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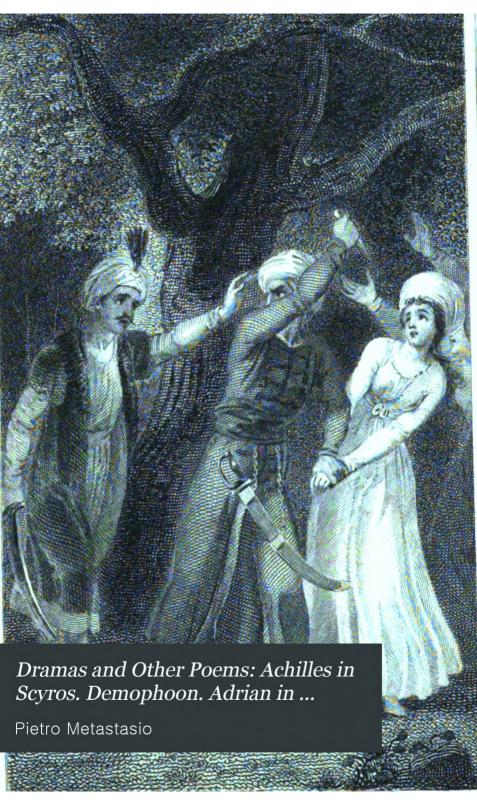
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Richard Fowler Stevens.

FRONTISPIECE, VOL.III.



Zep . Forbear or by this Hand Lenotia dies .

Published June 4.1800, by Cadell & Davies, Strand

# DRAMAS

AND

# OTHER POEMS:

OF THE

# ABBÉ PIETRO METASTASIO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN

BY

JOHN HOOLE.

VOL. II.

#### LONDON:

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#### ERRATA.

p. 22. bottom of the page, for "human life" read "human deeds."

p. 48. for "doner" read "donor."

p. 76. line 9, for "these," read "the."

# ACHILLES IN SCYROS.

VOL. II.

#### PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Lycomedes, King of Scyros.

ACHILLES, in a female drefs, under the name of Pyrrha, in love with Deidamia.

DEIDAMIA, the Daughter of Lycomedes, in love with Achilles.

ULYSSES, Ambassador from Greece.

THEAGENES, Prince of Chalçis, the defigned husband of Deidamia.

NEARCHUS, Governor of Achilles.

Arcas, the Confident of ULYSSES.

CHORUS of BACCHANALS.

Chorus of Singers.

Scene in the Island of Scyros.

# ACHILLES IN SCYROS.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

The outfide of a magnificent temple dedicated to Bacchus. Between the pillars of the temple is discovered on one side the wood sacred to the Deity, and on the other side the sea coast of Scyros. The piazza is filled with Bacchanals celebrating the sessional of the God, to the sound of various instruments. A numerous company of the noble dames of Scyros descending the steps from the temple: with these are seen Deidamia and Achilles, the last in a semale habit.

## CHORUS OF BACCHANALS.

While each, O father Bacchus! pays
To thee this hymn of grateful praise,
Descend our raptur'd souls to raise
With thy celestial fire.

#### PART CHORUS.

O! fource! from whom our bleffings flow, Oblivion fweet of human woe! By thee we fcorn this life below, And to the skies aspire.

Chorus.

#### Chorus.

Descend our raptur'd souls to raise With thy celestial fire.

#### PART CHORUS.

By thee, the blood, that scarce maintains A sluggish course through freezing veins, With warmth renew'd fresh vigour gains, And glows with young desire.

#### CHORUS.

Descend our raptur'd souls to raise With thy celestial fire.

#### PART CHORUS.

Henceforth deceit shall fly the breast That owns thee for its chosen guest, And lips, before with falsehood drest, The words of truth acquire.

#### Chorus.

Descend our raptur'd souls to raise
With thy celestial fire.

## PART CHORUS.

Thou mak'st the coward Fame revere;
Thou dry'st from weeping eyes the tear;
Thou bid'st the blush of modest fear
From lovers' cheeks retire.

CHORUS.

#### CHORUS.

O! fource! from whom our bleffings flow;
Oblivion fweet of human woe!

By thee we fcorn this life below,

And to the fkies afpire.

[here the Chorus is interrupted by the sound of trumpets from the sea.

Deid. [to Ach.] Didst thou not hear?

Ach. Princess, I did.

Deid. Who dares

With founds profane thus rashly to disturb The facred rites of our mysterious orgies?\*

Ach. 'Tis so; I am not deceiv'd; from yonder feas

The founding clangour comes, and yet I know not, Nor can divine the cause—but now methinks I see two vessels, with extended sails, Swift making to the shore.

[two ships appear at a distance.

Deid. [alarmed.] Ah, me!

Ach. What fear'st thou?

As yet they're distant far.

Deid. O! let us fly.

[all fly but Ach. and Deid.

Ach. And wherefore fly?

Deid. Hast thou not heard these seas

Are

Are fill'd with impious pirates? Thus were borne The wretched daughters from their mourning fires, The kings of Tyre and Argos—Know'st thou not The recent loss which Sparta has sustain'd? That Greece indignant claims, but claims in vain The faithless confort from her Trojan spoiler? Who knows but these deceitful vessels now Again may bring—O! Heaven! I sink with terror!

Ach. Fear not, my love, is not Achilles here?

Deid. O! hold-

Ach. And if Achilles-

Deid. O! forbear;

Some one may hear thee: should'st thou be discover'd,

I am lost myself, and thou to me art lost.

What will my father say, deluded thus?

Thou know'st he thinks in thee he views a maid,
And oft, with smiles, has witness'd to our loves.

But what must chance, (I tremble at the thought)

Should he e'er learn that, veil'd in Pyrrha's name,
I love Achilles?

Ach. Pardon, Deidamia, I own your caution just.

#### SCENE II.

#### Enter NEARCHUS.

Near. [entering.] Behold the lovers.

And must I ever tremble for your sake? [to them.]

Imprudent pair! a thousand times I've warn'd you,

But warn'd in vain. All eyes observe how still

You shun society, and court the shades.

Your conduct is the theme of every tongue.

Go—seek the king; the palace now is throng'd, And only you are absent.

Ach. [not attending.] Sure that found From yonder ships bespeaks them freighted deep With arms and warriors.

Deid. [afide to Near.] Heavens! what martial fpirit

Flames in his looks! Each art must be employ'd To draw him hence.

Near. [to both.] And still you linger here.

Ach. This instant I'll depart: but let me, princess,

Behold those vessels enter first the port.

Deid. What! shall I leave you thus beset with perils?

But this thou heed'st not—O! I see too well Thou lov'st not Deidamia: from thy heart

I know

know thou judgest mine, too cruel man!

Ach. Then let us go: appeale thy gentle spirit, A look of thine subdues me.

Deid. No, ingrate! Thou but deceiv'st me, thou art falsehood all.

Ah! no, ingrate! thou know'st not love, Or if thou feel'st his dart, Thou ne'er for me the cares wilt prove That rend a gentle heart.

Love at thy choice—thy wayward will Can raife, or quench the flame; Nor heed that truth which lovers still From faithful lovers claim.

[Exit. Achilles follows her, then stops at the entrance, and turns again to observe the ships, which are now so near, that on the deck of one of them is distinguished a warrior completely armed.

#### SCENE III.

NEARCHUS, ACHILLES.

Near. The olive branch that decks those gliding prows

Proclaims them friendly veffels.

Ach. See, Nearchus,

Observe

Observe that warrior clad in shining arms, Of port majestick.

Near. —Hence: it ill befits

That thou, a feeming virgin, wrapt in weeds

Of female foftness, still should'st linger here

Alone, without defence.

Ach. But fay, Nearchus, Am I not deem'd thy own? Does not the voice Of general fame declare thee for my father? What wonder then a daughter should converse

Near. But well thou know'st Thy stay offends the princess.

With him who gave her birth?

Ach. True, Nearchus. [looking towards the ships.

Near. [afide.] How hard to keep Achilles long conceal'd!

Ach. O! did you fplendid helmet deck my brows,

Yon falchion grace my fide—no more, Nearchus, I'm weary of difguife—this fex's weeds
Of floth inglorious—time demands—

Near. What time?

O! Heaven! remember that this fex's weeds Have won and still preserv'd the fair-one thine.

Ach. 'Tis true, but yet-

Near. Depart.

Ach. O! let me now

But

But for a moment view those dazzling arms, And kindle at the fight.

Near. [aside.] What course remains?
[to Ach.] Yes, stay; indulge thy wish, but know meantime

Thy rival dwells on Deidamia's charms.

Ach. What fay'st thou, ha!

Near. The prince of Chalcis comes To Scyros' court, and Lycomedes wills With him to join his daughter's hand.

Ach. O! Heavens!

Near. 'Tis true, her heart is thine; but should thy rival

Assail her youth with all the arts of flattery, Alone and unobserv'd—who knows, Achilles, He may, perchance, prevail and win her from thee.

Ach. What mortal dares my wrath excite,
Or hope to win my foul's delight,
While still to guard a lover's right,
I breathe this vital air?
What though the power of beauty's eyes
Has cloth'd these limbs in soft disguise,
My breast a hero's warmth supplies,
I feel Achilles there.

[Exit.

#### SCENE IV.

#### NEARCHUS alone.

Great is the task that Thetis has enjoin'd:

I fear each moment may reveal Achilles.

Tis true the force of potent love restrains

His native warmth; but when perchance he hears

The trumpet's sound, or sees a warrior clad

In plate and mail, his genius takes the alarm:

He raves aloud and scorns his feeble dress

Of powerless woman. Should he learn that Troy

Can never fall without his fateful arm;

That now all Greece combin'd require his aid,

What were his feelings then? Forbid it, Heaven,

That any Greek should seek him on this shore—

[looking out.] O! Gods! am I deceiv'd? Is that

Ulysses?

What cause has brought him hither? Not by chance,

He feeks the port of Scyros—What were best? He knew me once, and knew me at the court Of aged Peleus, young Achilles' fire. 'Tis true, fince then a length of years has pass'd. At all events I would remain conceal'd, Nor own myself the same he saw in Greece.

—Ho! stranger! pass no further; first declare Thy name and lineage: such is here the law, And such my sovereign's will.

1

#### SCENE-Y.

#### Enter ULYSSES.

Ulys. The law be reverenc'd: Behold Ulysses here.

Near. Ulysses, Heavens!

Forgive, O! generous chief, my hasty speech:

I fly to tell the king these welcome tidings. [going.

Ulys. Yet one word more: art thou not here a fervant

Of royal Lycomedes?

Near. Rightly spoken,

I am his fervant.

Ulys. And thy name?

Near. Nearchus.

Ulys. What country claims thy birth?

Near. The town of Corinth.

Ulys. Why didst thou quit, for this, thy native land?

Near. I came—O! Heavens!—I tarry here too long;

Forgive me, fir, the king meantime impatient, Knows not as yet what ships have reach'd the port.

Ulys. Go then, my friend, dispatch.

Near. [aside.] How well I feign'd!
Yet scarcely could escape his wise detection. [Exit.

#### SCENE VI.

#### Enter ARCAS.

Ulys. Heaven favours, Arcas, now our great defign.

Arc. Whence springs this hope?

Ulys. Didst thou not hear our converse? Thou saw'st who parted from me: know I met him At Peleus' court, now many years elaps'd. With me seign'd his country and his name: But when I question'd him he seem'd confus'd. No—same has not deceiv'd us: here disguis'd In semale garb, Achilles lives conceal'd. Fly, Arcas, and pursue his steps, who late Amus'd my ear with salsehood: seek to know His real state; why settled here, and where He now resides—by whom accompanied; The slightest hint may guide us.

Arc. I am gone.

[going.

Ulys. Yet hear, take heed that not the least furmife

Be given to make it thought we feek Achilles.

Arc. Such caution to a follower of Ulysses Were surely needless. [Exis.

#### SCENE VII.

ULYSSES alone.

With a prosperous wind Thus far our vessel sails. To some, perchance, This well-tim'd meeting, this confus'd discourse, Those troubled looks were little; but to those Who like Ulysses judge they promise much.

A slender gleam in dreary night

Can guide the skilful pilot right,

Till soon he finds the polar light,

And safely ploughs the watry way.

Full oft a single track has sped

The pilgrim lost, and surely led

No more fallacious paths to tread,

That lure the heedless feet astray.

[Exit.

#### SCENE VIII.

The apartment of DEIDAMIA.

LYCOMEDES, DEIDAMIA.

Lyc. But if thou fee'st him not, then wherefore think

The prince must prove ungracious in thine eyes?

Deid. Already have I heard and much, my lord,

Of

Of prince Theagenes.

Lyc. And wilt thou judge
By others' eyes? O! rash and unadvis'd!
Go to the royal garden, there expect me,
I'll join thee soon, and with me thither bring
Thy plighted spouse.

Deid. My plighted spouse?

Lyc. He comes

Relying on my faith: all is prepar'd.

Deid. At least, my lord, my father! hear-

Lyc. No more:

The ambassador from Greece expects an audience. No more oppose my will: embrace the counsel A king and father gives.

Deid. Then, dear my lord, You counfel, not-command me.

Lyc. When a father Gives to a daughter counsel, he commands.

To inexperienc'd minds that know

Few fickle turns of human woe,

The advice that faithful lips bestow

Will oft like harsh decrees offend,

Confounding rashly praise and blame,

Who mildly rules, they tyrant name,

And cruel him, who proves a friend. [Exit.

#### SCENE IX.

#### Enter Achilles.

Deid. And shall I break my faith to him I love!
No—ere another spouse——

Ach. [entering.] And may I then Prefume to intrude on Deidamia's prefence? I would not come unwish'd for—ha! alone! Where is thy plighted lord? I hop'd to find The prince of Chalcis breathing ardent vows At Deidamia's feet.

Deid. And have you heard-

Ach. All, all is known; but not from thee—O proof!

O wondrous proof of thy unfullied faith!

From me, inhuman, hast thou well conceal'd

This treason to my hopes—from me who lov'd thee

Far more than life; from me, who thus inglorious,

In these vile weeds dishonour'd for thy sake—

False Deidamia!

Deid. O! eternal Powers!

Reproach me not; believe me, till this day

I never heard of these detested nuptials:

But now my father urg'd the fatal union;

Trembling I stood, and senseless at the shock,

Felt all my blood congeal'd within my veins.

Ach.

Ach. What canst thou now resolve?

Deid. To hazard all,

But never to forfake thee. Prayers and tears Shall be employ'd to foften Lycomedes: Sure he will yield, if nature's voice can bend A father's heart to fave a darling child: And should he still pursue his cruel purpose, O! never, never must he hope to shake My constant faith. Achilles was the first, The first dear object of my virgin heart, And my last dying breath shall sigh Achilles. Yes, thou may'st see me dead, but never see Thy love betray'd by Deidamia's change.

Ach. Transporting founds! How, how shall I repay

Such unexampled goodness?

Deid. Grant but this: Preserve, if possible, with greater heed, Our secret from discovery.

Ach. What are else 'These woman's vestures?

Deid. But can these avail,
If every action, every look belies them?
Thy free and manly step but ill beseems
The timorous maid; thine eyes too boldly dart
Their wandering glances: every little cause
Excites thy temper's warmth, nor seems thy anger
Such anger as a semale bosom breeds.

vol. II. c If

If but a helm or javelin meet thy fight, Or let them but be nam'd, thy look is chang'd, Thy glaring eye-balls flash with living fire, Pyrrha is lost, and all proclaims Achilles.

Ach. Hard is the talk for nature to reverse Her first designs.

Deid. And fure as hard the task
To oppose a father's will. With such a plea
May Deidamia wed the prince of Chalcis?

Ach. O! never, never! I fubmit—O! pardon—Whate'er thou bidd'ft Achilles shall obey.

Deid. But now you promis'd, yet-

Ach. O! no—this once
I yield to thee: I'll rein my struggling passions,
Nor speak again of war: if I forget
Thy bidding more, to punish my neglect
Fly to my rival's arms, and I forgive thee.

Deid. Be filent—hark! fome stranger is at hand To catch the unguarded found.

#### SCENE X.

#### Enter ULYSSES.

Ach. [meeting Ulys.] And who art thou That rashly hast presum'd to invade these seats Of sacred privacy? What wouldst thou? Speak. Speak, or this insolence—

Deid. Pyrrha! forbear.

Ulys.

ACHILLES IN SCYROS.

Ulys. [aside.] What stern demeanour in a semale form!

Deid. [afide to Ach.] Didst thou not promise-

Ach. [to her.] True, my Deidamia: I fland reprov'd.

Ulyf. Say, are not these the apartments Of royal Lycomedes?

Deid. Lycomedes Refides not here.

Ulys. If I, a stranger, err'd, Forgive the intrusion.

going.

Deid. Yet vouchsafe a word: What feek'st thou with the king?

Ulys. From him the Greeks Request a warlike aid of ships and men, All Greece affembling with confederate arms To avenge the general wrong.

Ach. [afide.] How happy those Who quit the dwellings of enfeebling floth To join this host of heroes!

Deid. [aside.] See 1 already His placid features change.

Ulys. Behold a path Is open'd now to every daring mind That pants for valiant deeds: the vilest breast Must catch the kindling sparks.

Ach. [afide.] And yet Achilles

Still

Still loiters here!

Deid. [afide.] Such converse must not be:

I tremble at the danger—[to Ulys.] Yonder way
Will lead thy steps to Lycomedes' presence.

Stranger, farewell—Come, Pyrrha, let us hence.

[going.

Ach. [returning.] Say, friend, what port receives the Grecian fleet
United for this glorious enterprize?

Deid. [to Ach.] Why, Pyrrha, this delay?

Ach. Behold I follow——

O! tyrant, tyrant love!

[Exit with Deid.

#### SCENE XI.

#### ULYSSES alone.

Or fond defire

To find this youth prefents in every place
His imag'd form, or Pyrrha is Achilles.

I well remember fuch were Peleus' features
In manhood's ripening years—that speech, those
looks—

It must be so—but yet Ulysses' caution
Will not too soon confide: who knows? Appearance

May still deceive me. Should this prove Achilles, I will be wary ere I speak: the time,

The place, each circumstance must all be weigh'd.

That

That pilot rarely ploughs the waves with fafety, Who founds not first the depth. We yet must pause

Till all is ripe before we strike the blow, Then make it sure.

#### SCENE XII.

#### Enter ARCAS.

Arc. Ulysses.

Ulys. Arcas here?

How hast thou found admittance in these walls?

Arc. I saw you enter, and pursu'd your steps.

Ulys. What hast thou learn'd meantime that may import

Our great design?

Arc. But little, good my lord;
That to this land fince first Nearchus came,
A year is now complete: with him he brings
His only daughter, grac'd above her sex
With more than semale gifts: for her the princess,
The royal Deidamia, bears a love,
A wondrous love, beyond a woman's friendship.

Ulys. How dost thou name this virgin?

Arc. Pyrrha.

Ulys. Pyrrha?

Arc. And for her fake Nearchus holds a place
Among

Among the royal train of Scyros' court.

Ulys. And think'st thou this is little thou hast learn'd?

Arc. Why what imports it?

Ulys. O! my trusty friend, In one short moment we have travell'd far. Hear me, and then confess.

#### SCENE XIII.

#### Enter NEARCHUS.

Near. My lord, delay not; Even now the king expects you.

Ulys. Say, which way
Leads to the royal presence?

Near. Yonder passage Conducts us to him.

Ulys. Lead, I follow thee.

[afide to Arc.] Some other time shall tell thee.

[Exit with Near.

# SCENE XIV.

#### ARCAS alone.

Like Ulysses
What man can pierce the veil of human life?
What seems to others dark, to him is light

As

As Sol's meridian beam: nor art, nor nature
E'er form'd his equal. Where is he, who knows
Like him to mould his looks to every passion,
Yet keep his heart a stranger to them all?
Who can, like him, with soft persuasive speech
Enchain the yielding soul? With every moment
Can change his genius, language, form, and likeness?

Such have I never known; still, day by day I watch Ulysses, ever at his side,
And every day I find Ulysses new.

When fummer showers refresh the plain, And skies a changing aspect show; When Sol returning shines again; Thus Iris dyes her various bow.

The gloffy dove, in open light,

Thus shews her many-colour'd plumes;

And when she spreads her wings for slight,

A thousand different hues assumes. [Exit.

#### SCENE XV.

The gardens belonging to the palace,

Achilles, Deidamia.

Deid. Achilles, no; I can no longer trust Thy oft-forgotten promise; should'st thou stay, I know, in presence of Theagenes,

Thy

Thy rage would know no bounds: thy look, thy fpeech

Might foon discover all. If yet thou lov'st me, Leave me, in pity leave me.

Ach. Yet permit me, Retir'd apart, in filence to behold The rival of my love.

Deid. O! Heavens, I tremble

To think what danger waits thee—but he comes.

Ach. [looking out.] Is that the man whose rashness has presum'd!

And shall I tamely bear-

Deid. Is this thy faith?

Already thou forget'ft-

Ach. A hasty impulse-

No more, my love—'tis past, and I am calm,

Deid. Again thy warmth will speak,

Ach. O! no, by Heaven! Forgive me, Deidamia,

[he retires to the back of the stage.

# SCENE XVI.

Enter Lycomedes with Theagenes;
Achilles behind.

Lyc. Dearest daughter, Behold thy husband; thou, Theagenes,

Illustrious

Illustrious prince, behold thy destin'd spouse.

Ach. [behind.] Still, still, my foul, repress thy swelling rage.

Theag. Whoe'er, O princess, hears what Fame relates

Of Deidamia's charms, may deem she flatters; But when he sees you thus, will think her tongue. Has paid but scanty praise. Lo! I subdu'd, Your happy prisoner, yield my freedom here, And give my life in dowery with my love.

Ach. [aside.] Unheard of insolence! [looking disdainfully at Theag. advancing nearer.

Deid. [to Theag.] My merits, prince,
Have ne'er aspir'd so high; nor should you now
So far extol them. [sees Ach. near Theag.
Pyrrha! hence! what mean'st thou?

Ach. I speak not, princess. [retires again.

Deid. [afide.] O! what terror shakes My every sense!

Theag. [to Lyc. observing Ach.] What virginfair is that

Of lofty mien?

Lyc. That virgin is your rival.

Deid. [afide.] I fink with apprehenfion.

Ach. [aside.] Ah! too furely He pierces my disguise.

Lys. [to Theag.] Her name is Pyrrha,

Sole

Sole partner now of Deidamia's love; Nor yet the world, from east to western Ind, E'er saw so constant, or so fond a pair.

Deid. [afide.] He speaks in sportive vein, but little thinks

How well he paints two faithful lovers' vows.

Lyc. What thinks my daughter of the noble confort

Her father's care provides?

Deid. Alas! my lord,

My inexperience knows not yet to prize—

But if I durst——

Lyc. Thou blushest, Deidamia, I read thy heart, and seek to know no further.

The blushes, kindling on thy cheek,
Thy virgin-wishes prove:
Before thy fire thou canst not speak
The tender words of love.

"Twere cruel then my presence here Should but increase thy pain: Farewell, and, freed from every fear, No more thy thoughts restrain. [Exit.

SCENE

### SCENE XVII. -

Deidamia, Theagenes; Achilles behind.

Ach. [afide.] O! that I now could free these coward limbs

From hated female weeds, the weeds of shame!

Theag. Permit me, fairest princess, thus before you

To paint the warmth that glows within my breaft, To tell you all——

Deid. O! fpeak no more of Love——I must not hear—In me behold his foe.

I hate the boast of love-sick sires,
And every plaint of sond desires:
The train of lovers I despise,
And liberty alone I prize.
If all, like me, were thus sincere,
The truth would less offend our ear;
And salsehood then would rarely prove
The bane of those that trust in love.

[Exit Deid. Achilles following, stops at the entrance.

**SCENE** 

# SCENE XVIII.

THEAGENES, ACHILLES.

Theag. [to himself.] Almighty powers! Does Deidamia thus

Receive my vows? In what have I offended? And wherefore then—let me pursue her steps.

[going.

Ach. [meeting him.] Forbear—fay whither would'st thou go?

Theag. I go

To Deidamia: let me once again Renew my suit.

Ach. [refolutely.] It is not now permitted.

Theag. Who shall forbid me?

Ach. I.

Theag. Dost thou forbid me?

Ach. Yes, I forbid thee, prince, and know yet more,

That when I speak, I never speak in vain.

[ going flowly.

Theag. [afide.] The nymphs of Scyros fure are wondrous strange:

Strange in their speech, in their demeanour strange. And yet there's something in this haughty maid

That

That pleases while she threatens—[to Ach.] Hear me, fair-one,

Declare what cause-

Ach. No more—let this suffice.

[going.

Theag. And can you think your words alone will strike

A terror here: that you alone have power To shake the purpose of Theagenes?

Ach. [fternly.] Such power is mine—believe and tremble.

Theag. [aside.] Heavens!

That fierceness kindles here a new commotion.

[Achilles going meets Deid. at the entrance.

Deid. False to my hopes!—And art thou yet content

To fail in every claim of love and honour?

Ach. Alas! 'tis true——I own my warmth betray'd me. [Deid. leaves him.]

Theag. Hear, beauteous nymph! I will obey' your mandate;

But, in return, indulge my fole request:

Give me to know what this refentment means,

And why on me are bent your angry eyes-

And, ah! that figh—that look—you feem confus'd—

Whence is this change? O! speak.—Why are you filent?

Ach.

Ach. I strive to speak, but strive in vain, My frozen lips each word deny: 'Tis Love can issuing words restrain, 'Tis Love can words at will supply.

That Love who, at his choice, can raise
The vile to deeds of high desert:
That Love, who in a moment lays
Beneath his yoke the firmest heart. [Exit.

### SCENE XIX.

#### THEAGENES alone.

Where am I? Sure I dream! In such a face
Anger itself can please—perchance she loves me,
And hence forbids me to pursue a rival.
And can it be? So soon to yield to love;
So soon to feel the pangs of jealous passion!
Such words of menace from a virgin lip;
Such bold deportment from the sex that ever
Is bred in timid softness? Wondrous all!
I know not how; she pains, and yet she charms me.

What eye before has ever feen
Such winning fierceness, pleasing pride,
That love inspires with haughty mien,
And gains the heart by threats defied?

To

To her the fword, the lance refign, And o'er her brows the helmet place; Her form with Pallas' felf may shine, For female charms and martial grace.

Exit.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

# ACT II. SCENE I.

An apartment adorned with statues representing the labours of Hercules.

# ULYSSES, ARCAS.

Arc. All, all, as you have will'd, is now prepar'd. The gifts are ready to prefent the king:
With these I've plac'd a coat of shining mail,
And military weapons. To your followers
'Tis given in charge to seign a sudden tumult,
With warlike clangors. Tell me now what mean
These mysteries unexplain'd? Or what can these
Avail our great design?

Ulys. To find Achilles Amidst a thousand virgins.

Arc. How diffinguish

The youth diffuis'd in vestments of the fair?

Ulys. Mark well and thou shalt soon behold him, Arcas,

With eager eyes devour the dazzling helm And corfelet's plates: but when he hears the din Of clashing arms, and trumpets' brazen sounds, That rouze, with generous notes, the warrior's soul, Then, Arcas, shalt thou see the smother'd slame Burst forth resistless and proclaim Achilles.

Arc. Too flattering are your hopes.

Uly/.

Ulys. I know Achilles,

His warlike genius; from his infant years Arms were his fole delight; and well I know 'Tis vain to oppose the powerful bent of nature, Confirm'd by early habit. Midst the enjoyments Of downy rest, scarce sav'd from stormy seas, The pilot vows to quit the land no more; But when the ftorm is hush'd he leaves again His downy rest, and ploughs secure the waves.

· Arc. You fure have other figns that might direct

Your present search.

Ulys. All other figns are doubtful, But these are certainty. Remember, Arcas, No proof can rank with this, when nature speaks With impulse undifguis'd.

Arc. But if Achilles (As thus you deem) for Deidamia feel Such strong affection, grant him now discover'd, What art shall win him from the fair he loves?

Ulys. With every caution first secure discovery: Discover'd once, Ulysses undisguis'd Will prove all means to affail his fiery temper; Rouze in his breast the latent flame of honour, And kindle on his cheek the glow of shame.

Arc. But how to gain the means of converse with him.

Defended thus from all access?

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Ulyf.

