Now arm thy soul for wonders yet to come!  
Perhaps he lives.

*Cre.* He lives? [*Looking on him with amazement.*

*Alet.* [*After great irresolution and struggles with himself.*]

Behold him here!

[*She faints.*

—What has my rashness done!—The blush of life  
Has left her cheek, the pulse forgets to move.  
Where shall I turn? I cannot call for aid,  
Nor can I leave her thus.—She breathes, she stirs!  
—Yes, yes, Creusa, thy Nicander lives,  
And he will catch at least this dear embrace,  
Though now thou art another's.

*Cre.* Gracious gods!

It



It is, it is Nicander, 'tis my Lord!

Oh, I am only shine, no power on earth  
Shall e'er divide us more.

—It cannot be, my senses all deceive me—

And yet is it, —Oh, let me gaze upon thee,  
Recall each trace which marks thee for my own,  
And gives me back the image of my heart.

How time and grief have chang'd thee! ' But my love  
' Can know no change. My Lord, my life, my husband!  
Where hast thou wander'd? How hast thou been hid  
From love's all-piercing sight? The bloody ruffians,  
How didst thou escape their rage? Or did they wreak  
Upon the helpless innocent alone  
Their impious vengeance?

*Nic.* Nor on me, nor him  
Did vengeance fall.

*Cre.* Does he live?

*Nic.* He does.

' *Cre.* Oh, honest Phorbas! Murder now is virtue.

[*Aside.*

' *Nic.* The fabled murder was all stratagem  
Contriv'd for thy dear sake; no impious ruffians  
Pursued our steps, I found that I had wrong'd thee  
Beyond redress, nor knew another means  
But by my death to save thee from dishonour.  
' Despair I thought might conquer love, and thou  
' Once more be Athens' pride.' The precious charge  
Forbade a real death, I therefore stain'd  
With blood my well-known garments, which produc'd—

*Cre.* A curs'd effect.—But I have nearer fears  
How cam'st thou hither? Wherefore to these shades?  
The boy, where is he?

*Nic.* Far from hence—

*Cre.* Thank heaven!

*Nic.* He lives in peace and safety.—What disturbs thee?

*Cre.* Nothing—I dare not tell him what I fear'd,  
His honest breast might shudder at the guilt,  
Though now it be more needful.—The dear boy,  
Say, is he brave?

*Nic.* As woman could desire.

*Cre.* And form'd like thee?

*Nic.* His person far exceeds

What



What my most vig'rous youth could boast, Creusa.  
And his firm mind is wisdom's aged strength  
With all youth's graces soften'd.

*Cre.* 'Tis too much.

Oh, happy mother ! Call'st thou him, Nicander ?

*Nic.* No, Ion, 'twas the name the matron chose,  
Who gave him to my care.

*Cre.* Then Ion be it,  
Ion shall reign in Athens. Know'st thou, love,  
The curs'd design which this Æolian here,  
And the vile maid—

*Nic.* The priestess, it should seem,  
With Xuthus has conspir'd to fix his race  
On Athens' throne.

*Cre.* But never shall his race  
That scepter wield.

*Nic.* It never shall, Creusa.

I have a means—

*Cre.* My means, thank Heaven, is surer. *[Aside.]*

*Nic.* But I will tell thee all from first to last.  
Hear then, and weigh my words, for fate is in them.  
Xuthus, th' Athenian king—

*Cre.* I think not of him.

*Nic.* Beware of that. Whate'er thou think'st, Creusa,  
Xuthus must still reign on, thy Lord and husband.

*Cre.* Xuthus, my Lord ! then what art thou, Nicander ?  
Dost thou despise me for a crime thyself  
Hast forc'd me to commit ? My soul was thine  
Ev'n when I gave my hand, and still remains  
Untainted, undefil'd.

*Nic.* I know it well,  
Thou dearest, best of women.—My torn heart  
Drops blood while I propose it, yet we must,  
We must for ever part.—Forbear, Creusa,  
That killing look strikes through me.—Think, Oh, think,  
What in this age of absence I have borne,  
How combated each tender thought, and liv'd  
For thy dear sake a victim to despair.  
But now if thou consent'st, all, all is mine,  
And I forgive my fate.—The dear, dear boy,  
I have a means to place on him on the throne  
Secure as we could wish.

*Cre.* Secure he shall be,

I will



I will proclaim him to the world as mine,  
And Athens shall with joy receive its sov'reign;  
The tyrant Xuthus shall be taught to fear  
A master's frown.

*Nic.* Thy rashness, my Creusa,  
May ruin all.

*Cre.* I will be rash, if this  
Be rashness, to declare to earth, to heav'n,  
A mother's heart-felt joy, whose only child  
Snatch'd from the grave, unhop'd for, comes to claim,  
With every grace and every virtue crown'd,  
Th' imperial seat of his great ancestors.  
And shall we want a means?

*Nic.* We need not wait;  
For by my care th' important means is found  
Already, and no human power but thine  
Can hinder our success. I would have hid  
The secret from thee till thy wish'd consent  
Had giv'n my purpose strength, but thou defeat'st  
My utmost caution, and wilt force me tell thee,  
Ilyssus is young Ion!—Ha! Creusa!  
What means this look? Good Heaven! how her eye fixes!  
'What have I done? What said, which could attack  
'The seats of sense with this amazing force?'  
My wife, my Queen, Oh, speak!—

*Cre.* Off, touch me not,  
Thou canst not bring relief.—Oh, I am curs'd  
Beyond all power of aid. Thou too art curs'd  
And know'st it not.—He dies, he dies, Nicander!

*Nic.* Amazement! Who?

*Cre.* Oh, had he not been mine,  
His youth, his softness, each attracting grace—  
I should have staid whole ages, ere in thought  
I had consented to so damn'd a deed.  
Tears, tears, why burst ye not?—But what have I  
To do with tears? those are for tender mothers.  
'The tygress weeps not o'er her mangled prey.'  
He dies, he dies, Nicander.

*Nic.* Who? Ilyssus?  
Speak, speak, Creusa.

*Cre.* Phorbas urg'd the deed,

E

And



And I consented; at the feast he dies  
By poison.—‘Oh, my soul!’

*Nic.* Fly then, this instant  
Perhaps thou may’st prevent it, as thou cam’st.  
He parted hence.—I knew not to his death!

*Cre.* I go, I fly.

*Nic.* Yet stay, thy rashness there,  
If fate has fav’d him, may undo us yet:  
—The Pythia! true, the Pythia shall rush in  
To stop the fatal banquet, and declare  
The feast unhallow’d; ‘at this lucky moment  
‘She waits me in the temple.’—Stay, Creusa.

[*Exit Nicander.*

*Cre.* The Pythia, no; I will myself outstrip  
The lightning’s speed. Whatever be th’ event,  
’Tis not too late to die.

[*Exit.*

END of the FOURTH ACT.

## ACT V.

SCENE, *the Laurel Grove.*

*Phorbas and Lycea.*

LYCEA.

OH, earth! Oh, heaven! Oh, wretched, wretched  
Athens!

*Phor.* Speak on, Lycea; wherefore art thou silent?  
Why dost thou lead me to this secret shade?  
What mean thy flowing tears?

*Lyc.* The Queen, the Queen!

*Phor.* Say, what of her?

*Lyc.* I know not; all to me  
Is terror and confusion.

*Phor.* What thou know’st  
Relate.

*Lyc.* She sent me forth to seek thee, Phorbas;  
I found thee not, but met at my return

Creusa’



Creusa's self. Despair was in her eyes,  
With hasty steps she shot impatient by me,  
Nor listen'd when I spake. I follow'd wond'ring,  
And enter'd the pavilion.

*Phor.* The pavilion !

Why went she to the banquet ?

*Lyc.* Eager went,

Despair and anguish mixing on her look.  
But, O good heaven, how chang'd was that despair  
To inexpressive joy, when from the croud  
She learnt Ilyssus had delay'd the feast,  
And won the King once more to ask her presence,  
" Where is he ? let me clasp him to my breast,"  
She cried ; " I now no longer will resist  
Heaven's high command." Imperial Xuthus rose  
With transport to receive her, and loud shouts  
Proclaim'd the people's joy. When, death to sight !  
Eternal pain to memory ! the slave  
Presents the goblet ; Fill, she cried, a third,  
I too will hail Ilyssus King of Athens.  
But first, all swear, swear by immortal Jove,  
By the far-darting god who here presides,  
And the chaste guardian of our native fanes,  
Swear here, swear all, and binding be the oath,  
Ilyssus only shall be Athens' King.

*Phor.* What could she mean ;

*Lyc.* Attentive Xuthus caught

With joy the happy omen, and all swore  
Ilyssus only should be Athens' King.  
This done, I saw her from Ilyssus' hand  
Snatch the dire goblet, and to him resign  
Her own untouch'd. The slave who mix'd the draught  
Turn'd pale and trembled, I with eager zeal  
Press'd forward, but in vain ; she firmly grasp'd  
The bowl, and smiling drank it to the dregs.

*Phor.* The poison, ha !—I knew her foolish fondness  
Would start at murder's name. But wherefore die ?  
Why turn upon herself her impious rage ?  
'Twas madneness all ; or else some new contrivance,  
Some fresh Æolian fraud.—I care not what.  
I yet will blast their schemes.—Yes, let her die,  
By her own folly perish. Athens still.

E. 2.

Survivor



Survives, and shall survive.—I must be sudden.  
 She doubtless will betray me to the King,  
 And cut off ev'n this last resource. Lycea,  
 Be secret, and thy country shall be free.

*Lyc.* Were it not better, Phorbas, first to see her.  
 Perhaps some secret unreveal'd may lurk  
 Beneath this show of unexampled rashness.  
 She left the banquet soon, and with the Pythia  
 Enter'd the temple.

*Pbor.* With the Pythia, say'st thou?  
 Then there is mischief toward.

*Lyc.* Yet now alone  
 We may surprize her, for I saw the maid  
 Quick from the fane return with hasty steps,  
 As if dispatch'd on some important message,  
 Perhaps to find thee out. Sure thou should'st see her

*Pbor.* And perish, ha!—No, no, my sacred country,  
 Too much already have I been deceiv'd;  
 I will not leave thee in a woman's power.  
 —Yet hold, Lycea may inform her of them  
 And my designs prove yet abortive. Maid,  
 Thy presence may be needful.

*Lyc.* Mine! Good heaven,  
 In what? Creusa will require my aid;  
 At least my tears are due to my poor Queen  
 In her last moments.

*Pbor.* Stay, she wants them not;  
 I know the poison's force too well, Lycea,  
 To fear a death so sudden. This way, maid;  
 Nay, thou must go; I shall have business for thee,  
 Some secret message to the Queen, Lycea,  
 Which thou alone can'st bear.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Pythia and Nicander,*

*Pyth.* 'Twas he, I saw him and Lycea with him.  
 Sure he should be inform'd!—Thou hear'st me not.

*Nic.* This action of the Queen fits near my heart.

*Pyth.* She bade me tell thee.—But why waste we time,  
 Thou now may'st enter at the postern gate  
 Unseen by all.

*Nic.* Why did'st thou not rush in, and stop the feast?  
 Thy speedy presence there had sav'd us all.

*Pyth.* What could I do? The Queen was there already,  
 And



And all seem'd peace and joy ; could I suspect  
That poison lurk'd beneath so fair a seeming ?

*Nic.* She breaks thro' my designs.—Unhappy woman !  
My soul bleeds for her, and confusion hangs  
On every rising thought.—The dear, dear boy !—  
Where is he, at the banquet still ?

*Pyth.* He is.

*Nic.* And where Creusa ?

*Pyth.* I already told thee,  
But thou regard'st not, in the temple's gloom,  
Retir'd she sits, expecting thy approach.  
We there may settle all.

*Nic.* I fear her much.

'Thou seest her passions are too near concern'd ;  
'To be of use to us ; thy cooler sense  
'Must here direct us.' Does the poison's power  
Affect her yet ?

*Pyth.* Not yet ; I would have tried  
Some powerful antidote to quell its force ;  
But she refuses life, and only begs  
To see her son and thee.

*Nic.* I will attend  
Upon the instant. But first hear me, Pythia ;  
Thou seest on what a precipice we stand,  
It were in vain to hope we could conceal  
The truth from Xuthus, from the rest we may ;  
'Tis thy task therefore——

*Pyth.* What ? To own the fraud,  
And publish to the King that Delphi's shrine  
Is not oracular ? Ha !

*Nic.* To the King  
'Twere better sure to publish the deceit  
Than to the world ; and where's the means but this  
To hide it ? By Creusa's art thou say'st  
He is already bound in solemn oaths  
To leave Ilyssus heir to Athens' throne.  
Can'st thou not add still stronger oaths, or ere  
Thou dost reveal the secret of our fate ?  
Then who shall dare to break them ? Shall the King  
Thou know'st his scrup'lous piety extends  
Almost to weakness. What should tempt him to it ?  
Creusa dead can frame no schemes against him ;



The boy to him alone must owe his greatness;  
And for Nicander, never more shall Greece  
Hear his forgotten name.

*Pyth.* It must be so;

And yet——

*Nic.* What yet? To Phorbas thou with ease  
May'st own the truth? He will not start at fraud  
In sacred things.——But see, the Queen approaches  
Impatient of our stay. She changes not!  
The bloom of health is still upon her cheek!  
Fain would I hope——But hopes, alas! are vain.——  
What hast thou done, Creusa?

*Cre.* [*Entering.*] Sav'd Ilyssus!

*Nic.* Thou might'st have liv'd with honour.

*Cre.* Liv'd! good heaven!

I start, I tremble at the thoughts of life.  
Can'st thou reflect on what I had design'd,  
On what I am, and what, alas! I have been,  
And not perceive death was my only refuge?  
—Am I not Xuthus' wife and what art thou?  
O had'st thou seen the torments of my soul,  
When in one hasty moment it ran o'er  
The business of an age, weigh'd all events,  
Saw Xuthus, thee, Ilyssus, Athens bleed  
In one promiscuous carnage!—Light at length  
Burst thro' the gloom, and heaven's own voice proclaim'd  
One victim might suffice.——

For Xuthus honour strove, and mightier love  
Assum'd Nicander's cause. Who then could fall?  
Could Xuthus? Could Nicander?——No; Creusa.

*Nic.* Would thou hadst been less kind!——But, O my  
To blame thee now were vain.—— [Queen,

*Cre.* To blame! 'Tis praise,  
'Tis triumph I demand. He lives! he reigns!  
Young Ion lives! young Ion reigns in Athens!  
O bring him, Pythia, bring him to my arms;  
Let me but pour a last sad blessing o'er him,  
And death has lost its terrors.  
How now, Lycea?

*Enter Lycea hastily.*

*Lyc.* Mighty Queen, I know not  
If thy command would authorize th' attempt,



But



But Phorbas, with an arm'd Athenian band,  
Now enters the pavilion, to destroy  
The King and young Ilyffus.

*Nic.* Earth and heaven!

What say'st thou, maid?

*Cre.* O let me fly to save him,  
Here shall their poignards——

*Nic.* Rest thou there, Creusa.

Thy embassies to-day have prov'd too fatal.  
My life for his I save him from the stroke,  
And on the instant send him to thy arms.  
Now, fate, be doubly mine!

[*Exit.*

*Cre.* Off, let me go, I will not be restrain'd.  
They tear him piecemeal!

*Pyth.* Patience, mighty Queen!

What man can do Nicander will perform.

*Cre.* He is a father only to my child,  
He cannot tell them what a mother feels.

—Phorbas was born the curse of me and mine.

I might have known to what his impious rage  
Would urge him on, and should have first inform'd him,  
—Gods! must I never know sweet peace again?  
Not even in death have rest!

*Pyth.* Behold who comes

To bless thee ere thou diest, and cease to murmur  
At heaven's high will.

*Enter Ilyffus.*

*Cre.* It is, it is Ilyffus—  
My son, my son!

*Ilyf.* Good heavens! and do I live

To see a parent melt in fondness o'er me!

—Aletes sav'd me from the soldiers' arms,

And bade me fly to find a mother here.

Art thou indeed that mother, mighty Queen!

And may I call thee so? Thou art, thy looks

Thy tears, thy kind embrace, all, all proclaim

The truth—O let me thus, thus on my knees—

*Cre.* Rise, rise, my child; I am, I am thy mother;

*Ilyf.* O sacred sound, Ilyffus is no more

That outcast youth. A mother and a Queen

He finds at once.

*Cre.*



*Cre.* But art thou safe, my child?  
Hast thou no wound?

*Ilyf.* The old grey-headed man,  
Who brought this morn the news of thy arrival,  
Had rais'd against my breast his eager sword,  
Defenceless I; when good Aletes came  
And snatch'd me from the stroke. I would have staid,  
Unarm'd with him have staid, but his command  
Was absolute, that I should fly to find,  
What I have found, a mother! [Embracing.

Yet, Oh, Queen!  
Why am I thus encompass'd round with wonder?  
May I not know this riddle of my fate?  
Why first condemn'd to pass my infant days  
In this obscure retreat? If I am thine,  
Thy son, illustrious Queen, sure I was born:  
To thrones and empires?

*Cre.* Thou art born to thrones,  
And shalt in Athens reign.

*Ilyf.* As Xuthus' heir  
Is Xuthus then my sire? Forgive me, Queen,  
I have a thousand, and a thousand doubts.  
Can Xuthus be my sire?

*Pyth.* Forbear, Ilyssus,  
Nor press thy fate too far. When time permits,  
Thou shalt know all.

*Cre.* Shalt know it now, Ilyssus.  
Not Xuthus is thy sire, but that brave man,  
Who but this instant snatch'd thee from thy fate,  
And by that act proclaim'd himself a father.

*Ilyf.* Aletes?

*Cre.* Not Aletes, but Nicander,  
My wedded Lord, thy sire!—And see, he comes  
To bless thee, and confirm the sacred truth.  
—Good Heaven, he bleeds!

*Enter Nicander.*

*Nic.* To death, to death, Creusa.  
Amid the fray I met the fate I sought for.  
All else is safe, and Xuthus now pursues  
A scatter'd few, who fall beneath his sword.  
—Where is my boy?—Ye guards of innocence!  
How has he been beset, and how escap'd!

—Where



—Where is my boy ? for I may own him now,  
And clasp him to my breast ; no more Alctes,  
The sage instructor of a youth unknown,  
But the dear father weeping o'er his child.

*Ilyf.* Oh, Sir, what gratitude before inspir'd  
Let duty pay.

*Nic.* I have no time to waste  
In fondness now. Hear my last words, Ilyffus,  
And bind them to thy heart. Thou still must live  
The son of Xuthus. The good Pythia here  
Will tell thee all the story of thy fate ;  
And may'st thou prosper as thou dost obey  
Her sacred counsel. Xuthus too must know  
The fatal tale ; but to the world beside  
It must be hid in darkness.

*Pyth.* Phorbas sure  
Should be inform'd.

*Nic.* Phorbas has breath'd his last ;  
And the brib'd slave who mix'd the poisonous draught  
Fell by this hand.—Ilyffus, Oh, farewell.  
I will not bid adieu to thee, Creusa,  
Thy colour changes, and the lamp of life  
Fades in thy eye ; we soon shall meet again.  
Ilyffus, Oh!—

*Ilyf.* How hard he grasps my hand !  
My Lord, my father ! Have I learn'd so late,  
To call thee by that name, and must I lose,  
For ever lose ?—Good heaven, she grasps me too !  
What means it, Pythia ? the cold damps of death  
Are on her.

*Cre.* Oh, my child, enquire no farther ;  
'Tis fitting we should part. Lycea, Pythia,  
Intreat of Xuthus—yet I need not fear  
His goodness, though I wrong'd him, foully wrong'd him,  
He yet will prove a father to my child,  
And from the world conceal the fatal truth.  
Oh, I am cold—what bolts of ice shoot through me !  
How my limbs shiver !—Nearer yet, my child,  
My sight grows dim, and I could wish to gaze  
For ever on thee.—Oh, it will not be—  
Ev'n thou art lost, Ilyffus.—Oh—Farewel.

[Dies.  
*Ilyf.*



*Ilyf.* She dies, she dies. Was I then only mock'd  
With a vain dream of bliss, to be plung'd back  
In deeper misery? Did I but hear  
The tender name of child breath'd fondly o'er me,  
To make me feel what 'tis to lose that name?  
Oh, I am ten times more an orphan now,  
Than when I knew no parents.

*Enter Xuthus, &c.*

*Xuth.* Where is this murd'ress, who with vile deceit  
Seem'd to consent to ours and Heaven's designs,  
Only to make us a more easy prey  
To her assassins?—Ha, Creusa dead!  
And the brave stranger who preserv'd us all?  
Is he too dead?—The boy——

*Pyth.* Ilyssus lives.

And thou hast sworn, great King, that he shall reign  
Supreme in Athens. Say, dost thou confirm  
That oath?

*Xuth.* I do, by Heaven!

*Pyth.* Ask here no more.

The fatal tale is for thy private ear.  
Retire, and learn it all. For poor Creusa,  
She wrong'd not thee, upon herself alone  
She drew Heaven's vengeance. And too surely proves  
That murder but intentional, not wrought  
To horrid act, before th' eternal throne  
Stands forth the first of crimes. Who dare assume,  
Unwarranted, Heaven's high prerogative  
O'er life and death, with double force shall find  
Turn'd on themselves the mischiefs they design'd.

END of the FIFTH ACT.





## E P I L O G U E.

Spoken in the Character of PYTHIA.

*AT length I'm freed from tragical parade,  
 No more a Pythian priestess,—though a maid;  
 At once resigning, with my sacred dwelling,  
 My wreaths, my wand, my arts of fortune-telling.  
 Yet superstitious folks, no doubt, are here,  
 Who still regard me with a kind of fear,  
 Lest to their secret thoughts these prying eyes  
 Should boldly pass, and take them by surprise.  
 Nay, though I disavow the whole deceit,  
 And fairly own my science all a cheat,  
 Should I declare, in spite of ears and eyes,  
 The beaux were handsome, or the critics wise,  
 They'd all believe it, and with dear delight,  
 Say to themselves at least,  
 "The girl has taste;" "the woman's in the right."  
 Or, should I tell the ladies, so dispos'd,  
 They'd get good matches, ere the season clos'd,  
 They'd smile, perhaps, with seeming discontent,  
 And, sneering, wonder what the creature meant;  
 But whisper to their friends, with beating heart,  
 "Suppose there should be something in her art."  
 Grave statesmen too would chuckle, should I say,  
 On such a motion, and by such a day,  
 They would be summon'd from their own affairs  
 To 'tend the nation's more important cares;  
 "Well, if I must—howe'er I dread the load,  
 I'll undergo it—for my country's good."  
 All men are bubbles, in a skilful hand,  
 The ruling passion is the conjurer's wand.  
 Whether we praise, foretell, persuade, advise,  
 'Tis that alone confirms us fools or wise.  
 The devil without may spread the tempting snare,  
 But the sure conqueror is—the devil within.*





## Another EPILOGUE:

**S**TAY, ladies—Though I am almost tir'd to death  
 Wish this long part—and am so out of breath—  
 Yet such a lucky thought kind Heaven has sent,  
 That if I die for't, I must give it vent.  
 The men, you know, are gone. And now, suppose,  
 Before our lords and masters are recchose,  
 We take th' advantage of an empty town,  
 And chuse a house of commons of our own.  
 What think ye, cannot we make laws?—and then  
 Cannot we too unmake them, like the men?  
 Oh, place us once in good St. Stephen's pews,  
 We'll shew them women have their public use.  
 Imprimis, they shall marry; not a man  
 Past twenty-five, but what shall wear the chain.  
 Next, we'll in earnest set about reclaiming;  
 For, by my life and soul, we'll put down gaming.  
 We'll spoil their drep destructive midnight play;  
 The laws we make we'll force them to obey;  
 Unless we let them, when their spirits flag,  
 Piddle with us, ye know, at Quinze and Brag.  
 “I hope, my dearest,” says some well-bred spouse,  
 “When such a bill shall come before your house,  
 That you'll consider men are men—at least  
 That you'll not speak, my dear.”—Not speak!—The beast!  
 What, would you wound my honour?—Wrongs like these—  
 For this, Sir, I shall bring you on your knees.  
 —Or, if we're quite good natur'd, tell the man  
 We'll do him all the service that we can.  
 Then for ourselves, what projects, what designs?  
 We'll tax, and double tax their nasty wines;  
 But duty-free import our blonds and laces,  
 French boops, French filks, French cambricks, and—French  
 faces.  
 In short, my scheme is not completed quite,  
 But I may tell ye more another night.  
 So come again, come all, and let us raise  
 Such glorious trophies to our country's praise,  
 That all true Britons shall with one consent  
 Cry out, “Long live the female parliament.”