Ulys. The occasion

May yet be found, and heedful let us watch The wish'd-for time, which, should we fail to find, It must be hasten'd—yes, the trial—

Arc. See

Where Pyrrha comes: now feize the moment—

Ulys. Peace:

And look she comes alone: myself will seem
Intent on other thoughts: meanwhile do thou
Observe her every gesture. [they retire behind.

#### SCENE II.

#### Enter Achilles.

Ach. [entering.] See the chief
Whom Greece has fent—But that my fair forbidsit,
How gladly would I join in converse with him.
Yet, fure without offence to Deidamia,
In silence I may here indulge my eyes
To gaze with rapture on his godlike form.

Ulys. [aside to Arc.] What now, my Arcas, say?

Arc. His looks on thee

Are bent with fix'd attention.

Ulys. [examining the statues.] In this palace All speaks a kingly soul. This sculptur'd marble Seems warm with life: behold Alcides there Subdues the hydra: see in every seature

His

His martial spirit, while the artist's hand Informs the stone with all a hero's fire.

[to Arcas.] Mark if he hears.

Arc. [to Ulyf.] He dwells upon your words.

Ulys. [turning to the statues.] Lo ! where he lifts
Antæus from the ground

To hurl him headlong down: the artist here Excels himself. O! how the great example Of godlike virtue, nobly thus express'd, Should warm the generous breast! O! would to Heaven

That I could boast Alcides' mighty deeds! Transcendent hero! yes, thy name shall last, From age to age, to far-succeeding times!

Ach. O! mighty Gods! what tongue shall thus foretel

Of lost, despis'd Achilles!

Ulys. [to Arc.] Arcas, speak: How seems he now?

Arc. He communes with himself, As strongly agitated.

Ulys. Mark him still.

[turning again to the statues.

What do I see? Behold the same Alcides,
The terror late of Erymanthus' woods,
Disguis'd in semale weeds, and plac'd beside
His favourite Iole.—How much he err'd,\*
(Ill-judging sculptor!) to debase his art

With

With fad memorials of a hero's fall!
Alcides here, alas! excites our pity,
No more Alcides fon of thundering Jove.

Ach. 'Tis true, 'tis true—O! my eternal shame!

Ulys. [to Arc.] What think'st thou, Arcas, now?

Arc. He feems to rave With conscious feelings.

Ulys. Let us then accost him.

[advancing to Ach.

Arc. [to Ulyf. afide.] The king's at hand, take heed, lest aught too foon Reveal our chief design.

Ulys. [to Arc.] O ill-tim'd meeting! The work was near complete.

### SCENE III.

### Enter Lycomedes.

Lyc. [entering.] I fought you, Pyrrha, Attend my will. Ulysses, look the sun Declines already to the western waves; Vouchsafe, illustrious guest, with Lycomedes To share the pleasures of the sessive board.

Ulys. Your will, O mighty king, to me is law.

Lyc. At dawning day, Ulysses, shalt thou see
The

The ships and arms the Greeks request from Scyros: Then mark how these exceed thy utmost hopes, And learn from these how Lycomedes honours His brave allies, and how esteems in thee The generous messenger of Greece combin'd.

Ulys. The foul of Lycomedes, ever great,
Still holds her wonted tenor: yes, from me
The Achaian princes, whose confederate powers
Now threaten faithless Troy, shall learn the friendship

Of royal Lycomedes: generous proofs
I bring; these arms and vessels which your care
Has nobly furnish'd for the common cause.

[aside.] But deeper aims are mine; a mightier aid
I mean that Greece shall win from Scyros' shore.

When Troy shall learn the glorious aid I bring from Scyros' shore, Even Hector's self will stand dismay'd, And dread the Grecian power.

This fingle aid he more shall fear,
Than all that rang'd in arms appear
To swell the Grecian host:
Than all the fleet's unnumber'd sail
That spread their canvas to the gale
For Phrygia's distant coast.

[Exit.

**SCENE** 

#### SCENE IV.

# LYCOMEDES, ACHILLES.

Lyc. Would'st thou believe it, Pyrrha? Yes, on thee

Depends the future peace of Lycomedes.

Ach. What mean these words?

Lyc. Yes, dearest maid, 'tis thou Canst make at will a grateful monarch happy.

Ach. What power is mine?

Lyc. My daughter Deidamia, Repugnant to a father's will, rejects The proffer'd union with the prince of Chalcis,

Ach. And wherefore this to me?

Lyc. Thou rul'st at pleasure Her every thought, and all her heart is thine.

Ach. And would you, Lycomedes, ask from me-

Lyc. Yes, teach her to respect a father's choice; Teach her the virtues of a noble husband, And kindle in her breast a slame for him Who merits all her love: so may she meet His sond address with equal fair return, And all a wife's endearments.

Ach. [aside.] Yes, to you, To you, ye weeds of shame, I owe this insult.

Lyc.

Lyc. What fays my Pyrrha?

Ach. Think'st thou then with me Such ministry may suit? Ah! Lycomedes, Thou little know'st me—I? Eternal powers! Shall I?—O! seek some better advocate To enforce a father's will.

Lyc. What fears my Pyrrha? Perchance she deems Theagenes a lover That merits not the hand of Deidamia?

Ach. [afide.] What shall I say? No longer can I bear
Such cruel sufferings.

Lyc. Tell me, can my daughter E'er find a nobler union?

Ach. [aside.] 'Tis too much. [to Lyc.] Hear me, my lord——

# SCENE V.

# Enter NEARCHUS.

Near. [to Lyc.] The banquet is prepar'd, And all, O Lycomedes, wait your presence.

Lyc. Then let us hence. [to Ach.] Remember thou hast heard

My dearest wish: to thee I trust, my Pyrrha; Then to thy friendship let me owe my peace.

Thy

Thy words the stubborn maid may move Her last resolves to own:

To embrace a father's tender love

To embrace a father's tender love, Or meet a father's frown.

Tell her within this breast I bear
The heart of king and fire:
Then let her ease a parent's care,
Or dread a monarch's ire.

[Exit.

# SCENE VI.

# Achilles, Nearchus.

Ach. No more, Nearchus, no, I'll hear no more Of temper or difguise—my soul is fix'd.

No longer hope to abuse my yielding nature:

'Let us depart.

Near. And whither?

Ach. From these limbs

To strip these woman's weeds—Shall I, Nearchus,
Thus basely pass my life, my prime of years?

And must I bear it tamely, while I see
My threats despis'd; and to complete my shame,
Charged with a haughty lord's imperious mandate?
I see, I see by others' great example
My own reproach; nor will I seel each moment

The confcious blush——

Near. The confcious blush——

Ach. Be filent:

I've

I've borne too long thy counsels: different those
The sage Thesalian taught: these seet could then
Outstrip the winds: this arm, in savage wilds,
Would dare the siercest beast, and stem the tide
Of roaring torrents.—Now—did Chiron now
Behold his pupil in these slothful vestures,
Where should I hide? How answer, when with
looks

Of stern reproach he cries: "Where, where, Achilles,

Is now thy fword, with all the warrior's arms?
No mark of Chiron's school, save yonder lyre,
Debas'd from heroes' praise to strains inglorious."

Near. Enough, Achilles, I contend no longer, But yield to reason's force.

Ach. Think'st thou, Nearchus, This life is worthy of me?

Near. No-I own

The generous truth: 'tis time to rouze thy foul From drowfy fleep; shake off that base attire, And haste to scenes where honour calls to prove Thy dauntless heart.—'Tis true, that Deidamia, Depriv'd of thee, must taste of peace no more; Nay, grief perchance may waste her gentle frame Till friendly death—but pause not thou, Achilles, In glory's course: the triumphs thou shalt gain May well outweigh the life of Deidamia.

Ach. The life of Deidamia! think'st thou then
Her

Her constancy will not support our parting?

Near. Her constancy? Ah! what can that avail A tender maid who mourns her lover lost,
The sole dear object of her fondest wishes,
Her comfort and her hope?

Ach. [afide.] O! Heaven!

Near. And know'st thou

That if thou steal'st a moment from her sight A thousand sears distract her? All repose Is banish'd from her breast: with eager warmth Of each she meets she seeks her bosom's lord. How thinks Achilles now she brooks his absence? She knows no peace, but trembling——

Ach. Let us feek
The lovely mourner.

Near. Art thou then prepar'd To quit the port of Scyros?

Ach. No, Nearchus, No, let us now return to Deidamia.

What lover, though his harden'd breast
A tiger's heart contains,
Can leave his dearest maid opprest
With love's afflicting pains?

The pity now that rends my foul, And all the pangs I prove, Must sure a tiger's rage control, When tigers yield to love.

[Exit. SCENE

#### SCENE VII.

#### NEARCHUS alone.

O! miracle of all-commanding love!
Surpassing our belief! When anger fires
His daring soul, Achilles, terrible,
Nor art nor force restrains: his sury then
Would naked rush through circling fires, and meet
Alone a thousand soes: but let him think
On Deidamia once, the fierce Achilles
Forgets his rage and softens to a woman.

The lion stern, whose proud distain
With lordly roar rejects the chain,
Whene'er his keeper's voice he hears,
At once subdu'd his rage appears;
He yields submissive to command,
And mildly licks the chastening hand. [Exit.

SCENE

#### SCENE VIII.

A great hall, a table in the middle: above are placed musicians and numerous spectators. Lycomedes, Theagenes, Deidamia and Ulysses feated at the table. Areas stands by Ulysses, and Achilles by Deidamia. Courtiers, damfels, and pages.

#### CHORUS.

Far, far be hence! unwelcome here,
Intruding thought and jealous fear;
Nor let a moment's gloom appear
To cloud this happy festive day.
While Love inspires and Peace invites,
Affection's mild and calm delights,
Let Joy, that rules o'er social rites,
In every breast exert his sway.

Far, far be hence! unwelcome here, Intruding thought and jealous fear;
Nor let a moment's gloom appear
To cloud this happy festive day.

Lyc. Let every goblet now be circled round With Cretan wine.

Deid. [to Ach.] Thou know'st, my dearest Pyrrha,

Unless thy hand should minister the cup

That

That heavenly nectar to my lips would prove A tasteless beverage.

Ach. I obey. Ah! judge From that obedience if your Pyrrha's heart Is true to Deidamia.

Theag. [observing them.] Strange effect
Of unexampled passion!

[aside.

Ach. [afide, going to take the cup.] Tyrant love!

Lyc. Say, great Ulysses, when your country's

Will loofe their anchors from the Grecian shores.

Ulys. At my return.

Theag. Are all the ships assembled?

Ulys. There only want the friendly aids from Scyros.

Lyc. O! wretched, feeble state of hoary age, That keeps me now from such a glorious fight.

Ulys. [aside.] This is the time for trial. [to Lyc.]
Mighty king,

The thought is worthy thee. What eyes again Shall view fuch arms, fuch leaders, fuch a host Of gallant warriors, countless steeds and vessels, Spears bristled, banners streaming to the wind; All Europe there assembled. Woods and cities Are deserts now: encouraged by their sires, Their reverend sires, who mourn their useless age,

The impatient youth rush forth and fly to arms. [to Arc. afide.] Observe him, Arcas, now.

[during this speech a page brings the cup to Achilles, who, instead of taking it to Deidamia stands listening to Ulysses.

Deid. Pyrrha!

Ach. Forgive me:

My mind estrang'd awhile-

[takes the cup, then stops again to listen.

Ulys. None, none remain
Whose bosoms ever felt the stings of honour,
Or knew a wish for glory: scarcely virgins,
Or tender brides escape the general slame;
And those, whom hard necessity detains,
Rave at their sate and call the Gods unjust.

Deid. What dost thou, Pyrrha?

Ach. I attend your will. [presents her the cup.

Deid. [afide to Ach. taking the cup.] Ingrate! are these thy boasted signs of love?

Ach. [to her.] Be not displeas'd; forgive me, Deidamia.

Lyc. Go, place the wonted lyre in Pyrrha's hand. Now, daughter, urge her with accustom'd skill To raise her voice and join the sounding chords: She nothing can deny thee.

Deid. [to Ach.] If thou lov'st me

Attend

Attend my father's wish.

Ach. If fuch your will

I shall obey—O! tyranny of love! [afide. [a page gives him the lyre, and a feat is placed for him near the table.

Theag. [afide.] I am bewilder'd whilst I see two maids

Thus knit in strange affection.

Ulys. [aside to Arc.] Arcas, hear: Now is the time—thou know'st—

Arc. I know it well.

Exit.

[Achilles takes his feat and fings, accompanying his voice with the lyre.

When love has firmly bound the foul, And bid the heart obey, He rules the will without control, And rules with tyrant fway.

His cruel frauds, on every hand,
He spreads alike for all:
Not valour can his power withstand,
And wisdom's self must fall.

If Jove, of gods and men the fire, In fnowy plumage dreft, Essay'd with tuneful notes to fire. The tender Leda's breast:

If

If once amongst the herds he pac'd
For fair Europa's sake;
'Twas love who thus the god debas'd
Such borrow'd forms to take.

Whoe'er betray'd by female smiles
Would join the train of Love,
Too late shall find his cruel wiles,
And lasting forrow prove.

The tyrant wills that every flave
Should kifs the galling chains;
Should boast the sufferings Beauty gave,
And triumph in his pains.

[here the fong is interrupted by the followers of Ulysses bringing in the presents for the king.

Lyc. Say, who are these?

Ulys. My followers, mighty prince, Who humbly lay before your royal feet These slender presents brought from Ithaca. Forgive the freedom, if in these I offer The accustom'd thanks of no ungrateful guest. If I presume too much, my country's usage Must plead forgiveness for me.

Lyc. Gifts like these Speak well the generous doner

Ach.

Ach. [approaching observes the armour.] Heavenly powers!

What do I see!

Lyc. [looking at the vefts.] Not even in princely
Tyre

No purple ever glow'd with brighter hue.

Theag. [looking at the vafes.] I ne'er till now beheld the sculptur'd vase

So fram'd and fashion'd by a master hand.

Deid. [looking at the jewels.] And never fure on India's wealthy shore

Were feen fuch dazzling gems.

Ach. [goes nearer.] What eyes till now Have e'er beheld fuch glorious splendid arms?

Deid. [afide to Ach.] What would'st thou, Pyrrha? Go, resume the lyre,

And tune again thy fong.

Ach. [returning to his feat.] O pain to suffer!

Cry within. To arms! to arms!

[a noise is heard of arms and warlike instruments: all the guests rise with looks of astonishment and fear except Achilles, who remains seated with an intrepid air. Arcas re-enters with seeming terror.

Lyc. What fudden tumult's this?

Arc. Ulysses, haste

And curb thy followers' fury.

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Ulys.

Ulys. What has chanc'd?

Arc. I know not why, but with the royal guards' They mix in cruel fight: expect this moment To fee a thousand threatening falchions drawn.

Deid. Affist me, Gods! O! whither shall I fly To save me from their fury? [runs out.

Theag. Princess, stay [follows her.

Within. To arms! to arms!

[Lycomedes draws his fword and runs to the tumult. Noise of arms continues. All fly but Ulysses, Arcas and Achilles. Ulysses and Arcas stand apart to observe Achilles, who starts from his seat with great emotion.

### SCENE IX.

Achilles, Ulysses and Arcas apart.

Ach. Almighty powers! where am I?
What did I hear? Methinks I feel my hair
Upstart with frenzy! Ah! what cloud is this
Obscures my fight! What sudden fire now glows
Within my bosom!—I can hold no longer—
To arms! to arms!

[walks to and fro with a furious-air, then fuddenly stops and observes the lyre still in his hand.

Ulys. [to Arc.] Observe him, Arcas, well.

Ach. And is this lyre a weapon for Achilles? No, fortune now provides me nobler arms

More

More worthy of me—Hence! to earth, to earth! Vile instrument of shame!

[dashes it on the ground, and goes to the table to take the arms from the presents brought by Ulysses.

This hand debas'd

Shall wield the ponderous buckler's honour'd weight,

And this the gleaming fword.

[takes the shield and sword.

Ah! now I feel,

I know myself Achilles—Lead me, Gods! To meet the glorious labours of the field, And dare with fingle force a thousand soes.

Ulys. If this be not Achilles, tell me, Arcas, What hero shall we name him? [coming forward.

Ach. Heavens! Ulysses! What would'st thou say?

Ulys. Exalted youth! Achilles!

Offspring of Gods! at length permit Ulysses
To class thee to his breast: 'tis now no time
For vain dissimulation—thou art he,
The hope, the glory of exulting Greece,
And Asia's terror. Wherefore then suppress
The great emotions of thy generous heart?
Are they not worthy of thee? O! indulge,
Indulge them, noble youth—I see, I see
Thou canst no more disguise them——Come, I'll
guide thee

To

To victory and triumph. Greece, in arms, Awaits but thee, and Asia's hostile sons Shall tremble at thy single name—away!

Ach. Then lead me hence; conduct me where thou wilt—

But yet, Ulysses-

Ulys. Whence this sudden pause?

Ach. And what of Deidamia?-

Ulys. Deidamia

Will see thee on some future day return, With laurels crown'd, more worthy of her love.

Ach. But whilst, alas !-

Ulys. Yes, whilst the earth is fill'd
With war's destructive slames, would'st thou, conceal'd

From every eye, here linger out thy life
In vile repose? Remotest times shall tell
How fierce Tydides sapp'd the Dardan walls;
How Hestor from Idemeneus obtain'd
His arms and spoils; how Sthenelus and Ajax
Laid Priam's throne in ashes; whilst Achilles,
(What did Achilles?) he, in semale garb
Amongst the maids of Scyros dragg'd his days,
Lull'd by the distant sound of valiant deeds.
Forbid it, Gods! O! rouse at length—efface
This blot of honour—O! permit no longer
That any eye should see that vile disguise.
O! could'st thou in thyself behold a prince,

A warrior

A warrior thus difgrac'd with all the mockery
Of female trappings!—In that shield reslected
Thou may'st contemplate—Know'st thou there
Achilles?

[points to the shield.

Ach. O! treble shame! off! off! ye foul difguises!

Reproach to manhood! [tears his vefts.] How have I endur'd them?

Ulysses, hence to sheath these limbs in arms, Nor let me longer pine in shameful bonds.

Ulys. Follow me then—[aside.] The day at length is ours.

[as they are going on one fide Nearchus enters on the other.

### SCENE X.

# Enter NEARCHUS.

Near. Where goest thou, Pyrrha? Pyrrha.

Ach. [turning.] O! thou base-one! Let not that name again escape thy lips, Nor dare henceforth remind me of my shame.

Near. Hear me—and wilt thou thus depart?
Thy princes—

Ach. Tell her from me-

Ulys. Achilles, let us go.

Near. What can I say from thee to Deidamia?

Ach.

Ach. O! tell her, midst, her cruel woes, To love me still, nor vainly mourn: To her Achilles constant goes, And constant will to her return.

Tell her those lovely eyes alone
Shall ever rule my faithful heart:
She ever there maintain'd her throne,
And thence she never shall depart.

[Exit with Ulysses.

#### SCENE XI.

### NEARCHUS alone.

Eternal powers! what fudden ftorm has wreck'd My dearest hopes! And should Achilles go Where shall I fly? Ah! who will save me then From angry Thetis? After years of care, Such toils, such watchings, every art employ'd? O! Heavens!

# SCENE XII.

# Enter Deidamia.

Deid. [entering.] Where is he? Lead me, lead me to him—
Where is my life, my love?

Near. Ah! Deidamia,

Achilles

Achilles is no longer yours.

Deid. Nearchus, What mean thy fatal words?

Near. Alas! my princess, He leaves you, he forsakes you.

Deid. Oft before

Thy vain fuspicions have alarm'd my fears.

Near. Would I were still deceiv'd!——Alas!
Ulysses

Has now discover'd all; has found Achilles, And forc'd him hence.

Deid. And could'st thou thus, Nearchus,
Permit him to depart? O! haste, pursue him—
Ah! wretched Deidamia!—hear me yet—
This stroke indeed was death!—why dost thou
tarry?—

Did I not fend thee hence?

Near. I go, my princess, But all I fear in vain.

[Exit.

### SCENE XIII.

### Deidamia alone.

Achilles leaves me!

Achilles then forsakes me!—Ah! ingrate!

And could he harbour such a thought and live?

Is this his promis'd faith? Are these the fruits

Of-

Of long protesting love?—But while I rave
In fond complaints, the traitor spreads his fails—
O! let us haste to stop his treacherous slight.
My forrow knows no bounds—away—should all
Avail me nothing, let the perjur'd man
See Deidamia on the shore expire,
Then fail in triumph from the port of Scyros.

#### SCENE XIV.

### Enter THEAGENES.

Theag. O! princess most belov'd-

Deid. [aside.] Ill-tim'd intrusion, To break on my distraction!

Theag. Ah! permit me
To learn the foft emotions of your heart,
If yet your love——

Deid. It is not now a time To talk of love,

Theag. Yet hear me.

Deid. O! forbear-

Theag. But for a moment.

Deid. [impatiently.] O! Immortal powers!

Theag. At length, my plighted bride, at early day—

Deid. For pity's fake distract me now no more-

See'st

See'st thou not, cruel, how distrest,

A thousand torments rend my breast,

That all I ask is lasting rest,

Which only death can give?

And see'st thou not my tortur'd mind

Detests itself, detests mankind,

And longer loathes to live?

Exit.

#### SCENE XV.

#### THEAGENES alone.

Mysterious all! what wisdom can explain
The wonders of this day? What means the princess?

What can her words import? She furely raves, Or feeks to shake my reason. Do I dream? Wake, wake, Theagenes—How art thou lost, Without a clue to tread this various maze!

Did she in truth, or sportive strain Address my wondering ear? I seek to explore her sense in vain, And doubt of all I hear.

By fympathy, in forrow join'd,
We others' fighs partake;
Then fure another's frantic mind
In ours may frenzy wake.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

2

ACT

### ACT III. SCENE I.

Porticoes of the palace adjoining to the sea. Ships near the shore.

Ulysses, Achilles in a military drefs.

Ulys. Achilles, I confess the hero now; I see thee all thyself. O! how the dress Of semale weeds obscur'd thy godlike mien! Behold the warrior now. The serpent thus Forth issues to the sun, with youth renew'd, And as he rides on golden spires, or trails His lengthen'd curls, rejoices in his strength.

Ach. To thee, O mighty chief, Achilles owes A life restor'd: but like a captive scarce Releas'd from bonds, I doubt my freedom still; Still seem to view the dungeon's dreary gloom, And hear the clanking of inglorious chains.

Ulys. [looking out.] Why comes not Areas yet? [afide.

Ach. Are these, Ulysses, Thy ships that sail'd from Greece?

Ulys. They are: nor less
Will these with pride exult, than Argo once,
To bear their glorious burthen, while Achilles
Can fingly weigh against that band of heroes,
And all the treasures brought from Phryxus' shore.

Ach.

Ach. Then wherefore this delay?

Ulys. Ho! mariners,

Approach the land—[afide.] And yet I fee not Arcas.

Ach. Why are not these Scamander's hostile shores?

There, there it shall be known how soon Achilles Will cancel every fault, when glorious toils Of fighting fields shall wash my stains away. This sword shall plead forgiveness for the hours, The stothful hours of Scyros: then perhaps My trophies gain'd may swell the trump of same, And leave no time to blaze my follies past.

Ulys. O! glorious warmth! O! godlike sense of shame!

That well befits Achilles: never, never
Such virtue could be hid from human kind,
And buried in the narrow bounds of Scyros.
Too far, O Thetis! thy maternal fears
Betray'd thy better fense: thou might'st have known
That here to keep conceal'd so fierce a flame,
All arts were vain and every labour fruitless.

Enclos'd in earth's capacious caves,
A fmother'd fire indignant raves,
And bursts at length its narrow bound;
Proud cities, woods, destroys and burns,
And forests shakes, and hills o'erturns,
And spreads a ghastly ruin round.

Ach.

Ach. Behold the vessels now approach the shore: Ulysses, follow me. [going towards the sea.

#### SCENE II.

# Enter ARCAS in haste,

Ulys. [afide to Arc.] Areas, what means Thy long delay?

Arc. Let us with speed embark Lest aught obstruct our purpose.

Ulys. Say what mean'st thou?

Arc. Depart, depart, and thou shall learn it all,

Ulys. Give me at least some token.

Arc. Deidamia,

Wild with her love, and blinded with her rage, Purfues our steps: I could no longer stay her, And slew before to bear the unwelcome tidings.

Ulys. This dangerous meeting must not be, my Arcas.

Ach. [returning impatient.] Why do we linger thus?

Ulys. Behold me ready.

Ach. [to Arc.] What cause disturbs thee thus? fay, Arcas.

Arc. Nothing.

Ulys. Let us depart.

Ach.

Ach. [to Arc.] What mean those frequent looks Cast back with anxious search? What sear'st thou? Speak.

Ulys. [aside.] O! mighty Gods!

Arc. [to Ach.] My lord, I fear, perhaps— The king perhaps may hear of our departure, And feek by force to stay us.

Ach. Seek by force?

Am I his prisoner then, and would he thus-

Ulys. No—but 'tis prudent we should fly from all That might detain us.

Ach. Shall Achilles fly?

Ulys. Let us not waste the time in vain delays: Haste to the sea—the winds and waves invite us.

[takes Achilles by the hand, and goes with him towards the sea-shore.

## SCENE III.

# Enter Deidamia.

Deid. Ah! whither, whither goest thou, O!
Achilles?

Yet stay and hear me.

[Achilles turns and fees Deidamia: both remain fome time filent.

Ulys. [aside.] Now indeed I fear.

Ars.

Arc. [afide.] Behold where love and glory both contend.

Deid. Inhuman man! and is it possible? Could'st thou then leave me?

Ulys. [aside to Ach.] If thou mak'st reply Thou art vanquish'd.

Ach. [to Ulyf.] Fear me not; whate'er my feelings,

I'll struggle to suppress them.

Deid. Such reward,

O cruel! dost thou yield for love like mine? Could such a form conceal a treacherous heart? Learn hence, too easy maidens, learn from him To trust a lover's faith: even now he swore Eternal constancy, and in a moment Forgets it all—departs, forsakes me thus, Without one tender sigh, one last adieu.

Ach. [aside.] My breaking heart!

Arc. [aside.] He melts.

Deid. What cause could make thee
At once my soe? Alas! what have I done?
What crime of mine can merit thus thy hatred?

Ach. No, princess, no-

Ulys. Achilles——

Ach. [to Ulyf.] But one word: I ask no more.

Ulyſ.

Ulys. [aside.] Then all is lost.

Ach. [to Deid.] No, princess,
Believe me not a traitor or thy soe:
Eternal truth I've sworn and I will keep it.
The rigid laws of honour tear me from thee;
But I'll return more worthy of thy love.
If silent I depart, think not my silence
Was scorn or hatred: O! 'twas fear and pity.
Pity for thee, a prey to tender sorrow,
And fear that constancy in me would prove
Unequal to the task: the first, alas!
I well foresaw, the last I dar'd not trust.
I know thou lov'st me dearer than thy life,
And well I know—

Ulys. Achilles.

Ach. See me here Prepar'd to quit the port.

Arc. [afide.] And yet he comes not.

Ach. [to Deid.] Still in my breast-

Deid. No more—'tis now too late—
Forgive my transports to excess of love.
'Tis true, Achilles owes himself to Greece,
To all the world, and to his own renown.
Then go—no longer I oppose thy purpose:
My heart's affection shall attend thee still;
But since I here without thee must remain,
O! be the stroke less dreadful—leave me not
Thus unprepar'd: allow my feeble virtue

Some

Some time for recollection—but one day—I ask no more—go then, depart in peace. Such grace is not denied a wretch condemn'd To meet his death; and can I doubt Achilles Will now refuse this grant to Deidamia?

Arc. [aside.] If the obtain a day the conquers all.

Deid. Ah! think—Ah! fpeak—thy downcast eyes are fix'd

In penfive filence still.

Ach. [to Ulyf.] What fays Ulyffes?

Ulys. 'Tis at thy choice, Achilles, to depart, Or here abide: to me is not permitted A longer tarriance here: resolve to quit The port, or leave me to embark alone.

Ach. [aside.] O! cruel state!

Deid. Yet answer me, Achilles.

Ach. Fain would I stay in pity to thy grief,
But heard'st thou not Ulysses? [points to Ulys.

Ulys. Well-resolve.

Ach. [to Ulyf.] I would purfue thy steps, but feest thou not

Who pleads against thee?

[ points to Deid.

Deid. 'Tis enough-I fee

Thy choice is made and thou prepar'st to leave me. Go then, ungrateful man! farewell for ever.

[going.

Ach. Stay, Deidamia.

[ follows her. Ulvf.

Ulys. I perceive, Achilles,
Thy purpose to remain. Irresolute,
Degenerate youth! I leave thee and depart.

[going.

Ach. Ulysses, stay.

Deid. [to Ach.] What would'st thou?

Ulys. Whither tends

Thy purpose now?

Ach. I would, my Deidamia,
Indulge thy wish—[aside.] O Heaven! what means
this weakness.

[to Ulyf.] To thee, Ulyffes, would I yield my guidance—

[afide.] But this were furely cruel—If my glory Exact obedience here, there love denies it.

Arc. [afide.] 'Tis doubtful which will conquer.

Deid. Since to grant me
So light a boon excites such painful struggles,
I press no further—yet one grace I ask
More worthy thee: depart, but ere thou goest,
Deep in my bosom plunge thy glorious sword,
This will avail us both: for thou, Achilles,
Wilt thus begin to inure thy soul to slaughter,
And Deidamia shun a lingering death:
So may'st thou gladly go, and go unquestion'd.
I die content, if he, whom still my heart
Must ever love, dear master of my sate,
If he, alas! who has refus'd me life,
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At least in pity thus concludes my woes. [weeps.

Arc. [afide.] Were I Achilles I could hold no longer.

·Deid. Thy last best gift-

Ach. Ah! cease—lament no more: Ulysses, longer to reject her suit Were useless cruelty.

Ulys. So thinks Achilles.

Ach. She asks but for a day; a single day May surely be indulg'd me.

Ulys. Not a day.

I go to tell the affembled Argive chiefs
The glories of Achilles; yes, from me
Each ear may learn what generous to ils have cleans'd
His fame; what great amends his fword has made
For all his floth at Scyros, and by him
What numerous trophies fill the mouth of fame.

Ach. But valour loses not-

Ulys. Talk not of valour.

Strip off those arms, a useless load for Pyrrha. What ho! bring forth the hero's silken robes, And let him rest awhile: his fainting brows Enough have felt the helmet's massy weight.

Arc. [afide.] How well Ulysses proves his every art

To rouse the latent hero.

Ach. [to Ulys.] Am I Pyrrha?

To

To me the filken robes?

Ulys, O! no-thou giv'st

Great proofs of manly mind: thou canst not conquer

One weak, one poor affection.

Ach. [firmly.] Better learn To know Achilles—let us go.

Deid. Achilles:

· And wilt thou leave me?

Ach. Strong necessity Compels me.

Deid. Say'st thou?

Ach. Longer to remain
Were fatal to my honour—Deidamia,
Farewell!

[goes resolutely to the ship; is about to ascend the deck, then stops. Ulysses and Arcas follow. Deidamia continues some time immoveable.

Arc. [afide.] Ulysses' taunts at length have rous'd

His sleeping honour.

Ulys. [aside.] Yet we are not secure.

Deid. Barbarian! traitor! wilt thou then be gone?

Is this a lover's parting?—Tyranny
Beyond example!—Hence thou fly'st from me,

i

F 2 But

Rut shalt not fly from Heaven—If Gods are just, And pity human sufferings, all will join To punish thy misdeeds: my injur'd ghost Shall haunt thy sight and witness my revenge. Already now my soul enjoys the thought!— I see the lightnings slash—O! no, forbear, Vindictive powers!—if one must pay the forseit, O! spare that breast belov'd and strike at mine. If cruel he has chang'd his former self, Yet Deidamia's heart is still the same:

For him I liv'd, for him I now will die. [ faints.

Ach. Ah! let me fly [to Ulyf.

Ulys. And whither would Achilles?

Ach. To fave my Deidamia.

Ulys. Then no longer-

Ach. And canst thou hope that I will leave her thus?

Ulys. Are these thy proofs of valour?

Ach. [in unger.] Thou would'st ask
For proofs of valour, proofs of cruelty.
—Ulysses, give me way.

[breaks from him and runs to Deidamia.

Arc. [aside.] Then Love has conquer'd.

Ach. My life! my princess! hear me—mighty Gods!

She answers not—lift up those lovely eyes, Behold, behold thy own Achilles here.

Ulyf.

Ulys. I fear, my Arcas, 'tis not now a time. To hope for victory: we must resign. The palm, and seek the field with other arms. \[Exit with Arcas, unseen by Achilles.

#### SCENE IV.

# DEIDAMIA, ACHILLES.

Deid. Ah! me.

[recovering.

Ach. The Gods be prais'd! she breathes again.

O! no, my hope, Achilles will not leave thee.

Deid. Art thou indeed Achilles? Sure I dream What would'st thou now?

Ach. All peace to thee, my love.

Deid. Could'st thou, unkind, refuse a single day?

And now thou com'st----

Ach. It was not I oppos'd

Thy gentle wish—behold thy foe—but, ha!

What can this mean? Ulysses is not here:

He leaves me then.

## SCENE V.

### Enter NEARCHUS.

Near. If you would find Ulysses, He seeks the king, and with his fanction means To bear you, thus discover'd, to his ships.

Deid.

Deid. This only wanted to complete my fufferings:

All must be then reveal'd to Lycomedes.

Near. Believe not now your fecret first disclos'd. Theagenes, alarm'd at your distraction, Soon found the cause, and hasted to the king, Who holds him now in converse.

Deid. O! ye Powers!
Unhappy Deidamia! what has fate
In store? If you, Achilles, should forsake me,
Where shall I sly for pity?

Ach. I forfake thee
In fuch a trial!—no—my first exploit
Would then be impious treason: calm thy fears,
And trust to me thy fortune and my own.

May heavenly powers thy peace redeem,
And give thy tears relief;
And hope, like fummer meteors, stream
Through transient clouds of grief.

Those eyes shall point their guiding ray
In love and honour's course;
'Tis they that give and take away
My courage and my force.

[Exit.

SCENE

#### SCENE VI.

# Deidamia, Nearchus.

Deid. Support me, O! Nearchus, give me comfort.

Near. Alas! what comfort can I give, oppres'd With doubts and terrors that exceed thy own?

Deid. Ye pitying Gods! if my affections ever Were innocent and pure, do you protect me: Dispel the cloud that wraps me thus in darkness. If love's a crime, I must confess I err'd; If love like mine be guilt—I lov'd Achilles.

Let all, who now my passion blame,
Those manly beauties trace;
And learn, what best defends my fame,
From that enchanting face.

That face, which feems by Heaven defign'd To kindle Love's alarms,

Bespeaks no less a hero's mind

To dare the field in arms.

[Exit.

# SCENE VII.

### NEARCHUS alone.

Go, go, Nearchus, now, and proudly triumph In all thy prosperous cares: to Thetis tell How arts, like thine, could tame the sierce Achilles. Boaft Boast every studied speech of fawning slattery, And all thy soothing phrase of timid counsels. Lo! how thy hopes are crush'd: Ulysses singly Has bassled every plan.—What stars averse Could send this crasty Greek to Scyros' shore?

I yield to fate, my hopes are crost;
My strength is gone, my courage lost:
Against me winds and waves prevail;
My oars are broke and rent my fail,
And nought remains my bark to guide,
That floats at random down the tide. [Exit.

#### SCENE VIII.

# The Palace,

LYCOMEDES, ACHILLES, THEAGENES, attendants.

Ach. And does not Lycomedes deign to answer When thus Achilles sues?

Theag. Great king, what means
This doubtful filence? Yield, O! yield at length
To my request, and to Achilles' wishes.
Why do you pause? Perhaps your mind revolves
The promise given to me: but think not, sir,
Theagenes so weighs his little merits
Against such nuptials. Well I know from these
What earth and heaven expect. The Gods themselves

Have fram'd this union: Fate could never weave Such

Such strange events but for mysterious ends.

Does love offend you? In a virtuous bosom

Can love be guilt? Perhaps your mind revolts

From such a fraud; but Thetis here is guilty,

And Thetis now is punish'd. Thus attir'd,

She hop'd from every eye to hide her son,

And made him known to all. These spousal rites

Will glad the exulting earth, that ne'er till now

Beheld such valour, worth and beauty join'd.

On these what savouring grace will Heaven bestow,

Both sprung from heavenly seed! What sons

from these

Our hopes may form, when, Lycomedes, you, And you, Achilles, boast for ancestry A countless line of heroes?

Ach. [afide.] Could I ever Have hop'd Theagenes to plead my cause?

Lyc. Achilles, yes, a name fo great as thine Engrosses all my thoughts. What can I answer To nuptials so desir'd? Theagenes With generous zeal approves, and Heaven commands them.

Thou ask'st her hand, Achilles, and a father Confirms the grant. With wonder I contemplate Such strange adventures, and in these, respectful Adore the wisdom of the immortal powers.

Ach. Ah! Lycomedes, ah! Theagenes——O! fly and hasten hither to my sight

My

My love, my plighted bride. [to the attendants. [to Theag.] Ah! prince, to thee What does Achilles owe? My lord, my father, How shall my foul with gratitude repay This precious gift? [to Lyc.]

Lyc. Enough for Lycomedes

To be the father of a fon like thee.

Since thou art mine let Fortune deal
The worst a mortal fears:
I scorn each foe, and less I feel
The weight of drooping years.

Thus he, that on some ancient tree
Engrafts a tender shoot,
Shall springing greens and blossoms see
Adorn the wasting root.

# SCENE IX.

### Enter ULYSSES.

Ach. O! come, Ulysses, thou perhaps hast heard Achilles' happiness.

Ulys. Far other cares

Have brought me hither. [to Lyc.] Mighty king,
it now

Imports that all difguise be cast aside:

I must at length declare the will of Greece:

Know then——

Lyc. Already is it known, Ulysses,
And every part shall meet a fair reply.

SCENE

### SCENE LAST.

## Enter DEIDAMIA attended.

Ach. [meeting Deid.] O! dearest, best belov'd! and art thou come

To bless these eyes? Did I not tell thee, sweet, That still for us propitious sate would smile?

Deid. [kneels to Lyc.] My king, my father, prostrate at your feet—

Lyc. Rife, Deidamia, 'twere superfluous now To hear thee further. I already know The high decrees of Heaven. With me it rests To end a mighty contest. Hear, my daughter; Glory and Love with rival power contend To usurp their empire o'er Achilles' heart. This feeks to make it but the gentle feat Of fost affections: THAT would banish all But martial ardors: both alike unjust In either claim. Declare, even thou, Ulysses, What were our hero's praife, to breathe alone Fury and wrath? And fay, my Deidamia, What were Achilles should he languish ever In love's enfeebling cares? No, let him go To where the trumpet's noble call invites him, But let him go thy husband: to thy arms Again returning grac'd with glorious wreaths; Repose shall thus relieve the toils of honour,

The

The toils of honour dignify repose.

Ach. What fays my Deidamia? Speak. What fays

The fage Ulysses?

Deid. When a father wills, No voice has Deidamia.

Ulys. Greece, O! king, Shall hear and shall applaud your wife decree.

Ach. Then nothing more remains to crown our blifs.

Lyc. Let now these bands, by either long desir'd, Unite the illustrious pair, while Love and Glory Henceforth are one, and join in lasting peace.

#### Chorus.

Behold, behold, ye happy pair!
Descending soft through yielding air,
Where Hymen shews his torch from fat,
His purple veil expands.
Behold the God with smiles sustain
The links that frame the marriage chain,
For you, on Heaven's ethereal plain,
Prepar'd by heavenly hands.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

DEMOPHOON.

DEMOPHOON.

#### PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

DEMOPHOON, King of THRACE.

DIRCE, privately married to TIMANTHES.

CREUSA, Princess of PHRYGIA.

TIMANTHES, privately married to DIRCE.

CHERINTHUS, in love with CREUSA.

Mathustus, a nobleman of the court.

Adrastus, Captain of the royal guards.

OLINTHUS, a child, the fon of TIMANTHES and DIRCE.

The Scene lies in THRACE.

# DEMOPHOON.

### ACT I. SCENE I.

Gardens adjoining to several apartments of Demophoon's palace.

# DIRCE, MATHUSIUS.

Dir. Believe me, fir, a parent's fond affection But hurries on that evil which you dread: Why should you hope to see your daughter's me Alone exempted from the fatal urn? You plead the king perhaps——

Mat. And just the plea:

Am I, because a subject, less a father?

Apollo wills some virgin nobly born

Should stain his altar every year with blood

On this returning day; but yet excludes not

The maids of royal birth. Let him who shews

Such rigid zeal to enforce the laws divine,

Teach others patience by his own example:

Let him recall those daughters kept at distance

With artful policy: let him expose

Their names in yonder urn; and let him feel

What pangs distract a wretched parent's breast,

When his heart trembles as the priest draws near

The dreadful vase, while with a solemn mien His lips prepare to speak the victim's name. So may he blush with conscious shame to think He could till now with cruel pride look on, The tame spectator of another's woe.

Dir. Thou know'st the laws are subject to the king.

Mat. The laws of man, but not the laws of Heaven.

Dir. Yet these a king explains.

Mat. Not when the Gods So fully speak their will.

Dir. Yet ne'er so fully-

Mat. Dirce, no more—I am refolv'd.

Dir. O fir!

Reflect awhile; quick runs the flame of wrath In mighty men, but flowly is extinguish'd: 'Twere rashness to provoke impending rage That's arm'd with power. Alas! the king already Beholds you with an unpropitious eye. I dread to think, if, now too far provok'd, He find new matter to augment his hatred, What mischief may ensue!

Mat. In vain thou tell'st me Of wrath or hatred in his breast: while reason. Afserts my cause, and Heaven inspires my thoughts.

No

No longer shall this bosom groan, Oppres'd beneath its load of woe: Or the proud monarch on his throne, With me shall equal anguish know.

We both are fathers, both confess
The fears a father's fondness brings:
Paternal love inspires no less
The hearts of subjects than of kings.

[Exit.

# SCENE II.

#### Enter TIMANTHES.

Dir. O were my lord less distant!—Heavens!

Timan. My dearest wife!

Dir. Ah! hold, fome ear perhaps
May catch the unwary found. Remember, prince,
A subject whose presumptuous love has dar'd
To match with royal blood, must yield her life
A forseit for the offence.

Timan. Fear not, my love!
None hears, nor shall—Timanthes is thy guard.

Dir. What friendly power restores thee to my arms!

G

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Timan.

Timan. My father's mandate brings me from the camp;

The cause to me unknown. But tell me, Dirce, Dost thou still love me? Art thou still the same, As when I left thee at the call of honour; And are thy thoughts still constant to Timanthes?

Dir. And canst thou ask me? Canst thou doubt my faith?

Timan. O Heaven! I doubt thee not; I know thy truth:

But yet forgive me, if my too fond heart
Delights to hear the pleafing found repeated
From those dear lips. How fares my boy Olinthus,
The precious pledge of our connubial joys?
Say, does his beauty with his years increase?
Do his young features speak a father's likeness,
Or bloom they with a mother's softer charms?

Dir. Already have his tender feet begun
To form uncertain steps: his looks already
Assume the manly sternness, mix'd with grace,
That charm'd me in his sire: but when he smiles
He's all thyself; then fondly gazing on him
Methinks I look on thee: how oft deceiv'd
With the dear thought, I strain him to my bosom,
And in the son embrace the absent father.

Timan. Where is he now, my Dirce? Lead me to him;

O let me see my boy!

Dir.

Dir. Forbear, my lord,
Awhile suppress a parent's tenderness:
He lives conceal'd; but 'midst the observing eyes
That round us watch, to attempt access to him,
At every hour, were dangerous. Oh! what anguish
Attends the mystery of our loves conceal'd!

Timan. I'm weary of dissembling thus; no more I'll bear these doubts and sears: this day shall yield Some blest expedient to relieve our pains.

Dir. Alas! still greater dangers now impend: This is the day of annual facrifice; And Dirce's name must stand the fatal chance. Such is the king's command, my anxious father Has dar'd to oppose it, and from their contention My fears increase.

Timan. And does Mathusius know
Our hands are join'd in Hymen's facred ties?

Dir. Forbid it, Heaven! for Dirce then were lost.

Timan. Yet hear me; let us now perfuade the king

To feek the Oracle again; by this At least we gain more time for further thought.

Dir. Already this is done.

Timan. And what success?

Dir. Short was the answer, and in terms obfcure.

G 2 "Beneath

- "Beneath the wrath of Heaven your land must groan,
  - "Till time disclose the secret cause to light;
- " 'Till to himself reveal'd the offender's known, " Who guiltless now usurps a prince's right."

Timan. Darkness and clouds!

Dir. And should my lot be drawn

For this day's facrifice, what hopes remain?

I fear not death; no, for her country's sake,

Most gladly Dirce would submit to sate:

But Phœbus' words demand a virgin's blood.

Shall I, a wife and mother, dare approach

His sacred altars, an unhallow'd victim?

Thus if I speak or not, I still am guilty;

My silence Heaven, my speech offends the king.

Timan. In desperate dangers desperate means are needful:

The king must know the story of our nuptials.

Dir. But how to evade the fentence of the law Impending o'er my head?

Timan. A monarch made,
A monarch can revoke the stern decree.
Demophoon, though severe, is yet a father,
And I a son: full well, my love, we know
By fond experience what those names import;
Nor do I now obscurely come before him:
I bring all Scythia vanquish'd, Phasis quell'd,

To

To welcome my return: my father fure May yield me fome reward for kingdoms conquer'd.

If these suffice not, tears at least shall move him; I'll kneel a suppliant at his awful throne, Embrace his knees, and melt him to compassion.

Dir. Alas!--I doubt.

Timan. My Dirce, doubt no more;
Commit thy future destiny to me:
Go then, but let this fix'd assurance still
Dwell in thy mind, and calm thy troubled thoughts;
Timanthes will be ever watchful o'er thee,
And hold thy peace far dearer than his own.

Dir. In thee I hope, my dearest love!

To thee my fate resign:

Whate'er for thee I'm doom'd to prove,

With pleasure shall be mine.

When death creeps chilly to my breast,

Could I but this obtain,

To boast I die of thee possess,

I should not die in vain.

[Exit.

### SCENE III.

# TIMANTHES alone.

O Fortune! wherefore did thy lavish hand Bestow on Dirce every semale charm;

Beauty

Beauty unmatch'd, and virtue scarcely human, Yet blindly place her in a subject's rank?
But be it so——it rests on me to amend
The partial error: Thrace, some suture day,
With joy shall view her partner of my throne.
But see, my father comes; no longer let me
Conceal the secret from him.

#### SCENE IV.

Enter DEMOPHOON attended.

Demo. Prince!—my fon!

Timan. My lord! my father!

[kneels and kiffes his hand.

Demo. Rife.

Timan. Behold me here, Obedient to your royal will.

Demo. I know

Thy warlike genius brooks not peaceful courts; And thou, perchance, reluctant hast receiv'd My orders that recall'd thee from the field. Thy triumphs, prince, are mine: my foul exults In every deed, and conquers by thy sword: I know the worth of all thy arms have won, But thou art dearer to my heart than all. Thy toils demand refreshment: valour gains New vigour from repose; for ever bent, The bow at length will lose the elastic force.

'Tis

'Tis thine to merit, to reward is mine: If then the prince and son have done their part, The king and father must accomplish their's.

Timan. 'Tis now the wish'd-for time—be bold and speak! [aside.

So well I know the goodness of my father, I dare presume——

Demo. O no! thou canst not tell,

How dear I hold thee: little thinks my son

How much his peace employs my careful hours.

I read thy thoughts this instant: even thy silence
I construe for thee: all thy soul desires,
Is to behold thy consort by thy side,

And see all Thrace spectators of thy love.
Is it not so?

Timan. What means he! fure my father Has heard the fecret story of our nuptials. [afide.

Demo. Thou dar'st not speak, and this respectful filence

Persuades me to sulfill thy utmost wishes.

I own at first I doubted on the choice,
Nay selt reluctance to consent to ties

My nature seem'd to abhor; the father's enmity
Rose in my mind, and made me hate the daughter

At length my sole desire to see thee happy

Prevail'd o'er all.

Timan. I can no longer doubt.

aside.

Demo .

Demo. What passions, my Timanthes, can control

A father's fondness pleading for his son?

Timan. O royal fir! you give me life unhop'd; This goodness melts me—let me seek my bride And bring her to your presence.

Demo. Stay-Cherinthus,

Thy younger brother, shall conduct her to me.

Timan. Heavens! what unlook'd-for happiness is this!

Demo. A messenger, dispatch'd by my command, Waits her arrival at the port——

Timan. The port!

Demo. Who when th' expected ship appears in fight,

Will give us tidings strait.

Timan. What ship, my lord?

Demo. The ship that from the shores of Phrygia brings

The fair Creusa to thy nuptial bed.

Timan. O Gods!

[aside.

Demo. I know thou think'st it strange, Timanthes:

The hate, devolving from the fire to fon,

Between our race, might feem to exclude the hope

Of fuch alliance: but the princess brings

A kingdom's

A kingdom's dowery with her love, herfelf The only offspring of an aged king.

Timan. My lord—I hop'd—O fatal, fatal error!

Demo. There is no other partner for thy bed, Unless a subject born—

Timan. And what imports it, A subject or a princess?

Demo. No, my fon,

The shades of our great ancestors would blush To see their race demean'd; from them we hold The statute, that condemns to death the maid, Who, born a subject, dares to join in marriage With one of royal blood; and while I reign, I'm guardian of the law, and will inforce it Even with severest rigour.

Timan. Sacred fir-

# SCENE V.

# Enter ADRASTUS.

Adras. The Phrygian ships, my lord, have gain'd the port.

Demo. Then go, Timanthes, haste to meet thy bride.

Timan. Who, I, my lord?

Demo. Yes, thou, my fon; myself

Would

Would with thee thither, but the mournful rites Of facrifice demand me at the temple.

Timan. Yet stay and hear me, sir-

Demo. What would'st thou? Speak.

Timan. Hear me confess—but whither am I driven?

Yet let me ask you-O my tortur'd foul!

O fir! the facrifice!—the law—my wife!

O direful law! O most unhappy bride!

O cruel facrifice and fatal chance.

Demo. No more——I cannot now prolong the time.

The terms are fettled, prince, my promise given: A monarch's word is sacred, he who rules Must guard his faith unstain'd; and oft we find Virtue the offspring of necessity.

By this, in arms the warrior sleeps,
The failor fings amid the deeps;
And death we view without affright.
The timorous beasts that fly the foe,
Can strength assume, and boldness show,
When by necessity they fight,

[Exit.

SCENE

#### SCENE VI.

#### TIMANTHES alone.

What guilt has Dirce known, malignant stars! That thus you join to heap afflictions on her? You, who were present at the blameless union, Ye powers! protect the love yourselves inspir'd. This stroke has chill'd my heart, and all in vain I strive to call my wandering spirits home.

I fondly hop'd to reach the shore,
And hear the winds no longer roar;
But find my hapless bark again
Expos'd amid the stormy main.
And while from one my vessel slies,
Another rock my fate supplies:
In vain, alas! the first is past,
When greater perils wait the last!

[Exit.

SCENE

# SCENE VII.

A sea port finely decorated for the arrival of the princess of Phrygia. A view of several ships, from the most magnificent of which Creusa and Cherinthus, accompanied by a numerous train, disembark to the sound of various barbarous instruments.

# CREUSA, CHERINTHUS.

Creu. What means this fadness, prince, that hangs upon you?

Why are you pensive thus? with silent gaze
You look and sigh; and if with friendly speech
I urge your converse, when you seem prepar'd
To tell me much, your faltering tongue is mute.
Where is your wonted cheerfulness, the grace
That season'd your discourse? Are you in Thrace
The same Cherinthus that I knew in Phrygia?
Or is it thus, with melancholy looks,
You Thracians to her lord conduct a bride?
Is this the omen of my future nuptials?

Cher. If my afflictions bear a fad prefage, On me, fair princess, every evil fall: My stars can little add to griefs like mine; Nor breathes a wretch so hopeless as Cherinthus!

Creu. Am I unworthy to be told your forrows,

That

That thus you flight my counfel and affisiance?

Cher. Must I then speak? I will, I will obey you:

From the first moment—from that fatal day—Alas! I dare no more—forgive my filence:
My speech I fear would but incite your anger.

Creu. Your diffidence already has deferv'd it;
'Tis true I am a woman, and your fecret
Were ill confided to a female breast:
I urge no further—lead me to the palace.

Cher. O Heavens! yet stay:—be calm and I will speak:

'Tis thou alone hast robb'd me of my peace: I gaze with rapture on thy matchless charms; I know my love is vain, and know that death Alone can fix a period to my sufferings: Princess, behold the cause—

Creu. What means this boldness?

Cher. I knew too well I should offend-

Creu. Cherinthus;

From thee at least I hop'd for more respect.

Cher. The faults of love—

Creu. Forbear; I'll hear no more. [going.

Cher. Since you've compell'd me to reveal my crime,

Vouchfafe to hear th' excuse.

Creu. What canst thou say?

Cher.

Cher. That though I love thee, I deserve thy pity:

If there's a crime, Demophoon is the guilty.

My father should have found some other hand
To bring thee to Timanthes: shall he wonder,
Who thoughtless ventures suel near the fire,
If slames are kindled? Thou hast charms, and I
Have eyes to view: I saw, admir'd and lov'd:
Each day beheld me near thee, while the name
Of kinsman gave a license to my tongue.
Nor did this name alone deceive the world,
I was deceiv'd myself: that love which made
Me sigh for ever for Creusa's presence,
Appear'd but duty: and a thousand times
I thought to paint the affections of a brother,
While my too eager speech betray'd my own.

Creu. Alas! too plain I faw it all——[afide.] Such boldness,

So unexpected, strikes me dumb with wonder.

Cher. And yet sometimes I felt a flattering hope
That secret sympathy inspir'd our souls.
Methought I oft observ'd a tender sigh
Steal from thy breast, view'd in thy eyes a softness
That seem'd much more than friendship——

Creu. Hold, Cherinthus:
Thou dost begin to abuse my easy nature:
But let me hear thee speak no more of love.

Cher. What can this mean?

Creu.

Creu. Attend, and mark me well:

If from this hour thou dost not learn a converse

More suited to our state, no longer dare

Appear before me—now, thou know'st my meaning.

Cher. Ungrateful! yes, thy cruel will I fee requires my life,
This hand shall then thy wish fulfill And death conclude the strife.

But when I'm dead, review, though late,
The cause for which I fell;
And own I found too hard a fate,
For loving thee so well.

[going.

Creu. But whither go'st thou?-stay.

Cher. Forbear—my presence Too much offends you.

Creu. Hear me.

Cher. By my stay

I should infult your patience.

Creu. Say, Cherinthus,

At whose command dost thou depart?

Cher. Too well

I understand thee, though thou speak'st it not.

Creu. Ah! prince! how ill thou know's me; from that hour—

O Heavens!

Cher. Go on-

1

Creu.

Creu. From that ill-fated hour——
What am I faying!—leave me if thou wilt.

Cher. Inhuman princess! yes, I will depart; And yet perhaps—But see, my brother comes!

# SCENE VIII.

Enter TIMANTHES in haste.

Timan. Cherinthus, fay, is this the Phrygian princess?

Cher. It is.

Timan. I would converse in private with her; 'Vouchsafe a moment to retire apart.

Cher. I shall obey—O torture! [afide, retires.

Creu. Sir! my lord!

Timan. Imperial virgin! we are both in danger: And thou alone canst, if thou wilt, preserve Creusa's glory and Timanthes' life.

Creu. What has befallen?

Timan. Our parents have decreed

An union to thyself perhaps ungrateful,

By me unsought: thy regal virtues, princess,

Deserve a God far rather than Timanthes.

But Fate forbids me to become thy husband;

There is a bar which nothing can surmount;

My father knows it not, nor can I speak it:

Tis yours to avert the shame of a refusal:

Prevent

Prevent—refuse me first—say, I'm displeasing— Enlarge my faults, say all thou wilt, despise me; And by this only means our fate has left us, At once preserve thy same, my peace and life.

Creu. Indeed!---

Timan. I can no longer stay: my brother, Do thou conduct the princess to the palace.