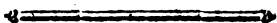
J. Roberts ad viv. del. 1778.

Thornhill sculp.

MR. WEBSTER in the Character of DOUGLAS.  
Oh Heav'n & Earth, how wondrous is, my Fate  
. Art thou my Mother? \_\_\_\_\_



BELL'S EDITION.



D O U G L A S:

A TRAGEDY.

*As written by Mr. HOME.*

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE  
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

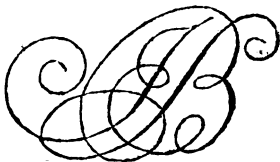
Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

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By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

*Non ego sum vates, sed priscus conscius ævi.*



L O N D O N

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

MDCCCLXXVIII







## P R O L O G U E.

*I*N antient times, when Britain's trade was arms,  
 And the lov'd music of her youth, alarms,  
 A god-like race sustain'd fair England's fame:  
 Who has not heard of gallant Piercy's name?  
 Ay, and of Douglas? Such illustrious foes  
 In rival Rome and Carthage never rose!  
 From age to age bright shone the British fire,  
 And every hero was a hero's fire.  
 When powerful Fate decreed one warrior's doom,  
 Up sprung the Phoenix from his parent's tomb.  
 But whilst these generous rivals fought and fell,  
 These generous rivals lov'd each other well:  
 Though many a bloody field was lost and won,  
 Nothing in hate, in honour all was done.  
 When Piercy wrong'd, defy'd his prince or peers,  
 Fast came the Douglas, with his Scottish spears;  
 And, when proud Douglas made his King his foe,  
 For Douglas, Piercy bent his English bow.  
 Expell'd their native homes by adverse fate,  
 They knock'd alternate at each other's gate:  
 Then blaz'd the castle, at the midnight hour,  
 For him whose arms had shook its firmest tower.  
 This night a Douglas your protection claims;  
 A wife! a mother! pity's softest names:  
 The story of her woes indulgent hear,  
 And grant your suppliant all she begs, a tear.  
 In confidence, she begs; and hopes to find  
 Each English breast, like noble Piercy's, kind.



## 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>Lord Randolph,</i>	Mr. Jefferson.	Mr. Wroughton.
<i>Glenalvon, —</i>	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Aickin.
<i>Norval, Douglas,</i>	Mr. Brereton.	Mr. Lewis.
<i>Stranger, —</i>	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Clarke,
<i>Servants, &amp;c.</i>		

## W O M E N.

<i>Matilda, Lady</i>		
<i>Randolph, —</i>	Mrs. Barry.	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Anna, —</i>	Mrs. Reddish.	Mrs. Moreton.

DOUGLAS.



## D O U G L A S.

\* \* The lines distinguished by inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.

SCENE, *the Court of a Castle, surrounded with Woods.*

*Enter Lady RANDOLPH.*

LADY RANDOLPH.

**Y**E woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom  
 Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth  
 The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,  
 Farewel a while: I will not leave you long;  
 For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,  
 Who from a chiding stream, or groaning oak,  
 Still hears, and answers to Matilda's moan.  
 Oh, Douglas! Douglas! if departed ghosts  
 Are e'er permitted to review this world,  
 Within the circle of that wood thou art,  
 And with the passion of immortals hear'st  
 My lamentation: hear'st thy wretched wife  
 Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.  
 My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn;  
 Who perish'd with thee on this fatal day.  
 To thee I lift my voice; to thee address  
 The plaint which mortal ear has never heard.  
 Oh, disregard me not; though I am call'd  
 Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.  
 Incapable of change, affection lies  
 Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.

A 3

But



But Randolph comes, whom fate has made my Lord,  
To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

*Enter Lord Randolph.*

*Lord R.* Again these weeds of woe! Say, dost thou  
To feed a passion which consumes thy life? [well  
The living claim some duty; vainly thou  
Bestow'st thy cares upon the silent dead.

*Lady R.* Silent, alas! is he for whom I mourn:  
Childless, without memorial of his name,  
He only now in my remembrance lives. [guish,

*Lord R.* Time, that wears out the trace of deepest an-  
Has past o'er thee in vain. 'Would thou wer't not  
'Compos'd of grief and tenderness alone!'  
Sure thou art not the daughter of Sir Malcolm:  
Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment:  
For when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear  
That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.

*Lady R.* Oh! rake not up the ashes of my fathers:  
Implacable resentment was the crime,  
And grievous has the expiation been.  
Contending with the Douglas, gallant lives  
Of either house were lost; my ancestors  
Compell'd, at last, to leave their ancient seat  
On Tiviot's pleasant banks; and now, of them  
No heir is left. Had they not been so stern,  
I had not been the last of all my race.

*Lord R.* Thy grief wrests to its purposes my words.  
I never ask'd of thee that ardent love,  
Which in the breasts of fancy's children burns.  
Decent affection, and complacent kindness  
Were all I wish'd for; but I wish'd in vain.  
Hence with the less regret my eyes behold  
The storm of war that gathers o'er this land:  
If I should perish by the Danish sword,  
Matilda would not shed one tear the more.

*Lady R.* Thou dost not think so: woeful as I am,  
I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.  
But whither go'st thou now?

*Lord R.* Straight to the camp,  
Where every warrior on tip-toe stands  
Of expectation, and impatient asks

Each



Each who arrives, if he is come to tell  
The Danes are landed.

*Lady R.* Oh, may adverse winds,  
Far from the coast of Scotland drive their fleet !  
And every soldier of both hosts return  
In peace and safety to his pleasant home !

*Lord R.* Thou speak'st a woman's, hear a warrior's wish :  
Right from their native land, the stormy north,  
May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd  
Immoveable in Caledonia's strand !  
Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion,  
And roving armies shun the fatal shore

*Lady R.* War I detest : but war with foreign foes,  
' Whose manners, language, and whose looks are strange,  
' Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,  
' As that which with our neighbours oft we wage.  
' A river here, there an ideal line  
' By fancy drawn, divides the sister kingdoms.  
' On each side dwells a people similar,  
' As twins are to each other, valiant both,  
' Both for their valour famous through the world.  
' Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,  
' And, if they must have war, wage distant war,  
' But with each other fight in cruel conflict.  
' Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,  
' The battle is their pastime. They go forth  
' Gay in the morning, as to summer sport :  
' When evening comes, the glory of the morn,  
' The youthful warrior, is a clod of clay.  
' Thus fall the prime of either hapless land ;  
' And such the fruit of Scotch and English wars.

*Lord R.* I'll hear no more : this melody would make  
' A soldier drop his sword, and doff his arms,  
' Sit down and weep the conquests he has made ;  
' Yea, like a monk, sing rest and peace in heav'n  
' To souls of warriors in his battles slain.'

*Lady.* farewell : I leave thee not alone ;  
Yonder comes one whose love makes duty light. [*Exit.*

*Enter Anna.*

*Anna.* Forgive the rashness of your Anna's love :  
Urg'd by affection, I have thus presum'd  
To interrupt your solitary thoughts ;

And



And warn you of the hours that you neglect,  
And lose in sadness.

*Lady R.* So to lose my hours  
Is all the use I wish to make of time.

*Anna.* To blame thee, lady, suits not with my state :  
But sure I am, since death first prey'd on man,  
Never did sister thus a brother mourn.  
What had your sorrows been if you had lost,  
In early youth, the husband of your heart ?

*Lady R.* Oh !

*Anna.* Have I distress'd you with officious love,  
And ill-tim'd mention of your brother's fate ?  
Forgive me, lady : humble though I am,  
The mind I bear partakes not of my fortune :  
So fervently I love you, that to dry  
These piteous tears, I'd throw my life away.

*Lady R.* What power directed thy unconscious tongue  
To speak as thou hast done ? to name——

*Anna.* I know not :

But since my words have made my mistress tremble,  
I will speak so no more ; but silent mix  
My tears with hers.

*Lady R.* No, thou shalt not be silent :  
I'll trust thy faithful love, and thou shalt be  
Henceforth th' instructed partner of my woes.  
But what avails it ? Can thy feeble pity  
Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time ?  
Compel the earth and ocean to give up  
Their dead alive ?

*Anna.* What means my noble mistress ?

*Lady R.* Didst thou not ask what had my sorrows been,——  
If I in early youth had lost a husband ?——  
In the cold bosom of the earth's lodg'd,  
Mangl'd with wounds, the husband of my youth ;  
And in some cavern of the ocean lies  
My child and his.——

*Anna.* Oh ! lady, most rever'd !  
The tale wrapt up in your amazing words  
Deign to unfold.

*Lady R.* Alas ! an ancient feud,  
Hereditary evil, was the source  
Of my misfortunes. Ruling fate decreed,  
That my brave brother should in battle save

The



The life of Douglas' son, our house's foe :  
 The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendship.  
 To see the vaunted sister of his friend,  
 Impatient, Douglas to Balarmo came,  
 Under a borrow'd name.—My heart he gain'd ;  
 Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd :  
 My brother's presence authoriz'd our marriage.  
 Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings of down,  
 Had o'er us flown, when my lov'd Lord was call'd  
 To fight his father's battles ; and with him,  
 In spite of all my tears, did Malcolm go.  
 Scarce were they gone, when my stern fire was told  
 That the false stranger was lord Douglas' son.  
 Frantic with rage, the baron drew his sword  
 And question'd me. Alone, forsaken, faint,  
 Kneeling beneath his sword, fault'ring I took  
 An oath equivocal, that I ne'er would  
 Wed one of Douglas' name. Sincerity !  
 Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave  
 Thy onward path ! although the earth should gape,  
 And from the gulf of hell destruction cry  
 To take dissimulation's winding way.

*Anna.* Alas ! how few of woman's fearful kind  
 Durst own a truth so hardy !

*Lady R.* The first truth  
 Is easiest to avow. This moral learn,  
 This precious moral, from my tragic tale. —  
 In a few days the dreadful tidings came  
 That Douglas and my brother both were slain.  
 My lord ! my life ! my husband !—mighty Heaven !  
 What had I done to merit such affliction ?

*Anna.* My dearest lady ! many a tale of tears  
 I've listen'd to ; but never did I hear  
 A tale so sad as this

*Lady R.* In the first days  
 Of my distracting grief, I found myself —  
 As women wish to be who love their lords.  
 But who durst tell my father ? The good priest  
 Who join'd our hands, my brother's antient tutor,  
 With his lov'd Malcolm, in the battle fell :  
 They two alone were privy to the marriage.  
 On silence and concealment I resolv'd,

Till



Till time should make my father's fortune mine.  
 That very night on which my son was born,  
 My nurse, the only confidant I had,  
 Set out with me to reach her sister's house :  
 But nurse, nor infant, have I ever seen,  
 Or heard of, Anna, since that fatal hour.

- My murder'd child !—had thy fond mother fear'd
- The loss of thee, she had loud fame defy'd,
- Despis'd her father's rage, her father's grief,
- And wander'd with thee through the scorning world.'

*Anna.* Not seen, not heard of ! then perhaps he lives.

*Lady R.* No. It was dark December ; wind and rain  
 Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay  
 The destin'd road ; and in its swelling flood  
 My faithful servant perish'd with my child.

- Oh, hapless son ! of a most hapless fire !—
- But they are both at rest ; and I alone
- Dwell in this world of woe, condemn'd to walk,
- Like a guilt-troubled ghost, my painful rounds ;
- Nor has despitelul fate permitted me  
 The comfort of a solitary sorrow.

Though dead to love, I was compell'd to wed  
 Randolph, who snatch'd me from a villain's arms ;  
 And Randolph now possesses the domains,  
 That by Sir Malcolm's death on me devolv'd ;  
 Domains, that should to Douglas' son have giv'n  
 A baron's title, and a baron's power.

- Such were my soothing thoughts, while I bewail'd
- The slaughter'd father of a son unborn.
- And when that son came, like a ray from heaven,
- Which shines and disappears ; alas ! my child !
- How long did thy fond mother grasp the hope
- Of having thee, she knew not how, restor'd.
- Year after year hath worn her hope away ;
- But left still undiminish'd her desire.

• *Anna.* The hand, that spins th' uneven thread of life,  
 May smoothe the length that's yet to come of yours.

- *Lady R.* Not in this world : I have consider'd well
- Its various evils, and on whom they fall.
- Alas ! how oft does goodness wound itself ?
- And sweet affection prove the spring of woe.'
- Oh ! had I died when my lov'd husband fell !

Had



Had some good angel op'd to me the book  
Of Providence, and let me read my life,  
My heart had broke, when I beheld the sum  
Of ills, which one by one I have endur'd.

*Anna.* That Power, whose ministers good angels are,  
Hath shut the book, in mercy to mankind.

But we must leave this theme : Glenalvon comes :  
I saw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes,  
And hitherwards he slowly stalks his way.

*Lady R.* I will avoid him. An ungracious person  
Is doubly irksome in an hour like this.

*Anna.* Why speaks my lady thus of Randolph's heir.

*Lady R.* Because he's not the heir of Randolph's vir-  
Subtle and shrew'd, he offers to mankind [tues.  
An artificial image of himself;

And he with ease can vary to the taste  
Of different men, its features. ' Self-denied,

' And master of his appetites he seems :

' But his fierce nature, like a fox chain'd up,

' Watches to seize unseen the wish'd-for prey.

' Never were vice and virtue pois'd so ill,

' As in Glenalvon's unrelenting mind.'

Yet is he brave and politic in war,

And stands aloft in these unruly times.

Why I describe him thus I'll tell hereafter.

Stay, and detain him till I reach the castle.

[Exit Lady Randolph.

*Anna.* Oh, happiness ! where art thou to be found ?

I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,

Tho' grac'd with grandeur and in wealth array'd :

Nor dost thou, it would seem, with virtue dwell ;

Else had this gentle lady miss'd thee not.

*Enter Glenalvon.*

*Glen.* What dost thou muse on, meditating maid ?

Like some entranc'd and visionary seer,

On earth thou stand'st, thy thoughts ascend to heaven.

*Anna.* Would that I were, e'en as thou say'st, a seer,  
To have my doubts by heavenly vision clear'd !

*Glen.* What dost thou doubt of ? What hast thou to do  
With subjects intricate ? Thy youth, thy beauty,  
Cannot be questioned ; think of these good gifts ;  
And then thy contemplations will be pleasing.



*Anna.* Let women view yon monument of woe,  
Then boast of beauty : who so fair as she ?  
But I must follow ; this revolving day  
Awakes the memory of her antient woes. [*Exit Anna.*

*Glen. [Solus.]* So !—Lady Randolph shuns me ; by and  
I'll woo her as the lion wooes his brides. [by

The deed's a doing now, that makes me lord  
Of these rich valleys, and a chief of pow'r.  
The season is most apt ; my sounding steps  
Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.  
Randolph has liv'd too long : his better fate  
Had the ascendant once, and kept me down :  
When I had seiz'd the dame, by chance he came,  
Rescu'd, and had the lady for his labour ;  
I 'scap'd unknown ; a slender consolation !  
Heav'n is my witness that I do not love  
To sow in peril, and let others reap  
The jocund harvest : Yet I am not safe :  
By love or something like it, stung, inflam'd,  
Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,  
And she has threaten'd to acquaint him of it.  
The way of woman's will I do not know :  
But well I know the baron's wrath is deadly.  
I will not live in fear : the man I dread  
Is as a Dane to me : ay, and the man  
Who stands betwixt me and my chief desire.  
No bar but he ; she has no kinsman near ;  
No brother in his sister's quarrel bold ;  
And for the righteous cause, a stranger's cause,  
I know no chief that will defy Glenalvon.

[*Exit.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT



## A C T II.

## SCENE, a Court, &amp;c.

*Enter Servants and a Stranger at one door, and Lady Randolph and Anna at another.*

LADY RANDOLPH.

**W**HAT means this clamour? Stranger, speak secure;  
Hast thou been wrong'd? Have these rude men  
To vex the weary traveller on his way? [presum'd  
*1st Servant.* By us no stranger ever suffer'd wrong:  
This man with outcry wild has call'd us forth;  
So sore afraid he cannot speak his fears.

*Enter Lord Randolph and a young man, with their swords drawn and bloody.*

*Lady R.* Not vain the stranger's fears! How fares my Lord?

*Lord R.* That it fares well, thanks to this gallant youth;  
Whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death!  
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,  
At the cross way four armed men attack'd me:  
Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp,  
Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,  
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,  
Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,  
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.  
They turn'd upon him; but his active arm  
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,  
The fiercest two; the others fled amain,  
And left him master of the bloody field.  
Speak, Lady Randolph, upon beauty's tongue  
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.  
Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy Lord.

*Lady R.* My Lord, I cannot speak what now I feel.  
My heart o'erflows with gratitude to heav'n,  
And to this noble youth, who all unknown  
To you and yours, deliberated not,  
Nor paus'd at peril, but humanely brave

B

Fought



Fought on your side, against such fearful odds,  
Have you not learn'd of him whom we should thank?  
Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's life?

*Lord R.* I ask'd that question, and he answer'd not:  
But I must know who my deliverer is. *[To the Strangers]*

*Strang.* A low born man, of parentage obscure,  
Who nought can boast but his desire to be  
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

*Lord R.* Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobled  
By the great King of Kings! thou art ordain'd  
And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand  
Of nature! blush not, flower of modesty  
As well as valour, to declare thy birth.

*Strang.* My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills  
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,  
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,  
And keep his only son, myself, at home.  
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd  
To follow to the field some warlike lord;  
And heav'n soon granted what my sire deny'd.  
This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,  
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,  
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills,  
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,  
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled  
For safety, and for succour. I alone,  
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,  
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd  
The road he took; then hasted to my friends,  
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,  
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,  
'Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.  
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,  
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,  
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.  
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd  
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard  
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers  
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,  
I left my father's house, and took with me  
A chosen servant to conduct my steps:—  
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.

Journey.



Journeying with this intent, I past the towers,  
And, heaven-directed, came this day to do  
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

*Lord R.* He is as wise as brave. Was ever tale  
With such a gallant modesty rehears'd?  
My brave deliverer! thou shalt enter now  
A nobler list, and in a monarch's fight  
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.  
I will present thee to our Scottish king,  
Whose valiant spirit ever valour lov'd.

Ha! my Marilda! wherefore starts that tear?

*Lady R.* I cannot say: for various affections,  
And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell;  
Yet each of them may well command a tear.  
I joy that thou art safe; and I admire  
Him and his fortunes who hath wrought thy safety.  
Obscure and friendless, he the army sought,  
Bent upon peril, in the range of death  
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword  
To gain distinction which his birth denied.  
In this attempt unknown he might have perish'd,  
And gain'd with all his valour, but oblivion.  
Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more  
Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope  
He stands conspicuous; fame and great renown  
Are brought within the compass of his sword.  
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,  
And bless'd the wonder-working hand of Heaven.

*Lord R.* Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts!  
My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.  
Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,  
In honour and command shall Norval be.

*Nor.* I know not how to thank you. Rude I am,  
In speech and manners: never till this hour  
Stood I in such a presence: yet, my Lord,  
There's something in my breast, which makes me bold:  
To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favour.

*Lady R.* I will be sworn thou wilt not. Thou shalt be  
My knight; and ever, as thou do'st to-day,  
With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.

*Lord R.* Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid reply.

[To Norval.]

B 2

We



We are thy debtors still; thy high desert  
 O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,  
 As was at first intended, to the camp.  
 Some of my train I see are speeding hither,  
 Impatient, doubtless, of their Lord's delay.  
 Go with me, Norval, and thine eyes shall see  
 The chosen warriors of thy native land,  
 Who languish for the fight, and beat the air,  
 With brandish'd swords.

*Nor.* Let us be gone, my Lord.

*Lord R.* [To Lady Randolph.] About the time that  
 the declining sun

Shall his broad orbit o'er yon hills suspend,  
 Expect us to return. This night once more  
 Within these walls I rest; my tent I pitch  
 To-morrow in the field. Prepare the feast.  
 Free is his heart who for his country fights:  
 He in the eve of battle may resign  
 Himself to social pleasure; sweetest then,  
 When danger to a soldier's soul endears  
 The human joy that never may return.

[*Exeunt Randolph and Norval.*]

*Lady R.* His parting words have struck a fatal truth.  
 Oh, Douglas! Douglas! tender was the time  
 When we two parted, ne'er to meet again!  
 How many years of anguish and despair  
 Has heaven annex'd to those swift passing hours  
 Of love and fondness. 'Then my bosom's flame  
 'Oft, as blown back by the rude breath of fear  
 'Return'd, and with redoubled ardour blaz'd.'

*Anna.* May gracious Heav'n pour the sweet balm of  
 Into the wounds that fester in your breast! [peace  
 For earthly consolation cannot cure them.

*Lady R.* One only cure can Heav'n itself bestow;—  
 A grave—that bed in which the weary rest.  
 Wretch that I am! Alas! why am I so?  
 At every happy parent I repine!  
 How blest the mother of yon gallant Norval!  
 She for a living husband bore her pains,  
 And heard him bless her when a man was born:  
 She nurs'd her smiling infant on her breast;  
 Tended the child, and rear'd the pleasing boy:

She,



She, with affection's triumph, saw the youth  
In grace and comeliness surpass his peers :  
Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,  
And to the roaring waters gave my child.

*Anna.* Alas ! alas ! why will you thus resume  
Your grief afresh ? I thought that gallant youth  
Would for a while have won you from your woe.  
On him intent you gazed, with a look  
Much more delighted, than your pensive eye  
Has deign'd on other objects to bestow.

*Lady R.* Delighted, say'st thou ? Oh ! even there mine  
Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow ; [eye  
I thought, that had the son of Douglas liv'd,  
He might have been like this young gallant stranger,  
And pair'd with him in features and in shape.  
In all endowments, as in years, I deem,  
My boy with blooming Norval might have number'd,  
Whilst thus I mus'd, a spark from fancy fell  
On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness  
For this young stranger wand'ring from his home,  
And like an orphan cast upon my care.  
I will protect thee, said I to myself,  
With all my power, and grace with all my favour.