Creu. Tell me at least-

Timan. Already have I told
Whate'er my breast conceal'd—reflect—farewell!

[Exit.

# SCENE IX.

## CHERINTHUS, CREUSA.

Creu. Gods! to Creusa, to the royal heir Of Phrygia's sceptre this affront!——Cherinthus, Hast thou a heart?

Cher. I had; but thou, fair princess, Hast now depriv'd me of it.

Creu. If thou lov'st me,
Avenge my injur'd honour: all I have,
My heart, my hand, my bed, my throne are thine:
I shall not set a bound to my reward.

Cher. What canst thou ask?

Creu. The blood of bold Timanthes.

Cher. My brother!----

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Creu. Art thou pale? Go, coward wretch! I'll find some other will deserve my love.

Cher. Yet hear me, princess!

Creu. Peace; I'll hear no more: I fee your mutual purpose to betray me.

Cher. Canst thou so far distrust my faithful passion?

Creu. I fcorn thy passion whether salse or true.

The affection of a timorous lover Ever shall my soul despise, In whose breast we ne'er discover Generous sparks of valour rise;

Who, to glorious deeds a stranger,
Fears in fight his sword to prove;
Only bold, when far from danger,
He can safely talk of love.

[Exit.

# SCENE X.

## CHERINTHUS alone.

Ye powers! what means this ftorm! How could Timanthes

Excite her anger thus?——To bid me steep
This hand in brother's blood! the thought alone
Chills me with horror!——with what fix'd resentment,

And pride she spoke! yet even her rage can please;
I find

I find still fomething claim my admiration, And fosten every passion into love.

Beauty bears eternal arms
In that dear, that lovely face:
Anger gives it stronger charms;
Pity gives it softer grace.

When the fmiles, from ocean's stream,
Heavenly Venus seems to rise:
When the frowns, I surely deem
Pallas lighted from the skies.

[Exit.]

## SCENE XL

Mathusius in hafte, with Dirce by the hand.

Dir. Ah! whither, whither must I go, my lord?

Mat. Far hence, remote to Lybia's inmost deferts,

To wild Hircania's woods, or Scythia's rocks; Or to some land unknown, by distant seas Divided from the abodes of human kind.

Dir. Ah me!

Mat. Why, fathers, for your children's fake, Exert your anxious care? Behold the fruits; See what respect the laws of nature find.

Dir. Alas! he furely knows the fatal fecret; Our marriage is discover'd: heavenly powers!

> [afide. Pity

Pity me, fir!

Mat. There is no pity left, Nor faith; all, all is lost!

Dir. See at your feet-

Mat. What wouldst thou?

Dir. Here I'll weep fuch floods of tears-

Mat. Thy fortune calls for fomething more than tears.

Dir. Then learn—

Mat. Await me here; I fly with speed To seek some vessel to transport us hence. [Exit.

#### SCENE XII.

#### DIRCE alone.

Ah! to what region must I now be led
To end my wretched life! my child! my child!
Poor innocent! and you, my much-lov'd lord,
O Gods! what torture to forsake you thus
Without one parting look!

## SCENE XIII.

## Enter TIMANTHES.

Timan. My life! my Dirce! And have I found thee then?

Dir. My dearest lord!

Farewell,

Farewell, farewell for ever! to thy care
I here commend my child; for me embrace him,
Give him this kifs, and when his ripening age
Can feel compassion, tell him all my sufferings.

Timan. What fays my love? Thou mak'st my blood run cold—

Dir. Alas! our union is no more a fecret; My father knows it all, and wild with rage Will bear me distant hence; I know him well, There is no hope remains.

Timan. Be comforted, Compose thy troubled breast, my love, my wise, Thou hast thy husband with thee.

## SCENE XIV.

Enter Mathusius in hafte.

Mat. Dirce, fly, Let us be gone.

Timan. Dirce must not depart.

Mat. And who forbids it?

Timan. That shall I.

Mat. Indeed!

Dir. O Heaven!

Mat. This sword shall guard a father's right.

draws.

Timan.

Timan. And this shall vindicate the rights I claim. [draws.

Dir. Ah! prince! what would'st thou do?—
O hold, my father!

Mat. Impious! to oppose me when I seek to save A guiltless maid from cruel sacrifice.

Dir. O Gods!

Timan. But thus

Dir. O peace: I was deceiv'd;

All yet is secret [aside to Timanthes.

Mat. Canst thou then desire To see her perish?

Dir. My unguarded terror Had near betray'd me.

[afide.

Timan. Pardon, fir, this rashness;
Appearance has misled me; I beheld
Thy angry gestures, saw her streaming tears,
I had no time for thought, but deem'd it piety
To save her from thy rage.

Mat. Obstruct not therefore Our purpos'd slight: if longer Dirce stays, She must be made the victim.

Dir. Heavenly powers!

Timan. Has then her name been drawn?

Mat. No, but thy father

Has most unjustly doom'd her guiltless life,

Without

Without the sentence of the fatal urn.

Timan. Why should his anger kindle thus against thee?

Mat To punish me because I durst attempt
To exclude my daughter from the lots of death:
Because I durst produce his own example;
Because the struggles of a father's fears
Made me forget the subject.

Dir. Mighty powers!
All has conspir'd to hasten my destruction.

Timan. Doubt not, Mathusius: nor believe the king

Can prove so cruel; though his rage at first Bears all before it, cooler reason soon Succeeds and softens all.

## SCENE XV.

Enter ADRASTUS with Guards.

Adraf. Guards! seize on Dirce.

[ guards furround her.

Mat. Did I not tell thee, prince?

Timan. What means this violence?

Dir. O me unhappy!

2

Timan. For what cause is Dirce Secur'd a prisoner?

Adraf. 'Tis the king's command;

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Conduct

Conduct her hence.

Dir. Ah! whither?

Adras. Hapless maid,

Soon shalt thou know.

Dir. O prince!—my father, help——Have pity on me.

Timan. No; it ne'er shall be-

draws

. Mat. Shall I permit——

[draws.

Adraf. If either dare approach,

Behold I plunge this poniard in her breast.

Timan. Impious!

Mat. Unfeeling wretch!

Adraf. The royal mandate

Shall justify my deeds.

Dir. Ah then-

Adraf. Dispatch;

For, Dirce, all thy fond complaints are vain.

Dir. I come.

[ going.

Timan. Barbarian! [going to attack Adrastus.

Adraf. Hold.

[about to strike.

Timan. O stay, inhuman!

Dir.

Dir. Forgive—my father—O my heart!
Remember, prince!—thus, thus to part!
Since I must die, 'twere some relief,
In words at least to vent my grief:
Why should I now such woe sustain,
Yet Fate forbid me to complain?
O say, ye powers! what crime unknown,
Has drawn on me your vengeance down?

[Exit with Adrastus, guarded.

### SCENE XVI.

TIMANTHES, MATHUSIUS.

Timan. O give me counsel, Gods!

Mat. Earth opens not, Nor lightnings fly to punish such injustice; And shall we say Jove watches o'er mankind?

Timan. Let us not waste, my friend, these precious moments;

Go and observe where Dirce is conducted, Myself, meantime, will haste to appeale my father.

Mat. I have no comfort left.

Timan. O Heavens! delay not, For should the king's resentment still continue, Some other means shall save her.

Mat. Generous prince!
Thy virtues might deserve a better father.

[embraces him.—Exit.

Timan.

Timan. Unless the Gods affistance lend,
And hope and fortitude bestow,
I feel my constancy will bend
Unequal to its weight of woe!

To fee my lov'd, my trembling bride,
Thus torn reluctant from my fide,
To cruel death decreed!
To hear her mourn, yet mourn in vain:
Ye powers! what anguish I sustain!
How does my bosom bleed!

[Exit.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

# ACT II. SCENE I.

# A private apartment.

# Demophoon, CREUSA.

Demo. Ask what thou wilt, and ask without constraint,

I can this day refuse Creusa nothing. Yet speak not in behalf of Dirce; no, Her sather shall behold her die: the wretch Has dar'd to insult the majesty of kings: Even in my presence, 'midst the vulgar herd, He sow'd seditious rumours, nay oppos'd Our high decree, and durst compare himself To me his sovereign—I'll no longer reign, If insolence like this must pass unpunish'd.

Creu. I come not, fir, to plead another's cause; I know full well your purpose: my demands Are for myself alone.

Demo. What would'ft thou feek?

Creu. Let me return to Phrygia: your permission Is wanting that the ships may quit the port. Grant my request: you cannot, sure, resuse me; Unless Creusa comes, as much she fears, To be a slave, and not partake a throne.

Demo. What fay'st thou, princess? what sufpicions fill

Thy

Thy breast? what passion dictates to thy tongue? Wilt thou depart, and leave the prince, forego The promis'd nuptials?

Creu. For Timanthes, fir,
Creusa boasts no charms; a mortal beauty
Must never hope to win him—for himself—
But this imports not me—I would be gone—
Have I your leave, my lord?

Demo. Thou art thyself
The mistress of thy actions: think not, princess,
Unwilling I'd detain thee: yet, permit me,
To say I hop'd far other from Creusa.

Creu. I know not which most justly may complain:

The prince indeed—no more—to fum up all— Let me depart——

Demo. But hast thou seen my son?

Creu. I have.

Demo. And did he speak to thee?

Creu. He did:

Would he had never spoken!

Demo. Ha! what faid he?

Creu. Excuse me, fir, let this suffice-

Demo. Creusa,

I understand thee; thou hast found the prince Rough in address, unskill'd in courtly phrase. Perchance he gave thee but a cold reception,

I can

I can forgive thy anger. Born in Phrygia,
Nurtur'd in all the foftness of thy country,
A Thracian's manners must be harsh to thee:
Wonder not then if such Timanthes seem:
Bred up in arms, the soul's more tender passions
To him are yet unknown: be thine the glory
To instruct him in the mysteries of love.
Thine be the easy task; for, O Creusa!
What power resides not in a sace so charming,
And eyes that sparkle with such heavenly sire?
What breast, inspir'd by thee, but soon must learn?

Creu. Reflect it ill befits with my condition, To stand expos'd to a refusal.

Demo. How !

Refusal? wherefore should'st thou fear it, princess?

Creu. Who knows th' event?

Demo. This day my fon shall give

To thee his hand, if thou wilt deign to accept it.

I plight the faith and honour of a king;

And should he dare to disobey my will——

A father's just resentment—but no more—

It cannot be—I am alarm'd too soon.

Creu. Yes, let him force Timanthes to consent, That so I may resuse him. [aside.]—Well, my lord, I take your word—be thine the care—but if—

Demo. Enough; to me fecurely trust thy honour.

Creu.

Creu. You know what fuits Creusa's name, And what beseems my high degree: Reslect, nor let a thought of blame, Whate'er the event, be cast on me.

As king and father here you stand,
Remember what those words comprise;
It sits the father to command,
It sits the monarch to chastise.

#### SCENE II.

## DEMOPHOON alone.

What arrogance is this—as if—but yet

Her rank, her fex, her youth may plead her pardon;

And fure Timanthes has but ill receiv'd her.

I must rebuke him, teach him better thoughts,

To change his coldness and assume the lover.

Go—call Timanthes to me—but he comes.

# SCENE III.

## Enter TIMANTHES.

Timan. My king! my father! pity, grace and pardon!

Demo. For whom dost thou entreat?

Timan. The unhappy daughter
Of poor Mathusius.

Demo.

Demo. 'Tis already done; Her doom is fix'd; the fentence that has pass'd A monarch's lips, is not to be revok'd. Repentance springs from error; but a king Who errs not, never can repent.

Timan. On earth

The Gods are worshipp'd, as they bend their ear To mortal vows: but Fate, the greatest power, Against whose dread decree no prayers avail, Finds none to raise an altar or a temple To his divinity.

Demo. And know'st thou not

That Fear's the strongest guardian of the throne?

Timan. Ill to be trusted.

Demo. Him respect succeeds, His rightful offspring.

Timan. Doubtful as the parent.

Demo. Soon will it grow to love.

Timan. But love dissembled.

Demo. Time will instruct thee what thou yet must learn;

But let us change the subject—Tell me, son, What hast thou done to offend the Phrygian princess, Whose hand this day should join to the ein marriage?

Timan. I feel fuch strong repugnance to the union,

I fear my best resolves can ne'er surmount it.

Demo.

Demo. And yet thou must-

Timan. Of this we'll speak hereafter.

For Dirce now behold me at your feet; [kneels.

O! grant, my lord, grant to your son's request

Her guiltless life!

Demo. Dost thou presume again
To name her? If thou valuest aught my love,
Forego this enterprise.

Timan. My dearest father! I cannot now obey you—O! if ever I have deserv'd a parent's tenderness: If with a bosom mark'd with honest wounds, I have return'd a conqueror to your arms: If e'er my triumphs in the glorious field, The timely fruits of your august example, Have drawn the tear of pleasure from your eyes; Reverse the doom of Dirce: lost, unhappy, She has no friend but me to plead her cause; Cast off by all, her hope's in me alone! O Heaven! 'twere most inhuman to behold her, In early bloom of years, who never knew The name of guilt, stretch'd on the fatal altar In agonizing fuffering, to behold The life-warm blood gush from her tender breast; To hear the last sad accents from her lips; To mark her dying eyes-but, thou art pale! Why look'st thou thus upon me ?—O my father! I know, I know the gracious figns of pity:

Do

Do not repent, my lord, indulge it still;
For never will I quit these facred feet, [kneels, Till thou hast given the word to pardon Dirce.

Demo. Rife, prince!—Almighty powers! What must I think

That with such tenderness thou dwell'st upon her? What mean these starts of some mysterious passion! And can it be thou lov'st her?

Timan. 'Tis in vain I feek to hide it longer.

Demo. Now full well

I fee what caus'd thy coldness to Creusa:

And what would'st thou intend? For canst thou hope

I'll e'er consent to join thee to a subject? Reslect that secret nuptials—O! if once I could suspect it——

Timan. What mistrust is this?

I swear to all the Gods I'll ne'er espouse her:
I do not ask it: give her but to live.
But if your will is fix'd, and she must die,
Believe me, fir, your son will perish too.

Demo. To gain our purpose let us yield a little—
[aside.

Well then, fince thou wilt have it so, thy favourite Shall live, my son, I give her to thy prayers.

Timan. My dearest father!

attempts to kifs his hand.

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Demo.

Demo. Hold—a parent's goodness Sure merits some return.

Timan. My life itself----

Demo. No, my dear son, I ask far less from thee: Learn to respect my choice in fair Creusa, And be no more averse to wed the princess.

Timan. O Heaven!

Demo. I fee it pains thee; but the struggle
Thy heart endures, adds merit to obedience.
Have I not felt compassion for thy weakness?
Do thou preserve my honour: think, Timanthes,
How will the breath of same traduce thy father,
If through thy sault his facred saith is forfeit.
Thou canst not harbour such ingratitude;
I know it well—come; let us to the temple,
Thither conduct thy bride, and there before
The attesting Gods, at once my son sulfil
What justice now demands from thee and me.

Timan. My lord-I cannot-

Demo. Prince! thou yet haft heard The father only; force me not to employ The king's authority.

Timan. Sacred alike
I hold the dictates of the king and father:
But well thou know'ft, love cannot be compell'd.

Demo. Love rules the nuptials of the fubject only,

A greater

A greater power must join the hands of princes: Their choice is guided by the public good.

Timan. If fuch a price must buy the good of others—

Demo. No more—I am weary, prince, of fruitless talk;

This reason may suffice—'tis my command.

Timan. And I can never-

Demo. Ha! what means this boldness?

Dost thou not know——

Timan. I know thou wilt chastise me.

Demo. Yes, thou shalt feel thy punishment begin In her thou lov'st, thy Dirce.

Timan. O for pity!

Demo. Away.

Timan. Yet hear-

Demo. I have heard enough, and Dirce Shall die; her doom is feal'd.

Timan. And if she dies-

Demo. Art thou not gone yet?

Timan. Yes! I will depart——

But if th' event should prove-

Demo. Presumptuous boy!

Gods! dost thou threat?

Timan. I know not when I speak In prayers or threats, reason by slow degrees

1 2 Forfakes

For fakes her feat—O force me not, my father, To passion's wild extremes—I here protest— I'll do—what may I not!—

Demo. Speak out, ingrate! What wilt thou do?

Timan. All that despair can prompt.

Would'st thou have me prudent still;
Would'st thou my innocence defend?
'Tis thine to rule me at thy will;
On thee my future deeds depend.

My thoughts no longer peace can find,
While she, whose danger fills my mind,
With frenzy fires my soul:
My passions lighten from my eyes;
No force of reason can suffice
My fury to control.

[Exit.

## SCENE IVA

## DEMOPHOON alone.

Must all insult me thus? yon' haughty princess, My daring subject, and rebellious son? 'Tis time to vindicate my slighted power. Guards, see that Dirce be without delay Led to the sacritice: from her proceed My son's presumption, and her father's guilt: But were she innocent, she must not live;

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The kingdom's weal requires Creusa's nuptials; And these Timanthes never will complete Till death remove his Dirce. When the state May be preserved, 'tis just to sacrifice One life, tho' guiltless, for the general good.

Thus the fwain, who lops away
Some fuperfluous flower or bough,
Hopes to fee, a future day,
The plant or tree more lovely grow.

Sense and reason must beware

One more favour'd part to cherish,

When the whole, without our care,

May for want of moisture perish. [Exis.]

## SCENE V.

#### Porticoes.

# MATHUSIUS, TIMANTHES.

Mat. Our only refuge then——
Timan. Yes, dearest friend,
Our only refuge is in flight: the king,
So far from yielding to my earnest prayers,
Grew more incens'd: fly then, and fly this instant.
Provide a speedy bark, therein secure
Whate'er thou hast of choice and valued treasure:
And where amid the rocks the sea breaks in,
Right

Right of the port, conceal'd expect me: there I'll join thee foon with Dirce.

# Mat. But her guards-

Timan. The care be mine to elude their vigilance; I know a fecret path that to her prison Can lead my steps: O haste! for time neglected Will punish those who slight occasion offer'd.

Mat. Some friendly power its aid extends,
Some power that innocence befriends,
Has on thy foul these thoughts imprest:
Th' example of thy cruel sire
Could soft compassion ne'er inspire,
To insluence thus thy generous breast. [Exit.

# SCENE VI.

## TIMANTHES alone.

Vast is the facrifice I make to love:
To fly to poverty, to fink myself
Even to the humble state of private life:
To lose the crown and my paternal wealth:
But dearer are my wise and son than all.
Each other good has no intrinsic worth,
Opinion makes it great. The tender seelings
Of father, husband, have their sacred spring
In nature's self: these are not bred by custom,
Or early thoughts instill'd from infant years:
The seeds are in ourselves, are with us born.

Fly

Fly then—delay no more—but who comes here? Perchance the king—behold the guards approach! O no!—and yet I fee the holy priefts, And with them one in fnowy vefture clad. But, ha! what do I fee!—Almighty powers! It is my wife!

### SCENE VII.

Enter DIRCE, in white vestments, crowned with flowers, Priests and Guards.

Timan. O stay! my Dirce! speak, What can this mean?

Dir. At length my hour is come;
These eyes must never, never see thee more!
O prince! how cruel is this separation!

Timan. And does my father—

Dir. 'Tis his will that I This instant suffer,

Timan. Never whilft I live- [going to draw.

Dir. What would'st thou do, my lord! against fuch numbers

Thou feek'st in vain to save me, but must rush Thyself on certain ruin.

Timan. True, my love, I'll feek fome better way.

[going.

Dir. But whither go'st thou?

Timan.

· Timan. To draw together all the friends I have; Go thou in peace; I'll reach the fane before thee.

Dir. Yet think-O Heaven !-

Timan. There is no room for thought:

My pity's turn'd to fury: tremble all

That dare oppose me: should my father's self—

My frenzy knows no bounds—let sword and slames

Destroy the palace, temple, priests and Gods!

[Exit.

## SCENE VIII.

DIRCE, Priests, Guards.

Dir. O stay!——he hears me not——Eternal powers!

Preferve his life—for, ah! should he be lost, What friendly care shall guard our orphan son! The pangs of terror for a husband's danger Were only wanting to complete my woes: Did I but know of whom to implore relief!

## SCENE IX,

## Enter CREUSA.

Dir. Ah! princess! ah! Creusa! grant me pity. Thou canst not sure resuse a dying wretch, Who, 'midst the bitterest grief, essays to move Thy gentle heart, no stranger to compassion.

Creu.

Creu. Who art thou? Say, what would'st thou?

Dir. Sure my fate

Too well is known by thee: my name is Dirce;

I go to die, yet guiltless of a crime:

I ask no pity for myself, Creusa;

But save, defend the poor distress'd Timanthes:

To guard my life, he courts his own destruction.

If e'er th' entreaties of the dying move,

O! let him find in you a kind protectress!

Appease his rage, or, O! procure his pardon

For all the frantic deeds of rash despair.

Creu. And can it be, that on the verge of death, Thou feel'st so deeply for another's welfare.

Dir. Enquire no further—fate decrees him thine.

Should I, alas! those ills impart
I've long been doom'd to know,
The tale would break thy tender heart
With sympathy of woe.

But thus with every pang oppress,
All hopeless of relief;
A rock, that pity ne'er confess'd,
Might soften at my grief.

[Exit with the priests and guards to the temple.

SCENE

#### SCENE X.

#### CREUSA alone.

How strong a power has beauty! If the charms Of this afflicted thus can touch my heart, Well may Timanthes stand excus'd, who loves her. I scarce can hold from tears: this hapless pair With faithful passion love, and I'm the cause Of their misfortunes—no—forbid it, Heaven! Some means shall yet be found——

## SCENE XI.

## Enter CHERINTHUS.

Creu. Thou com'st, Cherinthus, In happy time to affist me.

Cher. Dost thou, princess, Still feek my brother's blood?

Creu. No; rage inspir'd

That thought, and with my rage the thought is lost:

I feek his prefervation. Dirce now Goes to be facrific'd, Timanthes raves In wild despair: haste thou to calm his fury, While I, on his behalf, entreat the king.

Cher. O goodness worthy of a princely mind! And who would not adore thee, fair Creusa?

Ah!

Ah! wert thou not so cruel to Cherinthus!

Creu. How hast thou found Creusa cruel to thee? This heart is different far from what thou think'st—Perhaps—but go—thou would'st enquire too much.

Cher. Kind stars! I ask not if ye prove Still malignant to my state; 'Tis enough that she I love, Gives me but to doubt my fate.

The wretch who, long inur'd to grief,

Had ne'er one happy hour to prize;

Whene'er he doubts, receives relief,

For hopes begin when doubts arise. [Exit.

## SCENE XII.

CREUSA alone.

Could'st thou, my dear Cherinthus, know what pain

This rigour, that offends thee, gives Creusa, I should not seem the tyrant thou hast thought me. 'Tis true I have not yet espous'd Timanthes: The change is easy; on myself alone Depends the choice—but let me think—I came To wed the kingdom's heir; and shall I yield To live a subject where I thought to reign? No, yirtue, glory, pride forbid such weakness.

Нарру,

Happy, happy age of gold!

Lovely innocence of old,

When our pleasures uncontroll'd,

Ne'er their foes in virtue found.

Now we groan beneath the weight

Of flavish forms and galling state,

While ourselves our pains create,

And forge the chains with which we're bound.

[Exit.

SCENE

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#### SCENE XIII.

The temple of APOLLO. A magnificent flight of fleps ascending to the temple, the inside of which is discovered to the spectators betwixt the pillars that support the building. The altars are seen thrown down, the fire extinguished, the sacred vessels overturned, the garlands, axes and other implements of sacrifice scattered upon the ground; the Priests stying, the royal Guards pursued by the friends of Timanthes, and tumult and confusion in every part.

TIMANTHES appears driving fome of the Guards down the steps, then is lost behind the scenes. Direct from the top of the steps calls to him with the utmost terror. A slight skirmish ensues, in which the friends of TIMANTHES have the advantage. The combatants being gone off, Direct, seeing TIMANTHES again, runs down from the temple to stop him.

Dir. O! all ye facred powers of Heaven! defend him!

Hear me, Timanthes, O! in pity hear me-

Timan. Come, come, my love, thou art fafe.

Dir. Ah me! Timanthes, What hast thou done?

Timan.

Timan. I've done but as I ought.

Dir. Unhappy me!—Alas! my lord, thou art wounded,

O Gods! thou art all o'er blood.

Timan. Be not difmay'd;

The blood thou see'st ne'er issued from these veins, Tis what my rage from other breasts has drawn.

Dir. Yet look!

[looking out.

Timan. No more, my life! compose thyself,

Let us be gone.

[takes her hand.

Dir. And leave our fon Olinthus?

Where must he stay? Shall we depart without him?

Timan. I will return for him when thou art in fafety.

Dir. Yet stay—for yonder I behold approaching The royal guards.

Timan. 'Tis true: then let us fly

A different way—that passage too is barr'd, Another troop draws near.

Dir. Unhappy Dirce!

Timan. Do all my friends forfake me?

[looking round.

Dir. Cruel fate!

What can we more?

Timan. This fword shall hew thy passage:

Follow me! [going, meets Demo.

SCENE

### SCENE XIV.

Enter Demophoon, his fword drawn, Guards.

Demo. Fly not-Stay, unworthy fon!

Timan. My father! are you here against me too!

Demo. Perfidious boy!

Timan. Let none approach the victim.

Dir. Yield, prince, think of thy fafety.

[afide to him.

Demo. No-forbear;

Touch him not, guards, but give his madness way, And let us see how far it can transport him: Complete thy glorious deeds, here in this breast Plunge deep thy sword; thou canst not tremble, traitor,

To pierce a father, when thy impious rage Has, in their temples, dar'd to infult the Gods!

Timan. O Heaven!

Demo. What is't withholds thee? Dost thou pause

To fee this weapon?—Thus I cast it from me. What would'st thou more? Behold I offer here Thy greatest foe defenceless to thy rage.

Now glut thy secret hate, let me be punish'd For giving birth to thee. Thou want'st but little To be supreme in wickedness; already

Theu

Thou art travell'd far: it but remains to steep Thy daring weapon in a parent's blood, And give thy reeking hand to her thou lov'st.

Timan. Enough, enough, my father! O forbear; These keen reproaches stab me to the soul. Behold this guilty weapon at your feet, Behold your son offending kneels before you. Take from him, if you will, this wretched life, But speak not thus. I know I have transgress'd, My fault's so great I dare not sue for pardon: Yet sure the bitter scourge of your resentment Is more than wretchedness like mine can bear.

Dir. Ill-fated prince! What dost thou feel for me? [aside.

Demo. Had I not proofs fo glaring of his perfidy, He would feduce me—but I'll hear no more. Yield, rebel! yield—fubmit thy impious hands To flavish manacles.

Timan. Where, where, my friends,

to the guards.

Where are your chains? Behold these ready hands, For never shall the son refuse to obey
The mandates of a just, offended father.

Dir. Alas! my fears predicted but too true! [afide.

Demo. Lead back the victim to the infulted God, Ye holy priests, and slay her in my presence.

Timan.

Timan. Alas! my life, I cannot now defend thee. [to Dirce.

Dir. How many deaths this day must I endure?

Timan. My king! my father!

Demo. Leave me !

Timan. Yet have pity!

Demo. Thou ask'st in vain.

Timan. It never shall be faid

I fuffer'd Dirce to be flain before me;

At least defer the stroke: hear, reverend priests!

My father hear! know Dirce ne'er can be

The victim Heaven requires—the facrifice Would prove a profanation.

Demo. Speak, what mean'st thou?

Timan. What does the God demand?

Demo. A virgin's blood.

Timan. Then Dirce must not here be led to death,

She's wedded—she's a mother—she's my wife.

Demo. Ha!

Dir. How I tremble for him!

[afide.

Demo. Mighty Gods!

What do I hear! ye priests, suspend the rites, Some other victim must be found. Are these The hopes I fondly cherish'd? Impious son! Respect thou thus divine and human laws?

vol. 11. K And

And dost thou comfort thus thy father's age?

Dir. Let not your wrath, my lord, be turn'd on him:

'Tis I am guilty: these unhappy charms
Caus'd all this wretchedness: 'twas I who studied
Too much to please him; I, with semale wiles,
Seduc'd him first to love: 'twas I enforc'd him,
With frequent tears, to these forbidden nuptials.