*Anna.* Sure heav'n will bless so gen'rous a resolve.  
You must, my noble dame, exert your power :  
You must awake : devices will be fram'd,  
And ~~snow~~ snows pointed at the breast of Norval.

*Lady R.* Glenalvon's false and crafty head will work  
Against a rival in his kinsman's love,  
If I deter him not ; I only can.

Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware  
How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.  
I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.

'Tis pleasing to admire ! most apt was I  
'To this affection in my better days ;  
'Though now I seem to you shrunk up, retir'd  
'Within the narrow compass of my woe.  
'Have you not sometimes seen an early flower  
'Open its bud, and spread its silken leaves,  
'To catch sweet airs, and odours to bestow ;  
'Then, by the keen blast nipt, pull in its leaves,  
'And, though still living, die to scent and beauty ?



- ‘ Emblem of me ; affliction, like a storm,  
 ‘ Hath kill’d the forward blossom of my heart.’

*Enter Glenalvon.*

*Glen.* Where is my dearest kinsman, noble Randolph ?

*Lady R.* Have you not heard, Glenalvon, of the base—

*Glen.* I have ; and that the villains may not ’scape,  
 With a strong band I have begirt the wood.  
 If they lurk there, alive they shall be taken,  
 And torture force from them th’ important secret,  
 Whether some foe of Randolph hir’d their swords,  
 Or if—

*Lady R.* That care becomes a kinsman’s love.  
 I have a counsel for Glenalvon’s ear. [*Exit Anna.*]

*Glen.* To him your counsels always are commands.

*Lady R.* I have not found so ; thou art known to me.

*Glen.* Known !

*Lady R.* And most certain is my cause of knowledge.

*Glen.* What do you know ? By Heaven,  
 You much amaze me. No created thing,  
 Yourself except, durst thus accost me.

*Lady R.* Is guilt so bold ? and dost thou make a merit  
 Of thy pretended meekness ? This to me,  
 Who, with a gentleness which duty blames,  
 Have hitherto conceal’d what, if divulg’d,  
 Would make thee nothing ; or, what’s worse than that,  
 An outcast beggar, and unpitied too :  
 For mortals shudder at a crime like thine.

*Glen.* Thy virtue awes me. First of womankind !  
 Permit me yet to say, that the fond man  
 Whom love transports beyond strict virtue’s bounds,  
 If he is brought by love to misery,  
 In fortune ruin’d, as in mind forlorn,  
 Unpitied cannot be. Pity’s the alms  
 Which on such beggars freely is bestow’d :  
 For mortals know that love is still their lord,  
 And o’er their vain resolves advances still :  
 As fire, when kindled by our shepherds, moves  
 Through the dry heath before the fanning wind.

*Lady R.* Reserve these accents for some other ear.  
 To love’s apology I listen not.  
 Mark thou my words ; for it is meet thou shouldst.  
 His brave deliverer Randolph here retains.

Perhaps



Perhaps his presence may not please thee well :  
 But, at thy peril, practise ought against him :  
 Let not thy jealousy attempt to shake  
 And loosen the good root he has in Randolph ;  
 Whose favourites I know thou hast supplanted.  
 Thou look'st at me, as if thou fain would'st pry  
 Into my heart. 'Tis open as my speech.  
 I give this early caution, and put on  
 The curb, before thy temper breaks away.  
 The friendless stranger my protection claims :  
 His friend I am, and be not thou his foe.

[Exit

*Glen.* Child that I was, to start at my own shadow,  
 And be the shallow fool of coward conscience!  
 I am not what I have been ; what I should be.  
 The darts of destiny have almost pierc'd  
 My marble heart. Had I one grain of faith  
 In holy legends, and religious tales,  
 I should conclude there was an arm above  
 That fought against me, and malignant turn'd,  
 To catch myself, the subtle snare I set.  
 Why, rape and murder are not simple means !  
 Th' imperfect rape to Randolph gave a spouse ;  
 And the intended murder introduc'd  
 A favourite to hide the sun from me ;  
 And worst of all, a rival. Burning hell !  
 This were thy center, if I thought she lov'd him !  
 'Tis certain she contemns me ; nay, commands me,  
 And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er me,  
 In his behalf. And shall I thus be brav'd ?  
 Curb'd, as she calls it, by dame Chastity ?  
 Infernal fiends, if any fiends there are  
 More fierce than love, ambition, and revenge,  
 Rise up, and fill my bosom with your fires  
 ' And policy remorseless ! Chance may spoil  
 ' A single aim ; but perseverance must  
 ' Prosper at last. For chance and fate are words :  
 ' Perseverive wisdom is the fate of man.'  
 Darkly a project peers upon my mind,  
 Like the red moon when rising in the east,  
 Cross'd and divided by strange-colour'd clouds.  
 I'll seek the slave who came with Norval hither,

And



And for his cowardice was spurned from him.  
I've known such follower's rankled bosom breed  
Venom-most fatal to his heedless lord.

[*Exit.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

# A C T I N.

SCENE, a Court, &c. as before.

*Enter Anna.*

ANNA.

**T**HY vassals, grief, great nature's order break,  
And change the noon-tide to the midnight hours.  
Whilst Lady Randolph sleeps, I will walk forth,  
And taste the air that breathes on yonder bank.  
Sweet may her slumbers be! Ye ministers  
Of gracious heaven who love the human race,  
Angels and seraphs who delight in goodness!  
For sake your skies, and to her couch descend!  
There from her fancy chase those dismal forms  
That haunt her waking; her sad spirit charm  
With images celestial, such as please  
The blest above upon their golden beds..

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* One of the vile assassins is secur'd.  
We found the villain lurking in the wood:  
With dreadful imprecations he depies  
All knowledge of the crime. But this is not  
His first essay: these jewels were conceal'd  
In the most secret places of his garment;  
Belike the spoils of some that he has murder'd.

*Anna.* Let me look on them. Ha! here is a heart,  
The chosen crest of Douglas' valiant name!  
These are no vulgar jewels. Guard the wretch.

[*Exit Anna.*]

*Enter*



*Enter Servants with a Prisoner.*

*Pris.* I know no more than does the child unborn  
Of what you charge me with.

*1st Ser.* You say so, Sir!

But torture soon shall make you speak the truth.  
Behold, the Lady of Lord Randolph comes :  
Prepare yourself to meet her just revenge.

*Enter Lady Randolph and Anna.*

*Anna.* Summon your utmost fortitude, before  
You speak with him. Your dignity, your fame,  
Are now at stake. Think of the fatal secret,  
Which in a moment from your lips may fly.

*Lady Ran.* Thou shalt behold me, with a desperate heart,  
Hear how my infant perish'd. See, he kneels.

*[The Prisoner kneels.]*

*Pris.* Heav'n bless that countenance so sweet and mild !  
A judge like thee makes innocence more bold.  
Oh, save me, lady ! from these cruel men,  
Who have attack'd and seiz'd me ; who accuse  
Me of intended murder. As I hope  
For mercy at the judgment-seat of heaven,  
The tender lamb, that never nipt the grass,  
Is not more innocent than I of murder.

*Lady R.* Of this man's guilt what proof can ye produce ?

*1st Ser.* We found him lurking in the hollow glynn.  
When view'd and call'd upon, amaz'd he fled,  
We overtook him, and enquir'd from whence  
And what he was : he said he came from far,  
And was upon his journey to the camp.  
Not satisfied with this, we search'd his clothes,  
And found these jewels ; whose rich value plead  
Most powerfully against him. Hard he seems  
And old in villainy. Permit us to try  
His stubbornness against the torture's force.

*Pris.* Oh, gentle lady ! by your Lord's dear life ;  
Which these weak hands, I swear, did ne'er assail ;  
And by your children's welfare, spare my age !  
Let not the iron tear my ancient joints,  
And my grey hairs bring to the grave with pain.

*Lady R.* Account for these ; thine own they cannot be :  
For



For these, I say : be steadfast to the truth ;  
 Detected falsehood is most certain death.

[Anna removes the servants and returns.

*Pris.* Alas ! I'm sore beset ! let never man,  
 For sake of lucre, sin against his soul !  
 Eternal justice is in this most just !  
 I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

*Lady R.* Oh ! Anna hear !—once more I charge thee  
 The truth direct ; for these to me foretell [speak  
 And certify a part of thy narration ;  
 With which if the remainder tallies not,  
 An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.

*Pris.* Then, thus adjur'd, I'll speak to you as just  
 As if you were the minister of heaven,  
 Sent down to search the secret sins of men.  
 Some eighteen years ago, I rented land,  
 Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's Lord ;  
 But falling to decay, his servants seiz'd  
 All that I had, and then turn'd me and mine,  
 (Four helpless infants and their weeping mother)  
 Out to the mercy of the winter winds.  
 A little hovel by the river's side  
 Received us : there hard labour, and the skill  
 In fishing, which was formerly my sport,  
 Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly liv'd,  
 One stormy night, as I remember well,  
 The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof :  
 Red came the river down, and loud and oft  
 The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.  
 At the dead hour of night was heard the cry  
 Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran  
 To where the circling eddy of a pool,  
 Beneath the ford, us'd oft to bring within  
 My reach whatever floating thing the stream  
 Had caught. The voice was ceas'd ; the person lost :  
 But looking sad and earnest on the waters,  
 By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and round,  
 A basket : soon I drew it to the bank,  
 And nestled curious there an infant lay.

*Lady R.* Was he alive ?

*Pris.* He was.

*Lady*



*Lady R.* Inhuman that thou art !

How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests spared ?

*Pris.* I am not so inhuman.

*Lady R.* Didst thou not ?

*Anna.* My noble mistress, you are mov'd too much :  
This man has not the aspect of stern murder ;  
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear  
Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.

*Pris.* The needy man, who has known better days,  
One whom distress has spited at the world,  
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon  
To do such deeds as makes the prosperous men  
Lift up their hands and wonder who could do them,  
And such a man was I ; a man declin'd,  
Who saw no end of black adversity :  
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not  
Have touch'd that infant with a hand of harm.

*Lady R.* Ha ! dost thou say so ; then perhaps he lives !

*Pris.* Not many days ago he was alive.

*Lady R.* Oh ! heavenly powers ! Did he then die so

*Pris.* I did not say he died ; I hope he lives. [lately ?  
Not many days ago these eyes beheld  
Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.

*Lady R.* Where is he now ?

*Pris.* Alas ! I know not where.

*Lady R.* Oh, fate ! I fear thee still. Thou riddler,  
Direct and clear ; else I will search thy soul. [speaks

*Anna.* 'Permit me, ever honour'd ! Keen impatience,  
'Though hard to be restrain'd, defeats itself.'—  
Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,  
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.

*Pris.* Fear not my faith, though I must speak my shame.  
Within the cradle where the infant lay,  
Was stow'd a mighty store of gold and jewels ;  
Tempted by which, we did resolve to hide,  
From all the world, this wonderful event,  
And like a peasant breed the noble child.  
That none might mark the change of our estate,  
We left the country, travell'd to the north,  
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth  
Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye  
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore.

For



For one by one all our own children died,  
 And he the stranger, sole remain'd the heir  
 Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,  
 Who with a father's fondness lov'd the boy,  
 Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,  
 With his own secret : but my anxious wife,  
 Forboding evil, never would consent.  
 Mean while the stripling grew in years and beauty ;  
 And, as we oft observ'd, he bore himself,  
 Not as the offspring of our cottage blood ;  
 For nature will break out : mild with the mild,  
 But with the froward he was fierce as fire,  
 And night and day he talk'd of war and arms.  
 I set myself against his warlike bent ;  
 But all in vain ; for when a desperate band  
 Of robbers from the savage mountains came——

*Lady R.* Eternal Providence ! What is thy name ?

*Pris.* My name is Norval ; and my name he bears.

*Lady R.* 'Tis he ! 'tis he himself ! It is my son !

Oh, sovereign mercy ! 'Twas my child I saw !

No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burn'd.

*Anna.* Just are your transports : ' ne'er was woman's  
 heart

' Prov'd with such fierce extremes. High fated dame !

But yet remember that you are beheld

By servile eyes ; your gestures may be seen

Impassion'd, strange ; perhaps your words o'erheard.

*Lady R.* Well dost thou counsel, Anna : Heav'n be-  
 On me that wisdom which my state requires. [slow

' *Anna.* The moments of deliberation pass,

' And soon you must resolve. This useful man

' Must be dismissed with safety, ere my Lord

' Shall with his brave deliverer return.'

*Pris.* If I, amidst astonishment and fear,

Have of your words and gestures rightly judg'd,

Thou art the daughter of my ancient master ;

The child I rescu'dst from the flood is thine.

*Lady R.* With thee dissimulation now were vain.

I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm ;

The child thou rescu'dst from the flood is mine.

*Pris.* Blest be the hour that made me a poor man !

' v poverty hath sav'd my master's house !

*Lady*



*Lady R.* Thy words surprize me : sure thou dost not feign !

The tear stands in thine eye : such love from thee Sir Malcolm's house deserv'd not ; if aright Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.

*Pris.* Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower ; The fastest friend, the best and kindest master.

But, ah ! he knew not of my sad estate.

After the battle, where his galiant son,  
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord  
Grew desperate and reckless of the world ;  
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth  
To overlook the conduct of his servants.

By them I was thrust out, and them I blame :  
May Heav'n so judge me as I judge my master !  
And God so love me as I love his race !

*Lady R.* His race shall yet reward thee. On thy faith  
Depends the fate of thy lov'd master's house.  
Rememb'rest thou a little lonely hut,  
That like a holy hermitage appears  
Among the cliffs of Carron ?

*Pris.* I remember  
The cottage of the cliffs.

*Lady R.* 'Tis that I mean :  
There dwells a man of venerable age,  
Who in my father's service spent his youth :  
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,  
'Till I shall call upon thee to declare,  
Before the king and nobles, what thou now  
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou  
Shalt live in honour all thy future days ;  
Thy son so long shall call thee father still,  
And all the land shall bless the man who sav'd  
The son of Douglas and Sir Malcolm's heir.  
Remember well my words ; if thou shouldst meet  
Him whom thou call'st thy son, still call him so ;  
And mention nothing of his noble father.

*Pris.* Fear not that I shall mar so fair an harvest,  
By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe.  
Why did I leave my home and ancient dame ?  
To find the youth, to tell him all I knew,  
And make him wear these jewels in his arms,

C

Which



Which might, I thought, be challeng'd, and so bring  
To light the secret of his noble birth,

[*Lady Randolph goes towards the servants.*]

*Lady R.* This man is not th' assassin you suspected,  
Though chance combin'd some likelihoods against him.  
He is the faithful bearer of the jewels  
To their right owner, whom in haste he seeks.  
'Tis meet that you should put him on his way,  
Since your mistaken zeal hath dragg'd him hither.

[*Exeunt Stranger and Servants.*]

My faithful Anna! dost thou share my joy?  
I know thou dost. Unparallel'd event!  
Reaching from heav'n to earth, Jehovah's arm  
Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my son!  
Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father,  
Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks  
For such a gift! What does my Anna think  
Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest?  
How soon he gaz'd on bright and burning arms,  
Spurn'd the low dunghill where his fate had thrown him,  
And tower'd up to the region of his fire!

*Anna.* How fondly did your eyes devour the boy!  
Mysterious nature, with the unseen cord  
Of powerful instinct, drew you to your own.

*Lady R.* The ready story of his birth believ'd  
Suppress my fancy quite; nor did he owe  
To any likeness my so sudden favour:  
But now I long to see his face again,  
Examine every feature, and find out  
The lineaments of Douglas, or my own.  
But most of all, I long to let him know  
Who his true parents are, to clasp his neck,  
And tell him all the story of his father.

*Anna.* With wary caution you must bear yourself  
In public, lest your tenderness break forth,  
And in observers stir conjectures strange.

'For, if a cherub in the shape of woman  
'Should walk this world, yet defamation would,  
'Like a vile cur, bark at the angel's train.'—  
To-day the baron started at your tears.

*Lady R.* He did so, Anna! well thy mistress knows,  
if the least circumstance, mote of offence,

Should



Should touch the baron's eye, his fight would be  
 With jealousy disorder'd. But the more  
 It does behove me instant to declare  
 The birth of Douglas, and assert his rights.  
 This night I purpose with my son to meet,  
 Reveal the secret and consult with him :  
 Forwise he is, or my fond judgment errs.  
 As he does now, so look'd his noble father,  
 Array'd in nature's ease: his mien, his speech,  
 Were sweetly simple, and full oft deceiv'd  
 Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.  
 But, when the matter match'd his mighty mind,  
 Up rose the hero; on his piercing eye  
 Sat Observation; on each glance of thought  
 Decision follow'd, as the thunder-bolt  
 Pursues the flash.

*Anna.* That demon haunts you still :  
 Behold Glenalvon.

*Lady R.* Now I shun him not.  
 This day I brav'd him in behalf of Norval :  
 Perhaps too far : at least my nicer fears  
 For Douglas thus interpret.

*Enter Glenalvon.*

*Glen.* Noble dame!  
 The hov'ring Dane at last his men hath landed :  
 No band of pirates ; but a mighty host,  
 That come to settle where their valour conquers :  
 To win a country, or to lose themselves.

*Lady R.* But whence comes this intelligence, Glenal-

*Glen.* A nimble courier sent from yonder camp, [von ?  
 To hasten up the chieftains of the north,  
 Inform'd me, as he pass'd, that the fierce Dane  
 Had on the eastern coast of Lothian landed,  
 ' Near to that place where the sea-rock immense,  
 ' Amazing bas, looks o'er a fertile land.

*Lady R.* Then must this western army march to join,  
 ' The warlike troops that guard Edena's tow'rs.

*Glen.* Beyond all question. If impairing time  
 ' Has not effac'd the image of a place,  
 ' Once perfect in my breast, there is a wild  
 ' Which lies to westward of that mighty rock,  
 ' And seems by nature formed for the camp



' Of water-wasted armies, whose chief strength  
 ' Lies in firm foot, unflank'd with warlike horse :  
 ' If martial skill directs the Danish lords,  
 ' There inaccessible their army lies  
 ' To our swift-scow'ring horse, the bloody field  
 ' Must man to man, and foot to foot, be fought.'

*Lady R.* How many mothers shall bewail their sons !  
 How many widows weep their husband's slain !  
 Ye dames of Denmark, ev'n for you I feel,  
 Who, sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,  
 Long look for lords that never shall return.

*Glen.* Oft has th' unconquer'd Caledonian sword  
 Widow'd the north. The children of the slain  
 Come, as I hope, to meet their fathers' fate.  
 The monster war, with her infernal brood,  
 Loud yelling fury, and life-ending pain,  
 Are objects suited to Glenalvon's soul.  
 Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death ;  
 Reproach, more piercing than the pointed sword.

*Lady R.* I scorn thee not, but when I ought to scorn ;  
 Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted virtue  
 Against audacious vice asserts herself.  
 I own thy worth, Glenalvon ; none more apt  
 Than I to praise thine eminence in arms,  
 And be the echo of thy martial fame.  
 No longer vainly feed a guilty passion :  
 Go and pursue a lawful mistress, Glory.  
 Upon the Danish crests redeem thy fault,  
 And let thy valour be the shield of Randolph.

*Glen.* One instant stay, and hear an alter'd man.  
 When beauty pleads for virtue, vice abash'd  
 Flies its own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.  
 I am your convert ; time will shew how truly :  
 Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.  
 That youth for whom your ardent zeal to-day,  
 Somewhat too haughtily, defy'd your slave,  
 Amidst the shock of armies I'll defend,  
 And turn death from him, with a guardian arm.  
 ' Sedate by use, my bosom maddens not  
 ' At the tumultuous uproar of the field.'

*Lady R.* And thus, Glenalvon, and I am thy friend :  
 But that's thy least reward. Believe me, Sir,

The



The truly generous is the truly wise ;  
And he who loves not others, lives unblest.

[*Exit Lady Randolph.*]

*Glen.* [*Solus.*] Amen ! and virtue is its own reward !—  
I think that I have hit the very tone  
In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent,  
How pleasing art thou to the taste of man,  
And woman also ! flattery direct  
Rarely disgusts. They little know mankind  
Who doubt its operation : 'tis my key,  
And opes the wicket of the human heart.  
How far I have succeeded now, I know not.  
Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue  
Is lull'd awhile : 'tis her alone I fear :  
Whilst she and Randolph live, and live in faith  
And amity, uncertain is my tenure.  
' Fate o'er my head suspends disgrace and death,  
' By that weak air, a peevish female's will.  
' I am not idle ; but the ebbs and flows  
' Of fortune's tide cannot be calculated.'  
That slave of Norval's I have found most apt :  
I shew'd him gold, and he has pawn'd his soul  
To say and swear whatever I suggest.  
Norval, I'm told, has that alluring look,  
'Twixt man and woman, which I have observ'd  
To charm the nicer and fantastic dames,  
Who are, like Lady Randolph, full of virtue.  
In raising Randolph's jealousy I may  
But point him to the truth. He seldom errs  
Who thinks the worst he can of womankind.

END of the THIRD ACT.



## A C T IV.

*Flourish of Trumpets.**Enter Lord Randolph attended.*

LORD RANDOLPH.

**S**ummon an hundred horse, by break of day,  
To wait our pleasure at the castle gate.

*Enter Lady Randolph.*

*Lady R.* Alas, my Lord ! I've heard unwelcome news ;  
The Danes are landed.

*Lord R.* Ay, no inroad this  
Of the Northumbrian bent to take a spoil :  
No sportive war, no tournament essay,  
Of some young knight resolv'd to break a spear,  
And stain with hostile blood his maiden arms.  
The Danes are landed : we must beat them back,  
Or live the slaves of Denmark.

*Lady R.* Dreadful times !

*Lord R.* The fenceless villages are all forsaken ;  
The trembling mothers, and their children lodg'd  
In well-girt towers and castles ; whilst the men  
Retire indignant. Yet like broken waves,  
They but retire more awful to return.

*Lady R.* Immense, as fame reports, the Danish host !

*Lord R.* Were it as numerous as loud fame reports,  
An army knit like ours would pierce it through :  
Brothers, that shrink not from each other's side,  
And fond companions, fill our warlike files :  
For his dear offspring, and the wife he loves,  
The husband, and the fearless father arm.  
In vulgar breasts heroic ardour burns,  
And the poor peasant mates his daring lord.

*Lady R.* Men's minds are temper'd, like their swords,  
for war ;

‘ Lovers of danger, on destruction's brink

‘ They joy to rear erect their daring forms.

‘ Hence, early graves ; hence the lone widow's life ;

‘ And



And the sad mother's grief-embitter'd age.  
Where is our gallant guest?

*Lord R.* Down in the vale  
I left him, managing a fiery steed,  
Whose stubbornness had foil'd the strength and skill  
Of every rider. But behold he comes,  
In earnest conversation with Glenalvon.

*Enter Norval and Glenalvon.*

Glenalvon! with the lark arise; go forth,  
And lead my troops that lie in yonder vale:  
Private I travel to the royal camp:  
Norval, thou goest with me. But say, young man!  
Where didst thou learn so to discourse of war,  
And in such terms, as I o'erheard to-day?  
War is no village science, nor its phrase  
A language taught among the shepherd swains.

*Nor.* Small is the skill my Lord delights to praise  
In him he favours. Hear from whence it came.  
Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote  
And inaccessible by shepherds trod,  
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,  
A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,  
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains,  
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,  
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,  
Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.  
I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd  
With reverence and pity. Mild he spake,  
And, entering on discourse, such stories told  
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.  
For he had been a soldier in his youth;  
And fought in famous battles, when the peers  
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,  
Against th' usurping infidel display'd  
The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.  
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire  
His speech struck from me, the old man would shake  
His years away, and act his young encounters:  
Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,  
And all the live-long day discourse of war.  
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf  
He cut the figures of the marshal'd hosts;

Describ'd



Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use  
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,  
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.  
For all that Saracen or Christian knew  
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

*Lord R.* Why did this soldier in a desert hide  
Those qualities, that should have grac'd a camp?

*Nor.* That too at last I learn'd. Unhappy man!  
Returning homeward by Messina's port,  
Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,  
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea  
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought;  
The stranger fell, and with his dying breath  
Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty pow'r!  
The soldier cried, my brother! Oh, my brother!

*Lady R.* His brother!

*Nor.* Yes; of the same parents born;  
His only brother. They exchange'd forgiveness:  
And happy, in my mind, was he that died;  
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.  
In the wild desert on a rock he sits,  
Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,  
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.  
At times, alas! not in his perfect mind,  
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost;  
And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,  
To make sad orisons for him he slew.

*Lady R.* To what mysterious woes are mortals born!  
In this dire tragedy were there no more  
Unhappy persons? Did the parents live?

*Nor.* No, they were dead; kind Heaven clos'd their  
Before their son had shed his brother's blood. [eyes,

*Lord R.* Hard is his fate; for he was not to blame!  
There is a destiny in this strange world,  
Which oft decrees an undeserved doom.  
Let schoolmen tell us why—From whence these sounds?

[*Trumpets at a distance.*

*Enter an Officer.*

*Of.* My Lord, the trumpets of the troops of Lorn:  
Their valiant leader hails the noble Randolph.

*Lord R.* Mine ancient guest! Does he the warriors  
Has Denmark rous'd the brave old knight to arms? [lead?

*Of.*



*Of.* No; worn with warfare, he resigns the sword.  
His eldest hope, the valiant John of Lorn,  
Now leads his kindred bands.

*Lord R.* Glenalvon, go.  
With hospitality's most strong request  
Entreat the chief. [*Exit Glenalvon.*]

*Of.* My Lord, requests are vain.  
He urges on, impatient of delay,  
Strung with the tidings of the foe's approach.

*Lord R.* May victory sit on the warrior's plume!  
Bravest of men! his flocks and herds are safe;  
Remote from war's alarms his pastures lie,  
By mountains inaccessible secur'd:  
Yet foremost he into the plain descends,  
Eager to bleed in battles not his own.  
Such were the heroes of the ancient world;  
Contemners they of indolence and gain;  
But still, for love of glory and of arms,  
Prone to encounter peril, and to lift  
Against each strong antagonist the spear.  
I'll go and press the hero to my breast. [*Exit with the Off.*]

*Lady R.* The soldier's loftiness, the pride and pomp  
Investing awful war, Norval, I see,  
Transport thy youthful mind.

*Nor.* Ah! should they not?  
Bless'd be the hour I left my father's house!  
I might have been a shepherd all my days,  
And stole obscurely to a peasant's grave.  
Now, if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand;  
And, if I fall, with noble dust I lie.

*Lady R.* There is a generous spirit in thy breast,  
That could have well sustain'd a prouder fortune.  
Some lucky chance has left us here alone.  
Unseen, unheard, by human eye or ear,  
I will amaze thee with a wond'rous tale.

*Nor.* Let there be danger, Lady, with the secret,  
That I may hug it to my grateful heart,  
And prove my faith. Command my sword, my life;  
These are the sole possessions of poor Norval.

*Lady R.* Know'st thou these gems?

*Nor.* Durst I believe mine eyes,  
I'd say I knew them, and they were my father's.

*Lady R.*



*Lady R.* Thy father's say'st thou? Ah, they were thy

*Nor.* I saw them once, and curiously enquir'd [father's &c.]  
Of both my parents, whence such splendor came?  
But I was check'd, and more could never learn.

*Lady R.* Then learn of me, thou art not Norval's son.

*Nor.* Not Norval's son!

*Lady R.* Nor of a shepherd sprung.

*Nor.* Lady, who am I then?

*Lady R.* Noble thou art;

For noble was thy fire.

*Nor.* I will believe——

Oh, tell me farther! Say, who was my father?

*Lady R.* Douglas!

*Nor.* Lord Douglas, whom to-day I saw?

*Lady R.* His younger brother.

*Nor.* And in yonder camp?

*Lady R.* Alas!

*Nor.* You make me tremble—Sighs and tears!  
Lives my brave father?

*Lady R.* Ah, too brave indeed!

He fell in battle ere thyself was born.

*Nor.* Ah, me unhappy! Ere I saw the light!

But does my mother live? I may conclude,  
From my own fate, her portion has been sorrow.

*Lady R.* She lives; but wastes her life in constant woe,  
Weeping her husband slain, her infant lost.

*Nor.* You that are skill'd so well in the sad story  
Of my unhappy parents, and with tears  
Bewail their destiny, now have compassion  
Upon the offspring of the friends you lov'd.  
Oh, tell me who and where my mother is!  
Oppress'd by a base world, perhaps she bends  
Beneath the weight of other-ills than grief;  
And, desolate, implores of Heaven the aid  
Her son should give. It is, it must be so——  
Your countenance confesses that she's wretched.  
Oh, tell me her condition! Can the sword——  
Who shall resist me in a parent's cause?

*Lady R.* Thy virtue ends her woe—My son! my son!

*Nor.* Art thou my mother?

*Lady R.* I am thy mother, and the wife of Douglas!

[Falls upon his neck.]

*Nor.*



*Nor.* Oh, heav'n and earth ! how wond'rous is my fate !  
Ever let me kneel !

*Lady R.* Image of Douglas ! fruit of fatal love !  
All that I owe thy fire I pay to thee.

*Nor.* Respect and admiration still possess me,  
Checking the love and fondness of a son :  
Yet I was filial to my humble parents.  
But did my fire surpass the rest of men,  
As thou excellest all of womankind ?

*Lady R.* Arise, my son. In me thou dost behold  
The poor remains of beauty once admir'd.  
The autumn of my days is come already ;  
For sorrow made my summer haste away.  
Yet in my prime I equall'd not thy father :  
His eyes were like the eagle's, yet sometimes  
Liker the dove's ; and, as he pleas'd, he won  
All hearts with softness, or with spirit aw'd.

*Nor.* How did he fall ? Sure 'twas a bloody field  
When Douglas died. Oh, I have much to ask !

*Lady R.* Hereafter thou shalt hear the lengthen'd tale  
Of all thy father's and thy mother's woes.  
At present this—Thou art the rightful heir  
Of yonder castle, and the wide domains  
Which now Lord Randolph, as my husband, holds.  
But thou shalt not be wrong'd ; I have the power  
To right thee still. Before the King I'll kneel,  
And call Lord Douglas to protect his blood.

*Nor.* The blood of Douglas will protect itself.

*Lady R.* But we shall need both friends and favour, boy,  
To wrest thy lands and lordship from the gripe  
Of Randolph and his kinsman. Yet I think  
My tale will move each gentle heart to pity,  
My life incline the virtuous to believe.

*Nor.* To be the son of Douglas is to me  
Inheritance enough. Declare my birth,  
And in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune.

*Lady R.* Thou dost not know what perils and injustice  
Await the poor man's valour. Oh, my son !  
The noblest blood in all the land's abash'd,  
Having no lacquey but pale poverty.  
Too long hast thou been thus attended, Douglas,  
Too long hast thou been deem'd a peasant's child.

The



The wanton heir of some inglorious chief  
 Perhaps has scorn'd thee in the youthful sports,  
 Whilst thy indignant spirit swell'd in vain.  
 Such contumely thou no more shalt bear :  
 But how I purpose to redress thy wrongs  
 Must be hereafter told. Prudence directs  
 That we should part before yon chiefs return.  
 Retire, and from thy rustic follower's hand  
 Receive a billet, which thy mother's care,  
 Anxious to see thee, dictated before  
 This casual opportunity arose  
 Of private conference, Its purport mark ;  
 For as I there appoint we meet again.  
 Leave me, my son ; and frame thy manners still  
 To Norval's, not to noble Douglas' state.

*Nor.* I will remember. Where is Norval now ?  
 That good old man.

*Lady R.* At hand conceal'd he lies,  
 An useful witness. But beware, my son,  
 Of yon Glenalvon ; in his guilty breast  
 Resides a villain's shrewdness, ever prone  
 To false conjecture He hath griev'd my heart.

*Nor.* Has he indeed ? Then let yon false Glenalvon  
 Beware of me.

[*Exit.*]

*Lady R.* There burst the smother'd flame.  
 Oh, thou all-righteous and eternal King !  
 Who father of the fatherless art call'd,  
 Protect my son ! Thy inspiration, Lord !  
 Hath fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,  
 Which in the breasts of his forefathers burn'd :  
 Set him on high, like them, that he may shine  
 The star and glory of his native land !  
 Then let the minister of death descend,  
 And bear my willing spirit to its place.  
 Yonder they come. How do bad women find  
 Unchanging aspects to conceal their guilt,  
 When I, by reason and by justice urg'd,  
 Full hardly can dissemble with these men  
 In nature's pious cause ?

*Enter Lord Randolph and Glenalvon.*

*Lord R.* Yon gallant chief,  
 Of arms enamour'd, all repose disclaims.

I

*Lady R.*



*Lady R.* Be not, my Lord, by his example sway'd.  
 Arrange the business of to-morrow now,  
 And when you enter speak of war no more. [Exit.

*Lord R.* 'Tis so, by heav'n ! her mien, her voice, her  
 And her impatience to begone, confirm it. [eye,

*Glen.* He parted from her now. Behind the mount,  
 Amongst the trees, I saw him glide along.

*Lord R.* For sad sequester'd virtue she's renown'd.

*Glen.* Most true, my Lord.

*Lord R.* Yet this distinguish'd dame  
 Invites a youth, the acquaintance of a day,  
 Alone to meet her at the midnight hour.  
 This assignation, [Shows a letter.] the assassin freed,  
 Her manifest affection for the youth,  
 Might breed suspicion in a husband's brain,  
 Whose gentle consort all for love had wedded :  
 Much more in mine. Marilda never lov'd me.  
 Let no man, after me, a woman wed  
 Whose heart he knows he has not ; though she brings  
 A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry.  
 For let her seem, like the night's shadowy queen,  
 Cold and contemplative—he cannot trust her ;  
 She may, she will, bring shame and sorrow on him ;  
 The worst of sorrow, and the worst of shames !

*Glen.* Yield not, my Lord, to such afflicting thoughts ;  
 But let the spirit of an husband sleep,  
 Till your own senses make a sure conclusion.  
 This billet must to blooming Norval go :  
 At the next turn awaits my trusty spy ;  
 I'll give it him refitted for his master.  
 In the close thicket take your secret stand ;  
 The moon shines bright, and your own eyes may judge  
 Of their behaviour.

*Lord R.* Thou dost counsel well.

*Glen.* Permit me now to make one slight essay.  
 Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,  
 By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,  
 The first and fairest in a young man's eye,  
 Is woman's captive heart. Successful love  
 With glorious fumes intoxicates the mind,  
 And the proud conqueror in triumph moves,  
 Air-born, exalted above vulgar men.

D

Lord



*Lord R.* And what avails this maxim?

*Glen.* Much, my Lord.

Withdraw a little; I'll accost young Norval,  
And with ironical derisive counsel  
Explore his spirit. If he is no more  
Than humble Norval, by thy favour rais'd,  
Brave as he is, he'll shrink astonish'd from me:  
But if he be the favourite of the fair,  
Lov'd by the first of Caledonia's dames,  
He'll turn upon me, as the lion turns  
Upon the hunter's spear.

*Lord R.* 'Tis shrewdly thought,

*Glen.* When we grow loud, draw near. But let my Lord  
His rising wrath restrain. [Exit Randolph.]

'Tis strange, by Heav'n!

That she should run full tilt her fond career  
To one so little known. She too that seem'd  
Pure as the winter stream, when ice imbos'd  
Whitens its course. Even I did think her chaste,  
Whose charity exceeds not. Precious sex!  
Whose deeds lascivious pass Glenalvon's thoughts!

*Enter Norval.*

His port I love; he's in a proper mood  
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd.  
Has Norval seen the troops?

[Aside.]

*Nor.* The setting sun

With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale;  
And as the warriors mov'd, each polish'd helm,  
Corset, or spear, glanc'd back his gilded beams.  
The hill they climb'd, and halting at its top,  
Of more than mortal size, tow'ring, they seem'd  
An host angelic, clad in burning arms.

*Glen.* Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our host  
In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war.

*Nor.* If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,  
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty  
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration  
Vents itself freely; since no part is mine  
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms. [deeds

*Glen.* You wrong yourself, brave Sir; your martial  
Have rank'd you with the great. But mark me, Norval;  
Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth

Above



Above his veterans of famous service.  
 Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.  
 Give them all honour: seem not to command;  
 Else they will scarcely brook your late sprung power,  
 Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.

*Nor.* Sir, I have been accustom'd all my days  
 To hear and speak the plain and simple truth:  
 And tho' I have been told that there are men  
 Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,  
 Yet in such language I am little skill'd.  
 Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,  
 Although it sounded harshly. Why remind  
 Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power  
 With such contemptuous terms?

*Glen.* I did not mean  
 To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

*Nor.* My pride!

*Glen.* Suppress it, as you wish to prosper.  
 Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,  
 I will not leave you to its rash direction.  
 If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,  
 Think you, will they endure a shepherd's scorn?

*Nor.* A shepherd's scorn!

*Glen.* Yes; if you presume  
 To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,  
 As if you took the measure of their minds,  
 And said in secret, you're no match for me,  
 What will become of you?

*Nor.* If this were told!—

[*Aside.*

Ha! thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?

*Glen.* Ha! dost thou threaten me?

*Nor.* Didst thou not hear?

*Glen.* Unwillingly I did; a nobler foe  
 Had not been question'd thus. But such as thee—

*Nor.* Whom dost thou think me?

*Glen.* Norval.

*Nor.* So I am—

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?

*Glen.* A peasant's son, a wandering beggar-boy;  
 At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

*Nor.* False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?

D 2

*Glen.*



*Glen.* Thy truth ! thou'rt all a lie ; and false as hell  
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

*Nor.* If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bed-rid old,  
Perhaps I should revile ; but as I am,  
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval  
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.  
Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,  
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,  
I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.

*Glen.* Didst thou not know Glenalvon, born to command  
Ten thousand slaves like thee——

*Nor.* Villain, no more !  
Draw and defend thy life. I did design  
To have defy'd thee in another cause :  
But Heav'n accelerates its vengeance on thee.  
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

*Enter Lord Randolph.*

*Lord R.* Hold, I command you both. The man that  
Makes me his foe. [fire]

*Nor.* Another voice than thine  
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

*Glen.* Hear him, my Lord ; he's wond'rous conde-  
Mark the humility of shepherd Norval ! [ascending !]

*Nor.* Now you may scoff in safety. [Sheaths his sword.]

*Lord R.* Speak not thus,  
Taunting each other ; but unfold to me  
The cause of quarrel, then I judge betwixt you.

*Nor.* Nay, my good Lord, tho' I revere you much,  
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.  
I blush to speak ; I will not, cannot speak  
Th' opprobrious words that I from him have borne.  
To the liege-lord of my dear native land  
I owe a subject's homage : but ev'n him  
And his high arbitration I'd reject.  
Within my bosom reigns another lord ;  
Honour, sole judge and umpire of itself.  
If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,  
Revoke your favours, and let Norval go  
Hence as he came, alone, but not dishonour'd.

*Lord R.* Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice :  
The ancient foe of Caledonia's land  
Now waves his banners o'er her frightened fields.

Suspend



Suspend your purpose till your country's arms—  
 Repel the bold invader: then decide  
 The private quarrel.

*Glen.* I agree to this.

*Nor.* And I.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* The banquet waits.

*Lord R.* We come.

*[Exit with Servant.]*

*Glen.* Norval,

Let not our variance mar the social hour,  
 Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.  
 Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,  
 Shall stain my countenance. Sooth thou thy brow;  
 Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

*Nor.* Think not so lightly, Sir, of my resentment.  
 When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

*[Exeunt.]*

END of the FOURTH ACT.

## A C T V.

### SCENE, *the Wood.*

*Enter Douglas.*

DOUGLAS.

**T**HIS is the place, the centre of the grove;  
 Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.  
 How sweet and solemn is the midnight scene!  
 The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way  
 Thro' skies where I could count each little star.  
 The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;  
 The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,  
 Imposes silence with a still sound.  
 In such a place as this, at such an hour,  
 If ancestry can be in ought believed,  
 Descending spirits have convers'd with man,  
 And told the secrets of the world unknown.

D 3

*Enter*



*Enter Old Norval.*

*Old Nor.* 'Tis he. But what if he should chide me  
His just reproach I fear. [hence ?

[*Douglas turns aside and sees him.*

Forgive, forgive,  
Canst thou forgive the man, the selfish man,  
Who bred Sir Malcolm's heir a shepherd's son ?

*Doug.* 'Kneel not to me ;' thou art my father still :  
'Thy wish'd-for presence now compleats my joy.  
Welcome to me ; my fortunes thou shalt share,  
And ever honour'd with thy Douglas live.

*Old Nor.* And dost thou call me father ? Oh, my son !  
I think that I could die, to make amends  
For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime  
Which in the wilderness so long conceal'd  
The blossom of thy youth.

*Doug.* Not worse the fruit,  
That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.  
Amongst the shepherds, in the humble cot,  
I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget  
When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.  
I who was once a swain, will ever prove  
The poor man's friend ; and when my vassals bow,  
Norval shall smoothe the crested pride of Douglas.

*Nor.* Let me but live to see thine exaltation !  
Yet grievous are my fears. Oh, leave this place,  
And those unfriendly towers !

*Doug.* Why should I leave them ?

*Old Nor.* Lord Randolph and his kinsman seek your life.

*Doug.* How know'st thou that ?

*Old Nor.* I will inform you how.

When evening came, I left the secret place  
Appointed for me by your mother's care,  
And fondly trod in each accusom'd path  
That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I rang'd,  
I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds  
Of earnest voices. On the persons came.  
Unseen I lurk'd, and heard them name  
Each other as they talk'd, Lord Randolph this,  
And that Glenalvon. Still of you they spoke,  
And of the Lady : threat'ning was their speech,  
Tho' but imperfectly my ear could hear it.

'Twas



'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry ;  
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

*Doug.* Revenge ! for what ?

*Old Nor.* For being what you are,  
Sir Malcolm's heir : how else have you offended ?  
When they were gone, I hied me to my cottage,  
And there sat musing how I best might find  
Means to inform you of their wicked purpose,  
But I could think of none. At last, perplex'd,  
I issued forth, encompassing the tower  
With many a weary step and wishful look.  
Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,  
Let not your too courageous spirit scorn  
The caution which I give.

*Doug.* I scorn it not.

My mother warn'd me of Glenalvon's baseness :  
But I will not suspect the noble Randolph.  
In our encounter with the vile assassins,  
I mark'd his brave demeanour : him I'll trust.

*Old Nor.* I fear you will, too far.

*Doug.* Here in this place  
I wait my mother's coming : she shall know  
What thou hast told : her counsel I will follow.  
And cautious ever are a mother's counsels.  
You must depart : your presence may prevent  
Our interview.

*Old Nor.* My blessing rest upon thee !  
Oh, may Heav'n's hand, which sav'd thee from the wave,  
And from the sword of foes, be near thee still ;  
Turning mischance, if ought hangs o'er thy head,  
All upon mine ! [Exit.]

*Doug.* He loves me like a parent ;  
And must not, shall not, lose the son he loves,  
Altho' his son has found a nobler father.  
Eventful day ! how hast thou chang'd my state !  
Once on the cold, and winter-shaded side  
Of a bleak hill mischance had rooted me,  
Never to thrive, child of another soil ;  
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,  
Like the green thorn of May my fortune flowers.  
Ye glorious stars ! high heaven's resplendent host !  
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,



Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish !  
 Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd !  
 May Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane,  
 To give a bold defiance to our host !  
 Before he speaks it out I will accept ;  
 Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die ;

*Enter Lady Randolph.*

*Lady R.* My son ! I heard a voice——

*Doug.* The voice was mine.

*Lady R.* Didst thou complain aloud to nature's ear,  
 That thus in dusky shades, at midnight hours,  
 By stealth the mother and the son should meet ?

*[ Embracing him. ]*

*Doug.* No ; on this happy day, this better birth-day,  
 My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

*Lady R.* Sad fear and melancholy still divide  
 The empire of my breast with hope and joy.  
 Now hear what I advise——

*Doug.* First, let me tell  
 What may the tenor of your counsel change.

*Lady R.* My heart forebodes some evil..

*Doug.* 'Tis not good——  
 At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,  
 The good old Norval in the grove o'erheard  
 Their conversation : oft they mention'd me  
 With dreadful threat'nings ; you they sometimes nam'd.  
 'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discovery ;  
 And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

*Lady R.* Defend us, gracious God ! we are betray'd :  
 They have found out the secret of thy birth :  
 It must be so. That is the great discovery.  
 Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own,  
 And they will be reveng'd. Perhaps even now,  
 Arm'd and prepar'd for murder, they but wait  
 A darker and more silent hour, to break  
 Into the chamber where they think thou sleep'st.  
 This moment, this, Heav'n hath ordain'd to save thee !  
 Fly to the camp, my son !

*Doug.* And leave you here ?  
 No : to the castle let us go together,  
 Call up the antient servants of your house,  
 Who in their youth did eat your father's bread.

Then.



Then tell them loudly that I am your son.  
 If in the breasts of men one spark remains  
 Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,  
 Some in your cause will arm. I ask but few  
 To drive those spoilers from my father's house.

*Lady R.* Oh, Nature, Nature! what can check thy  
 Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas! [force?  
 But rush not on destruction: save thyself,  
 And I am safe. To me they mean no harm.  
 Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.  
 That winding path conducts thee to the river.  
 Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten way,  
 Which running eastward leads thee to the camp.  
 Instant demand admittance to Lord Douglas;  
 Shew him these jewels, which his brother wore.  
 Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth,  
 Which I by certain proof will soon confirm.

*Doug.* I yield me, and obey: but yet my heart  
 Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me stay  
 And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read  
 Of wondrous deeds by one bold arm achiev'd.  
 Our foes are two; no more: let me go forth,  
 And see if any shield can guard Glenalvon.

*Lady R.* If thou regard'st thy mother, or reverest  
 Thy father's memory, think of this no more.  
 One thing I have to say before we part:  
 Long wert thou lost; and thou art found, my child,  
 In a most fearful season. War and battle  
 I have great cause to dread. Too well I see  
 Which way the current of thy temper sets:  
 To-day I've found thee. Oh! my long lost hope!  
 If thou to giddy valour giv'st the reign,  
 To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.  
 The love of thee before thou saw'st the light,  
 Sustain'd my life when thy brave father fell.  
 If thou shalt fall, I have nor love nor hope  
 In this waste world! My son, remember me!

*Doug.* What shall I say? How can I give you comfort?  
 The God of Battles of my life dispose  
 As may be best for you! for whose dear sake  
 I will not bear myself as I resolv'd.  
 But yet consider, as no vulgar name

That



That which I boast sounds amongst martial men,  
 How will inglorious caution suit my claim?  
 The post of fate unshrinking I maintain.  
 My country's foes must witness who I am.  
 On the invader's heads I'll prove my birth,  
 'Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.  
 If in this strife I fall, blame not your son,  
 Who if he lives not honour'd, must not live.