Timan. Believe it not, my lord—it is not so:
That she consented was my fault alone;
By me was every artifice employ'd:
A thousand times she banish'd me her sight,
As often I return'd: I vow'd, entreated,
Nay threaten'd, but in vain: at length she saw me
Reduc'd to all the madness of despair;
'Till in her presence, with a desperate hand,
My sword I drew, and menac'd even my life:
Then pity forc'd her to consent.

Dir. And yet-

Demo. Be filent both—I find an unknown fomething

Creep through my heart, that 'midst my just resentment,

Would fosten me to tenderness and pity:
But, O! it must not be, their guilt's too great;
'Tis mine to give the world a bright example
Of steady virtue and impartial justice. [aside.
What, ho!——let these be kept apart in prison
'Till

'Till we decree their fate.

Timan. At least together-

Dir. At least together in our utmost sufferings-

Demo. Yes, yes, ingrates! one fortune shall be yours.

Perfidious pair! in life's estate
Since love your hands could bind;
Both shall partake one common fate,
Nor be by death disjoin'd.

Your crime was one; and both alike
One punishment shall know;
While just resentment now shall strike
By me the impartial blow.

[Exit.

### SCENE XV.

DIRCE, TIMANTHES, Guards.

Dir. My lord!

Timan. My wife!

Dir. For me must thou be lost!

Timan. And must thou die for me!

Dir. Ah! who henceforth Will guard our child Olinthus!

Timan. Cruel moment!

Dir. Ah! then—but what avails it, prince, to fink

In

In unbecoming weakness! Let our grief
Be worthy of us; one short effort cuts
This cruel knot; then let us part with firmness,
Without complaining.

Timan. Yes, bright excellence!

I praise the generous thought: let not a figh

Escape us more.

Dir. Now I am prepar'd-

Timan. And I

Have steel'd my bosom.

Dir. O! be flrong my heart!

Timan. Farewell, my Dirce!

[they part with resolution, but at the entrance of the scene turn again to look at each other.

Dir. Prince, farewell!

Timan. My wife!

Dir. Timanthes!

Both. O ye powers!

Dir. Why go'ft thou not?

Timan. Why dost thou turn again to gaze upon me?

Dir. Fain would I fee how thou canst bear thy pains.

Timan. But yet thou weep'st-

Dir. And thou too figh'st, Timanthes.

Timan,

Timan. O Heaven! how easy do we form resolves

Before the trial comes!

Dir. Alas! how well

I thought my resolution fix'd: yet let me
At least conceal my weakness from thy sight.

Timan. Ah! flay, my life! hear me. Dir. What would'ft thou fay?

Timan. Thou dearest object of my care, Instruct me how these woes to bear: Ah! reach thy hand at least to prove The last dear pledge of truth and love!

Dir. This hand when fondly join'd to thine, Was once of happiness the sign:
But now, these fleeting moments o'er,
The sign of happiness no more!

Both. Farewell thou treasure of my heart!
Relentless fate, that bids us part,
That dooms us ne'er to meet again!
Can e'er malignant planets shed
Worse evils on the guilty head,
Than faithful love must now sustain?

[Exeunt separately.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

# ACT III. SCËNE I.

# A prison.

## TIMANTHES, ADRASTUS.

Timan. Be filent—canst thou hope that Dirce dead,

Timanthes will prolong his hated life
By wedding with another? Why presum'st thou
To affront my constancy?

Adraf. 'Tis she thou lov'st Now speaks by me; yes, Dirce bids me say That 'tis the last request she e'er shall make.

Timan. Even the fame love that urges her to ask, Forbids me to comply.

Adras. And yet-

Timan. Enough.

Adras. Reflect, my lord-

Timan. Adrastus, 'tis in vain; I'll hear no more.

Adras. Compassion bids me try

All means to fave thee from the fate that threatens.

Timan. Who speaks to me of life becomes my foe.

Adraf.

Adras. Will thy breast no counsel move? Wilt thou then no succour find? Sure 'tis just thou ne'er should'st prove Tender pity from mankind.

The wretch who fees with certain eyes
Impending ruin round him wait,
Yet not to 'scape the danger tries,
Can justly ne'er complain of Fate. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

#### TIMANTHES alone.

Why should we covet life? What are its charms, For all degrees are wretched? Every state Partakes of misery. In infancy
We tremble at a frown: in ripening youth
We are made the sport of Fortune and of Love:
In age we groan beneath the weight of years:
Now we are tormented with the thirst of gain,
And now the sear of loss: eternal war
The wicked with themselves maintain; the just
With fraud and envy. All our schemes are shadows,
Vain and illusive as a sick man's dream!
And when we but begin at last to know
Our life's whole folly, death cuts short the scene:
O then let death at once—

**SCENE** 

#### SCENE III.

#### Enter CHERINTHUS.

Cher. My dearest prince! Come to my breast.

Tembraces him.

Timan. What mean those looks compos'd, When thus you press me with a last embrace? Are these the tears due to a brother's death?

Cher. What last embrace, what tears, what death, my brother?

Thou art now the happiest of mankind: our father Forgets his indignation: all is past: He gives thee back his former tenderness, Thy spouse, thy son, thy liberty and life.

Timan. O! hold, Cherinthus, even in pity hold; Such mighty raptures flow too fast upon me: Could I believe thee, sure my soul would faint With vast excess of pleasure!

Cher. Doubt it not; My words are truth, Timanthes.

Timan. Can it be!

What friendly power could change my father's anger,

When, parting from the temple, he refolv'd On mine and Dirce's death?

Cher. Such was his purpose;

And

And fure th' event had answer'd his resolve, Since all but prov'd in vain to appease his wrath: Even I, O prince! despair'd of safety for thee, When to thy aid Creusa came—

Timan. Creusa!

Creusa to my aid! she whom so late

My scorn offended?

Cher. Yes, the same Creusa: Thou dost not know, my brother, all the virtues Of that exalted fair: what faid she not. What did she not to save thee! Thy deserts How did she raise! How did she speak to excuse Thy guilty rashness! Every means she tried To waken nature in a parent's heart: She made compassion, justice, public good, And glory plead for thee: for his example She shew'd herself offended yet forgiving, And touch'd his breast with shame. Soon as I saw The father's feelings warm'd by flow degrees, I flew (so Heaven inspir'd) to seek thy Dirce. I found her with Olinthus: instant both I hurried thence; and fet before the king The mother and the fon. This fight fecur'd Our victory: for whether age subsided, Or that the affections of a parent now Exerted all their power, the king forgot His anger, rais'd his daughter from the ground, Then strain'd the guiltless infant in his arms,

And

And mingled with the rest his pitying tears.

Timan. O my lov'd brother! O my dearest father! Cherinthus, let us sly with speed to seek him.

Cher. Not so—he longs himself to bring thee first

The grateful tidings; 'twill offend him much To see his fond design by me prevented.

Timan. And has he then such kindness for a son Who yet so little has deserv'd his love?

O how his goodness aggravates my crime!

With shame I own it now: could I at least

Discharge his promise to the Phrygian king:

But thou, Cherinthus, may'st——Then save his honour,

Give, in my flead, thy hand to fair Creusa, And calm to peace a parent's finking age.

Cher. What fay'ft thou, prince?—yes, let me now confess it—

Creusa is the mistress of my fate,

I love her with the truest, tenderest passion—
But yet—

Timan. But what!

Cher. I ne'er must hope Creusa
Will deign to accept my hand: thou know'st she
came

To espouse the kingdom's heir-but I am none.

Timan. Is this the only bar?

Cher. What needs there more

To

To oppose my happiness?

Timan. Then go, Cherinthus, Preferve my father's faith—thou art the heir.

Cher. Who, I, my brother?

Timan. Yes; thou would'ft have been, Had not thy virtue fnatch'd me from destruction: In yielding up my title to the throne, I give thee back but part of what thou gav'ft.

Cher. Our father then-

Timan. At least he shall not blush
To find his plighted faith to breach expos'd:
And can I less for such a father's peace?
What is a throne, compar'd with all the bliss
His goodness heaps upon me?

Cher. Yet his loss
Is great who quits a crown.

Timan. No, he who quits A crown, has fomething left he prizes more.

Cher. How glorious in thy gift I find,
The godlike virtues of thy mind!
I envy not the regal state,
But envy thee a soul so great.
Thou bid'st a thousand passions rise;
A thousand thoughts my heart surprise.
At once I joy and wonder prove,
And tender shame, and grateful love. [Exit.

SCENE

#### SCENE IV.

## TIMANTHES alone.

My fon! my wife! dear pledges of my peace! Part of myfelf! Is it then given me foon Fearless to clasp you in my fond embrace? And shall we then, without a future pang, Together lead our lives? Transporting thought! Now, now, I find that unexpected joy Can sooner raise, than grief depress the soul.

## SCENE V.

Enter MATHUSIUS with a paper in his hand.

Mat. O prince! my lord!

Timan. Art thou indeed Mathufius?

If in yon' bark you ftay'd for me in vain——

Mat. Enough—the place thou art found in must excuse thee.

Timan. How did'st thou gain access to me?

Mat. Cherinthus

Procur'd me this admittance.

Timan. Has he then Told thee my happiness?

Mat. No; with impatience He broke from me, and flew I know not whither.

Timan.

Timan. O! I have wonders to relate, my friend!

Mat. Perhaps thou may'st more wonders hear from me.

Timan. Know, I'm this hour the happiest of mankind.

Mat. Know, that this hour reveals a mighty fecret.

Timan. What fecret?

Mat. Hear, and own 'tis wondrous—Dirce Is not my daughter; she's thy sister.

Timan. Ha!

My fister !- fure thou mock'st me ! [disturbed.

Mat. No, my prince,

I mock thee not; thou did'st with her partake One common stock; one blood runs in your veins; One father and one mother gave you birth.

Timan. O peace! what hast thou said!—Forbid it Heaven! [aside.

Mat. This paper yields the certain proof-

Timan. What paper?

O give it-

with impatience.

Mat. Hear me first; my wise, when dying, Gave me this paper seal'd, and bade me swear Never to open it, unless some danger Should threaten Dirce.

Timan. Wherefore, when the king

This

This day condemn'd her to the facrifice, Didft thou neglect it?

Mat. Such a length of years Elaps'd, had blotted it from my remembrance.

Timan. What brought it now to mind?

Mat. When late for flight
I gather'd all my treasures to the sea,
Amidst my hoard I found it.

Timan: Let me view-

Mat. Yet stay.

Timan. O Heaven!

Mat. Thou know'st my consort bore Such faithful duty to the queen thy mother, That whom in life she lov'd, in death she follow'd.

Timan. I know it well.

Mat. See'st thou this regal fignet?

Timan. I do.

Mat. Observe this writing; mark it well; Know'st thou the queen's own hand?

Timan. I do—no more——
Distract me not!

Mat. Now read.

[gives the paper.

Timan. My trembling heart!

[reads.

- "Dirce is not the daughter of Mathufius,
- " But fprings from royal race, to me she owes
- " Her birth, and claims Demophoon for her father.

" By

- "By what event her fortune has been chang'd,
- " Another fecret paper must disclose;
- " Let this be fought for in the houshold temple,
- "Beneath the facred footstool of the God,
- "To which the king alone must dare approach.
- " Meantime let this suffice to prove her birth,
- " A queen confirms it with her oath.

"ARGEA."

Mat. Thou tremblest, prince! Sure this is more than wonder!

Why spreads that deadly paleness o'er thy face?

Timan. Almighty powers! what dreadful stroke is this! [aside.

Mat. Now tell me, prince, the happiness you boasted,

Let me at least-

Timan. Leave me, Mathusius, leave me.

Mat. Why art thou troubled thus? thou'st gain'd a fifter,

And fay is that so great a cause of sorrow?

Timan. Leave me, in pity leave me to myself!

Mat. How strangely various are the minds of men!

The same event that fills one breast with joy, Distracts another with the pangs of grief.

Good

Good and ill are only names, Nothing real here we find: Each his pain or pleasure frames, As affection sways the mind.

Every object changes hue,

While ourselves the hues impart:

As the passions, ever new,

Turn to peace or war the heart.

[Exit.

#### SCENE VI.

## TIMANTHES alone.

Ah! wretch! what coldness freezes at my heart!
What dreadful aspect does my fate assume!
I see, I see the source of all my woes;
The wrath of Heaven pursued the unlawful nuptials.

My hairs stand up with horror! What am I!
What is the king!—Behold Olinthus now,
Nephew and son! Dirce my wife and sister!
Detested mixture, most unnatural kindred!
Fly, sly, Timanthes, hide thee from mankind.
Each hand will point at thee—thou now must prove
Thy aged father's curse! How will thy story
Be made the sport of same! Unhappy Thrace,
Behold thy Œdipus! in me behold
The suries here renew'd of Thebes and Argos.
O! that

O! that these eyes had never gaz'd on Dirce!
What then I deem'd the violence of love
Was but the voice of nature——I'm become
A monster to myself! The light grows hateful!
Each breath affrights me, earth appears to fink
Beneath my trembling seet!—methinks I hear
Ten thousand thunders round me, while my crime
With every object glares upon my sight!

#### SCENE VII.

Enter from different parts CREUSA, DEMOPHOON, ADRASTUS leading OLINTHUS by the hand, and DIRCE.

Creu. Timanthes-

Demo. My dearest son.

Timan. Ah! no——I must not hear that tender name.

Creu. Perhaps thou know'st not-

Timan. O! I know too much.

Demo. Receive this fond embrace, thy pledge of pardon:

But fay why dost thou shun thy father's arms?

Timan. I dare not look on thee-

Creu. What can this mean?

VOL. II. L Demo.

Demo. What has befallen thee?

Adras. See! behold your fon:

Be comforted, my lord.

Timan. Take hence, Adrastus,

Take hence that child, O! bear him from my fight.

Dir. My much-lov'd lord!----

Timan. Begone, avoid me, Dirce.

Dir. And wilt thou drive me from thee on this day

Of general joy?

Timan. Where shall I fly to hide me! [going.

Dir. O hold!

Demo. Yet hear me!

Creu. Stay----

Timan. 'Tis all in vain;

You feek to eafe, and stab me to the heart.

Demo. But fay, whom fly'st thou from?

Timan. From men and Gods!

From you and from myself----

Dir. And whither go'st thou?

Timan. Where the fun never shines, where nothing lives,

Where my remembrance may be lost for ever!

Demo. Think on thy father.

Adraf. On thy fon-

Dir.

Dir. Thy wife-

Timan. O speak not thus! Wife, father, son and brother,

Are names endearing to a mind at peace; To me they are founds of horror.

Creu. Say the cause.

Timan. Seek not to know it—drown me in oblivion.

Dir. By those dear moments when I pleas'd thee first—

Timan. Dirce, forbear-

Dir. By all those solemn ties-

Timan. O hold, in pity hold!

Dir. If thou no more

Regard'st thy wife, at least thy son may move thee:

Look on him—'tis the same that oft has touch'd

Thy breast with tenderness: look on him still;

'Tis thy own blood——

Timan. Would Heaven he were not fo!

Dirce. What crime could he commit that thus thou shunn'st him?

Why dost thou turn away thy face—O see, See how he reaches out his little hands, And speaks to thee with smiles of innocence!

Timan. Ah! couldst thou now be sensible of that

Which, hapless boy! thou must hereafter know, L 2 Thou Thou wouldst not thus with fondness hover round me!

Ill-fated child! thou canst not feel
Thy future grief and shame:
May never tongue thy birth reveal,
Or tell thy father's name!

Ye Gods! what sudden change I find!

How soon my peace is fled!

What late with rapture fill'd my mind,
Is now my greatest dread!

[Exit.

## SCENE VIII.

Demophoon, Creusa, Dirce, Adrastus, Olinthus.

Demo. Adrastus, follow him—[Exit Adrastus, Olinthus is led off by an attendant.] Who can inform me,

Amidst you all, what my Timanthes means, If frenzy or despair possess his mind? But wherefore do ye gaze with wonder on me, Yet speechless stand! O could I but discover What evil threatens, that my soul might stand Prepar'd to meet the worst. Almighty powers! Give me at least to know this secret danger.

б

Distressful

Distressful founds invade my ear,

I see thick smoke obscure the skies,

Around the crackling ruins hear,

Yet find not whence the slames arise.

My terror makes my doubts the more,
Amid my doubts my fears increase:
Distracted thus, I lose the power
To fly, if flight could save my peace. [Exit.

#### SCENE IX.

## CREUSA, DIRCE.

Creu. Say, Dirce, wherefore feem'st thou thus unmov'd,

When, with thy husband, thou art made the theme Of every tongue?—Go—seek him, learn the cause—

Thou hear'st me not—Why are thy languid eyes Cast down to earth?—Shake off this lethargy. 'Tis madness to reject a friendly counsel: If more thou canst not—give thy forrows vent, At least lament aloud and break this silence.

Dirce. How shall I speak to thee again,
And in what words reply?

I seek to oppose my fate in vain,
I would, but cannot fly.

My

My fenses numb'd with sudden dread,
No longer can complain;
No tears, alas! have I to shed,
No voice to tell my pain.

Exit.

### SCENE X.

## CREUSA alone.

What unbless'd region's this! why am I come To share in others' griefs? How many evils Has one unhappy day produc'd? Contention Between a son and father! Human victims, Polluted temples, and ill-omen'd nuptials! There wanted but the sear of unknown ills To make these woes complete. The wrath of Fate Is sure too mighty to continue long; It must relent: in such distressful fortune, Hope oft again revives from mere despair.

Misfortunes cannot long remain,
When once they've reach'd their full increase;
And hope begins to dawn again,
When terror rises to excess.

All things must change beneath the sun;
And since we're thus depress'd by Fate,
We never can be more undone,
But any change must mend our state. [Exit.

SCENE

#### SCENE XI.

An apartment in the Palace, magnificently decorated for the nuptials of CREUSA.

TIMANTHES, CHERINTHUS.

Timan. And whither, cruel, would'st thou lead me now?

These splendid shows of pomp and joy augment. The pangs of one abandon'd to despair.

Cher. Methinks no longer I discern my brother: What means this weakness so unworthy of thee? If thou hast err'd, thou knew'st it not: 'tis true Thou art unhappy, but not criminal. All, all missortunes may be lightly borne, When the soul feels not guilt.

Timan. By deeds alone
The world directs its censure; and when deeds
Condemn us, reason tries in vain to absolve.
But I'm too guilty; or if ignorance
Extenuates my offence, I'm criminal
In daring still to live; and yet I never
Can banish Direc hence; I feel I love her,
I know I ought not: but, alas! so soon
How can I hope to break the tender ties,
Cast off the lover, husband and the father?
Dissolve an union, dearer by missortune;
Forget our faith, obliterate the remembrance

Of

Of pleasures long enjoy'd? O Heaven! Cherinthus,

Leave me, in pity leave me; let me die,

Ere yet a greater guilt——

## SCENE XII.

#### Enter Adrastus.

Adraf. The king, Timanthes,
Seeks thee in every part; but now I saw him
With old Mathusius quit the houshold temple.
A pleasure seems to brighten either's looks;
For thee alone they ask.

Timan. O! let me fly!

Too much I dread to meet a father's fight!

## SCENE XIII.

Enter MATHUSIUS.

Mat. My fon! my dearest fon!

[embracing Timanthes.

Timan. To me that name! Ha! wherefore! fay?

Mat. Because thou art my son, And I——I am thy father!

Timan. Sure thou dream'st!

SCENE

#### SCENE XIV.

Enter DIRCE leading OLINTHUS.

Timan. O! Heaven! Is Dirce here?

Dir. Fly not, my lord, Nor fear in me a fifter.

Timan. You deceive me,
To calm the tumult of my wounded thoughts!

#### SCENE XV.

Enter Demophoon attended.

Demo. Thou art not deceiv'd, Timanthes; all is true.

Timan. O to betray me now were cruelty!

Demo. Yet be compos'd; for know thou art not my fon.

Thou, when an infant, wert exchang'd for Dirce: I am her father, and Mathusius thine.

My confort begg'd thee of Mathusius' wise;

For then she deem'd the public weal concern'd

In this exchange: but when Cherinthus next

Was born, too late she saw the rash design

Had of succession robb'd her rightful son.

To me she durst not tell the mighty secret,

She

She found already thou had'st gain'd too much
On my affection: but at length, reduc'd
To life's extremest verge, she left the story
Reveal'd in two mysterious papers; one
She gave her friend, and that Mathusius shew'd
thee;

The other she conceal'd, and that thou here Beholdest.

Timan. Wherefore did she not in one Disclose the mystery?

Demo. Because she meant
The first should only prove the birth of Dirce.
It there suffic'd to swear she was her daughter.
The secret of thy fate was kept for me;
That I might act as best the time requir'd,
Or to divulge, or keep it still unknown.
For this the second paper she dispos'd,
Where I alone could ever have access.

Timan. Such strange events still hold my mind in doubt.

Demo. Too certain are the proofs: behold the writing

Where all I have declar'd is told at full.

Timan. O Fortune! do not once again deceive me! [takes the paper and reads.

SCENE

## SCENE LAST.

#### Enter CREUSA.

Creu. May I, my lord! believe the joyful tidings

That echo through the palace?

Demo. Princess, yes:

See there thy husband. I have pledg'd my faith To wed thee to my fon, and kingdom's heir; And in Cherinthus now receive them both.

Cher. The change may prove ungrateful to Creusa.

Creu. In vain we hope to avoid what Heaven decrees.

Cher. And wilt thou not confess thou lov'st

Creu. My deeds shall speak my thoughts.

Timan. And was it me

The oracle declar'd? Was I the unknown, The innocent usurper?

Demo. Yes, thou wert.

The clouds are now dispell'd; the kingdom stands
Deliver'd from the annual sacrifice;
And to the rightful heir the crown returns

And to the rightful heir the crown returns.

I shall preserve, without the means of rigour,

My

My faith unbroken to the Phrygian king: Cherinthus shall possess his lov'd Creusa: She shall a sceptre gain; and thou may'st now Securely class thy Dirce. Not a cause For grief remains, and all this wondrous maze Of mystic Fate, these papers have reveal'd.

Timan. O! happy papers! fortunate Timanthes!

Ye powers! from what a dreadful weight I feel My foul difburden'd! O my fon! my wife! Come to my bosom: now I can embrace you Without the fear of guilt!

Dir. Transporting hour!

[kneels,

Creu. What moving tenderness!

Timan. Most just of kings!

Once more behold me at your feet: forgive

The wild excesses of despairing love;

Believe me, when I swear it, you shall find me

More duteous as your subject than your son.

Demo. Rife, thou art still my fon, still call me father:

Such, while I live, thou'lt find me: till this hour Our love was duty, henceforth be it choice.

A stronger tie shall our affections bind

Than Nature's ties, the instinctive work of Fate.

Chorus,

#### CHORUS.

Good fortune most delights mankind,
That steals upon us, when the mind
Can scarce its griefs sustain.
What mortal bliss can prove sincere,
Since, to be great, our pleasures here
Must have their source in pain!

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

**ADRIAN** 

# ADRIAN IN SYRIA.

#### PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

- ADRIAN, Emperor of Rome, in love with Emi-RENA, but betrothed to Sabina.
- Osrhoes, King of the Parthians, captive to Adrian, father of Emirena.
- SABINA, in love with, and betrothed to ADRIAN.
  - PHARNASPES, a Parthian prince, captive to Adrian, friend and tributary to Osrhoes, betrothed to Emirena.
  - EMIRENA, captive to ADRIAN, in love with Phar-NASPES.
  - Aquilius, a tribune, confidant of Adrian, secretly in love with Sabina.

Scene, Antioch.

# ADRIAN IN SYRIA.

# ACT I. SCENE I.

A square in the city of Antioch, magnificently decorated with military trophies, consisting of arms, ensigns, and other spoils of the conquered barbarous nations. An imperial throne on one side. A bridge over the river Orontes, that divides the city.

On the near fide of the river appears Adrian borne in triumph on the shields of the Roman soldiers. Aquilius, guards and people. On the further side of the river Pharnaspes and Osrhoes, with a train of Parthians bringing various wild beasts and other gifts as presents to Adrian.

## CHORUS OF ROMAN SOLDIERS.

Live, live for us, for empire live!
On fam'd Orontes' banks receive
That laurel which the conquer'd give,
Great Cæsar! thus to grace thy brows.

Hail! father of a happy land!
Hail! leader of a martial band!
The world confess thy faving hand:
In thee our dearest hopes repose.

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What wreaths for thee shall Ganges frame, What nations shall extend thy fame From clime to clime, 'till Cæsar's name

The earth's remotest region knows!
[while the chorus is singing Adrian descends, and the soldiers, who bore him on their shields, fall into their ranks with the rest.

Aquil. The Parthian prince Pharnaspes, mighty Cæsar,

Requests an audience of thee.

Adr. Let him come, He shall be heard.

[Aquilius goes out, and Adrian having ascended the steps of the throne addresses the soldiers

standing.

My friends and fellow-foldiers,
You offer me an empire with your blood
No less than mine sustain'd. I know not well.
The right of Adrian to receive alone
The fruits of general toil: but if your love
Brook no resusal, each of you shall find,
(Whate'er my title) Adrian still the same.

Nor deem yourselves my subjects: no, together
We still, as wont, will serve one common cause,
To guard the glories of imperial Rome,
Your private honours and the public weal. [he sits.

CHORUS.

## Chorus.

Live, live for us, for empire live!

On fam'd Orontes' banks receive

That laurel which the conquer'd give,

Great Cæfar, thus to grace thy brows.

[while the chorus is finging Pharnaspes and Osrhoes pass the river with all their train, preceded by Aquilius. Pharnaspes and Osrhoes advance: Pharnaspes addresses himself to Cæsar.

Phar. On this decifive day, when Rome adores In thee her Cæsar; from that eye, Augustus, On which depends the fate of many a realm, Vouchsafe to cast one look on prince Pharnaspes. But late thy soe; he now at Cæsar's feet Lays down his enmity, and swears to prove His loyalty and truth.

Ofr. [afide to Phar.] There needed not Such abject, tame submission.

Adr. Rome is ever

Each nation's common mother, and receives Within her bosom all that would become Incorporate with herself: her friends she honours, The vanquish'd she forgives; with godlike virtue The oppress'd she raises, and she finks the proud.

Ofr. [afide.] O! infolence of power!

Phar. I come to ask

No unexampled act of Roman virtue

The

The royal daughter of the Parthian king Is now a prisoner in your chains.

Adr. Proceed.

Phar. Release her from her bonds.

Adr. [afide.] O! Heaven!

Phar. Dry up

Her country's tears; to me restore the maid, And take these gifts for ransom.

Adr. Here in Asia

I wage a generous war: I come not, prince, To barter gold for conquest: think not Adrian, As is the style of barbarous nations, sells The liberty of others.

Phar. Let it then Be Adrian's gift.

Ofr. [afide.] What now will Adrian fay?

Adr. First let her father come and claim this gift:

For him I have referv'd it.

Phar. Since the day,

The fatal day, when all the Gods combin'd-Fought in the cause of Rome, our monarch's fate Has still remain'd unknown: in other lands He wanders now conceal'd, or lives no more.

Adr. Till Ofrhoes' certain destiny be heard, His daughter be our care.

Phar. Then fince Augustus

Appears

Appears so jealous of his fame, resign. That office to her husband.

Adr. Ha! her husband? Is Emirena then espous'd?

Phar. No more

Is wanting but the folemn rite.

Adr. [aside.] O! Heavens! [to him.] Where is that husband?

Phar. I, my lord, am he.

Adr. And does she love thee too

Phar. We lov'd each other

Before we knew 'twas love: we learn'd together To live and feed our passion: with our years And ripening sense the slame increas'd: our souls Became but one. I sigh'd for Emirena, She for her faithful prince; but then, Augustus, When blissful Hymen should have made us one, Relentless Fate! then was she ravish'd from me.

Adr. [aside.] What do I suffer?

Phar. You appear disturb'd.

Perchance my weakness may offend: I know
The sons of Rome are heroes from their birth:
I know that every passion glory breeds not,
With you is deem'd a crime; but vainly, Cæsar,
You seek to find such virtues in Pharnaspes:
I am a Parthian, not a Roman born.

Adr.

Adr. [afide.] O! harsh rebuke! But let us now begin

To exercise dominion o'er ourselves.