*Lady R.* I will not utter what my bosom feels.  
 Too well I love that valour which I warn.  
 Farewel, my son! my counsels are but vain. [*Embracing.*  
 And as high Heaven hath will'd it all must be. [*Separate.*  
 Gaze not on me, thou wilt mistake the path;  
 I'll point it out again. [*Just as they are separating.*

*Enter from the wood Lord Randolph and Glenalvon.*

*Lord R.* Not in her presence.  
 Now——

*Glen.* I'm prepar'd.

*Lord R.* No: I command thee stay.  
 I go alone: it never shall be said  
 That I took odds to combat mortal man.  
 The noblest vengeance is the most compleat. [*Exit.*  
 [*Glenalvon makes some steps to the same side of the stage, listens and speaks.*

*Glen.* Demons of death, come settle on my sword,  
 And to a double slaughter guide it home!  
 The lover and the husband both must die.

*Lord R.* [*Behind the scenes.*] Draw, villain! draw!

*Doug.* [*Without.*] Assail me not, Lord Randolph;  
 Not as thou lov'st thyself. [*Clashing of swords.*

*Glen.* [*Running out.*] Now is the time.

*Enter Lady Randolph, at the opposite side of the stage,  
 faint and breathless.*

*Lady R.* Lord Randolph, hear me; all shall be thine  
 But spare! Oh, spare my son! [*Own:*

*Enter Douglas. with a sword in each hand.*

*Doug.* My mother's voice!  
 I can protect thee still.

*Lady R.* He lives, he lives;

FOR



For this, for this to heaven eternal praise !  
But sure I saw thee fall.

*Doug.* It was Glenalvon.

Just as my arm had master'd Randolph's sword,  
The villain came behind me ; but I slew him. [child,

*Lady R.* Behind thee ! Ah ! thou'rt wounded ! Oh, my  
How pale thou look'st ! And shall I lose thee now ?

*Doug.* Do not despair : I feel a little faintness ;  
I hope it will not last. [Leans upon his sword.

*Lady R.* There is no hope !  
And we must part ! The hand of death is on thee !  
O my beloved child ! O Douglas, Douglas !

[Douglas growing more and more faint.

*Doug.* Too soon we part : I have not long been Dou-  
O destiny ! hardly thou deal'st with me : [glas.  
Clouded and hid, a stranger to myself,  
In low and poor obscurity I've liv'd.

*Lady R.* Has Heav'n preserv'd thee for an end like this ?

*Doug.* Oh, had I fallen as my brave fathers fell,  
Turning with fatal arm the tide of battle !  
Like them I should have smil'd and welcom'd death.  
But thus to perish by a villain's hand !  
Cut off from nature's and from glory's course,  
Which never mortal was so fond to run.

*Lady R.* Hear justice ; hear ! are these the fruits of  
virtue ? [Douglas falls.

*Doug.* Unknown I die ; no tongue shall speak of me.—  
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves  
May yet conjecture what I might have prov'd,  
And think life only wanting to my fame :  
But who shall comfort thee ?

*Lady R.* Despair, despair !

*Doug.* Oh, had it pleas'd high Heaven to let me live  
A little while !—my eyes that gaze on thee  
Grow dim apace ! my mother— [Dies.

*Enter Lord Randolph and Anna.*

*Lord R.* Thy words, thy words of truth, have pierc'd  
I am the stain of knighthood and of arms. [my heart ;  
Oh ! if my brave deliverer survives  
The traitor's sword—

*Anna.* Alas ! look there, my Lord.

*Lord R.* The mother and her son ! How curst I am !  
Was



Was I the cause ? No : I was not the cause—  
Yon matchless villain did seduce my soul  
To frantic jealousy.

*Anna.* My lady lives :

The agony of grief hath but suppress'd  
A while her powers.

*Lord R.* But my deliverer's dead !

• The world did once esteem Lord Randolph well,  
• Sincere of heart, for spotless honour fam'd :  
• And, in my early days, glory I gain'd  
• Beneath the holy banner of the cross.  
• Now past the noon of life, shame comes upon me ;  
• Reproach, and infamy, and public hate,  
• Are near at hand : for all mankind will think  
• That Randolph basely stabb'd Sir Malcolm's heir.

*Lady R.* [*Recovering.*] Where am I now ? Still in  
this wretched world !

Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine.

• My youth was worn in anguish : but youth's strength,  
• With hope's assistance, bore the brunt of sorrow ;  
• And train'd me on to be the object now,  
• On which Omnipotence displays itself,  
• Making a spectacle, a tale of me,  
• To awe its vassal, man.

*Lord R.* Oh, misery !

Amidst thy raging grief I must proclaim  
My innocence.

*Lady R.* Thy innocence !

*Lord R.* My guilt

Is innocence, compar'd with what thou think'st it.

*Lady R.* Of thee I think not : what have I to do  
With thee, or any thing ? My son ! my son !  
My beautiful ! my brave ! how proud was I  
Of thee, and of thy valour ! my fond heart  
O'erflow'd this day with transport, when I thought  
Of growing old amidst a race of thine,  
Who might make up to me their father's childhood,  
And bear my brother's and my husband's name :  
Now all my hopes are dead ! A little while  
Was I a wife ! a mother not so long !  
What am I now ?—I know.—But I shall be

That



That only whilst I please ; for such a son  
And such a husband drive me to my fate. [*Runs out.*

*Lord R.* Follow her, Anna : I myself would follow,  
But in this rage she must abhor my presence. [*Exit Anna.*

*Enter Old Norval.*

*Old Nor.* I heard the voice of woe : Heaven guard my

*Lord R.* Already is the idle gaping crowd, [child !  
The spiteful vulgar, come to gaze on Randolph.  
Begone.

*Old Nor.* I fear thee not. I will not go.  
Here I'll remain. I'm an accomplice, Lord,  
With thee in murder. Yes, my sins did help  
To crush down to the ground this lovely plant.  
Oh, noblest youth that ever yet was born !  
Sweetest and best, gentlest and bravest spirit,  
That ever blest'd the world ! Wretch that I am,  
Who saw that noble spirit swell and rise  
Above the narrow limits that confin'd it ?  
Yet never was by all thy virtues won  
To do thee justice, and reveal the secret,  
Which timely known, had rais'd thee far above  
The villain's snare. Oh ! I am punish'd now !  
These are the hairs that should have strew'd the ground,  
And not the locks of Douglas.

[*Tears his hair, and throws himself upon the ground.*

*Lord R.* I know thee now : ' thy boldness I forgive :  
' My crest is fallen.' For thee I will appoint  
A place of rest, if grief will let thee rest.  
I will reward, altho' I cannot punish.  
Curs'd, curs'd Glenalvon, he escap'd too well,  
Tho' slain and baffled by the hand he hated.  
Foaming with rage and fury to the last,  
Curfing his conqueror, the felon died.

*Enter Anna.*

*Anna.* My Lord ! My Lord !

*Lord R.* Speak : I can hear of horror.

*Anna.* Horror, indeed !

*Lord R.* Matilda ?

*Anna.* Is no more :

She ran, she flew like light'ning up the hill,  
Nor halted till the precipice she gain'd,

E

Beneath



Beneath whose low'ring top the river falls  
 Ingulph'd in rifted rocks : thither she came,  
 As fearless as the eagle lights upon it,  
 And headlong down —

*Lord R.* 'Twas I, alas ! 'twas I  
 That fill'd her breast with fury ; drove her down  
 The precipice of death ! Wretch that I am !

*Anna.* Oh, had you seen her last despairing look !  
 Upon the brink she stood, and cast her eyes  
 Down in the deep : then lifting up her head  
 And her white hands to heaven, seeming to say,  
 Why am I forc'd to this ? she plung'd herself  
 Into the empty air.

*Lord R.* I will not vent,  
 In vain complaints, the passion of my soul.  
 Peace in this world I never can enjoy.  
 These wounds the gratitude of Randolph gave ;  
 They speak aloud, and with the voice of fate  
 Denounce my doom. I am resolv'd. I'll go  
 Straight to the battle, where the man that makes  
 Me turn aside must threaten worse than death.  
 Thou, faithful to thy mistress, take this ring,  
 Full warrant of my power. Let every rite  
 With cost and pomp upon their funerals wait :  
 For Randolph hopes he never shall return.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the FIFTH ACT.





## E P I L O G U E.

*AN* epilogue I ask'd; but not one word  
Our bard will write. He vows 'tis most absurd  
With comic wit to contradict the strain  
Of tragedy, and make your sorrows vain.  
Sadly he says, that pity is the best,  
And noblest passion of the human breast:  
For when its sacred streams the heart o'er-flow,  
In gushes pleasure with the tide of woe;  
And when its waves retire, like those of Nile,  
They leave behind him such a golden soil,  
That there the virtues without culture grow,  
There the sweet blossoms of affection blow.  
These were his words; void of delusive art,  
I felt them: for he spoke them from his heart.  
Nor will I now attempt, with witty folly,  
To chase away celestial melancholy.













*J. Roberts del.**Published for Belle British Theatre April 1778.**Thornhill sculpsit.*

*MR. SMITH in the Character of PUBLIUS.*



BELL'S EDITION.



THE  
*ROMAN FATHER.*

A TRAGEDY.

*Altered from Mr. W. WHITEHEAD.*

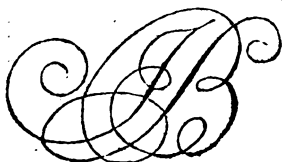
DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE  
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE  
*Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.*

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

——— *Utcunque ferent ea facta Minores,  
Vincet Amor Patriæ, Laudumque inmensa Cupido!*

VIRG.



L O N D O N

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

MDCCLXXVIII,







TO THE HONOURABLE

*THOMAS VILLIERS,*

One of the LORDS COMMISSIONERS for executing the Office of Lord High Admiral of Great Britain,

THE FOLLOWING TRAGEDY  
IS INSCRIBED,

BY

His most obliged,

And most obedient

Humble servant,

W. WHITEHEAD.

A 2







## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**I** Think it necessary to acquaint the public, that I should never have thought of writing a play on the following subject, if I had not first read the justly celebrated *Horace* of Mr. Corneille, and admired his management of some parts of the story. They will find me tracing him very closely (with some few alterations) in the latter end of the third act, and in the beginning of the fourth. In the other acts I am hardly conscious to myself of having borrowed even a thought from him; though I might have been proud to have translated whole scenes, if my plan and characters would have admitted of it.



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## P R O L O G U E.

**B**RITONS, to-night, in native pomp we come,  
 True heroes all, from virtuous ancient Rome ;  
 In those far distant times, when Romans knew  
 The sweets of guarded liberty, like you ;  
 And, safe from ills which force or faction brings,  
 Saw freedom reign beneath the smile of kings.  
 Yet from such times, and such plain chiefs as these,  
 What can we frame a polish'd age to please ?  
 Say, can you listen to the artless woes  
 Of an old tale, which every school-boy knows ?  
 Where to your hearts alone the scenes apply ;  
 No merit theirs, but pure simplicity.

Our bard has play'd a most adventurous part,  
 And turn'd upon himself the critic's art :  
 Stripp'd each luxuriant plume from Fancy's wings,  
 And torn up similes from vulgar things :  
 Nay, ev'n each moral, sentimental, stroke,  
 Where not the character but poet spoke,  
 He lopp'd, as foreign to his chaste design ;  
 Nor spar'd an useless, tho' a golden, line.

These are his arts ; if these cannot atone  
 For all those nameless errors yet unknown,  
 If, shunning faults which nobler bards commit,  
 He wants the force to strike th' attentive pit,  
 Be just, and tell him so ; he asks advice,  
 Willing to learn, and would not ask it twice.  
 Your kind applause may bid him write—beware !  
 Or kinder censure teach him to forbear.

DRA.



## D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

## M E N.

	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>Tullus Hostilius</i> , King of Rome,	Mr. Clarke.
<i>Horatius</i> , a Roman Senator,	Mr. Sheridan.
<i>Publius Horatius</i> , his son,	Mr. Lewis.
<i>Valerius</i> , a young Patrician,	Mr. Wroughton.

## W O M E N.

<i>Horatia</i> , daughter to <i>Horatius</i> ,	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Valeria</i> , sister to <i>Valerius</i> ,	Mrs. Hunter.

Citizens, Guards, and Attendants.

S C E N E, R O M E.

THE



# THE ROMAN FATHER.

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

## A C T I.

SCENE, *a Room in Horatius's House.*

*A Soldier crosses the stage, Horatia following.*

HORATIA.

**S**TAY, soldier. As you parted from my father,  
Something I overheard of near concern,  
But all imperfectly. Said you not Alba  
Was on the brink of fate, and Rome determin'd  
This day to crush her haughty rival's power,  
Or perish in th' attempt?

*Sold.* 'Twas so resolv'd  
This morning, lady, ere I left the camp.  
Our heroes are tir'd out with ling'ring war,  
And half-unmeaning fight.

*Horatia.* 'Alas! I hap'd  
The kind remorse which touch'd the kindred states,  
And made their swords fall lightly on the breasts  
Of foes they could not hate, might have produc'd  
A milder resolution.' Then this day  
Is fix'd for death or conquest? [*He bows.*] To me death,  
Whoever conquers! [*Aside.*] I detain you, Sir.  
Commend me to my brothers; say, I wish—  
But wherefore should I wish? The gods will crown  
Their



Their virtues with the just success they merit——  
Yet let me ask you, Sir——

*Sold.* My duty, lady,  
Commands me hence. Ere this they have engag'd ;  
And conquest's self would lose its charms to me,  
Should I not share the danger. [*As the Soldier goes out,*

*Enter Valeria, who looks first on the Soldier, and then on  
Horatia.*

*Valeria.* My dear Horatia, wherefore wilt thou court  
The means to be unhappy ? Still enquiring,  
Still more to be undone. I heard it too ;  
And flew to find thee, ere the fatal news  
Had hurt thy quiet, that thou might'st have learnt it  
From a friend's tongue, and dress'd in gentler terms.

*Horatia.* Oh, I am lost, Valeria ! lost to virtue.  
Ev'n while my country's fate, the fate of Rome,  
Hangs on the conqueror's sword, this breast can feel  
A softer passion, and divide its cares.  
Alba to me is Rome. Wouldst thou believe it ?  
I would have sent, by him thou saw'st departing,  
Kind wishes to my brothers ; but my tongue  
Denied its office, and this rebel heart  
Ev'n dreaded their success. Oh, Curiatius !  
Why art thou there, or why an enemy !

*Valeria.* Forbear this self-reproach ; he is thy husband,  
And who can blame thy fears ? If fortune make him  
A while thy country's foe, she cannot cancel  
Vows register'd above. What tho' the priest  
Had not confirm'd it at the sacred altar ;  
Yet were your hearts united, and that union  
Approv'd by each consenting parent's choice.  
Your brothers lov'd him as a friend, a brother ;  
And all the ties of kindred pleaded for him,  
And still must plead, whate'er our heroes teach us  
Of patriot-strength. Our country may demand  
We should be wretched, and we must obey ;  
But never can require us not to feel  
That we are miserable : nature there  
Will give the lie to virtue.

*Horatia.* True ; yet sure  
A Roman virgin should be more than woman.  
Are we not early taught to mock at pain,

And



And look on danger with undaunted eyes ?  
But what are dangers, what the ghastliest form  
Of death itself ?—Oh, were I only bid  
To rush into the Tiber's foaming wave,  
' Swoll'n with uncommon floods,' or from the height  
Of yon Tarpeian rock, whose giddy steep  
Has turn'd me pale with horror at the sight,  
I'd think the task were nothing ! but to bear  
These strange vicissitudes of tort'ring pain,  
To fear, to doubt, and to despair as I do——

*Valeria.* And why despair ? Have we so idly learn'd  
The noblest lessons of our infant days,  
Our trust above ? Does there not still remain  
The wretch's last retreat, the gods, Horatia ?  
'Tis from their awful wills our evils spring,  
And at their altars may we find relief.  
Say, shall we thither ?—Look not thus dejected,  
But answer me. A confidence in them,  
Ev'n in this crisis of our fate, will calm  
Thy troubled soul, and fill thy breast with hope. [plain,  
*Horatia.* Talk not of hope ; ' the wretch on yonder  
' Who hears the victor's threats, and sees his sword  
' Impending o'er him, feels no surer fate,  
' Tho' less delay'd than mine.' What should I hope ?  
That Alba conquer ?—Curs'd be every thought  
Which looks that way ! ' The shrieks of captive matrons  
' Sound in my ears !'

*Valeria.* Forbear, forbear, Horatia ;  
Nor fright me with the thought. Rome cannot fall.  
Think on the glorious battles she has fought ;  
Has she once fail'd, though oft expos'd to danger ;  
And has not her immortal founder promis'd  
That she should rise the mistress of the world ?

*Horatia.* And if Rome conquers, then Horatia dies.

*Valeria.* Why wilt thou form vain images of horror,  
Industrious to be wretched ? Is it then  
Become impossible that Rome should triumph,  
And Curiaius live ? He must, he shall ;  
Protecting gods shall spread their shields around him,  
And love shall combat in Horatia's cause.

*Horatia.* Think'st thou so meanly of him ?—No, Vale-  
His soul's too great to give me such a trial ;

Or



12 THE ROMAN FATHER.

Or could it ever come, I think, myself,  
Thus lost in love, thus subject as I am,  
I should despise the slave who dar'd survive  
His country's ruin: Ye immortal powers!  
I love his fame too well, his spotless honour,  
At least I hope I do, to wish him mine  
On any terms which he must blush to own.

*Horatius.* [*Without.*] What ho! Vindicus. [*Valeria?*]

*Horatia.* What means that shout?—' Might we not ask,  
Didst thou not wish me to the temple?—Come,  
I will attend thee thither; the kind gods.  
Perhaps may ease this throbbing heart, and spread  
At least a temporary calm within.

*Valeria.* Alas, Horatia, 'tis not to the temple  
That thou woud'st fly; the shout alone alarms thee.  
But do not thus anticipate thy fate;  
Why should'st thou learn each chance of varying war,  
' Which takes a thousand turns, and shifts the scene  
' From bad to good, as fortune smiles or frowns?'  
Stay but an hour perhaps, and thou shalt know  
The whole at once.—I'll send—I'll fly myself  
To ease thy doubts, and bring thee news of joy.

*Horatia.* Again, and nearer too—I must attend thee.

*Valeria.* Hark! 'tis thy father's voice, he comes to  
cheer thee.

*Enter Horatius, and Valerius.*

*Horatius.* [*entering.*] News from the camp, my child!  
Save you, sweet maid! [*Seeing Valeria.*]  
Your brother brings the tidings, for, alas!  
I am no warrior now; my useless age,  
Far from the paths of honour loiters here  
In sluggish inactivity at home.  
Yet I remember——

*Horatia.* You'll forgive us, Sir,  
If, with impatience we expect the tidings.

*Horatius.* I had forgot; the thoughts of what I was  
Engross'd my whole attention.—Pray, young soldier,  
Relate it for me; you beheld the scene,  
And can report it justly.

*Valerius.* Gentle lady,  
The scene was piteous, though its end be peace.

*Horatius*



*Horatia.* Peace? O my flutt'ring heart! by what kind means?

*Valerius.* 'Twere tedious, Lady, and unnecessary  
To paint the disposition of the field;  
Suffice it, we were arm'd, and front to front  
The adverse legions heard the trumpet's sound:  
But vain was the alarm, for motionless,  
And wrapt in thought they stood; the kindred ranks  
Had caught each other's eyes, nor dar'd to lift  
The fault'ring spear against the breast they lov'd.  
Again th' alarm was given, and now they seem'd  
Preparing to engage, when once again.  
They hung their drooping heads, and inward mourn'd;  
Then nearer drew, and at the third alarm,  
Casting their swords and useless shields aside,  
Rush'd to each other's arms.

*Horatius.* 'Twas so, just so,  
(Tho' I was then a child, yet I have heard  
My mother weeping oft relate the story)  
Soft pity touch'd the breasts of mighty chiefs,  
Romans and Sabines, when the matrons rush'd  
Between their meeting armies, and oppos'd  
Their helpless infants, and their heaving breasts  
To their advancing swords, and bade them there  
Sheath all their vengeance.—But I interrupt you—  
Proceed, Valerius, they would hear th' event.  
—And yet, methinks, the Albans—pray go on.

*Valerius.* Our King Hostilius from a rising mound  
Beheld the tender interview, and join'd  
His friendly tears with theirs; then swift advanc'd,  
Ev'n to the thickest press, and cried, My friends,  
If thus we love, why are we enemies?  
Shall stern ambition, rivalry of power,  
Subdue the soft humanity within us?  
Are we not join'd by every tie of kindred?  
And can we find no method to compose  
These jars of honour, these nice principles  
Of virtue, which infest the noblest mind? [ascends

*Horatius.* There spoke his country's father! this tran-  
The flight of earth-born kings, whose low ambition  
But tends to lay the face of nature waste,  
And blast creation!—How was it receiv'd?



*Valerius.* As he himself could wish, with eager transf-  
 In short, the Roman and the Alban chiefs [port.  
 In council have determin'd, that since glory  
 Must have her victims, and each rival state,  
 Aspiring to dominion, scorns to yield,  
 From either army shall be chose three champions  
 To fight the cause alone, and whate'er state  
 Shall prove superior, there acknowledg'd power  
 Shall fix th' imperial seat, and both unite  
 Beneath one common head.

*Horatia.* Kind Heaven, I thank thee!  
 Bless'd be the friendly grief that touch'd their souls!  
 ' Bless'd be Hostilius for the generous counsel!  
 ' Bless'd be the meeting chiefs!' and bless'd the tongue,  
 Which brings the gentle tidings!

*Valeria.* Now, Horatia,  
 Your idle fears are o'er.

*Horatia.* Yet one remains.  
 Who are the champions? Are they yet elected?  
 Has Rome——

*Valerius.* The Roman chiefs now meet in council,  
 And ask the presence of the sage Horatius.

*Horat.* [After having seem'd some time in thought.] But  
 still, methinks, I like not this, to trust  
 The Roman cause to such a slender hazard—  
 Three combatants!——'tis dangerous——

*Horatia.* [In a fright.] My father!

*Horatius.* I might, perhaps, prevent it——

*Horatia.* Do not, Sir,  
 Oppose the kind decree.

*Valerius.* Rest satisfied,  
 Sweet Lady, 'tis so solemnly agreed to,  
 Not even Horatius's advice can shake it.

*Horatius.* And yet 'twere well to end these civil broils:  
 The neighb'ring states might take advantage of them.  
 —Would I were young again! How glorious  
 Were death in such a cause!—And yet, who knows,  
 Some of my boys may be selected for it——  
 Perhaps may conquer——Grant me that, kind gods,  
 And close my eyes in transport!—Come, Valerius,  
 I'll but dispatch some necessary orders,  
 And strait attend thee.——Daughter, if thou lov'st

Thy



Thy brothers, let thy prayers be pour'd to Heav'n,  
That one at least may share the glorious task ! *[Exit.*

*Valerius.* Rome cannot trust her cause to worthier hands.