[to Phar.] Hear, prince; the lovely captive shall henceforth

Be mistress of her fate: I'll lead thee to her, And if, as thou believ'st, she loves thee still, Then—hold my heart!—then take her and depart.

On those fair lips that love inspire,
That kindled first thy bosom's fire,
On them depends thy fate alone——
And, ah! no less depends my own. [aside.

In thy diffres I bear a part,

With thee at Fate repine;

And every grief that swells thy heart,

Is grief no less to mine.

[Exit, followed by Aquil. and the Roman foldiers.

## SCENE II.

## Osrhoes, Pharnaspes.

Ofr. Pharnaspes, didst thou comprehend the meaning

Of Cæsar's words? To me they speak a passion For Emirena, jealousy of thee, And considence in her.—Should this be true; Should she consent to love my deadliest foe,

This

This vengeful fword before thy fight—but no, I'll not believe it—she is still my daughter.

Phar. What fays my fovereign? Cæfar is too just,

And she is true—what doubts perplex your peace?

Ofr. Who doubts of ill but rarely is deceiv'd.

Phar. I fly to feek her-you shall fee-

Ofr. Then go-

But tell her not that here I lurk conceal'd Among thy followers.

Phar. From your daughter too Would you be hid?

O/r. I would, when next we meet, Thou shalt know all my purpose.

Phar. Yes, my king, With her I shall return to glad your fight.

Already are my fufferings o'er,
My foul exulting mourns no more;
But all dissolv'd in tender sighs,
Impatient to her presence slies.
In vain my lips would words supply,
My words in broken accents die;
My panting heart, no more depress'd,
Now bounds and struggles in my breast.

[Exit.

SCENE

#### SCENE III.

#### Osrhoes alone.

First let me from the insulting foe redeem
The precious pledge, that only makes me fear,
Then give my fury way—Yes, haughty Roman!
Tremble at Osrhoes' vengeance. I am conquer'd,
But not depress'd; for know, to thy consustion,
My soul, unchang'd, shall ever war with Adrian.

A sturdy oak, which nature forms
To brave a hundred winters' storms,
While round its head the whirlwinds blow,
Remains with root infix'd below.
When fell'd to earth a ship it sails
Through dashing waves and driving gales;
And now at sea, again defies
The threatening clouds and howling skies.

[Exit.

### SCENE IV.

An apartment defined for EMIRENA in the imperial palace.

Aquilius alone.

Unless invention frame some artifice To work on Emirena, I am lost.

Yes,

Yes, generous Cæsar gives her to Pharnaspes. If he, a lover, can expunge a passion Which I with care somented, he'll return To love Sabina; she, whose image ever Dwells in my heart. Ah! where is Emirena? Behold she comes—Now to my wiles.

#### SCENE V.

#### Enter EMIRENA.

Emir. Aquilius.

Aqu. Ah! princess, had you seen the rage of Cæsar:

Pharnaspes has requir'd from him your freedom; Confess'd he lov'd you, and was lov'd again; And thus has kindled in the emperor's bosom A thousand jealous pangs. He raves to madness, And vows, unless you quit your former love, He to the capitol will drag you, bound In servile fetters, at his chariot wheels.

Emir. Is this the hero of your Tiber? This The boasted idol of imperial Rome? I have his word I should not be expos'd A spectacle of triumph. Is it then With you no shame for heroes to be false?

Aquil. When love obscures the sense and blinds the reason,

Even heroes, Emirena, change their nature.

Fmir.

Emir. Shall Emirena then be led in triumph?
O! never, never—Asia too has those
Who dare to die.

Aquil. No—better means there are
In Emirena's power. Know, Cæfar comes
To offer you Pharnaspes, hoping thus
To read your secret thoughts: beware, nor trust
His seeming friendship: art elude with art.
Receive your prince belov'd with seign'd indifference;

Reject his profferr'd hand: guard every word,

And dress your looks with well-dissembled coldness,

As if your breast no longer own'd the lover.

Emir. And what of me will poor Pharnaspes say? Alas! thou know'st not how his heart is form'd; At such unkindness I shall see him fall A victim at my feet.

Aquil. Farewell-reflect-

And, if you can, embrace some better counsel.

Emir. Hear me: at least prevent the prince-

Aquil. He's here.

Emir. O! Heavens!

Aquil. Now fummon all your fortitude;
I've trac'd your path to shun the threatening evil.

[Exit.

SCENE

#### SCENE VI.

### Enter ADRIAN and PHARNASPES.

Emir. [aside.] O! Emirena, what a cruel trial Thy love must here endure.

Adr. [entering.] Say, prince, is that The beauty you adore?

Phar. O! Heavens! 'tis she Whose charms are ever lovelier in my sight.

Emir. [aside.] How my heart throbs!

Adr. See, beauteous Emirena, With whom I am return'd; and well I know My presence never was more grateful to thee. Speak, undisguis'd.

Emir. What stranger, sir, is this?

Phar. What stranger!

Adr. Know'st thou not those features?

Emir. Heaven!

[aside.

I know them not.

to Adr.

Adr. And hast thou, Emirena, Ne'er view'd their likeness?

Emir. No-I fear to speak;

If I betray my love we both are loft.

afide,

Adr. [to Phar.] Is this the maid who learn'd with thee to love?

6

Phara

Phar. I'm all amazement! Am I then Pharnaspes?

Alas! where am I?

Emir. [aside.] How I sympathize With all he feels.

Adr. [to Emir.] If fear, or doubt of me Restrain thee, Emirena, know that Adrian Is not a tyrant o'er another's heart. Behold thy lover—I restore him to thee; As well besits his eldership of passion.

Emir. [afide.] Be conftant still——[to Adr.] I here refuse the gift.

Phar. My princess, say, what has Pharnaspes done?

What crime unknown to raise thine anger thus? Dost thou distrust my truth?

Emir. No more—no more—

Phar. Am I not he-

Emir. [to Phar.] In pity, O! forbear—For well my state deserves it.

Phar. Yet remember—

Emir. [to Phar.] Remembrance now is lost—I cannot speak—

My adverse fate engrosses every thought:
Unless thou mean'st to see me sink before thee—
Leave me in peace—away.

Phar. Leave thee in peace?

Inhuman !

Inhuman!—yes—I will obey—but look,
Look once upon this face, there read the heart
Of him—no, cruel, do not look upon me,
If thou would'ft wish Pharnaspes to obey thee.

If once, ingrate! thy looks I meet,
I never can depart;
Alas! too foon I shall forget
Thy faithless changing heart.

With blushes then thy face may glow,
But ah! my love will claim
Less anguish for the wrongs I know
Than pity for thy shame.

[Exit.

### SCENE VII.

## Adrian, Emirena.

Adr. But whither go'ft thou now?

[to Emir. going.

Emir. To weep alone
My wretched fortune—tears at least are free,
Though all be lost.

Adr. O! nothing hast thou lost:

I in those beauteous eyes have lost my peace.

Enuir. I hop'd for more respect—a royal mind, Though stript of empire, still remains unchang'd: My crown is Fortune's gift: but from itself

.. My

My heart derives its greatness.

Adr. [afide.] Lovely pride!

[to Emir.] And what offence has now thy virtue fuffer'd

From Adrian's love? From Adrian, who can give If thou confent, his hand and empire?

Emir. No,

They're plighted to Sabina.

Adr. True; I've lov'd her

These twice five years: but must our passions then Endure for ever? Surely in Sabina
Such constancy resides not: different far
'Is Adrian's fortune since. I had not then
Beheld thee, Emirena; I was then
A private man in Rome, and ever near her.
But now I sigh a captive in your chains,
And wear the imperial laurel on my brows;
Sabina distant treads the banks of Tiber,
And I Orontes' shores.

# SCENE VIII.

Enter Aquilius.

Aquil. My lord.

Adr. What would'st thou?

Aquil. Sir, from the Latian city is arriv'd-

Adr. Say, who?

Aquil. Sabina.

Adr.

Adr. Mighty Gods!

Emir. [afide.] Blest chance. For my relief.

Adr. What means her progress hither Without my summons? Art thou not deceiv'd?

Aquil. No, hear the tumult of the following people,

Whose shouts proclaim her empress.

Adr. Heavens!—Aquilius,
Go hence, conduct her to a different part;
Let her not thus surprise me: I would ask
A moment to compose my troubled looks—
Use every artifice——

Aquil. My lord, she comes.

Adr. I'm all confus'd!

# SCENE IX.

Enter Sabina, attended by matrons and Roman knights.

Sab. Cæsar, my lord, my husband!
Behold the hour that I have wish'd so long
At last is come, and I once more am near you:
Permit me now to view you crown'd with laurel;
With that victorious laurel, which has cost
My love such frequent sighs.

Adr. [aside.] What shall I say?

Sab.

Sab. You answer not-

Adr. I could not hope, Sabina— Might I—but thy fatigue must now require A needful rest—Who waits?—Conduct Sabina To some apartment that besits her rank, And honour her as me.

Sab. Must I then leave you? With you I came to seek repose.

Adr. Forgive me, Some weighty cares demand me hence.

Sab. The time

Has been, Sabina was your first of cares.

Adr. 'Tis true; but empire now must claim from Adrian

A fovereign's duty.

[Exit.

## SCENE X.

SABINA, EMIRENA, AQUILIUS.

Sab. Say, what means Augustus? Aquilius, speak.

Aquil. The fecret lies not deep To fearthing eyes. Augustus is a lover, And yonder stands your rival.

Emir. Gracious empress,
So Heaven preserve you long for Cæsar, hear
And

And fuccour the diffres'd—my crown, my hufband,

My country and my father, all are loft.

Sab. [aside.] The haughty fair derides me.

Emir. On this hand,

This royal hand permit me thus-

Sab. Away':

I am not yet become the wife of Cæsar,
Nor art thou wretched as thy words imply;
Since Fortune, leaving still thy wonted beauty,
Has little taken from thee. At thy choice
Thou may'st acquire even more than thou hast lost,
And I perhaps from thee, some future time,
May ask that grace which now thou seek'st of me.

Emir. My shameful bonds-

Sab. No more—I would be private.

Emir. O! Heaven! what forrows must this breast endure.

Against a helpless maid distress'd

No more such rigour show:

Ah! wrong not thus your noble breast,

To scorn a captive's woe.

Trust not too far a prosperous state,

I near the throne was born:

Thou too may'st know a prisoner's fate,
In servile chains to mourn.

[Exist.

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SCENE

## SCENE XI,

## SABINA, AQUILIUS.

Aquil. [aside.] Now let us prove our fortune. Sab. Say, Aquilius,

Does not Sabina's fate excite thy pity?

Aquil. Yes, I confess Augustus most unjust:
He thinks not that revenge is in your power.
Beauty and virtue both alike are yours,
What heart so cold but these must surely warm:
Before his eyes you should——

Sab. [haughtily.] What should Sabina?

Aquil. Pursue him still with unabated passion,
And make him blush at his inconstancy.

[aside.] The tempest threats, let us regain the shore.

[Exit.

# SCENE XII.

SABINA alone.

And do I weep? Ah! no—at least my weak-ness

Shall be conceal'd.—But fuch a cruel stroke
Bears down my best resolves. To Asia's clime
I came to find my love, and find him false:
I find him with my rival; see him troubled

∆t

At my approach. He scarcely deigns to hear me; He slies my sight—and yet I must not weep: Alas! a rock would weep at woes like mine.

Ye powers! if justice mark your reign,
To me his heart restore;
Nor let these flowing tears in vain
A loss like him deplore.

You know he's mine, (ah! faithless spouse!)
You heard his last farewell,
When from his lips, with mingled vows,
The parting accents fell.

[Exit.

## SCENE XIII.

A view of the imperial palace on fire; the flames breaking out from several parts of the building: some part in ruins. Time, night.

Osrhoes comes from the palace, with a lighted torch in his right hand and a sword drawn in his left. A train of Parthians with lighted torches.

Ofr. Intrepid Parthians! Heaven propitious fmiles

Upon our bold attempt: turn yet a moment And view the ruins of yon hostile palace. Amidst our loss this shadow of revenge Is some relief—Behold the bursting fires!

What

What wreaths of smoke and slame ascend the sky!
O! would to all the Gods, you walls that now
The Parthian rage destroys, within them held
The senators, the capitol, and Rome!

### SCENE XIV.

Enter PHARNASPES.

Phar. Ofrhoes, my king.

Ofr. Pharnaspes, look—behold The work of Osrhoes' hand!

[ pointing to the flames.

Phar. Immortal powers! Where is thy daughter?

Ofr. Who can tell?—Even now, There, with her lover, wrapt perchance in flames, She suffers for the wrongs she heap'd on thee.

Phar. [going.] O! Emirena! O! my life!

Ofr. Yet hear me—— What would'st thou feek?

Phar. To fave my love or perish. [going.

Ofr. O! no—forget, far rather, an ingrate That has betray'd thee.

Phar. O! I know her false,
But still my soul adores her.

| enters amidst the stames and ruins of the palace.

SCENE

### SCENE XV.

OSRHOES, Parthians.

Ofr. Perish then, Unthinking youth, while we, my valiant friends, Preserve ourselves for greater deeds. Let each Cast down his torch to earth, and each again Retire to his concealment. [the Parthians go out. -Yet, in spite Of all my rage I feel myself a father; I cannot quit this place—Still, still I turn To you devoted walls-Let me not listen To this unmanly weakness.—Ah! eyen now Perhaps a dying child invokes my name: O! that Pharnaspes may arrive to save her! Could I but learn their fate !—But whither would My inconfiderate steps? O Gods! look there-Ha! who comes yonder? See, the tumult thickens, And all the imperial palace is in motion— My friend-my daughter-whither shall I turn? I lose myself and yet preserve not them. Since, mighty Gods! you've taken all from Ofrhoes, Why have you left him still these feeble passions? [Exit haftily.

SCENE

### SCENE XVI.

Emirena flying in terror, Pharnaspes enters to her in chains, guarded.

Emir. Ah! whither shall I fly? Who now will fave me?

Could I but learn—O! Heaven! Pharnaspes!

Phar. Princess!

Emir. And art thou here a prisoner?

Phar. Art thou fafe?

Emir. Death comes not to the unhappy———
Could thy hand

Kindle these flames?

Phar. No-but 'tis fo believ'd.

Emir. Believ'd, and why?

Phar. Because I am a Parthian,

Because I'm lost, abandon'd to despair,

Because amidst these walls I was surpris'd.

Emir. Say, to what purpose came Pharnaspes hither?

Phar. To fave thee and to die.

Emir. And hadst thou died

Think'st thou that Emirena would be fav'd?

Phar. Why dost thou mock me thus? This feign'd compassion

Exceeds

Exceeds thy cruelty.

Emir. My feign'd compassion!

Phar. How can I think it true? Far other, princess,

Thy words but late imported.

Emir. Words, alas!

Might differ—Emirena was the same.

Phar. What meant thy cold reception?

Emir. Fear to raise

The jealoufy of Adrian.

Phar. What from him

Could Emirena fear?

Emir. That shame which waits

The vanquish'd at a haughty Roman's triumph?

Phar. Did he not nobly offer thee this hand?

Emir. All artifice to read my fecret thoughts.

Phar. Then am I still-

Emir. My only hope, my life.

Phar. And art thou then-

Emir. Still faithful to Pharnaspes; And to the tomb will still remain unchang'd, And after death, if then the dead retain Of aught in life remembrance, shall thy image Dwell in my constant soul.

Phar. No more, my love, Enough; I here detest my jealous doubts.

Forgive

Forgive me, Emirena! Cruel stars!
In your despite Pharnaspes shall defy
The rage of tyrants and the pangs of suffering)
My princes loves me—yes, her lips confirm it;
And midst your frowns I shall be happy still.

Emir. Ah! go not yet.

Phar. Alas! necessity Now tears me from thee.

Emir. Gracious powers! Pharnaspes, What fate awaits us next?

Phar. My foul is fearless, And death itself has only terrors for me, As I'm forbid, alas! to die beside thee.

If I'm denied with thee to die,
Thou foul of my desires!
Thy name shall mingle with the figh
That on my lip expires.

Farewell, dear partner of my breast,

Weep not my fate to view:

Ah! think Pharnaspes still is blest

If Emirena's true. [Exit guarded.

SCENE

### SCENE XVII.

## EMIRENA alone.

If it be true, that from another's grief We find our own reliev'd, contemplate me, 'Ye wretched sufferers, and regain your peace, In finding all your woes surpass'd by mine.

In vain I weep my haples state,
As mourns the widow'd dove,
Who, seeking, finds her captive mate
Divided from her love.

Still hovering near his cage she flies,
Where prisoner he remains:
Like her I go, with forrowing eyes,
To see my prince in chains.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

# ACT II. SCENE I.

A gallery in the apartments of Adrian.

## EMIRENA, AQUILIUS.

Aquil. Who fooner than yourfelf can fave Pharnaspes?

'Tis yours, at will, to rule the heart of Cæsar; And every female but yourself would better Employ a monarch's love.

Emir. Of what avail

To me, who love not Cæsar, is the power?

Aquil. And must he be belov'd to make him think

That he is so?

Emir. Shall I proclaim a lie?

Aquil. O! no—a lie is now an artifice Held gross and insecure: true policy Is so to work, that whom we would deceive Should prove his own deceiver: let a sigh, Half check'd with art, escape you; or a word Of doubtful meaning; or a glance, that seems As taken by surprise; a winning smile: The smallest action: silence or a blush: Nay, what you do not speak; all, all alike

Shall

Shall fpread the snare; for lovers still are prone To sooth their wishes. He will think you love him,

And yet yourself may still retain the power, To say your lips had ne'er confess'd a passion.

Emir. I know not where fuch art is to be found.

Aquil. Woman has not to feek it: with her birth

It grew and flourish'd. From the languid eye
To drop the obedient tear; to dress the lip
In smiles that hold no commerce with the heart:
To chace, at will, the colour from the cheek:
To flush the changing features: these are all
The sex's privilege, on you bestow'd,
Heaven's voluntary gift: to man they cost
Labour and deep design.

Emir. Thou, that art grown
Old in a court, canst ne'er have cause to envy
Talents like these. I deem thou art not sound
Among the sew, tenacious of the ties
Of ancient honour. When the time demands,
Thou know'st full well with open looks to allure
An unsuspecting soe; to place before him
The precipice, and then lament his fall:
To offer all thy service, but to serve
Thyself alone: to clothe an accusation
With treacherous praise, and aggravate a fault
In seeming to desend it: from the throne

To

To keep the good at distance; make the sovereign Hated for punishments, and to thyself Usurp the merit of rewards: beneath Apparent zeal to hide an impious purpose, And build thy fortune on another's ruin.

Aquil. Thou, Emirena, wouldst revenge thy fex:

I thought not thus to touch thee, nor complain Of what thou fay'ft: nay more, to be fincere, It feems to me we both have spoken truth. I meant but to advise.

Emir. I ask'd for aid, And not advice.

Aquil. Aquilius ever thought,
That wholesome counsel gave no little aid.
Believe me, princess—but farewell, I hear
Some one approach—'tis Adrian sure at hand.

[Exit.

### SCENE II.

### Enter SABINA.

Sab. [entering.] O! Heavens! my rival here! Emir. Ye powers! Sabina!

Sab. Thou art, indeed, most loyal in thy care, Beyond my utmost thought: the conflagration Is scarce extinguish'd, when we find thee here In thy lov'd Cæsar's palace.

Emir.

Emir. Ah! Sabina,

How great is your injustice! Cæsar's love Is not my crime, but punishment. The danger Of poor Pharnaspes weighs upon my soul. Behold the cause that brings me to these walls: Can I, in silence, see him perish thus? Pharnaspes is myself! to him I gave My virgin heart, and time has travell'd long Since first our loves began.

Sab. Speak'st thou fincere, Or dost thou feign?

Emir. O! I should feign indeed, If thus I did not speak.

Sab. Yet see'st thou not

That pleading in his cause but angers Cæsar?

Emir. I have no other way.

Sab. Wouldst thou attend,

A better might be found. With thy Pharnaspes, Fly from the palace. Lentulus, the leader, Keeps him in charge: he to my parents owes Whate'er he has; and from his grateful heart I well may rest assured of stronger proofs. Than this which now I seek.

Emir. O! might, indeed, Your thoughts fucceed.

Sab. Go then; prepare securely For thy departure: to the greater fountain In Cæsar's gardens, I'll conduct thy spouse.

Expect

Expect me there before the fun attains His mid-day height.

Emir. Ah! princes, may I hope———I am so us'd to bear the frowns of fate.

Sab. Behold my hand; receive this certain pledge.

Emir. My breast can scarce contain the mighty joy!

O! generous princess! happy Emirena!

By thee shall wreaths eternal grow,
To deck the Roman victor's brow,
And all the adoring world shall bow
To Heaven's sublimest gift in thee.
While this imperial hand, that deigns
To ease a lover's-anxious pains,
O'er subject realms the rule maintains,
And gives to kings their liberty.

[Exit.

## SCENE III.

## SABINA alone.

When Emirena shall be hence remov'd, Perchance my lover may again return To all his former kindness. Every fire, When suel fails, must perish; and the stream, Divided from the source that seeds it, dries.

SCENE

### SCENE IV.

#### Enter ADRIAN.

Adr. [entering.] My life! my Emirena! [fees her.] Heavenly Powers!

What have I faid?

[going.

Sab. Why do you fly me, Adrian?

Ah! grudge me not your presence one short moment:

Then, if you will, return to her you love.

Adr. What fays Sabina? Does she then believe—

And who should Adrian love?

Sab. Ah! hide not from me
That candid blush of shame; you know not, Adrian,
To me how grateful: conscience never dyes
The cheek of him who seels not he is guilty;
And he who seels his guilt will soon disclaim it.

## Adr. O! Heaven!

Sab. You figh—give me that figh, my lord. Immortal powers! Who once would have believ'd A change like this? The glory of our Rome, The hero's pattern, and my only hope, Adrian inconstant! Is it possible? It cannot be—Who has seduc'd your faith? Give me to know it all.

Adr.

## Adr. What shall I say?

How is my foul confus'd!—Ah! cease so gently
To chide my falsehood; call me base, betrayer;
Give, give thine anger vent. I own, Sabina,
Thou justly may'st reproach me: thy deserts,
Our mutual interchange of love; the vows
A thousand times repeated, all now rise
To my remembrance; but in vain, Sabina,
I'm not myself. I know, I prize, thy virtues,
Thy every charm—and yet—a single look—
I hate myself; I loath my own injustice.
Thy wrongs cry out for vengeance.—Dost thou
wish

The death of Adrian? Take, O! take his life; 'Tis just, nor will I murmur.—Would'st thou tear The facred laurel from Augustus' brow, He gives it to thy hand: the happy world With joy will bend beneath thy virtuous sway.

- Sab. I ask your heart and not your empire,
  Adrian.
- Adr. This heart was thine, and, witness Heaven! I strove

To keep it all thy own. The Gods, Sabina, Beheld my fecret thoughts: all Asia's beauties To me were nothing: long, ah! long I deem'd The loveliest glances cold compar'd to thine.

Sab. And yet-

Adr. And yet-I know not how, secure

In

In conscious virtue I forgot defence,
And love surpris'd me. Flush'd with victory,
My passions warm'd with all the warrior's ardour
Was Emirena first conducted to me.
The soul in tumult oft imbibes with ease
A new affection. I beheld her chain'd
Implore my pity, selt her press my hand,
And bathe it with her tears, while on my face
She fix'd her suppliant eye with such a look—
—Ah! had Sabina seen her then, the sight
Had urg'd even her to pardon Adrian's weakness.

Sab. It is too much—Not only to forfake me, But dare avow it; to my face extol

The charms of her, my rival for thy heart!

And dost thou further hope Sabina, mov'd

To hear thy suffering, should excuse thy guilt?

Unheard-of tyranny! Have I deserv'd

A recompense like this? Barbarian! traitor!

Ungrateful Adrian! [finks on a seut and weeps.

## SCENE V.

Enter Aquilius behind.

Aquil. [apart.] Ha! Sabina here!

Adr. [afide.] Her tears have touch'd my foul. [to her.] Ah! fair Sabina,

Take comfort, Adrian will again return To wear thy happy chains; again be thine.

Aquil. [apart.] Malicious stars!

Sab.

Sab. [tenderly.] Indeed!

Adr. I yield to pity;

Pity, the gentle harbinger of love.

Sab. Scarce can I yet believe-

Aquil. [apart.] Now, policy Once more affift me.

Sab. Should'st thou yet again See Emirena?

Adr. Never, never more:
Will I behold her.

Sab. Canst thou, Adrian, trust Thy bosom's firmness?

Adr. 'Tis refolv'd; and all The will determines, foon the deed confirms.

Aquil. [coming forward.] The lovely captive princess has requested

To kneel before your feet: long has she fought, But fought you, sir, in vain.

Sab. [afide.] Now comes the trial.

Adr. Aquilius, no; I must no more behold her: At length 'tis time remembrance should recall My faithful, kind Sabina.

Sab. [afide.] Joyful founds!

Aquil. 'Tis furely just; but little is the boon Poor Emirena asks. Will you deny To her alone what all obtain? 'Tis true She is a captive, but was born a queen.

Adr.

Adr. 'Tis fairly spoken. Surely, my Sabina, 'Twere cruel not to hear her.

Sab. [afide.] O! my heart!

Adr. I'll hear her in thy presence: where is then Thy fear? Yet stay and thou shalt see----

Sab. [rifing.] O! no, Thou hast enough deceiv'd my easy faith.

> Enough for me my love fincere, Ingrate! is thus repaid; But think not still I'll linger here To see myself betray'd.

I know thy best resolves are weak

Thy passion to control:

Thine eyes, that still their object seek,

Thy sighs and restless actions speak

The feelings of thy soul.

[Exit.

### SCENE VI.

Adrian, Aquilius.

Aquil. I fly to bring fair Emirena.

[going.

Adr. No,

Forbear awhile.

Aquil. Can you to her refuse This justice, Cæsar?

Adr. I refuse her not.

But

But at this moment—Didst thou hear Sabina?

Love goads me on, while reason checks the rein.

I would! but O! ye powers, what pain to think—

Aquil. Speak, fpeak, my lord; unless I know your grief

How shall I give you comfort?

Adr. Speak? alas!

Myself I know not what my thoughts intend.

[Exit.

### SCENE VII.

#### Aquilius alone.

Be firm, my heart: though victory be near As yet 'tis not mature. The love of Cæsar, The anger of Sabina, both alike War on my side: the battle is at hand, But let us not too rashly risk the field.

> Of old the experienc'd warrior tried To watch each motion of the foe; Restrain'd his warmth, each vantage spy'd, And cautious dealt the skilful blow.

With hand and foot alike he feign'd,

By turns to advance, by turns to yield;

Till one propitious moment gain'd

The envied laurels of the field. [Exit.

**SCENE** 

#### SCENE VIII.

The gardens belonging to the palace.

EMIRENA alone.

Ah! why, my love, this long delay? Each moment feems a tedious day.

## SCENE IX.

Enter SABINA with PHARNASPES.

Sab. [to Phar.] Behold your spouse.

Phar. My lovely Emirena.

Emir. Art thou indeed my prince? I scarce believe

The bliss sincere.

Phar. At length, my dearest princess-

Sab. The time admits not now fuch fond exchange

Of mutual transports: think of speedy safety. This unfrequented passage, veil'd in gloom, Is open for your slight, by Lentulus Reveal'd to me: not distant from the entrance It branches in two straiter paths: the right Leads to the river, and the left the palace. Avoid the second. Go, my friends, secure; May Fortune guide and Love protect your steps.

Emir. O! generous empress!

Phor.

Phar. Most exalted fair-one!

What gratitude from us-

Sab. I ask but little:

Ah! think of me fometimes, and if amidst Your happiness you recollect Sabina, Afford one pitying sigh to my missortunes.

Ye gentle pair, from realms above
Shine every star to bless your love,
Nor give your life, like mine, to prove
Misfortune's cruel frown.

I envy not your forrows rest,
But hope to find, with grief oppress'd,
That pity in some feeling breast
Which mine to you has shown.

[Exit.

### SCENE X.

# PHARNASPES, EMIRENA.

Phar. And art thou mine? Alas! I fear, and still

Some vision feems to mack me.

Emir. Let us fly,

Unless we mean to find our bliss a vision.

[they go towards the passage.