They bade me greet you, Lady. *[To Horatia.*

' Well, Valeria,

' This is your home, I find ; your lovely friend,  
' And you, I doubt not, have indulg'd strange fears,  
' And run o'er all the horrid scenes of war.

' *Valeria.* Tho' we are women, brother, we are Ro-  
' Not to be scar'd with shadows, tho' not proof *[mans,*  
' 'Gainst all alarms, when real danger threatens.'

*Horatia.* *[With some hesitation.]* My brothers, gentle Sir, you said were well.

Saw you their noble friends, the Curiatii ?

The truce, perhaps, permitted it.

*Valerius.* Yes, Lady,

I left them jocund in your brothers' tent,  
Like friends, whom envious storms awhile had parted,  
Joying to meet again.

*Horatia.* Sent they no message ?

*Valerius.* None, fair-one, but such general salutation  
As friends would bring unbid.

*Horatia.* Said Caius nothing ?

*Valerius.* Caius ?

*Horatia.* Ay, Caius ; did he mention me ?

*Valerius.* 'Twas slightly, if he did, and 'scapes me now—  
O yes, I do remember, when your brother  
Ask'd him, in jest, if he had ought to send,  
' A sigh's soft waftage, or the tender token  
' Of tresses breeding to fantastic forms,'  
To sooth a love-sick maid (your pardon, Lady)  
He smil'd, and cry'd, Glory's the soldier's mistress.

*Horatia.* Sir, you'll excuse me—something of impor-  
tance—

My father may have business—Oh, Valeria !

*[Aside to Valeria.*

Talk to thy brother, know the fatal truth

I dread to hear, and let me learn to die,

If Curiatius has indeed forgot me.

*[Exit.*

*Valerius.* She seems disorder'd !

*Valeria.* Has she not cause ?



Can you administer the baneful potion,  
And wonder at th' effect?

*Valerius.* You talk in riddles!

*Valeria.* They're riddles, brother, which your heart  
Tho' you affect surprize. Was Curiatius [unfolds,  
Indeed so cold? Poor shallow artifice,  
The trick of hopeless love! I saw it plainly.  
Yet what could you propose? An hour's uneasiness  
To poor Horatia; for be sure by that time  
She sees him, and your deep-wrought schemes are air.

*Valerius.* What cou'd I do? this peace has ruin'd me;  
While war continued, I had gleams of hope;  
Some lucky chance might rid me of my rival,  
And time efface his image in her breast.  
But me——

*Valeria.* Yes, now you must resolve to follow  
Th' advice I gave you first, and root this passion  
Entirely from your heart; for know, she doats,  
Ev'n to distraction doats on Curiatius;  
And every fear she felt, while danger threaten'd,  
Will now endear him more.

*Valerius.* Cruel Valeria,  
You triumph in my pain!

*Valeria.* By Heaven, I do not;  
I only would extirpate every thought  
Which gives you pain, nor leave one foolish wish  
For hope to dally with. 'When friends are mad,  
'Tis most unkind to humour their distraction;  
Harsh means are necessary.

*Valerius.* Yet we first  
Should try the gentler.

*Valeria.* Did I not? Ye powers!  
Did I not sooth your griefs, indulge your fondness,  
While the least prospect of success remain'd?  
Did I not press you still to urge your suit,  
Intreat you daily to declare your passion,  
Seek out unnumber'd opportunities,  
And lay the follies of my sex before you?

*Valerius.* Alas! thou know'st, Valeria, woman's  
Was never won by tales of bleeding love: [heart  
'Tis by degrees the sly enchanter works  
Assuming friendship's name, and fits the soul

For



‘ For soft impressions, ere the fault’ring tongue,  
 ‘ And guilty-blushing cheek, with many a glance  
 ‘ Shot inadvertent, tells the secret flame.

‘ *Valeria*. True, these are arts for those that love at  
 ‘ You had no time for tedious stratagem ; [leisure ;  
 ‘ A dang’rous rival press’d, and has succeeded.’

*Valerius*. I own my error—yet once more assist me—  
 Nay, turn not from me, by my soul I meant not  
 To interrupt their loves.—Yet should some accident,  
 ’Tis not impossible, divide their hearts,  
 I might perhaps have hope : therefore ’till marriage  
 Cuts off all commerce, and confirms me wretched,  
 Be it thy task, my sister, with fond stories,  
 Such as our ties of blood may countenance,  
 To paint thy brother’s worth, his power in arms,  
 His favour with the King, ‘ but most of all,  
 ‘ That certain tenderness of soul which steals  
 ‘ All women’s hearts,’ then mention many a fair,  
 No matter whom, that sighs to call you sister.

*Valeria*. Well, well, away—Yet tell me, ere you go,  
 How did this lover talk of his Horatia ? [jest ?

*Valerius*. Why will you mention that ungrateful sub-  
 Think what you’ve heard me breath a thousand times  
 When my whole soul dissolv’d in tenderness ;  
 ’Twas rapture all ; what lovers only feel,  
 Or can express when felt. He had been here,  
 But sudden orders from the camp detain’d him.  
 Farewel, Horatius waits me—but remember,  
 My life, nay more than life, depends on you. [Exit.

*Valeria*. Poor youth ! he knows not how I feel his an-  
 Yet dare not seem to pity what I feel. [guish,

How shall I act betwixt this friend and brother ?  
 Should she suspect his passion, she may doubt  
 My friendship too ; and yet to tell it her  
 Were to betray his cause. No, let my heart  
 With the same blameless caution still proceed ;  
 To each inclining most as most distress ;  
 Be just to both, and leave to Heav’n the rest !

[Exit.

END of the FIRST ACT.



## ACT II.

SCENE *continues.**Enter Horatia and Valeria.*

HORATIA.

**A**LAS, 'how easily do we admit  
 'The thing we wish were true! yet sure,' Valeria,  
 This seeming negligence of Curiatius  
 Betrays a secret coldness at the heart.  
 May not long absence, or the charms of war,  
 Have damp'd, at least, if not effac'd his passion?  
 I know not what to think.

*Valeria.* Think, my Horatia,  
 That you're a lover, and have learn'd the art  
 To raise vain scruples, and torment yourself  
 With every distant hint of fancied ill.  
 Your Curiatius still remains the same.  
 My brother idly trifled with your passion,  
 Or might perhaps unheedingly relate  
 What you too nearly feel. But see, your father.

*Horatia.* He seems transported; sure some happy news  
 Has brought him back thus early. Oh, my heart!  
 I long, yet dread to ask him. Speak, Valeria.

*Enter Horatius.*

*Valeria.* You're soon return'd, my Lord.

*Horatius.* Return'd, Valeria!

My life, my youth's return'd, I tread in air!  
 —I cannot speak; my joy's too great for utterance.  
 —Oh, I cou'd weep!—my sons, my sons are chosen  
 Their country's combatants; not one, but all!

*Horatia.* My brothers, said you, Sir?

*Horatius.* All three, my child,  
 All three are champions in the cause of Rome.  
 Oh, happy state of fathers! thus to feel  
 New warmth revive, and springing life renew'd  
 Even on the margin of the grave!

*Valeria.* The time  
 Of combat, is it fix'd?

A

*Hora-*



*Horatius.* This day, this hour  
Perhaps decides our doom.

*Valeria.* And is it known  
With whom they must engage?

*Horatius.* Not yet, Valeria;  
But with impatience we expect each moment  
The resolutions of the Alban senate.  
And soon may they arrive, that ere we quit  
Yon hostile field, the chiefs who dar'd oppose  
Rome's rising glories, may with shame confess  
The gods protect the empire they have rais'd.  
Where are thy smiles, Horatia? Whence proceeds  
This sullen silence, when my thronging joys  
Want words to speak them? Pr'ythee, talk of empire,  
Talk of those darlings of my soul, thy brothers.  
Call them whate'er wild fancy can suggest,  
Their country's pride, the boast of future times,  
The dear defence, the guardian gods of Rome!—  
By Heaven, thou stand'st unmov'd, nor feels thy breast  
The charms of glory, the extatic warmth  
Which beams new life, and lifts us nearer heaven!

*Horatia.* My gracious father, with surprize and trans-  
I heard the tidings, as becomes your daughter. [port  
And like your daughter, were our sex allow'd  
The noble privilege which man usurps,  
Could die with pleasure in my country's cause.  
But yet permit a sister's weakness, Sir,  
To feel the pangs of nature, and to dread  
The fate of those she loves, however glorious.  
And sure they cannot all survive a conflict  
So desperate as this.

*Horatius.* Survive! By Heaven,  
I could not hope that they should all survive.  
No; let them fall. If from their glorious deaths  
Rome's freedom spring, I shall be nobly paid  
For every sharpest pang the parent feels.  
Had I a thousand sons, in such a cause  
I could behold them bleeding at my feet,  
And thank the gods with tears!

*Enter Publius Horatius.*

*Pub.* My father!

[Offering to kneel]

*Horatius.* Hence!

Kneel



Kneel not to me—stand off; and let me view  
 At distance, and with reverential awe,  
 The champion of my country!—Oh, my boy!  
 That I should live to this—my soul's too full;  
 Let this and this speak for me.—Bless thee, bless thee!  
[Embracing him.]

But wherefore art thou absent from the camp?  
 Where are thy brothers? Has the Alban state  
 Determin'd? Is the time of combat fix'd?

*Pub.* Think not, my Lord, that filial reverence  
 However due, had drawn me from the field,  
 Where nobler duty calls; a patriot's soul  
 Can feel no humbler ties, nor knows the voice  
 Of kindred, when his country claims his aid.  
 It was the King's command I should attend you,  
 Else had I staid 'till wreaths immortal grac'd  
 My brows, and made thee proud indeed to see  
 Beneath thy roof, and bending for thy blessing,  
 Not thine, Horatius, but the son of Rome!

*Horatius.* Oh, virtuous pride!—'tis bliss too exquisite  
 For human sense!—thus, let me answer thee.  
[Embracing him again.]

Where are my other boys?

*Pub.* They only wait  
 'Till Alba's loit'ring chiefs declare her champions,  
 Our future victims, Sir, and with the news  
 Will greet their father's ear.

*Horatius.* It shall not need,  
 Myself will to the field. Come, let us haste,  
 My old blood boils, and my tumultuous spirits  
 Pant for the onset. O, for one short-hour  
 Of vigorous youth, that I might share the toil  
 Now with my boys, and be the next my last!

*Horatia.* My brother!

*Pub.* My Horatia! ere the dews  
 Of evening fall thou shalt with transport own me;  
 Shalt hold thy country's saviour in thy arms,  
 Or bathe his honest bier with tears of joy.  
 Thy lover greets thee, and complains of absence  
 With many a sigh, and many a longing look  
 Sent tow'rd the towers of Rome.

*Horatia.* Methinks, a lover  
 Might take th' advantage of the truce, and bear

His



## THE ROMAN FATHER.

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His kind complaints himself, not trust his vows  
To other tongues, or be oblig'd to tell  
The passing winds his passion.

*Pub.* Dearest sister,  
He with impatience waits the lucky moment  
That may with honour bear him to your arms.  
Didst thou but hear how tenderly he talks,  
How blames the dull delay of Alban councils,  
And chides the ling'ring minutes as they pass,  
'Till fate determines, and the tedious chiefs  
Permit his absence, thou would'st pity him.  
But soon, my sister, soon shall every bar  
Which thwarts thy happiness be far away.  
We are no longer enemies to Alba,  
This day unites us, and to-morrow's sun  
May hear thy vows, and make my friend my brother.

*Horatius.* [*Having talked apart with Valeria.*] 'Tis  
truly Roman.—Here's a maid, Horatia,  
Laments her brother lost the glorious proof  
Of dying for his country.—Come, my son,  
Her softness will infect thee; pr'ythee, leave her.

*Horatia.* [*Looking first on her father, and then tenderly on  
her brother.*] Not 'till my soul has pour'd its  
wishes for him.  
Hear me, dread god of war, protect and save him!

[*Kneeling.*]

For thee, and thy immortal Rome, he fights!  
Dash the proud spear from every hostile hand  
That dares oppose him; may each Alban chief  
Fly from his presence, or his vengeance feel!  
And when in triumph he returns to Rome,      [*Rising.*]  
Hail him, ye maids, with grateful songs of praise,  
And scatter all the blooming spring before him;  
Curs'd be the envious brow that smiles not then,  
Curs'd be the wretch that wears one mark of sorrow,  
Or flies not thus with open arms to greet him.

*Enter Tullus Hostilius, Valerius, and Guards.*

*Valerius.* The King, my Lord, approaches.

*Horatius.* Gracious Sir,  
Whence comes this condescension?  
*Tullus.* Good old man;  
Could I have found a nobler messenger,

I would



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I would have spar'd myself th' ungrateful task  
Of this day's embassy, for much I fear  
My news will want a welcome.

*Horatius.* Mighty King!

Forgive an old man's warmth—They have not sure  
Made choice of other combatants!—My sons,  
Must they not fight for Rome?

*Tullus.* Too sure they must.

*Horatius.* Then I am blest!

*Tullus.* But that they must engage  
Will hurt thee most, when thou shalt know with whom.

*Horatius.* I care not whom.

*Tullus.* Suppose your nearest friends  
The Curiatii were the Alban choice,  
Could you bear that? Could you, young man, support  
A conflict there?

*Pub.* I could perform my duty,  
Great Sir, though even a brother should oppose me.

*Tullus.* Thou art a Roman! Let thy king embrace thee.

*Horatius.* And let thy father catch thee from his arms.

*Tullus.* [*To Publius.*] Know then that trial must be  
thine. The Albans

With envy saw one family produce  
Three chiefs, to whom their country dared entrust  
The Roman cause, and scorn'd to be outdone.

*Horatia.* Then I am lost indeed; was it for this,  
For this, I pray'd!

[*Swoons.*]

*Pub.* My sister!

*Valeria.* My Horatia! *Oh, support her!*

*Horatius.* Oh, foolish girl, to shame thy father thus!  
Here, bear her in.

*Horatia is carried in, Valerius and Valeria follow.*  
I am concern'd, my sovereign,  
That even the meanest part of me should blast  
With impious grief a cause of so much glory.  
But let the virtue of my boy excuse it.

*Tullus.* It does most amply. She has cause for sorrow.  
The shock was sudden, and might well alarm  
A firmer bosom. 'The weak sex demand  
'Our pity, not our anger; their soft breasts  
'Are nearer touch'd, and more expos'd to sorrows  
'Than man's experter sense. Nor let us blame

'That



‘ That tenderness which smooths our rougher natures,  
 ‘ And softens all the joys of social life.’

We leave her to her tears. For you, young soldier,  
 You must prepare for combat. Some few hours  
 Are all that are allow’d you. But I charge you  
 Try well your heart, and strengthen every thought  
 Of patriot in you. Think how dreadful ’tis  
 To plant a dagger in the breast you love ;  
 To spurn the ties of nature, and forget  
 In one short hour whole years of virtuous friendship.  
 Think well on that.

*Pub.* I do, my gracious sovereign ;  
 And think the more I dare subdue affection,  
 The more my glory.

*Tullus.* True ; but yet consider,  
 Is it an easy task to change affections ?  
 In the dread onset can your meeting eyes  
 Forget their usual intercourse, and wear  
 At once the frown of war, and stern defiance ?  
 Will not each look recall the fond remembrance  
 Of childhood past, when the whole open soul  
 Breath’d cordial love, and plighted many a vow  
 Of tend’rest import ? Think on that, young soldier,  
 And tell me if thy breast be still unmov’d ?

*Pub.* Think not, Oh, King, howe’er resolv’d on com-  
 I sit so loosely to the bonds of nature, [bat,  
 As not to feel their force. I feel it strongly.  
 I love the Curiatī, and would serve them  
 At life’s expence : but here a nobler cause  
 Demands my sword : for all connections else,  
 All private duties are subordinate  
 To what we owe the public. Partial ties  
 Of son and father, husband, friend or brother,  
 Owe their enjoyments to the public safety,  
 And without that were vain.—Nor need we, Sir,  
 Cast off humanity, and to be heroes  
 Cease to be men. As in our earliest days,  
 While yet we learn’d the exercise of war,  
 We strove together, not as enemies,  
 Yet conscious each of his peculiar worth,  
 And scorning each to yield ; so will we now

Engage



Engage with ardent, not with hostile minds,  
Not fir'd with rage, but emulous of fame.

*Tullus.* Now I dare trust thee; go and teach thy bro-  
To think like thee, and conquest is your own. [there

This is true courage, not the brutal force  
Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve  
Of virtue and of reason. He who thinks  
Without their aid to shine in deeds of arms,

Builds on a sandy basis his renown;  
A dream, a vapour, or an ague fit  
May make a coward of him.—Come, Horatius,  
Thy other sons shall meet thee at the camp,

For now I do bethink me 'tis not fit  
They should behold their sister thus alarm'd.

Haste, soldier, and detain them. [*To one of the Guards.*

*Horatius.* Gracious Sir,  
We'll follow on the instant.

*Tullus.* Then farewell.

When next we meet, 'tis Rome and liberty!

[*Exit with Guards.*

*Horatius.* Come, let me arm thee for the glorious toil.

I have a sword whose light'ning oft has blaz'd  
Dreadfully fatal to my country's foes;

Whose temper'd edge has cleft their haughty crests,  
And stain'd with life-blood many a reeking plain.

This shalt thou bear; myself will gird it on,

And lead thee forth to death or victory. [*Going.*

—And yet, my Publius, shall I own my weakness;

Though I detest the cause from whence they spring,

I feel thy sister's sorrows like a father.

She was my soul's delight.

*Pub.* And may remain so.

This sudden shock has but alarm'd her virtue,

Not quite subdued its force. At least, my father,

Time's lenient hand will teach her to endure

The ills of chance, and reason conquer love.

*Horatius.* Should we not see her?

*Pub.* By no means, my Lord;

You heard the King's commands about my brothers,

And we have hearts as tender sure as they.

Might I advise, you should confine her closely,

Lest she infect the matrons with her grief,

And



And bring a stain we should not wish to fix  
On the Horatian name.

*Horatius.* It shall be so.

We'll think no more of her. 'Tis glory calls,  
And humbler passions beat alarms in vain. [Exit.

*[As Horatius goes off, Horatia enters at another door.]*

*Horatia.* Where is my brother?—Oh, my dearest Pub-  
If e'er you lov'd Horatia, ever felt lius,  
That tenderness which you have seem'd to feel,  
Oh, hear her now!

*Pub.* What would'st thou, my Horatia?

*Horatia.* I know not what I would—I'm on the rack,  
Despair and madness tear my lab'ring soul.

—And yet, my brother, sure you might relieve me.

*Pub.* How! by what means? By Heaven, I'll die to

*Horatia.* You might decline the combat. [do it.]

*Pub.* Ha!

*Horatia.* I do not

Expect it from thee. Pr'ythee look more kindly.

—And yet, is the request so very hard?

I only ask thee not to plunge thy sword  
Into the breast thou lov'st, not kill thy friend;  
Is that so hard?—I might have said thy brother.

*Pub.* What can'st thou mean? Beware, beware, Hora-  
Thou know'st I dearly love thee, nay, thou know'st [tia;  
I love the man with whom I must engage.

Yet hast thou faintly read thy brother's soul,  
If thou can'st think entreaties have the power,  
Though urg'd with all the tenderness of tears,  
To shake his settled purpose: they may make  
My task more hard, and my soul bleed within me,  
But cannot touch my virtue.

*Horatia.* 'Tis not virtue

Which contradicts our nature, 'tis the rage  
Of over-weening pride. Has Rome no champions  
She could oppose but you? Are there not thousands  
As warm for glory, and as tried in arms,  
Who might without a crime aspire to conquest,  
Or die with honest fame?

*Pub.* Away, away!

Talk to thy lover thus. But 'tis not Caius  
Thou would'st have infamous.

C

*Hor.*



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*Hor.* Oh, kill me not  
With such unkind reproaches. Yes, I own  
I love him, more—

*Pub.* Than a chaste Roman maid  
Should dare confess.

*Horatia.* Should dare! What means my brother?  
I had my father's sanction on my love,  
And duty taught me first to feel its power.  
—Should dare confess!—Is that the dreadful crime?  
Alas, but spare him, spare thy friend, Horatius,  
And I will cast him from my breast for ever.  
Will that oblige thee?—‘only let him die  
‘By other hands, and I will learn to hate him.’

*Pub.* Why wilt thou talk thus madly? Love him still!  
And if we fall the victims of our country,  
(Which Heav'n avert!) wed, and enjoy him freely.

*Horatia.* Oh, never, never. What, my country's bane!  
The murderer of my brothers! may the gods  
First ‘tear me, blast me, scatter me on winds,  
‘And’ pour out each unheard-of vengeance on me!

*Pub.* Do not torment thyself thus idly—Go,  
Compose thyself, and be again my sister.

*Re-enter Horatius, with the sword.*

*Horatius.* This sword in Veii's field—What dost thou  
here?

Leave him, I charge thee, girl—Come, come, my Publius,  
Let's haste where duty calls.

*Horatia.* What! to the field?  
He must not, shall not go; here will I hang—  
Oh, if you have not quite cast off affection!  
If you detest not your distracted sister—

*Horatius.* Shame of thy race, why dost thou hang upon  
Would'st thou entail eternal infamy [him?  
On him, on me, on all?

*Horatia.* Indeed I would not,  
I know I ask impossibilities;  
Yet pity me, my father!

*Pub.* Pity thee!  
Begone, fond wretch, nor urge my temper thus.  
By Heaven I love thee as a brother ought:  
Then hear my last resolve; if Fate, averse  
To Rome and us, determine my destruction,

I charge



I charge thee wed thy lover; he will then  
 Deserve thee nobly. Or, if kinder gods  
 Propitious hear the prayers of suppliant Rome,  
 And he should fall by me, I then expect  
 No weak upbraidings for a lover's death,  
 But such returns as shall become thy birth,  
 A sister's thanks for having sav'd her country. *[Exit.*

*Horatia.* Yet stay—Yet hear me, Publius—But one word.

*Horatius.* Forbear, rash girl, thou'lt tempt thy father  
 To do an outrage might perhaps distract him.

*Horatia.* Alas, forgive me, Sir—I'm very wretched,  
 Indeed I am—Yet I will strive to stop  
 This swelling grief, and bear it like your daughter.  
 Do but forgive me, Sir.

*Horatius.* I do, I do——  
 Go in, my child, the gods may find a way  
 To make thee happy yet. But on thy duty,  
 Whate'er reports may reach, or fears alarm thee,  
 I charge thee come not to the field.

*Horatia.* I will not,  
 If you command it, Sir. But will you then,  
 As far as cruel honour may permit,  
 Remember that your poor Horatia's life  
 Hangs on this dreadful contest?

*Horatius.* 'Lead her in.' *[Exit Horatia.*  
*[Looking after her.]* Spite of my boasted strength, her  
 griefs unman me.

—But let her from my thoughts! The patriot's breast  
 No hopes, no fears, but for his country knows,  
 And in her danger loses private woes. *[Exit.]*

END of the SECOND ACT.



## A C T III.

*The SCENE continues.**Valerius and Valeria meeting.*

VALERIUS.

**N**OW, my Valeria, where's the charming she  
That calls me to her? with a lover's haste  
I fly to execute the dear command.

*Valeria.* 'Tis not the lover, but the friend she wants,  
If thou dar'st own that name.

*Valerius.* The friend, my sister!  
There's more than friendship in a lover's breast,  
More warm, more tender is the flame he feels—

*Valeria.* Alas! these raptures suit not her distress:  
She seeks th' indulgent friend, whose sober sense,  
Free from the mists of passion, might direct  
Her jarring thoughts, and plead her doubtful cause.

*Valerius.* Am I that friend? Oh, did she turn her thoughts  
On me for that kind office?

*Valeria.* Yes, Valerius.  
She chose you out to be her advocate  
To Curiatius; 'tis the only hope  
She now dares cherish; her relentless brother  
With scorn rejects her tears, her father flies her,  
And only you remain to sooth her cares,  
And save her ere she sinks.

*Valerius.* Her advocate  
To Curiatius!

*Valeria.* 'Tis to him she sends you,  
To urge her suit, and win him from the field.  
But come, her sorrows will more strongly plead  
Than all my grief can utter.

*Valerius.* To my rival!  
To Curiatius plead her cause, and teach  
My tongue a lesson which my heart abhors!  
Impossible! Valeria, pr'ythee say  
Thou saw'st me not; the business of the camp  
Confin'd me there. Farewel.

*Valeria.* What means my brother?

[*Going.*

You



You cannot leave her now ; for shame, turn back ;  
Is this the virtue of a Roman youth ?  
Oh, by these tears !——

*Valerius.* They flow in vain, Valeria :  
Nay, and thou know'st they do. Oh, earth and heaven !  
This combat was the means my happier stars  
Found out to save me from the brink of ruin ;  
And can I plead against it, turn assassin  
On my own life ?

*Valeria.* Yet thou can'st murder her  
Thou dost pretend to love ; away, deceiver !  
I'll seek some worthier messenger to plead  
In beauty's cause ; but first inform Horatia,  
How much Valerius is the friend she thought him.

[*Going.*

*Valerius.* Oh, heavens ! stay, sister ; 'tis an arduous task.

*Valeria.* I know the task is hard, and thought I knew  
Thy virtue too.

*Valerius.* I must, I will obey thee.  
Lead on.—Yet pr'ythee, for a moment leave me,  
'Till I can recollect my scatter'd thoughts,  
And dare to be unhappy.

*Valeria.* My Valerius !  
I fly to tell her you but wait her pleasure. [Exit.

*Valerius.* Yes, I will undertake this hateful office ;  
It never can succeed.—Yet at this instant  
It may be dangerous, while the people melt  
With fond compassion.—No, it cannot be ;  
His resolution's fix'd, and virtuous pride  
Forbids an alteration. To attempt it  
Makes her my friend, and may afford hereafter  
A thousand tender hours to move my suit.  
That hope determines all.

[Exit.

SCENE, another Apartment.

Horatia and Valeria. Horatia with a Scarf in her Hand.

*Horatia.* Where is thy brother ? Wherefore stays he  
Did you conjure him ? did he say he'd come ? [thus ?  
I have no brothers now, and fly to him  
As my last refuge. Did he seem averse  
To thy intreaties ? Are all brothers so ?



## THE ROMAN FATHER.

- Alas, thou toldst me he spake kindly to thee!
- 'Tis me, 'tis me he shuns; I am the wretch
- Whom virtue dares not make acquaintance with.
- Yet fly to him again, intreat him hither,
- Tell him for thy sake to have pity on me.
- Thou art no enemy to Rome, thou hast
- No Alban husband to claim half thy tears,
- And make humanity a crime.'

*Valeria.* Dear maid,  
 Restrain your sorrows; I've already told you  
 My brother will with transport execute  
 Whatever you command.

*Horatio.* Oh! wherefore then  
 Is he away? Each moment now is precious;  
 If lost, 'tis lost for ever, and if gain'd,  
 Long scenes of lasting peace, and smiling years  
 Of happiness unhop'd-for wait upon it.

*Valeria.* I will again go seek him; pray, be calm;  
 Success is thine if it depends on him. [Exit.

*Horatia.* Success! alas, perhaps ev'n now too late  
 I labour to preserve him; the dread arm  
 Of vengeance is already stretch'd against him,  
 And he must fall. Yet let me strive to save him.  
 Yes, thou dear pledge, design'd for happier hours, [To the  
 The gift of nuptial love, thou shalt at least scarf.  
 Essay thy power.

Oft as I fram'd the web,  
 He sat beside me, and would say in sport,  
 This present, which thy love designs for me,  
 Shall be the future bond of peace betwixt us.  
 By this we'll swear a lasting love, by this,  
 Through the sweet round of all our days to come,  
 Ask what thou wilt, and Curiatius grants it.  
 O I shall try thee nearly now, dear youth;  
 Glory and I are rivals for thy heart,  
 And one must conquer.

*Enter Valerius and Valeria.*

*Valerius.* Save you, gracious lady;  
 On the first message which my sister sent me  
 I had been here, but was oblig'd by office,  
 Ere to their champions each resign'd her charge,  
 To ratify the league 'twixt Rome and Alba.

*Horatia.*



*Horatia.* Are they engag'd then ?

*Valerius.* No, not yet engag'd ;  
Soft pity for a while suspends the onset ;  
The fight of near relations, arm'd in fight  
Against each other, touch'd the gazers hearts ;  
And senators on each side have propos'd  
To change the combatants.

*Horatia.* My blessings on them !  
Think you they will succeed ?

*Valerius.* The chiefs themselves  
Are resolute to fight.

*Horatia.* Insatiate virtue !  
I must not to the field ; I am confin'd  
A prisoner here ; or sure these tears would move  
Their flinty breasts.—Is Curiatius too  
Resolv'd on death ?—O Sir, forgive a maid,  
Who dares in spite of modesty confess  
Too soft a passion. Will you pardon me,  
If I intreat you to the field again  
An humble suitor from the veriest wretch,  
That ever knew distress.

*Valerius.* Dear lady, speak !  
What would you I should do ?

*Horatia.* O bear this to him.

*Valerius.* To whom ?

*Horatia.* To Curiatius bear this scarf :  
And tell him, if he ever truly lov'd ;  
If all the vows he breath'd were not false lures  
To catch th' unwary mind—and sure they were not !  
O tell him how he may with honour cease  
To urge his cruel right ; the senators  
Of Rome and Alba will approve such mildness.  
Tell him, his wife, if he will own that name,  
Intreats him from the field ; his lost Horatia  
Begs on her trembling knees he would not tempt  
A certain fate, and murder her he loves.  
Tell him, if he consents, she fondly swears,  
By every god the varying world adores,  
' By this dear pledge of vow'd affection, swears,'  
To know no brothers and no fire but him ;  
With him, if honour's harsh commands require it,

She'll



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She'll wander forth, and seek some distant home,  
Nor ever think of Rome or Alba more.

' *Valeria*. Well, well, he will. Do not torment thyself.

' [*Horatia catches hold of the scarf, which she looked upon attentively while Valeria spoke.*]

' *Horatia*. Look here, Valeria, where my needle's art  
Has drawn a Sabine virgin, drown'd in tears  
For her lost country, and forsaken friends;  
While by her side the youthful ravisher  
Looks ardent love, and charms her griefs away.  
I am that maid distress'd, divided so  
'Twixt love and duty. But why rave I thus?  
Haste, haste to Curiatius—and yet stay;  
Sure I have something more to say to him:  
'I know not what it was.'

*Valerius*. Could I, sweet Lady,  
But paint your grief with half the force I feel it,  
I need but tell it him, and he must yield.

*Horatia*. It may be so. Stay, stay; before you tell him,  
If he rejects my suit, no power on earth  
Shall force me to his arms. I will devise——  
I'll die and be reveng'd!

*Valeria*. Away, my brother!  
But, Oh, for pity, do your office justly! [*Aside to Val.*]  
Let not your passion blind your reason now;  
But urge your cause with ardor.

*Valerius*. By my soul,  
I will, Valeria: Her distress alarms me;  
And I have now no interest but hers. [*Exit.*]

' *Valeria*. Come, dearest maid, indulge not thus your  
Hope smiles again, and the sad prospect clears. [*sorrows:*]  
' Who knows th' effect your message may produce?  
' The milder senators ere this perhaps  
' Have mov'd your lover's mind; and if he doubts,  
' He's yours.'

*Horatia*. He's gone—I had a thousand things—  
And yet I'm glad he's gone, Think you, Valeria,  
Your brother will delay?—They may engage  
Before he reaches them.

*Valeria*. The field's so near,  
That a few minutes brings him to the place.

' And



\* And 'tis not probable the senators  
 \* So soon should yield a cause of so much justice.  
 \* *Horatia.* Alas! they should have thought on that be-  
 \* 'Tis now too late. The lion when he's rous'd [fore,  
 \* Must have his prey, whose den we might have pass'd  
 \* In safety while he slept. To draw the sword,  
 \* And fire the youthful warrior's breast to arms  
 \* With awful visions of immortal fame,  
 \* And then to bid him sheath it, and forget  
 \* He ever hop'd for conquest and renown—  
 \* Vain, vain attempt!

\* *Valeria.* Yet when that just attempt  
 \* Is seconded by love, and beauty's tears  
 \* Lend their soft aid to melt the hero down,  
 \* What may we not expect?

\* *Horatia.* My dear Valeria!  
 \* Fain would I hope I had the power to move him.

*Valeria.* My dear Horatia, success is yours already.

*Horatia.* And yet, should I succeed, the hard-gain'd  
 May chance to rob me of my future peace. [strife

He may not always with the eyes of love  
 Look on that fondness which has stab'd his fame.

He may regret too late the sacrifice  
 He made to love, and a fond woman's weakness;  
 And think the milder joys of social life  
 But ill repay him for the mighty loss  
 Of patriot-reputation!

*Valeria.* Pray, forbear;  
 And search not thus into eventful time  
 For ills to come. 'This fatal temper, friend,  
 \* Alive to feel, and curious to explore  
 \* Each distant object of refin'd distress,  
 \* Shuts out all means of happiness, nor leaves it  
 \* In fortune's power to save you from destruction.'  
 Like some distemper'd wretch, your wayward mind  
 Rejects all nourishment, or turns to gall  
 The very balm that should relieve its anguish.  
 He will admire thy love, which could persuade him  
 To give up glory for the milder triumph  
 Of heart-felt ease and soft humanity.

*Horatia.* I fain would hope so. Yet we hear not of him.  
 Your brother, much I fear, has su'd in vain.

Could



Could we not send to urge this slow express?—  
This dread uncertainty! I long to know  
My life or death at once.

*Valeria.* The wings of love  
‘ Cannot fly faster than my brother’s zeal  
‘ Will bear him for your service.

‘ *Horatia.* I believe it,  
‘ Yet doubt it too. My sickly mind unites  
‘ Strange contradictions.’

*Valeria.* Shall I to the walls?  
I may from thence with ease survey the field,  
And can dispatch a messenger each moment,  
To tell thee all goes well.

*Horatia.* My best Valeria!  
Fly then; ‘ I know thy heart is there already.’  
Thou art a Roman maid; and tho’ thy friendship  
Detains thee here with one who scarce deserves  
That sacred name, art anxious for thy country.  
But yet for charity think kindly of me;  
For thou shalt find by the event, Valeria,  
I am a Roman too, however wretched. [*Exit Valeria.*  
Am I a Roman then? Ye powers! I dare not  
Resolve the fatal question I propose.  
If dying would suffice, I were a Roman:  
But to stand up against this storm of passions  
Transcends a woman’s weakness. Hark! what noise.—  
‘Tis news from Curiatius!—Love, I thank thee!

*Enter a Servant.*

Well, does he yield? Distract me not with silence.  
Say, in one word—

*Serv.* Your father—

*Horatia.* What of him?

Would he not let him yield? Oh, cruel father!

*Serv.* Madam, he’s here—

*Horatia.* Who?

*Serv.* Borne by his attendants.

*Horatio.* What mean’st thou?

*Enter Horatius, led in by his Servants.*

*Horatius.* Lead me yet a little onward;  
I shall recover straight.

*Horatia.* My gracious fire!

*Horatius.* Lend me thy arm, Horatia—So—My child,  
Be



Be not surpriz'd ; an old man must expect  
These little shocks of nature ; they are hints  
To warn us of our end.

*Horatio.* How are you, Sir ?

*Horatius.* Better, much better. My frail body could  
Support the swelling tumult of my soul. [not

*Horatia.* No accident, I hope, alarm'd you, Sir!  
My brothers——

*Horatius.* Here, go to the field again,  
You, Cautus and Vindicius, and observe  
Each circumstance. I shall be glad to hear  
The manner of the fight.

*Horatia.* Are they engag'd ?

*Horatius.* They are, Horatia. But first let me thank  
For staying from the field. I would have seen [thee  
The fight myself ; but this unlucky illness  
Has forc'd me to retire. Where is thy friend ?

*Enter a Servant, who gives a paper to Horatia, and retires.*  
What paper's that ? Why dost thou tremble so ?  
Here, let me open it. [*Takes the paper and opens it.*] From  
Curiatius !

*Horatia.* Oh, keep me not in this suspense, my father !  
Relieve me from the rack.

*Horatius.* He tells thee here,  
He dare not do an action that would make him  
Unworthy of thy love ; and therefore ——

*Horatia.* Dies !——  
Well—I am satisfied.

*Horatius.* I see by this  
Thou hast endeavour'd to persuade thy lover  
To quit the combat. Couldst thou think, Horatia,  
He'd sacrifice his country to a woman ?

*Horatia.* I know not what I thought. He proves too  
Whate'er it was, I was deceiv'd in him [plainly,  
Whom I applied to.

*Horatius.* Do not think so, daughter ;  
Could he with honour have declin'd the fight,  
I should myself have join'd in thy request,  
And forc'd him from the field. But think, my child,  
Had he consented, and had Alba's cause,  
Supported by another arm, been baffled,

What



What then couldst thou expect ! Would he not curse  
 His foolish love, and hate thee for thy fondness ?  
 Nay, think, perhaps, 'twas artifice in thee  
 To aggrandize thy race, and lift their fame  
 Triumphant o'er his ruin and his country's.  
 Think well on that, and reason must convince thee.

*Horatia.* [*Wildly.*] Alas ! had reason ever yet the po-  
 To talk down grief, or bid the tortur'd wretch [wer  
 Not feel his anguish ? 'Tis impossible.

Could reason govern, I should now rejoice  
 They were engag'd, and count the tedious moments  
 Till conquest smil'd, and Rome again was free.  
 Could reason govern, I should beg of Heaven  
 To guide my brother's sword, and plunge it deep  
 Ev'n in the bosom of the man I love :

I should forget he ever won my soul,  
 Forget 'twas your command that bade me love him,  
 Nay, fly perhaps to yon detested field,  
 And spurn with scorn his mangled body from me.

*Horatius.* Why wilt thou talk thus ? Pr'ythee, be more  
 I can forgive thy tears ; they flow from nature ; [calm.  
 And could have gladly wish'd the Alban state  
 Had found us other enemies to vanquish.

But Heaven has will'd it, and Heaven's will be done !  
 The glorious expectation of success

Buys up my soul, nor lets a thought intrude  
 To dash my promis'd joys ! What steady valour  
 Beams from their eyes : just so, if fancy's power  
 May form conjecture from his after-age,  
 Rome's founder must have look'd, when, warm in youth,  
 And flush'd with future conquest, forth he march'd  
 Against proud Acron, with whose bleeding spoils  
 He grac'd the altar of Feretrian Jove——

Methinks I feel recover'd : I might venture  
 Forth to the field again. What ho ! Volscinius !  
 Attend me to the camp.

*Horatia.* My dearest father,  
 Let me intreat you stay ; the tumult there  
 Will discompose you, and a quick relapse  
 May prove most dangerous. I'll restrain my tears,  
 If they offend you.

*Horatius.* Well, I'll be advis'd.



'Twere now too late ; ere this they must have conquer'd.  
And here's the happy messenger of glory.

*Enter Valeria.*

*Valeria.* All's lost, all's ruin'd ! freedom is no more !

*Horatius.* What dost thou say ?

*Valeria.* That Rome's subdu'd by Alba.

*Horatius.* It cannot be. Where are my sons ? All dead ?

*Valeria.* Publius is still alive—the other two

Have paid the fatal debt they ow'd their country.

*Horatius.* Publius alive ! You must mistake, Valeria.

He knows his duty better.

He must be dead, or Rome victorious.

*Valeria.* Thousands as well as I beheld the combat.

After his brother's death he stood alone,

And acted wonders against three assailants ;

Till forc'd at last to save himself by flight——

*Horatius.* By flight ! And did the soldiers let him pass ?

Oh, I am ill again !—The coward villain !

*[Throwing himself into his chair.]*

*Horatia.* Alas, my brothers !

*Horatius.* Weep not for them, girl.

They've died a death which kings themselves might envy ;

And whilst they liv'd they saw their country free.

Oh, had I perish'd with them !—But for him

Whose impious flight dishonours all his race,

Tears a fond father's heart, and tamely barter

For poor precarious life his country's glory,

Weep, weep for him, and let me join my tears !

*Valeria.* What could he do, my Lord, when three op-

*Horatia.* Die ! *[pos'd him ?]*

' He might have died. Oh, villain, villain, villain !'

And he shall die ; this arm

The life he do

*to rise.*



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Beheld his valour, and approv'd his flight,  
Against such opposition.

*Horatius.* Tell not me!

What's Rome to me? Rome may excuse her traitor;  
But I'm the guardian of my house's honour,  
And I will punish. Pray ye, lead me forth;  
I would have air. But grant me strength, kind gods,  
'To do this act of justice, and I'll own,  
Whate'er 'gainst Rome your awful wills decree,  
You still are just and merciful to me. [*Exeunt.*

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *a Room in Horatius's House.*

*Enter Horatius, Valeria following.*

HORATIUS.

**A**WAY, away!—I feel my strength renew'd,  
And I will hunt the villain thro' the world:  
No desarts shall conceal, nor darkness hide him.  
He is well skill'd in flight; but he shall find  
'Tis not so easy to elude the vengeance  
Of a wrong'd father's arm, as to escape  
His adversary's sword.

*Valeria.* Restrain your rage

But for a moment, Sir. When you shall hear  
The whole unravell'd, you will find he's innocent.

*Horatius.* It cannot be.

*Valeria.* And see, my brother comes.

He may perhaps relate——

*Horatius.* I will not hear him;

I will not listen to my shame again.

*Enter Valerius.*

*Valerius.* I come with kind condolance from the King,  
To sooth a father's grief, and to express——

*Horatius.* I've heard it all; I pray you spare my blushes.  
I want



I want not consolation; 'tis enough  
They perish'd for their country. But the third——

*Valerius.* True, he indeed may well supply your loss,  
And calls for all your fondness.

*Horatius.* All my vengeance:  
And he shall have it, Sir.

' *Valerius.* What means my Lord?  
' Are you alone displeas'd with what he has done?

' *Horatius.* 'Tis I alone, I find, must punish it.  
*Valerius.* Vengeance!

' Punish, my Lord! What fault has he committed?

*Horatius.* Why will you double my confusion thus?  
Is flight no fault?

*Valerius.* In such a cause as his  
'Twas glorious.

*Horatius.* Glorious! Oh, rare sophistry!  
To find a way through infamy to glory!

*Valerius.* I scarce can trust my senses—Infamy!

What, was it infamous to save his country?

Is art a crime? Is it the name of flight

We can't forgive, though its ador'd effect

Restor'd us all to freedom, fame and empire?

*Horatius.* What fame, what freedom? Who has sav'd  
his country?

*Valerius.* Your son, my Lord, has done it.

*Horatius.* How, when, where?

*Valerius.* Is't possible? Did you not say you knew?

*Horatius.* I care not what I knew—Oh, tell me all!

Is Rome still free?—Has Alba?—Has my son?—

Tell me——

*Valerius.* Your son, my Lord, has slain her champions.

*Horatius.* What, Publius?

*Valerius.* Ay, Publius.

*Horatius.* Oh, let me clasp thee to me!——

Were there not three remaining?

*Valerius.* True, there were;

But wounded all.

*Horatius.* Your sister here had told us  
That Rome was vanquish'd, that my son was fled——

*Valerius.* And he did fly; but 'twas that flight preserv'd  
All Rome as well as she has been deceiv'd. [us.

*Horatius.* Let me again embrace thee—Come, relate it.



Did I not say, Valeria, that my boy  
Must needs be dead, or Rome victorious?

I long to hear the manner——Well, Valerius—

*Valerius.* Your other sons, my Lord, had paid the debt  
They ow'd to Rome, and he alone remain'd  
'Gainst three opponents, whose united strength,  
Tho' wounded each, and robb'd of half their force,  
Was still too great for his. A while he stood  
Their fierce assaults, and then pretended flight  
Only to tire his wounded adversaries.

*Horatius.* Pretended flight, and this succeeded, ha!  
Oh, glorious boy!

*Valerius.* 'Twas better still, my Lord;  
For all pursued, but not with equal speed.  
Each, eager for the conquest, press'd to reach him;  
Nor did the first, till 'twas too late, perceive  
His fainter brothers panting far behind.

*Horatius.* He took them singly then? An easy conquest  
'Twas boy's play only.

*Valerius.* Never did I see  
Such universal joy, as when the last  
Sunk on the ground beneath Horatius' sword;  
Who seem'd a while to parley as a friend,  
And would have given him life, but Caius scorn'd it.

*Valeria.* Caius! Oh, poor Horatia!  
*Horatius.* Peace, I charge thee.  
Go, dress thy face in smiles, and bid thy friend  
Wake to new transports. Let ambition fire her.  
What is a lover lost? There's not a youth  
In Rome but will adore her. Kings will seek  
For her alliance now, and mightiest chiefs  
Be honour'd by her smiles. Will they not, youth?

[Exit Valerius]

*Valerius.* Most sure, my Lord, this day has added worth  
To her whose merit was before unequal'd.

*Horatius.* How could I doubt his virtue!—Might  
This is true glory, to preserve his country, [god  
And bid by one brave act th' Horatian name  
In fame's eternal volumes be enroll'd.

'Methinks already I behold his triumph.  
Rome gazes on him like a second founder;  
The wond'ring eye of childhood views with awe



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The new divinity ; and trembling age  
Crowds eager on to bless him ere it dies !  
Ere long, perhaps, they will raise altars to him,  
And even with hymns and sacrifice adore  
The virtue I suspected !—Gracious Heaven !  
Where is he ? Let me fly, and at his feet  
Forget the father, and implore a pardon  
For such injustice.

*Valerius.* ' You may soon, my Lord,  
In his embraces lose the fond remembrance  
Of your mistaken rage.' The King ere this  
Has from the field dispatch'd him ; ' he but staid  
Till he could send him home with some slight honours  
Of scatter'd wreaths, and grateful songs of praise.  
For till to-morrow he postpones the pomp  
Of solemn thanks, and sacrifice to Heaven  
For liberty restor'd.' But hark ! that shout  
Which sounds from far, and seems the mingled voice  
Of thousands, speaks him onward on his way.

*Horatius.* How my heart dances !—Yet I blush to meet  
But I will on. Come, come, Horatia ; leave [him  
[*Calling at the door.*

Thy sorrow far behind, and let us fly  
With open arms to greet our common glory. [*Exit.*

*Enter Horatia and Valeria.*

*Horatia.* Yes, I will go ; this father's hard command  
Shall be obey'd ; and I will meet the conqueror,  
But not in smiles.

*Valerius.* Oh, go not, gentle lady !  
Might I advise——

*Valeria.* Your griefs are yet too fresh,  
And may offend him. Do not, my Horatia.