Phar. Stay, Emirena-

[ stopping her,

Emir. Wherefore?

Phar. Hear'st thou not

The

The clash of arms?

Emir. I heard indeed the found; But whence it came I know not.

Phar. From the path Where lies our destin'd way.

Emir. Alas!-

Phar. My love,

Be not difmay'd—conceal thyfelf, while I Explore the cause of this ill-tim'd alarm.

Emir. What can this mean?—Kind stars, betray me not. [conceals herself.

# SCENE XI.

Enter Osrhoes in a Roman habit, his fword drawn and bloody, from the passage pointed out by Sabina.

Ofr. [entering.] Now let the tyrant to the infernal shades

Relate the trophies of his boafted Rome.

Phar. And whither goes my fovereign thus difguis'd

With Roman vest and Roman arms?

Ofr. My friend,

We are reveng'd—the universe is freed From its oppressor—Lo! the happy sword That boasts of Adrian's death.

Phar.

Phar. What fays my king?

Ofr. Know, prince, that oft our hated foe was wont

To tread this secret path, which late to me One of his train disclos'd. The power of gold Could find a traitor even in Tiber's heroes. Thus dress'd I lurk'd in ambush, till Augustus Drew near with one attendant, when this hand Dispatch'd the tyrant.

Phar. But deceiv'd in darkness, Might not your erring hand have miss'd the foe And slain his follower?

Ofr. This was well foreseen. As he drew near, his treacherous servant seign'd To fall as if by chance: this wile expos'd The life of Cæsar and secur'd his own.

Emir. [looking out.] What is that Roman? In his hand a weapon

Scems stain'd with blood—Could I but view at least

His features now conceal'd-

Phar. What course remains?

Should we pursue the path you trod but now
We may encounter numbers, whom the rumour
Has gather'd hither. Every way beside
Is watch'd by guards and menials.

Ofr. Let our fwords
Then hew a passage through them.

Phar.

Phar. No-referve

Such desperate hazard for the extreme of danger: First let me prove what means may yet be found For safer slight.

Emir. [liftening.] My ears attempt in vain To catch their cautious whifpers.

Phar. Midst these shades

Awhile remain conceal'd: with instant speed

I will return.

Ofr. Delay not; if thou dost
Osrhoes will hence and tempt his fate alone.

[conceals himself in the grove.

Phar. This path will lead mc—no—I am deceiv'd—

'Tis furely here—What if I take the way
Prescrib'd us by Sabina? Cæsar's fate
Perchance is yet unknown, and ere the alarm
Is spread, or guards arrive, we may escape—
—It shall be so.

[going he meets Adrian.

### SCENE XII.

Enter Adrian with a drawn frond and guards.

Adr. [meeting Phar.] Stay, traitor.

Phar. Mighty Gods! What do I fee!

Adr.

Adr. Ho! guards, stop every pass That favours slight.

Phar. I am motionless with wonder.

Emir. [advancing to listen.] Alas! we are discover'd.

Adr. Dost thou gaze

To fee me yet alive? Ungrateful man!

Who hop'd but now to pierce the breast of Adrian.

Thy barbarous infults, when the stroke was given Reveal'd thy impious purpose.

Emir. [liftening.] Yes, the error Is now apparent; he who lurks conceal'd, He is the traitor.

Adr. Dost thou answer nothing?
Persidious! wherefore cam'st thou? What design
Urg'd thee to this? Who loos'd thy setters? Speak.

Phar. I cannot speak.

Adr. Not speak!—Let him be dragg'd By force to prison—hence.

Emir. [discovering herself.] Hold! hold! and hear me——

O! he is innocent.

Phar. Alas!

Emir. Look there:

That grove conceals the traitor.

goes towards Ofrhoes.

6

Phar,

Phar. Heavens! forbear.

[to Emir.

Emir. Behold him, Cæsar.

[ pointing to Ofrhoes, who comes forward.

Ofr. Yes—behold in me The man you feek.

Emir. [motionless.] My father!

Adr. Parthia's king Cloth'd in a Roman garb! Are all alike In treason leagu'd against me?

O/r. I alone

Thirst for thy blood: 'tis true my sword has err'd, But, if thou giv'st me life, this hand shall yet Retrieve its first mistake.

Adr. To affault me thus
With treacherous rage in darkness? Then to seize
The moment when I fell.

Ofr. Malicious fortune!

'Twas this deceiv'd me. Thy attendant's art

Had plann'd a fall with purpose to betray thee;

But by thy casual fall I miss'd the signal,

And slaughter'd him for thee.

Adr. Is this, barbarian,
Is this my recompense? Depress'd and vanquish'd
I bade thee welcome to imperial Rome,
And offer'd thee her friendship——

Ofr. Impious Romans!
Such is your name indeed for tyranny:

Your

Your friends are flaves, and over these you reign.

Adr. We are but faithful guardians of the laws: Who feek to league with us are not subjected To us, but justice; though with you I know Justice is tyranny.

Ofr. And who, proud Romans, Made you her guardians and interpreters? Do you partake with Gods their heavenly councils? Or are you Gods yourselves?

Adr. Though far, O! far From us the name of Gods, at least their virtues We seek to imitate; and he, whose mind Is fram'd like theirs, to others is a God.

Ofr. Are these your marks of deity, to thirst For plunder'd wealth? To desolate a kingdom? To give a loose to lawless love? To oppress A guiltless rival? To betray a woman—

Adr. Thou dost too much abuse my clemency. Ho! guards, to separate dungeons bear these traintors

To await their punishment.

Phar. And Emirena?

Adr. The ingrate shall suffer.

Phar. O! unjust and cruel!
What crime in her can merit Cæsar's vengeance?

. Adr.

Adr. You know on each my wrath should fall, Since all are foes, with insults all Against my peace combine.

Here jealous Rage and stern Disdain, Remorse and Love unseeling reign, Here all their torments join.

points to his breaft.

The Furies on the dreary shore, Where black Cocytus' waters roar, Can add no pangs to mine.

Exit.

### SCENE XIII.

OSRHOES, PHARNASPES, EMIRENA, guards.

Emir. My father! shall I dare to call thee fa-

Have I not murder'd thee ?-If yet thy love-

Ofr. Away-nor shake my constancy.

Emir. Alas!

Well may'st thou drive me from thee—O! forgive Your Emirena—See me here, my father, Low at your feet.

Ofr. Leave, leave me, O! my daughter; I've no refentment kindled against thee: In this embrace receive my love and pardon. Farewell the dearest part of Osrhoes' being!

Emir.

Emir. O! fatal, last adieu!

Phar. O! cruel parting!

Emir. That kind embrace, that tender figh, That pardon given, that speaking eye, But add to all my former pain, And deeper dye the guilty stain! What I have prov'd, what thou hast been My conscious heart with anguish keen Too late laments, and heavier mourns The crime that thus thy love returns. [Exit.

# SCENE XIV.

# OSRHOES, PHARNASPES.

Phar. O! would to Heaven my blood could yet fuffice

To free my king and fave my Emirena!

Ofr. Enough, my friend, I was before unmann'd.

Why wilt thou too conspire against my virtue? No; let the foe, to his confusion, see me Superior to his threats; behold me fall Unconquer'd still, and dread me even in death.

The

The lion, late resistless found,
That sinks beneath a mortal wound,
And sees his blood distain the ground,
Will unsubdu'd appear.
Not death his sierceness can assuage;
The hunter, that could once engage
The lordly beast, his dying rage
Now strikes with panic fear.

[Exit.

### SCENE XV.

#### PHARNASPES alone.

How is my foul still bound with mortal ties. To this unhappy frame! thus, thus to bear Such load of wretchedness! Unpitying stars!

O! take me hence and let me rest for ever.

'Tis false that mortals' vital breath
With forrow must decay;
That every ill, which brings not death,
Will lightly pass away.

No thought that fooths man's fuffering kind,
To me can comfort give:

My woes would shake the firmest mind,
And yet, alas! I live.

[Exit.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

# ACT III. SCENE I.

A hall with feats.

SABINA, Aquilius.

Sab. Must I depart, and is he then so blind, So lost to justice? Say, what guilt is mine That Adrian seeks to punish?

Aquil. Adrian found
That you were privy to, and first advis'd
The slight of Emirena and Pharnaspes.
He thinks his guard seduc'd by you; and knows
So well to aggravate your fault, that all
Who hear the sentence praise his elemency.

Sab. I thought but to fecure for me his heart By studying only to advance his glory, And make a rival happy; not impell'd By hate or anger, but by love and pity. In this I could not err, or if I err'd, Such error sure was venial.

Aquil. Yes, Sabina,

I know it well; and Cæsar too perhaps

Knows it not less; but gladly thus admits

A fair pretence.

Sab. 'Tis well; then let him see mé, And blush at his own sentence.

Aquil. 'Tis his charge

That

That I forbid you now to appear before him.

Sab. O Heaven! but must I then depart unheard?

Aquil. It must be so.

Sab. And when?

Aquil. The ships are now Prepar'd for your reception.

Sab. Such command It ill befits Sabina to obey.

Aquil. Ah! yet submit, or you are lost—depart. Trust to my faithful care. You shall subdue By yielding to him. I will watch the moment, And urge him to recall you.

Sab. Yet, at least Tell him, Aquilius——

Aquil. Go: there needs no more;
I understand whate'er your lips would utter.

Sab. Tell him he's faithless and unjust,
He breaks with me a lover's trust—
Yet, ah! refrain, and rather say
That parting I his will obey,
And say how much I love.
Should you perceive a stissed sigh,
Or tear just starting from his eye,
Ah! bid him for a moment turn;
And ere I seek the silent urn,
His pity let me prove.

[Exit. SCENE

VOL. II.

### SCENE II.

#### Aquilius alone.

I first have plann'd to send Sabina hence,
And fondly then repine at her departure.
Think better, O! my heart, residing here
To thee she's lost; her presence in Augustus
Revives his dying virtue. Ill, Aquilius,
Thou bear'st thy lov'd-one's absence; but remember

Short sufferance now ensures thee years of bliss.

The shooting vine more fertile springs
Beneath the planter's knise;
Her ripen'd clusters larger brings,
And blooms with fresher life.

In warm Arabia's climate found
The odorous balfam trills;
But from the bark's inflicted wound
Alone the juice diffills.

### SCENE III.

### Enter ADRIAN.

Adr. What hast thou gain'd, Aquilius?

Aquil. Nothing gain'd:
Sabina, fir, is constant to depart.

Adr.

!

Adr. She has indeed too just a cause for anger.

Aquil. But yet so gentle her complaints, it seems As if some other must have touch'd her heart; And much I doubt she makes a specious plea Of your inconstancy to veil her own.

Adr. I like it not: this temper in a woman Excites suspicion. Let us seek Sabina.

Aquil. My lord, you have forgot the Parthian king.

My counsel you approv'd, and meant to appeale him:

I've fent for Osrhoes, and he waits your summons. When all is ready to complete your purpose You still remain confus'd and unresolv'd.

Adr. Alas! thou know'st not what a war of thought

Now agitates my bosom. Rome, the senate, Sabina, Emirena, love and glory, All, all are present to me, while in vain I seek to reconcile my jarring passions. On every side I sear some threatening rock: I choose, repent, and long perplex'd in doubt, I know not good from ill, till driven at last To sudden choice, I choose from all, the worst.

Aquil. Ah! cease, my sovereign, to torment yourself:

You have within your arms the fair for whom You figh, and fear to class her to your bosom.

P 2

I cannot

I cannot bear yout griefs: permit me, fir, To introduce the king.

Adr. Yet stay-if still-

Aquil. No more of doubts, my lord.

Adr. Act as thou wilt.

Exit Aquilius.

# SCENE IV.

#### ADRIAN alone.

What will the world then fay? To cherish life Is nature's law; and thus oppress'd with anguish, I cannot live depriv'd of Emirena.

#### SCENE V.

# Enter OSRHOES and Aquilius.

Ofr. Why am I fummon'd here?

Adr. Let Parthia's king

Be seated and attend; and though his anger Rejects the peace, he may vouchsafe a truce. [ fits.

Ofr. My nature cannot brook a long forbearance. [fits.

Aquil. Aquilius, now thy fate determines.

[afide.

Adr. Ofrhoes,

All things on earth must change, and shall we find Our Our enmity alone endure for ever?

Peace is become as useful to the victor

As needful to the vanquish'd: food for strife

Is wanting now between us: adverse fate

So much from thee has taken: bounteous Heaven

Has given so much to Adrian, that no more

Is left for thee to lose, or me to conquer.

Ofr. O! yes—my hatred yet remains unshaken; That still is mine, and shall suffice for Osrhoes.

Aquil. Barbarian! favage!

[afide.

Adr. Boast not that as good,
Which, when posses'd, torments its own possessor:
Thou hast a better way to sooth thy pride.
Know, thou art the arbiter of my repose,
As Adrian of thy life. So Heaven directs
The events of human kind, that each to each
By turns is needful; and the happiest man,
From him that is most wretched, often finds
Something to hope or fear. Speak thou the word,
And Emirena's mine: if I but will it,
Osrhoes is free, and once again a king.
Let us, my friend, make use of either's power
To both our good. I ask from thee in gift
Thy daughter's hand, and offer thee a throne.

Aquil. [aside.] I tremble for his answer.

Adr. Speak: what fay'st thou? Thou smil'st, but dost not speak.

Ofr. And shall I think

Adrian

Adrian fo weak?

Adr. Alas! too furely, Ofrhoes. What boots it to diffemble? If I fee not Fair Emirena knit with me in marriage, Nor peace, nor happiness, nor life is mine.

Ofr. Since then so little serves to make thee happy,

I am content-Go, call my daughter hither.

Adr. Thou dost accept my offer?

Ofr. Who would e'er Refuse such offer?

Adr. Thou hast given me back My lost repose. Aquilius, see the princess Conducted hither.

Aquil. Cæfar, I obey. [afide.] Sabina is my own.

[Exit.

### SCENE VI.

# ADRIAN, OSRHOES.

Adr. I now begin

To live once more. Guards, from the Parthian king

Take off his chains.

[guards enter.

Ofr. Yet stay—I will not, Adrian, Enjoy thy gifts ere thou hast tasted mine.

Adr.

Adr. Vain scruple! Execute my will.

O/r. Forbear:

Depart my friends.

[guards go out.

Adr. Fain would I fee thee eas'd Of that injurious load.

Ofr. I am so happy Contemplating the future, that my limbs Feel not their shackles.

Adr. Yet the princess comes not. [looking out.

Ofr. No less is my impatience than thy own.

Adr. I go to hasten her.

Ofr. Behold, she's here.

## SCENE VII.

### Enter EMIRENA.

Adr. Most lovely Emirena- [meeting her.

Ofr. Better first

It fits for me to unfold our purpose to her.

Adr. 'Tis true.

Emir. [afide.] What mean their looks and glad deportment?

Ofr. Amidst our sufferings, still, my dearest daughter,

We may rejoice. Would'st thou believe it? Yes, I, in thy beauty, find a recompense

For

For all my losses past.

Emir. What means my father?

Adr. [to Emir.] The flame fincere-

Ofr. First, Adrian, let me speak.

Adr. Even as thou wilt.

Ofr. [to Emir.] Such virtue in thine eyes Indulgent Heaven has lavish'd, that our victor Becomes our slave: he sighs for thee, and offers All for thy sake; forgets our enmity, And stoops to be a suppliant: he abhors His life without thee, and in thee adores His tutelary goddess.

Adr. [to Emir.] Yours the power-Ofr. [to him.] I have not finish'd yet.

Adr. [afide.] He tortures me With this delay.

Ofr. [to Emir.] Now, hear a father's voice, And in the deep recesses of thy heart Engrave his last command: let me at least In dying leave thee my avenger—hate The tyrant with a hatred great as mine, Which unextinguish'd here for ever slames, And this be thy inheritance.

Adr. Ha! Ofrhoes!

Ofr. Let neither fear nor hope unite thee to him; View him henceforth in every pang of suffering, With frenzy burn and rage with hopeless love.

Adr.

Adr. Just Gods! insulted thus!

Ofr. Now, Cæsar, speak:
Ofrhoes has finish'd.

Adr. Rash, unhappy man!

Dost thou not know thou call'st the thunder down

That soon may crush thee?

Ofr. Rave, thou haughty tyrant, Thy anguish is my triumph.

Adr. Gods! what fury!
Can man refemble thus the savage kind?
I gaze, and all my anger's lost in wonder.

Barbarian! whether rage may burn, Or madness seize thy brain, With horror from that sace I turn, Where all the furies reign.

The wounded boar, the trodden snake,

The lion in the wild;

The tigress, when her young they take,

Compar'd with thee are mild.

[Exit.

### SCENE VIII.

# Osrhoes, Emirena.

Ofr. My daughter, if thou lov'ft me, lo! the time

To give it proof: affift thy wretched father,

Who

Who begs compassion from thee.

Emir. If my blood

Can give you peace, 'tis yours-it flows for you.

Ofr. O! fnatch me from the Roman tyrant's power;

-But, ha! I see thee free from chains.

Emir. Augustus,

Who found us innocent of all attempts
Against his life, to me and to Pharnaspes
Gave instant freedom. But what aid for you
Can I bestow?

Ofr. A fword! a dagger! poison! Death, death in any shape.

Emir. What fays my father?

Must these be proofs of love? A daughter's hand Supply the cruel means! The thought alone Chills me with horror!—'Tis in vain you ask it—My heart abhors the task, and though my heart Inhuman should consent, my conscious hand Would tremble and refuse its dreadful office.

Ofr. Away. I deem'd thee worthier of thy race. And dost thou startle at the name of death? Insirm of purpose! know that Osrhoes' daughter Should learn to view it with a steadier eye.

A noble

A noble foul no tumult knows,

When life draws near its fated close:

The trembling coward only knows

The fear that gives to death its pain.

Tis false to name the dying hour,

The worst of ills mankind deplore:

Which bids the afflicted soul no more

The galling load of life sustain.

[Exit.

### SCENE IX.

#### Enter PHARNASPES.

Emir. Unhappy Emirena! O! for counsel In this extreme of woe!

Phar. [entering.] Haste, Emirena.

Emir. Haste, whither?

Phar. To Augustus.

Emir. To Augustus?

Phar. Implore him to reverse his late decree Against thy father.

Emir. What decree, Pharnaspes?

Phar. He wills that, laden with the weight of chains,

Ofrhoes be led-

Emir. To death?

Phar.

Phar. No; worfe than death.

Emir. Whither?

Phar. To Rome.

Emir. And what can I to affist him?

Phar. Go—weep—entreat—to Adrian offer now Thy hand in marriage—O! forget all ties, All thoughts of love and hope—O! give up all To fave the king.

Emir. He charg'd me but even now To bear for Cæsar everlasting hatred.

Phar. Alas! you must not think to obey commands

In anger given; a momentary madness. No, 'tis our duty, dearest Emirena, Spite of himself to save him.

Emir. Shall I then
Resign this person to another's arms?
Is this indeed thy counsel? Can Pharnaspes
So steel his constancy?

Phar. Alas! my princess,
Thou little read'st my heart: thou little know'st
What pangs this conflict costs me. While I speak
I feel each fibre in my bosom tremble:
Each drop of blood runs curdling through my
veins.

I know in thee I lose my only good,
Whate'er can solace life: I know without thee
. I drag

I drag a wretched and despairing being;
A burthen hateful to myself and others.
But what must Asia say should Osrhoes sall,
When we have power to save him? Let us then
To this great duty sacrifice our peace.
Go, go, my love, and consort of Augustus,
Enjoy the highest rank of earthly greatness.
To me at least one comfort will remain
Amidst my wretchedness, to say, that she
Who rul'd Pharnaspes' heart, now rules the world.

Emir. If thou would'ft have me e'er consent to lose thee

Make not thyself so worthy of my love.

Phar. No, Emirena, no, thou shalt not lose me, While life informs this breast I'll still be thine, Thine, as my virtue and thy fame permit.

I swear by all the Gods; by those dear eyes, Those eyes that cheer my soul; and thou—but whither

Does passion thus transport me? Time admits not Of mutual forrow; while we meditate

To fave him, Osrhoes may, alas! be lost.

Emir. Farewell.

[ 'going.

Phar. Yet hear me.

Emir. What would now Pharnaspes?

Phar. Go then—yet pause awhile—Almighty Gods!

I wish thee hence, yet fain would keep thee still.

Emir.

Emir. O! Heaven! in leaving thee I love I feel my powers decay;
Less cruel fure the stroke will prove
That takes my life away.

Our fortune (thus afunder torn)

How ill didft thou foresee;

That I, my love, for thee was born,

And thou wert born for me.

[Exit.

#### SCENE X.

#### PHARNASPES alone.

The subject's loyalty, the lover's truth Maintain a doubtful conflict in my breast; By turns are victors and by turns subdued. But while with various fortune each contends, And neither triumphs, I myself am lost.

The forrows that my foul depress

To cruel stars I owe;

Yet, midst my forrows, hear me bless

The cause of all my woe.

Light are those ills that meet mankind
Without the sufferer's blame,
And leave no motives in the mind
For penitence or shame.

[Exit.

SCENE

#### SCENE XI.

A magnificent apartment of the imperial palace. Steps descending to the banks of the river Orontes.

SABINA, attended by matrons and Roman knights. Aquilius.

Sab. Hold, infolent, no more—though Adrian drives

Sabina from his fight, 'tis criminal In thee to aspire to such a heart as mine.

Aquil. Ne'er till this hour-

Sab. And be this hour the last going to embark. To infult me with thy love.

### SCENE XII.

### Enter ADRIAN.

Adr. Sabina, hear me.

Aquil. [afide.] O! cruel fortune!

Sab. [returning.] Ha! what would Augustus?

Adr. And am I then so hateful to Sabina

That she would leave me thus? Depart unseen?

Sab. O! mock me not again: you fend me hence:

Forbid me ever more to appear before you.

6

Adr.

Adr. I fend thee hence? Ah! when?—Aquilius, fpeak:

Did not Sabina ask to leave me?

Sab. Heavens!

[to Aquil.] And was it not the mandate of Augustus,

That I should part from him, and part unseen?

Aquil. [afide.] Silence or speech must both alike betray me.

Sab. [to Aquil.] Perfidious man!

Adr. [to Aquil.] Thou dost not answer.

Sab. [to Aquil.] Now

I understand thy plots, and Adrian too Shall know----

Aquil. [to Adr.] Cæfar, 'tis true, I love Sabina, And fear'd her presence might awake thy virtue, Hence far remov'd I hop'd——

Adr. Enough, thou traitor!

Base, undermining slave, thou Cæsar's rival!

Ho! guards, secure him. [he is disarmed.

Aquil. [aside.] Unpropitious fate!

Adr. No longer think, my spouse, of thy departure.

Sab. Thy fpouse, Augustus?

Adr. Yes, I find my foul

Recovering now apace her wonted calm:

My

My duty, and the scorn of Emirena; Her father's hatred——

#### SCENE LAST.

### Enter EMIRENA and PHARNASPES.

Emir. Pardon, Cæsar, pardon.

Phar. O! pardon, sir.

Emir. Restore to me a father.

Phar. Preserve for me a king.

Emir. Restore him to me;

And, if thou wilt, behold me then thy own.

Adr. What do I hear?

Phar. Augustus, yes, to thee I here resign my empire o'er her heart.

Adr. What fays Pharnaspes?

Adr. Ah! rise—no more—So weeps

A nymph or Goddess when she melts the heart.

[afide.

VOL. II.

Sab.

Sab. [afide.] Alas! what conflict now in yonder breast

Of love and honour.

Adr. [afide.] If I yield to justice, I lose my Emirena; if to love, I kill my best Sabina—O! my heart! How cruel is thy trial!

Sab. [afide.] Though unfaithful, He yet excites my pity,

Emir. Cæfar, fay:
Art thou not yet refolv'd?

Sab. [to Adr.] Augustus, hear; At length——

Adr. In pity torture me no further; I know what thou would'st fay, alas! Sabina, I know it all.

Sab. Thou little know'st Sabina:

Then hear—So fatal are our mutual wounds,
That one of us must fall. Sabina dies
In losing thee, and, Adrian, thou must die
In losing Emirena. Heaven forbid,
That to preserve a woman's worthless days,
A hero thus should perish. Live, my Adrian,
Live for thy same, thy country, and the world;
If not for me: I freely here release thee
From every tye; forgive thee all my wrongs,
And with these lips will ever plead thy cause.

Adr.

Adr. Is't possible!

Sab. Cæfar, farewell.

[going.

Adr. O! stay:

O! noble mind! exalted dame! whose merits
Might claim a thousand empires. Must you all
Bring on my cheek the glow of conscious shame?

[to Phar.] The loyal subject yields to me his mistress

In ranfom for his king: [to Emir.] The pious daughter

Does, for her father, facrifice herself.

[to Sab.] And thou, forsaken, injur'd as thou art,
Transcendent fair! think'st only of my peace!

And I, shall I alone, with such examples,
Be feeble as a girl, nor hide this face
From every living eye; yet press the throne,
And give to earth its laws? O! no—let all
Be happy. To the Parthian king I give
His crown and liberty; to thee, Pharnaspes,
Resign fair Emirena: I absolve
Aquilius of his guilt; to thee, Sabina,
More worthy of thy love, myself restore.

Phar. Joy unexpected!

Sab. This indeed is Adrian; Now he appears himself.

Emir. O! whilft I breathe,

This breaft, Augustus, grateful for thy goodness—

Adr. If thou wilt shew thy gratitude to Cæsar,

a 2 Leave.

preventing her

Leave, leave his heart in peace; fcarce now in fafety

When thou art near him. Let me then entreat thee

To quit me, Emirena. See thy spouse Securely thine: thy father shalt thou find In freedom to thy wish. Live and be happy, And all in deep oblivion drown the memory Of Adrian's errors.

Emir. Yet, permit me, Cæsar——

[attempts to kis his hand.

Adr. O! Emirena—'tis enough—farewell.

#### CHORUS.

Augustus, while thy sacred praise
Ascends the starry way,
Our hands a snow-white stone shall raise
To mark this blissful day.

BND OF THE THIRD ACT.

DIDO.

D I D O

# PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

DIDO, Queen of CARTHAGE.

ÆNEAS.

IARBAS, King of the Moors, under the name of Arbaces.

SELENE, Sister to DIDO.

ARASPES, confidant of IARBAS.

OSMIDAS, confidant of DIDO.

Scene, Carthage.

# D I D O.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

A magnificent hall of audience, with a throne on one fide. A prospect of the city of Carthage.

### ÆNBAS, SELENE, OSMIDAS.

Æn. No princess, friend, believe not fear or hatred

Unmoors the Phrygian fleet and drives me hence: I know that Dido loves me (ah! too well I've prov'd that truth), nor doubt her constant faith.

I love and I adore her: gratitude
Warms every thought for all her kindness shewn
To me, to mine. But destiny commands
Once more to expose my life on Neptune's waves.
Such is the will of Heaven! Ah me unhappy!
The crime of Fate must thus appear my own.

Sel. If after wandering long thou seek'st a rest And settled home; 'tis offer'd on this shore: My sister gives, thy merits and our friendship Consirm the wish'd asylum.

Æn.

Æn. Such afylum
Heaven grants not yet.

Sel. And wherefore?

O/m. By what figns

Have the just Gods to you reveal'd their will?

En. Ofmidas, fleep has never clos'd these eyes, In sweet oblivion, but he brings to view My father's angry shade? "O fon! (he cries,

- "I hear his well-known voice) ungrateful fon!
- " Are these the Italian realms, whose conquest oft
- "To thee have Phœbus and myself enjoin'd?
- " Ill-fated Asia from thy valour hopes
- " In other climes renew'd another Troy.
- "This didst thou promise, this, in life's last moments
- "I heard thee swear, when kneeling, on this hand
- "Thy filial kifs confirm'd the folemn compact."
- " And now, ungrateful to thyself, thy country,
- "Thy father, here thou dwell'st in sloth and love-
- "Rife, cut the cords that hold thy tardy vessels,
- "And loose thy spreading fails."—Such warning given

He darts an angry glance and disappears.

Sel. I freeze with horror.

Osm. If Æneas leave us

I lose in him a rival to the throne.

[aside.

Sel. [to Æn.] If you forfake us, hapless Dido dies,—

And

And ah! Selene never can furvive.

Tafide.

O/m. The queen approaches.