*Valerius.* Indeed 'twere better to avoid his presence ;  
It will revive your sorrows, and recall——

*Horatia.* Sir, when I saw you last I was a woman,  
The fool of nature, a fond prey to grief,  
Made up of sighs and tears. But now my soul  
Disdains the very thought of what I was ;

on too callous to be mov'd with toys.  
ne well ; am I not nobly chang'd ?  
sad eyes, of heaves my breast one groan ?

D 3 No :



No; for I doubt no longer. 'Tis not grief,  
'Tis resolution now, and fix'd despair.

*Valeria.* My dear Horatia, you strike terrors thro' me;  
What dreadful purpose hast thou form'd? Oh, speak!

*Valerius.* 'Talk gently to her.'—Hear me yet, sweet  
You must not go; whatever you resolve, [lady.  
There is a fight will pierce you to the soul.

*Horatia.* What fight?

*Valerius.* Alas, I should be glad to hide it;  
But it is——

*Horatia.* What?

*Valerius.* Your brother wears in triumph  
The very scarf I bore to Curtius.

*Horatia.* [Wildly.] Ye gods, I thank ye! 'tis with joy  
I hear it.

If I should falter now, that fight would rouse  
My drooping rage, and swell the tempest louder.

——But soft; they may prevent me; my wild passion  
Betrays my purpose.——I'll dissemble with them.

[She sits down.

*Valerius.* She softens now.

*Valeria.* How do you, my Horatia?

*Horatia.* Alas, my friend, 'tis madness which I utter—  
Since you persuade me then, I will not go.

But leave me to myself; I would sit here;

Alone in silent sadness pour my tears,

And meditate on my unheard-of woes.

*Valerius.* [To Valeria.] 'Twere well to humour this.

But may she not,

If left alone, do outrage on herself.

*Valeria.* I have prevented that; she has not near her  
One instrument of death.

*Valerius.* Retire we then.

'But, Oh, not far, for now I feel my soul

'Still more perplex'd with love. Who knows, Valeria,

'But when this storm of grief has blown its fill,

'She may grow calm, and listen to my vows.'

[Exeunt Valerius and Valeria.

After a short silence, Horatia rises, and comes forward.

*Horatia.* Yes, they are gone; and now be firm, my soul!  
This way I can elude their search, The heart,

Which



Which doats like mine, must break to be at ease.  
 Just now I thought, had Curatius liv'd,  
 I could have driven him from my breast for ever.  
 But death has cancell'd all my wrongs at once.  
 — They were not wrongs; 'twas virtue which undid us,  
 And virtue shall unite us in the grave.  
 I heard them say, as they departed hence,  
 That they had robb'd me of all means of death.  
 Vain thought! they knew not half Horatia's purpose.  
 Be resolute, my brother; let no weak  
 Unmanly fondness mingle with thy virtue,  
 And I will touch thee nearly. Oh, come on,  
 'Tis thou alone can'st give Horatia peace. [Exit.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, a Street of Rome.

*Chorus of Youths and Virgins singing and scattering Branches of Oak, Flowers, &c. Then enters Horatius leaning on the Arm of Publius Horatius.*

CHORUS.

**T**HUS, for freedom nobly won,  
 Rome her hasty tribute pours;  
 And on one victorious son  
 Half exhausts her blooming stores.

A YOUTH.

Scatter here the laurel crown,  
 Emblem of immortal praise!  
 Wond'rous youth! to thy renown  
 Future times shall altars raise.

A VIR-



## A VIRGIN.

Scatter here the myrtle wreath,  
 Though the bloodless victor's due ;  
 Grateful thousands sav'd from death  
 Shall devote that wreath to you.

## A YOUTH.

Scatter here the oaken bough ;  
 Ev'n for one averted fate  
 We that civic meed bestow—  
 He sav'd all who sav'd the state.

## CHORUS.

Thus, for freedom, &c.

*Horatius.* Thou dost forgive me then, my dearest boy,  
 I cannot tell thee half my ecstasy.  
 The day which gave thee first to my glad hopes  
 Was misery to this—I'm mad with transport !  
 Why are ye silent there? Again renew  
 Your songs of praise, and in a louder strain  
 Pour forth your joy, and tell the listening spheres  
 That Rome is freed by my Horatius' hand.

*Publius.* No more, my friends.—You must permit me,  
 To contradict you here. Not but my soul, [Sir,  
 Like yours, is open to the charms of praise :  
 There is no joy beyond it, when the mind  
 Of him who hears it can with honest pride  
 Confess it just, and listen to its music.  
 But now the toils I have sustain'd require  
 Their interval of rest, and every sense  
 Is deaf to pleasure.—Let me leave you, friends ;  
 We're near our home, and would be private now :  
 To-morrow we'll expect your kind attendance  
 To share our joys, and waft our thanks to heaven.'

[As they are going off *Horatia rushes in.*

*Horatia.* Where is this mighty chief?

*Horatius.* My daughter's voice !  
 I bade her come ; she has forgot her sorrows,  
 And is again my child.

*Horatia.*



*Horatia.* Is this the hero  
That tramples nature's ties, and nobly soars  
Above the d states of humanity?  
Let me observe him well.

*Pub.* What means my sister?

*Horatia.* Thy sister! I disclaim the impious title;  
Base and inhuman! Give me back my husband,  
My life, my soul, my murder'd *Curatius*!

*Pub.* He perish'd for his country.

*Horatia.* Gracious gods,  
Was't not enough that thou had'st murdered him,  
But thou must triumph in thy guilt, and wear  
His bleeding spoils?—Oh, let me tear them from thee,  
Drink the dear drops that issu'd from his wounds,  
More dear to me than the whole tide that swells  
With impious pride a hostile brother's heart.

*Horatius.* Am I awake, or is it all illusion?  
Was it for this thou cam'st?

*Publius.* *Horatia*, hear me,  
Yet I am calm, and can forgive thy folly;  
Would I could call it by no harsher name.  
But do not tempt me farther.—Go, my sister,  
Go hide thee from the world; nor let a Roman  
Know with what insolence thou dar'st show  
Thy infamy, or what is more, my shame  
How tamely I forgave it.—Go, *Horatia*.

*Horatia.* I will not go—What have I touch'd thee then?  
And can'st thou feel?—Oh, think not thou shalt lose  
Thy share of anguish. I'll pursue thee still,  
Urge thee all day with thy unnatural crimes,  
Tear, harrow up thy breast; and then at night  
I'll be the fury that shall haunt thy dreams;  
Wake thee with shrieks, and place before thy sight  
Thy mangled friends in all their pomp of horror.

*Pub.* Away with her! 'tis womanish complaining.  
Think'st thou such trifles can alarm the man  
Whose noblest passion is his country's love?  
—Let it be thine, and learn to bear affliction.

*Horatia.* Curse on my country's love, the trick ye teach  
To make us slaves beneath the mask of virtue; [us  
To rob us of each soft endearing sense,

And



And violate the first great law within us.

I scorn the impious passion.

*Publius.* Have a care;

Thou'lt touch'd a string which may awake my vengeance.

*Horatia.* [*Aside.*] Then it shall 'do it.'

*Pub.* Oh, if thou dar'st prophane

That sacred tie which winds about my heart,

By heaven I swear, by the great gods who rule

The fate of empires, 'tis not this fond weakness

Which hangs upon me, and retards my justice,

Nor even thy sex, which shall protect thee from me.

[*Clapping his hand on his sword.*]

*Horatius.* Drag her away—thou'lt make me curse thee,  
girl—

Indeed she's mad.

[*To Publius.*]

*Horatia.* Stand off, I am not mad—

Nay, draw thy sword; I do defy thee, murderer,

Barbarian, Roman!—Mad! The name of Rome

Makes madmen of you all; my curses on it.

'I do detest its impious policy.'

Rise, rise, ye states (Oh, that my voice could fire

Your tardy wrath!) confound its selfish greatness,

Raze its proud walls, and lay its towers in ashes!

*Pub.* I'll bear no more—

[*Drawing his sword.*]

*Horatius.* Distraction!—Force her off—

*Horatia.* [*Struggling.*] Could I but prove the Helen  
to destroy

This curs'd unsozial state, I'd die with transport:

Gaze on the spreading fires—'till the last pile

Sunk in the blaze—then mingle with its ruins.

*Pub.* Thou shalt not live to that.

[*Exit after her.*]

Thus perish all the enemies of Rome.

[*Without.*]

*Re-enter Valerius.*

*Valerius.* Oh, horror! horror! execrable act;

If there be law in Rome; if there be justice,

By Rome, and all its gods, thou shalt not 'scape. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter Publius, followed by Horatia, wounded.*

*Horatia.* Now thou'lt indeed been kind, and I forgive  
The death of Curiatius; this last blow

Has cancell'd all, and thou'rt again my brother.

*Horatius.* Heavens! what a sight!

A daughter



A daughter bleeding by a brother's hand !

My child ! my child !

*Horatia.* What means this tenderness ? I thought to see  
Inflam'd with rage against a worthless wretch [you  
Who has dishonour'd your illustrious race,  
And stain'd its brightest fame : in pity look not  
Thus kindly on me, for I have injur'd you.

*Horatius.* Thou hast not, girl ;  
I said 'twas madness, but he would not hear me.

*Horatia.* Oh, wrong him not ; his act was noble just-  
I forc'd him to the deed ; for know, my father, [tice,  
It was not madness, but the firm result  
Of settled reason, and deliberate thought.  
I was resolv'd on death, and witness, Heaven,  
I'd not have died by any hand but his,  
For the whole round of fame his worth shall boast  
Through future ages.

*Horatius.* What hast thou said ? Wert thou so bent on  
Was all thy rage dissimbled ? [death ?

*Horatia.* Alas, my father !  
All but my love was false ; what that inspir'd  
I utter'd freely.  
But for the rest, the curses which I pour'd  
On heaven-defended Rome, were meerly lures  
To tempt his rage, and perfect my destruction.  
Heaven ! with what transport I beheld him mov'd !  
How my heart leap'd to meet the welcome point,  
Stain'd with the life blood of my Curiatius,  
Cementing thus our union ev'n in death.

*Pub.* My sister live ! I charge thee live, *Horatia* !  
Oh, thou hast planted daggers here.

*Horatia.* My brother !  
Can you forgive me too ! then I am happy.  
I dar'd not hope for that ? Ye gentle ghosts  
That rove Elysium, hear the sacred sound !  
My father and my brother both forgive me !  
I have again their sanction on my love.  
Oh, let me hasten to those happier climes,  
Where unmolested, we may share our joys,  
Nor Rome, nor Alba, shall disturb us more.

[*Dies.*

*Horatius.* 'Tis gone, the prop, the comfort of my age.  
Let me reflect ; this morn I had three children,  
No happier father hail'd the sun's uprising :

Now,



Now, I have none, for, Publius, thou must die :  
Blood calls for blood—to expiate one parricide,  
Justice demands another—Art thou ready ?

*Publius.* Strike ! 'tis the consummation of my wishes  
To die, and by your hand.

*Horatius.* Oh, blind old man !  
Would'st thou lift up thy sacrilegious hand  
Against the chief, the god that sav'd thy country ?  
There's something in that face, that awes my soul,  
Like a divinity. Hence, thou vile weapon,  
Disgrace my hand no more.

[*A cry without.* Justice ! Justice !  
What noise is that ?

*Enter Volscinius.*

*Vol.* All Rome, my Lord, has taken the alarm, and  
Of citizens enrag'd, are posting hither, [crowds  
To call for justice on the head of Publius.

*Horatius.* Ungateful men ! how dare they ? Let them  
come.

*Enter Tullus, Valerius, and Citizens.*

*Valerius.* See, fellow citizens, see where she lies,  
The bleeding victim.

*Tullus.* Stop, unmanner'd youth !  
Think'st thou we know not wherefore we are here ?  
Seest thou yon drooping fire ?

*Horatius.* Permit them, Sir.

*Tullus.* What would you, Romans ?

*Valerius.* We are come, dread Sir,  
In the behalf of murder'd innocence ;  
Murder'd by him, the man——

*Horatius.* Whose conquering arm  
Has sav'd you all from ruin. Oh, shame ! shame !  
Has Rome no gratitude ? Do ye not blush  
To think whom your insatiate rage pursues ?  
Down, down, and worship him.

*1st Citizen.* Does he plead for him ?

*2d Citizen.* Does he forgive his daughter's death ?

*Horatius.* He does,

And glories in it, glories in the thought  
That there's one Roman left who dares be grateful ;  
If you are wrong'd, then what am I ? Must I

Be



Be taught my duty by th' affected tears  
Of strangers to my blood? Had I been wrong'd,  
I know a father's right, and had not ask'd  
This ready-talking Sir, to bellow for me,  
And mouth my wrongs in Rome.

*Valerius.* Friends, countrymen, regard not what he says;  
Stop, stop your ears, nor hear a frantic father  
Thus plead against his child.

*Horatius.* He does belie me.  
What child have I? Alas! I have but one,  
And him you would tear from me.

*All Citizens.* Hear him! hear him!

*Pub.* No; let me speak. Think'st thou, ungrateful  
youth,

To hurt my quiet? I am hurt beyond  
Thy power to harm me. Death's extremest tortures  
Were happiness to what I feel. Yet know,  
My injur'd honour bids me live; nay, more,  
It bids me even descend to plead for life.  
But wherefore waste I words? 'Tis not to him,  
But you, my countrymen, to you, I speak;  
He lov'd the maid.

*1st Citizen.* How! lov'd her!

*Pub.* Fondly lov'd her;  
And under shew of public justice, screens  
A private passion, and a mean revenge.  
Think you I lov'd her not? High heaven's my witness,  
How tenderly I lov'd her; and the pangs  
I feel this moment, could you see my heart,  
'Twould prove too plainly, I am still her brother.

*1st Citizen.* He shall be sav'd.  
*Valerius* has misled us.

*All Citizens.* Save him! save him!  
*Tullus.* If yet a doubt remains,  
Behold that virtuous father, who could boast  
This very morn, a numerous progeny,  
The dear supports of his declining age;  
Then read the sad reverse with pitying eyes,  
And tell your conscious hearts they fell for you.

*Horatius.* I am o'erpaid by that, nor claim I ought  
On their accounts; by high heaven, I swear,

E

I







# THE ROMAN FATHER.

Be taught my duty by th' afflicted son  
Of strangers to my blood! Had I been wrong'd,  
I know a father's right, and had not still  
This ready-talking Sir, to bellow for me,  
And mow my wrongs in Rome.

*Valerius.* Friends, countrymen, regard not what he says;  
Stop, stop your ears, nor hear a frantic father  
Thus plead against his child.

*Horatius.* He does belie me.  
What child have I? Alas! I have but one,  
And him you would tear from me.

*All Citizens.* Hear him! hear him!

*Pub.* No; let me speak. Think I don't regard  
youth,

To hurt my quiet? I am hurt beyond  
Thy power to harm me. Death's commandments  
Were happiness to what I feel. Yet know,  
My injur'd honour bids me live; say, more,  
It bids me even defend to plead for life.

But wherefore waste I words? 'Tis not to live  
But you, my countrymen, to save, I speak.  
He lov'd the maid.

*All Citizens.* How! lov'd her?

*Pub.* Fondly lov'd her.  
And under flow'rs of praise she lies;  
A private poison, and a private wrong,  
Thank you I lov'd her not. Her name's not mine.

How tenderly she lov'd her countrymen,  
I feel this woman's love, and I feel this  
'T would prove me true, and I feel this

*All Citizens.* He lov'd her.  
*Valerius* has said a

*All Citizens.* Lov'd her?

*Pub.* If you can love

Behold the woman's love,  
This very woman's love,  
The dear woman's love,  
The dear woman's love,



## O G U E.

teous author sends  
his female friends,  
d for every bright  
we shed to-night.  
claims a mind,  
ore refin'd.  
liest form of art,  
feeling heart!  
harms we boast,  
nd though men may toast,  
joy sincere,  
he friend are there.  
mselves must own,  
gs of the town;  
glittering tempt the chace  
the vain embrace.  
rtues, 'tis confess'd,  
female breast.  
at crouded space,  
finds a place.  
a fair-one here,  
Horatia's bier;  
of flesh and blood,  
ber, if she could.  
if that be all,  
stand or fall.  
his fire decreed,  
and he must plead.  
he wanted grace;  
erest in the case.  
drest, or a friend,  
ome convenient end;

But



I'd rather see him added to the heap,  
Than Rome enslav'd.

*1st Citizen.* Oh, excellent Horatius!

*All Citizens.* Save him! save him!

*Tullus.* Then I pronounce him free. And now, Hora-  
The evening of thy stormy day at last [tius,  
Shall close in peace. Here, take him to thy breast.

*Horatius.* My son, my conqueror! 'twas a fatal stroke,  
But shall not wound our peace. This kind embrace  
Shall spread a sweet oblivion o'er our sorrows;  
Or, if in after times, though 'tis not long  
That I shall trouble you, some sad remembrance,  
Should steal a sigh, and peevish age forget  
Its resolution, only boldly say  
Thou sav'dst the state, and I'll entreat forgiveness.  
Learn hence, ye Romans, on how sure a base  
The patriot builds his happiness;  
Grief may to grief in endless round succeed,  
And nature suffer when our children bleed;  
But still superior must that hero prove,  
Whose first, best passion, is his country's love.

END of the FIFTH ACT.







## EPILOGUE.

**L**ADIES, by me our courteous author sends  
His compliments to all his female friends,  
And thanks them from his soul for every bright  
Indulgent tear which they have shed to-night.  
Sorrow in virtue's cause proclaims a mind,  
And gives to beauty graces more refin'd.  
Oh, who could bear the loveliest form of art,  
A cherub's face, without a feeling heart!  
'Tis there alone, whatever charms we boast,  
'Though men may flatter, and though men may toast,  
'Tis there alone they find the joy sincere,  
The wife, the parent, and the friend are there.  
All else, the veriest rakes themselves must own,  
Are but the paltry play-things of the town;  
The painted clouds, which glittering tempt the chase  
Then melt in air, and mock the vain embrace.  
Well then; the private virtues, 'tis confess,  
Are the soft inmates of the female breast.  
But then, they fill so full that crowded space,  
That the poor public seldom finds a place.  
And I suspect there's many a fair-one here,  
Who pour'd her sorrows on Horatia's bier;  
That still retains so much of flesh and blood,  
She'd fairly hang the brother, if she could.  
Why, ladies, to be sure, if that be all,  
At your tribunal he must stand or fall.  
Whate'er his country or his fire decreed,  
You are his judges now, and he must plead.  
Like other culprit youths, he wanted grace;  
But could have no self-interest in the case.  
Had she been wife, or mistress, or a friend,  
It might have answer'd some convenient end:

*But*



## EPILOGUE.

*But a mere sister, whom he lov'd—to take  
Her life away,—and for his country's sake!  
Faith, ladies, you may pardon him; indeed  
There's very little fear the crime should spread.  
True patriots are but rare among the men,  
And really might be useful now and then.  
Then do not check, by your disapprobation,  
A spirit which might rule the British nation,  
And still might rule—would you but set the fashion.*





A N

# ALPHABETICAL LIST

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A N  
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Greville Mrs. in Sir Harry.	Sir Harry Wildair.	15
Hartley Mrs. in Jane Shore.	Jane Shore.	1
_____ in Cleopatra.	All for Love.	5
_____ in Lady Jane Gray.	Lady Jane Gray.	7
_____ in Imoinda.	Oroonoko.	10
_____ in Almeyda.	Don Sebastian.	12
_____ in Mary Q. of Scots.	Albion Queens.	14
_____ in Elvira.	Elvira.	20
Henderson Mr. in Bayes.	The Rehearsal.	15
_____ in Don John.	The Chances.	15
Hopkins Mrs. in Lady Brumpton.	The Funeral.	8
_____ Miss P. in Aura.	The Country Lasses.	19
Hopkins Miss P. in Miss Notable.	Lady's last Stake.	19
_____ Miss in Irene.	Barbarossa.	10
	Hopkins	



<i>Characters.</i>	<i>Plays.</i>	<i>Vol.</i>
Hopkins Miss in Arethusa.	Philaster.	18
Hull Mr. in King Charles.	King Charles.	12
_____ in Voltore.	Volpone.	19
Hunter Mrs. in Penelope.	Ulysses.	18
_____ in Boadicia.	Boadicia.	20
King Mr. in Lissardo.	The Wonder.	4
_____ in Marplot.	The Busy Body.	8
Leffingham Mrs. in Oriana.	The Inconstant.	13
Lewis Mr. in Zamor.	Alzira.	10
Macklin Mr. in Sir Gilbert Wrangle.	The Refusal.	11
_____ Miss in Camillo.	The Mistake.	19
Massey Mrs. in Christina.	Gustavus Vasa.	18
Mattocks Mr. in Achilles.	Achilles.	9
_____ Mrs. in Elvira.	The Spanish Friar.	13
Moody Mr. in Teague.	The Committee.	2
Palmer Mr. in Beverley.	The Gamester.	12
Parsons Mr. in Periwinkle.	A Bold Stroke for a Wife.	6
Pope Miss in Biddy Tipkin.	Tender Husband.	8
_____ in Corinna.	The Confederacy.	15
_____ in Dorcas Zeal.	Fair Quaker of Deal.	17
_____ in Rosetta.	The Foundling.	13
Pullen Master in Child.	Isabella.	5
Quick Mr. in Judge Gripus.	Amphitryon.	11
_____ in Alderman Smug- gler.	The Constant Couple.	15
Reddish Mr. in Bevil.	The Conscious Lovers.	4
Robinson Mrs. in Amanda.	Love's Last Shift.	17
Ross Mr. in Essex.	The Earl of Essex.	3
Sheridan Mr. in Cato.	Cato.	3
_____ in OEdipus.	OEdipus.	12
Shuter Mr. in Lovegold.	The Miser.	6
Smith Mr. in Phocias.	Siege of Damascus.	1

Smith



<i>Characters.</i>	<i>Plays.</i>
Smith Mr. in Lord Townly.	Provok'd Husband.
———— in Archer.	The Beaux Stratagem.
———— in Alexander.	Alexander the Great.
———— in Norfolk.	Anna Bullen.
———— in Publius.	Roman Father.
Vernon Mr. in Macheath.	The Beggar's Opera.
Vincent Mr. in Eumenes.	Merope.
Ward Mrs. in Rodogune.	The Royal Convert.
Webster Mr. in Douglas.	Douglas.
Woodward Mr. in Bobadil.	Every Man in his Humour.
———— in Captain Brazen.	The Recruiting Officer.
Wrighten Mrs. in Peggy.	The Gentle Shepherd.
Wroughton Mr. in Barnwell.	George Barnwell.
———— in Prince Edward.	Edward the Black Prince.
Yates Mr. in Don Manuel.	She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not.
Yates Mrs. in Zara.	Zara.
———— in Calista.	The Fair Penitent.
———— in Isabella.	Isabella.
———— in Lady Townly.	Provok'd Husband.
———— in Berinthia.	The Relapse.
———— in Ximena.	Ximena.
———— in Electra.	Electra.
———— in Virginia.	Virginia.
Younge Miss in Zara.	The Mourning Bride.
———— in Artemisa.	The Ambitious Step-Mother.
———— in Creusa.	Creusa.
———— in Hermoine.	The Distress'd Mother.
———— in Sigismunda.	Tancred and Sigismunda.





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