Æn. Whither shall I turn?

Sel. I dare not speak my pains.

[aside.

Æn. Be firm my heart, Thy trial comes!

#### SCENE II.

### Enter DIDO attended.

Did. Æneas, Afia's glory, The care of Venus and of Dido: fee How proud, exulting in thy prefence here, Our infant Carthage lifts her towering head. Those arches, temples, walls, are all the fruit Of Dido's toils; but thou, Æneas, thou Art their first boast and noblest ornament. Thou dost not answer—shunn'st me—Is it thus Æneas meets me with repulfive filence? Perchance some other passion from thy heart Has driven my once-lov'd form.

Æn. The Gods can witness Dido is ever present to my mind: Nor time, nor distance e'er shall shed oblivion (Those Gods alike can witness) o'er my passion.

Did. Wherefore these protestations! Dido seeks No vows to bind thy faith—a look, a figh, Ensures from me belief.

O/m.

ACT I.

O/m. She trusts too far.

[aside.

Sel. I dare not yet complain.

Taside.

Æn. If thou regard'st

Thy own repose, think of thyself, thy greatness, And think of me no more.

Did. Not think of thee!

I that but live for thee! I that enjoy

No moment's peace when thou art abfent from me?

Æn. O Heaven! what hast thou said? Is this a time

For such effusive tenderness? Alas!

Too generous for ingratitude like mine!

Did. Ingratitude, Æneas! Is my love Then hateful to thee?

Æn. Never has my foul

Confess'd a purer flame—but—

Did. Speak-

Æn. My country——

Heaven's high command-

Did. Go on.

Æn. I cannot speak it.

A thousand warring thoughts in vain My labouring bosom swell:

Do thou that fatal cause explain

[to Ofm.

My lips refuse to tell.

[Exit.

SCENE

#### SCENE III.

DIDO, SELENE, OSMIDAS, attendants.

Did. And does Æneas fly me thus? What means Such cruel filence! how have I offended!

Sel. His purpose is to leave thee—Love and Glory

With doubtful empire struggle in his heart.

Did. And does he find it glory to forfake me?

Ofm. Now policy affift me! [afide.]—Mighty queen!

Selene little reads Æneas' thoughts: Arbaces from the Moorish court is sent Ambassador to Carthage.

Did. Well, what follows?

Ofm. The haughty king demands your hand in marriage.

Æneas fears that you, by force compell'd, Will yield to his demand; and therefore flies To shun the grief to see you wed another.

Did. It may be fo—go, dearest sister, chace From my Æneas such unkind suspicions, And tell him death alone shall tear me from him.

Sel. This I must suffer too! relentless fate!

[aside.

To

To him thy fifter, void of art,
Shall make thy purpose known,
And sooth to peace thy love-sick heart; [to Did.
But rend with grief her own. [aside.

To him my faithful lips address'd,
Shall all thy thoughts reveal: [to Did.
But how, the pangs that rend my breast,
Shall I, ye powers! conceal! [aside.] Exit.

### SCENE IV.

DIDO, OSMIDAS, attendants.

Did. Now let Arbaces come; whate'er his purpose,

A fuppliant or a foe, he comes in vain:
Before his fight, ere yet the day declines
To western skies, the sun shall see this hand
Given to Æneas—he and he alone
Is worthy to possess the heart of Dido:
This shall Arbaces know.

O/m. Arbaces comes.

SCENE

#### SCENE V.

Enter IARBAS, under the name of ARBACES, with ARASPES. A train of Moors; various attendants bringing tigers, lions, and other presents to the Queen. DIDO ascends the throne, Osmidas on her right hand: two Carthaginians bring the cushions for the African Ambassador and place them at a distance fronting the throne.

Aras. Behold, my king-[aside to him, entering.

Iar. Be filent—while I wear [afide to Aras. A subject's semblance, call me still Arbaces, And be the king forgot—Dido, to thee, The sovereign of the Moors deputes Arbaces, His faithful nunciate. At thy choice I bring Thy kingdom's safety or thy kingdom's ruin. The presents here display'd, gems, treasure, captives,

And savage beasts, the wealth of subject Afric, He sends, O queen, as pledges of his greatness: Then learn the giver from the gift.

Did. Should Dido

Accept his gift, the giver's well rewarded;
But let him heed, or what he means a gift
May prove a tribute—Infolence like this
The foul of Dido fcorns.—[afide.] Sit then and
fpeak.

Aras. What thinks my fovereign? [aside to Iar. 3

Iar. Lovely in her pride! [to him—fits. Remember, Dido, what thou cam'ft from Tyre, What desperate fortune drove thee to these shores; 'Twas Afric only gave thee rest and safety From thy inhuman brother's impious thirst Of wealth and blood: this ample space, where now Aspiring Carthage rises, was the gift Of my great master's hand: Iarbas—

Did. Hold!

Thou dost confound a purchase with a gift.

Iar. First let me speak and then reply.

Did. What boldness!

[to Olm.

Ofm. Let him proceed.

[to Did.

Iar. My courteous king, Iarbas,
Sought thee in marriage, and refus'd, endur'd
The unworthy flight, because thy widow's vows
Were then devoted to Sichæus' ashes.
All Afric now has heard that from the ruins
Of Asia's kingdom here Æneas found
From thee a welcome, that thy heart is given
To him; nor will the sovereign of the Moors
Permit a wandering exile, 'scap'd from Troy,
To rival him in love.

Did. His love and hate To me are equal.

Iar. Let me first conclude, Then may'st thou answer. Know my generous king Instead of war has sent to offer peace.

Act

Act as thou wilt—forgetful of the past, He seeks thy love, demands to share thy nuptials, And asks with these Æneas' forseit head.

Did. Hast thou yet sinish'd?

lar. I have finish'd.

Did. Know

To Lybian fands I came from regal Tyre
For freedom not for bondage. Carthage stands
My treasure's purchase, not thy monarch's gift.
When to Iarbas I refus'd my hand,
And widow'd heart, I meant to keep my faith
To dead Sichæus—Dido now is chang'd—
Far other thoughts——

Iar. Since Dido now has chang'd-

Did. First let me answer, then Arbaces, speak. Yes, Dido now is chang'd—'tis wisdom oft To vary thoughts with time—Æneas' worth Has touch'd my heart; his valour shall support My rising throne, and marriage make us one.

Iar. But first his head-

Did. His head will prove a conquest Not lightly gain'd—this exile scap'd from Troy May give the sovereign of the Moors such toil, He yet but little sears.

Iar. Should'st thou provoke
My king's resentment, soon expect to see
Against thee Afric pour her numerous sons,

From

From Garamantia and Getulia's plains, And hot Numidia's confines.

Did. Let Æneas

But own my cause, and Afric pour her sons From Garamantia and Getulia's plains, From hot Numidia's clime, and all the world Conspire against my empire.

lar. Shall I then Report this answer?

Did. Thou mayst say that Dido Heeds not the soothing of Iarbas' love, Nor sears his indignation.

Iar. Still reflect——Think better, Dido.

Did. I have thought enough.

both rife.

A queen and lover Dido reigns,
And in her heart and throne maintains
A right, all rights above.
In vain he feeks her foul to awe,
Who to her will would give the law,
In glory or in love.

[Exit attended.

### SCENE VI.

IARBAS, ARASPES, OSMIDAS.

Iar. Araspes, vengeance. [going. Aras. Where thou lead'st I follow.

O/m. Arbaces, stay.

Iar. What can he feek with me? [to Araf.

O/m. May I at will confer with thee?

Iar. Speak on.

Ofm. If thou wilt make me partner of thy coun fels,

Receive my profferr'd aid. The queen intrusts me; Æneas ranks me for his friend; the troops Wait on my nod, and ample power is mine To forward thy designs.

Iar. And who art thou?

Osm. A follower of the Tyrian queen, Osmidas, In Cyprus was I born, and boast a mind Above my humble fortune.

Iar. I accept

Thy profferr'd aid, and if I find thee faithful, Whate'er thou wishest, be thy bright reward.

Ofm. Let Dido be thy fovereign's, and to me Be yielded then the government of Carthage.

Iar. I plight my faith it shall be thine.

Ofm. But will

Thy fovereign's power confirm the mighty grant?

Iar. The king bestows it when Arbaces gives.

Ofm. Then——

Iar. Every little act may breed fuspicion:
Reserve thy counsels for some fitter place
vol. 11. R Retir'd

Retir'd from notice—On my faith rely, Whene'er Iarbas weds, Ofmidas reigns.

Ofm. Disclose each plan thy soul revolves,

My zeal shall second thy resolves,

Thy hopes, thy vengeance aid:

So murmuring through the verdant meads,

A stream its gentle current leads,

With genial power a sapling seeds,

Whose branches deck the glade. [Exit.

### SCENE VII.

# IARBAS, ARASPES.

Iar. Vain, eafy fool! to hope fuch promife given Would find from me performance.

Araf. Yet, my fovereign, Your facred word is past.

Iar. Who keeps not faith
To others, merits not himself to find it.
Go, lov'd Araspes, all delay is torture
To rage like mine—go, let one blow from thee
Secure my vengeance—let Æneas die.

Araf. I go—and fate shall soon in open combat Decide between our valour. [going.

lar. Stay, Araspes,
Let not thy same, my hatred and my vengeance,
Be

Be left to chance like this—fraud shall affist us; Assail him unprovided.

Aras. Fraud! my sovereign?

A subject was I born, but never yet

Have earn'd the name of traitor—Bid me run,

Naked through slames, expose to hostile arms

This fenceless breast,—I'll fearless dare them all,

Thou art the master of my life—Araspes

Shrinks from no trial to defend his king;

But, Oh! exact not from this sword a deed

That bears the stamp of treason.

Iar. Fond delusion
Of vulgar minds—I shall not want an arm
More faithful found than thine.

Araf. How! mighty Gods! Thy virtue fure—

lar. What virtue? In the world Virtue is but a name, or that alone Is virtue, which fecures our weal or pleasure.

Amidst a throne's resplendent blaze Each action stands approv'd; Deceit itself may claim our praise, And guilty deeds be lov'd.

To shun by guile some threaten'd ill, Let dastard spirits dread, Who born in setters, cherish still The sears in bondage bred.

Exit.

SCENE

### SCENE VIII.

# ARASPES alone.

O impious doctrine! canst thou then, unhappy, Be stranger to the feelings of remorfe, Remorfe that follows even successful guilt; Nor know the peace that virtue gives misfortune? O! thou the world's support! the glorious boast Of men and Gods, fair Virtue, lead me still.

If thou direct not through the deep
(Bright star of Heaven!) my tossing ship,
No calm this restless bosom knows.
On thee in danger I conside,
In adverse fate thy counsels guide,
From thee alone I find repose.

[Èxit.

### SCENE IX.

# A court-yard.

### SELENE, ÆNEAS.

An. Already have I told you, fair Selene, That ill Osmidas has explain'd my thoughts. Ah! would to Heaven that Dido were unfaithful, Or that I could one moment, self-deceiv'd, Believe her faithless to me!—But to know That still she loves Æneas, that compell'd

I yet

I yet must leave her—this, indeed, is torture!

Sel. Whatever cause constrains you to depart
At least defer the parting: bend your steps
To Neptune's hallow'd fane, my sister there
Demands a moment's audience.

Æni. Dreadful pause!

Sel. First hear her, then depart.

Æn. And shall I take

A last farewell of all my foul adores!

Sel. Can I be filent still and live?

Tafide.

Æn. Selene,

You weep.

Sel. Ah! can I hear you, yet restrain The sympathizing tear?

Æn. Forbear your fighs, 'Tis Dido should alone lament my going.

Sel. One heart, alas! myself and Dido bear.

Æn. Do you so nearly feel a sister's forrow?

Sel. She lives in me, and I so live in her, That all the afflictions she endures, are mine.

Æn. Most generous maid! I pity your distress, And in your forrows, half forget my own.

Sel. O! could you read my heart, you truly then Might feel for poor Selene.

**SCENE** 

#### SCENE X.

#### Enter IARBAS and ARASPES.

Iar. I have fearch'd The palace round, nor yet can find Æneas.

Aras. Perchance he fails from Carthage.

Iar. Would you warrior [sees Æn. Were him I feek.—He seems not by his garb Of Afric's sons—What art thou, stranger? Say. [to him.

Aras. O how her beauty strikes my ravish'd eyes! [looking at Sel.

Æn. Lovely Selene [looking at Sel.

Iar. Sure, thou hear'st me not. [to Æn.

Æn. O! too, too feeling for another's woes!

[to Sel.

Sel. What arrogant deportment! [looking at Iar.

Araf. Heavens! how fair! [looking at Sel.

Iar. Declare thy name, or now— [to Æn.

Æn. What right hast thou

To make this proud demand, or what to thee Imports my name or birth?

Iar. To me, my will Is all the right I feek.

En. It is not here
Our wont to answer madmen.

[going.

Iar. Answer then This trusty weapon.

[about to draw.

Sel. In Selene's fight!

In Dido's palace fuch prefumptuous bearing!

Iar. And does an envoy from Iarbas claim No more respect?

Sel. The queen shall learn this outrage.

Iar. This let her learn, and in her own despite Behold me lop you traitor's daring head, And join'd with that of her Æneas, cast it Before the feet of my offended king.

Æn. The deed may prove more arduous than thy fond

O'erweening hopes presage.

Iar. Wilt thou oppose it?
Or that Æneas, who, for glories won,
Recounts his past defeats?

En. Yet know, proud man, Thy boasted victories, in glory's scale, May yield to his defeats.

Iar. And who art thou,
That dar'ft for him provoke me?

Æn. I am one, Let this suffice, who holds thy wrath in scorn.

When

When thou my hidden name shalt hear
Thy haughty soul may learn to fear,
Thy tongue each boast forget.
The passenger, whose headstrong will
Against his pilot's better skill,
Insensate quits the peaceful shore,
Will soon, when angry tempests roar,
The safer land regret,

[Exit.

#### SCENE XI.

# IARBAS, SELENE, ARASPES.

Iar. Thou shalt not 'scape me thus— [going.

Sel. What would'st thou? Say. [detaining him,

Iar. Give me his name.

Sel. Be calm-

And learn it then from me.

Iar. I ask no more.

Sel. Know'st thou that stranger, whom thy rage insulted,

Is him thou feek'ft—Æneas?

Iar. Thou hast robb'd me
Of great revenge, forbid this hand to reap
Those honours which indulgent Heaven prepar'd.

Sel. Whence all this anger? How has he, Arbaces,

Offended

Offended thee?

Iar. He with my fovereign dares
Contend for Dido's love, and canst thou ask
In what I am offended?

Sel. Think'st thou then
That every lover can elect at will
The heart's dear object? Ah! thou little know'st,
Arbaces yet, the wayward school of love. [Exit.

### SCENE XII.

# IARBAS, ARASPES.

Iar. Iarbas shall no longer lurk conceal'd, Araspes, I've already borne too much,

Aras. What would you then?

Iar. I'll fummon all my warriors
At my arrival in the wood conceal'd,
And lead them to the palace; hurl destruction
On hated Carthage; tear my rival's heart
From his detested breast

### SCENE XIII.

# Enter Osmidas in haste.

Ofm. My lord, already
The queen prepares to visit Neptune's temple;
If you delay, even now, before your sight,

She

She to the haughty Trojan gives her hand.

Iar. Prefumptuous daring!

Ofm. 'Tis no longer time For vain complaints.

Iar. What counsel now remains?

Ofm. The speediest is the best—myself will lead—

Be bold—in every enterprise Osmidas Will be your buckler and support.

Exit.

#### SCENE XIV.

# IARBAS, ARASPES.

Aras. My lord, [to Iar. going. Ah! whither would you run?

Iar. To flay my rival.

Araf. Alas! what means? Your warriors know not yet

Their leader's will.

Iar. If force should fail, deceit Shall lend its aid.

Araf. And would you purchase vengeance With treachery's impious stain?

Iar. My love, Araspes, Emboldens thee too far; I rather wish thee More prompt to vigorous act, and slow to counsel: Think what Iarbas is, and what Araspes.

3. A flood

A flood am I, that, fwell'd with rains,
With fnows and waters, o'er the plains
Bears woods and herds and cots and fwains,
While nothing can oppose its course.
If narrow banks the torrent bind,
It bursts the bed, and unconfin'd,
Resistless roars with double force.

[Exit with Araf.

#### SCENE XV.

The temple of Neptune, with an image of the God.

### ÆNEAS and OSMIDAS.

Ofm. Then from your lips shall wretched Dido learn

Your purpose to forfake her? O! for pity Refrain, and spare her heart such rending sorrow.

Æn. 'Tis cruelty to speak, but to conceal it Were more than treason.

Osm. Constant to your purpose, Yet at her tears I trust it soon will change.

Æn. My grief may end my life, but cannot make me

Deaf to my country's call, my father's honour.

Osm. Exalted prince! the first of heroes he, Whose virtue can subdue himself.

Æn.

Æn. Alas!
How dear is fuch a conquest!

#### SCENE XVI.

### Enter IARBAS and ARASPES.

Iar. [to Araf.] See my rival, And unaccompanied.

Araf. Think what you are.

Iar. [to Araf.] Follow me and be filent—Thus my wrongs——

[going to strike Æneas, is prevented by Araspes; the dagger drops from his hand and is taken up by Araspes.

Araf. O! hold-

Iar. [to Araf.] Ah! traitor! thus to aid my foe!

An. What would thy impious fury?

[to Araf. feeing the dagger in his hand.

O/m, All is lost!

### SCENE XVII.

# Enter Dido, attended.

Osm. O queen! we are betray'd, and if Arbaces Had here delay'd his succour, great Æneas This day had fallen beneath a barbarous hand.

Did.

Did. Where is the base assassin?

O/m. See him there,

The murderous weapon in his grafp.

pointing to Aras.

Did. What fury

Enflam'd thy bosom to the treacherous deed?

Aras. My sovereign's glory and my own renown.

Did. How! did Arbaces disavow-

Araf. I know it-

He reprobates the deed—I fear his anger, But never can my conscious soul repent What is not guilt.

Did. And feel'st thou no remorse For fuch a facrilege?

Aras. A thousand times Would I repeat the daring.

Did. I'll prevent thee-

Guards, take him hence— [Exit Aras. guarded.

Æn. [to Iar.] O! generous foe! I knew not In thee fuch virtue dwelt—come to my breast.

Iar. Æneas, hold—Araspes sav'd thy life—I sought thy blood—in me behold Iarbas!

Did. Iarbas, thou!

En. Thou fovereign of the Moors!

Did. A kingly bosom harbours not such baseness:

6

Thou

Thou dost belie thy prince—Disarm the traitor.

Iar. None dare approach me. [draws.] Death is in this weapon.

Ofm. [afide to Iar.] Seem but to yield awhile, till time permit

To call our friends in aid—In me confide.

Iar. Can I submit so tamely. [afide to Osm.

Æn. Hold, my friends, Tis mine to punish him.

Did. [to Æn.] Referve thy valour For nobler deeds——
[to Iar.] What canst thou hope? Or yield, Or fall a bloody victim at my feet.

Ofm. Referve thee for a future noble vengeance.

[afide to Iar.

Iar. There—take my fword.

[throws down his fword, which is taken up by the guards.—Exit Iarbas guarded, followed by Ofmidas and Araspes.

### SCENE XVIII.

DIDO, ÆNEAS.

Did. Æneas, thou art fafe:
The Gods for me preserve a life so precious.

Æn. O Heaven! my queen-

Did. Again dost thou retain

A doubt

A doubt of Dido's truth?

Æn. O no!-my fate

Is far more wretched—I must leave thee, Dido.

Did. Leave me! what fatal cause?

 $\mathcal{L}_n$ . The will of Jove,

My father's fhade, my country, Heaven's command,

My faith, my duty, honour, empire, all
Now fummon me to tread the Italian shores:
My long delay too much offends the Gods.

Did. And hast thou then, perfidious! till this hour

Conceal'd thy cruel purpose?

Æn. O! 'twas pity.

Did. Pity! thy lips had fworn me endless truth When thy false heart prepar'd to part for ever! Whom shall I trust again?—A wretched outcast Of winds and waves, receiv'd upon my coast,—I gave him welcome from the seas; resitted His scatter'd sleet and arms; with him I shar'd My heart and throne—and ah! as this were little, For him I have provok'd a hundred kings, That profferr'd me their love—Lo! such reward Has saith like mine—Ah! whom, unhappy Dido, Whom shalt thou trust again?

Æn. O! while I live
Thy name shall be the solace of my thoughts:
O! never, Dido, would I quit these shores

Had



Had not the will of Heaven decreed my toils, To raife another realm in Latian climes.

Did. The Gods indeed have then no other care Than great Æneas' fate.

Æn. And would'st thou then Æneas should, by still remaining here, Incur the guilt of perjury?

Did. O no:

Thus would thy offspring lose in future times
The world's great empire.—Go, pursue thy fortune;

Go—feek the Italian realms—to winds and waves
Intrust thy hopes—but know that righteous
Heaven

Shall make those waves my ministers of vengeance. Then shalt thou late repent thy fond belief In raging elements—then shalt thou call, But call in vain on Dido.

Æn. Could'st thou read My secret thoughts——

Did. Away and leave me, traitor!

Æn. At least, with gentler aspect, from my lips Receive the last farewell.

Did. Leave me, ingrate!

Æn. And yet my wretched fate, alas! deserves not

From Dido fuch reproaches.

Did. Hence, thou false-one!

Have

Have I not cause to accuse my fate?

To mourn a heart by thee, ingrate!

With every grief opprest?

Persidious man! for love so true,

Thou know'st if such reward was due:

Ye souls! like me unblest!

Ah! say, what pangs can mortals know,

If what I feel bespeaks not woe

That deepest rends the breast.

[Exit attended.

### SCENE XIX.

### ÆNEAS alone.

And shall I make thee then such base return, For truth like thine? Such love, such gifts unequall'd?

No—ere my heart consents to leave thee thus, First perish Italy and all the world!

Let blank oblivion hide my fame for ever,
And Troy once more be sunk in smouldering ashes!

—Alas! what have I said!—O mighty father!

Forgive the ravings of a lover's folly—

'Twas not Æneas spoke—O death to glory!—

Haste, let us go—Must then the insulting Moor Insold her beauties in his arms?—O! never!—

But shall the son meantime forgetting all

His silial ties be perjur'd to his sire?

vol. 11. S O! give

O! give me counsel, Gods! In this extreme, Love, jealousy, a father's angry shade, And Heaven's high mandates rend my warring soul.

Whether my ships are moor'd at land, Or sails are stretch'd in air, Cruel and salse on either hand, A like reproach I bear.

Meanwhile with dreadful doubts oppress'd,
That harrow deep my labouring breast,
I still my slight delay.
I dare not quit, nor keep the shore,
But, ah! with equal pangs deplore
My parting or my stay!

[Exit.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

# ACT II. SCENE I.

A royal apartment, a table and seats.

### SELENE, ARASPES.

Sel. What hand has loos'd the rude barbarian's chains?

Aras. I know not, fair Selene; I behold Myself a prisoner, guilty; then again In freedom and absolv'd; in one short moment Araspes freed, his sovereign lord in bonds: Through all the palace anxious now I seek him, And find Selene.

Sel. Ah! fome fecret treason
Is fram'd against Æneas—O! Araspes,
Preserve the hero's life.

Aras. He is my foe:
But if you ask Araspes to defend him
From hidden fraud, thus far I plight my faith;
My honour here will prove his firmest guard:
Thus much must yet suffice.

Sel. It shall suffice.

[going.

Araf. Ah! take not from my eyes so soon the joy

To view Selene's charms.

Sel. What means Araspes?

Araf.

Araf. Alas! I know I should conceal my passion; But if I err, Selene, to yourself Impute the crime of love.

Sel. I own, Araspes, Thy valour, virtue, all that claims regard From woman's sex—but, ah! another slame Has warm'd Selene's heart.

Aras. Ah me, unhappy!

Sel. Yet more, Araspes—if these feeble charms Have touch'd thy breast, at least disclose thy pains, I'll hear and pity them—but ah! Selene Cannot conceal, yet dares not own her secret.

Aras. Yet let me here devote my constant faith.

Sel. Thus much I grant, but ne'er expect return:

If thou canst love me on this hard condition, I take thy love—but ne'er aspire to more.

Araf. My heart, on this condition, plights its truth.

Sel. For me thy faithful love retain,
Thy bosom bear the shaft in vain;
But ne'er to me henceforth complain
Of unrewarded love.
My constant heart and thine must share
An equal portion of despair:
No hope must ever sooth thy care,
Nor I compassion prove.

[Exit.

ARASPES

#### ARASPES alone.

Thou bid'st me never hope, but bid'st in vain; Hope is the gleam that cheers the parting soul.

[Exit.

#### SCENE II.

DIDO with a paper, OSMIDAS.

Did. I know that under feign'd Arbaces' name The fovereign of the Moors here lurks conceal'd: But be it as it may, he injures Dido, And king or subject he shall pay the forfeit. He dies without reprieve.

Osm. Whate'er thy will, Behold in me your faithful minister.

Did. Thy loyalty shall find its due reward.

Ofm. And what reward, O queen? In vain my valour

And loyalty are yours, while in your heart Æneas rules alone the fovereign lord.

Did. No more—nor call to mind that hated name,

Perfidious and ingrate! A foul that knows No law nor compact—I detest myself For loving him so long.

Ofm. Should you again Behold him, he would footh each angry thought.

Did.

Did. Again behold him? Think not this deceiver,

While Dido lives, shall ever see me more.

#### SCENE III.

### Enter SELENE.

Sel. Æneas fues for audience, if my queen Vouchsafe to admit him.

Did. Heavens! Æneas! where, Where, my Selene?

Sel. He attends at hand, And fighs impatient to behold his queen.

Did. Rash man!—but let him enter—thou, Osmidas,

Awhile retire.

[Exit Sel.

Osm. Did I not well foresee it? Æneas rules at will the heart of Dido.

Did. Distract me not in vain—Osmidas, leave me. [Exit Osm.

### SCENE IV.

### Enter ÆNBAS.

Did. Not yet departed? Does the great Æneas Still deign to honour Lybia's barbarous shores? I thought, already crost the furthest waves, He now, a victor in Italian climes,

Had

Had dragg'd in triumph, at his chariot wheels, Whole nations bound in chains and captive kings.

Æn. Such harsh reproaches, O! too lovely queen,

But ill beseem your gentlenes—I come Anxious to guard your honour and my own. I know you mean to punish with his death The Moor's presumptuous pride.

Did. Behold his fentence. [ shews the paper.

En. Glory permits not I should thus revenge My private wrongs—if you for me condemn him.

Did. For thee condemn him? Thou art too much deceiv'd:

Past is that time, Æneas, when on thee Was Dido's every thought—that flame is quench'd; Those chains are broken; scarce remembrance now Recalls thy name.

Æn. Reflect—the feeming envoy Is fovereign of the Moors.

Did. Whate'er he be,

I know him not—to me he is Arbaces.

Æn. O! Heaven! his death against your state would raise

All Afric's powers in arms.

Did. I ask not counsel:

Guard thou thy kingdom, Dido guards her own Without thy arm. I gave my Carthage laws,

And

And faw, without thy help, her rifing towers. Bless'd had I been if thou, ungrateful man, Hadst never reach'd these shores.

Æn. If Dido's foul Despise the peril, grant his life to me; Let me entreat his pardon.

Did. Dido fure

Must owe her kingdom and herself, her all To thy transcendent merits—To a lover Loyal as thee; a hero so renown'd For filial piety; to prayers so just, To such a pleader what shall be denied?

[goes to the table.

Inhuman! tyrant! on this day, the last
We e'er perhaps may meet, thou now art come
To speak but of Arbaces; Dido claims
No more thy care.—O! had I seen thine eyes
But moisten'd with a tear!—Do I not merit
A look, a sigh, some little mark of pity?
And yet thou dar'st to plead another's pardon!
Shall I reward thee for thy cruelty?
Since thou would'st have him live he surely dies.

[ figns the paper.

Æn. My foul's best treasure still! for such thou art,

In fpite of rigorous fate. Ah! what avails
With mutual tenderness to wake anew
Your slumbering grief—if yet your heart retain
Some

Some little thought for this forlorn of men,
Appease your anger, and revoke the sentence.
Æneas begs it—he whom Dido once
Pronounc'd her chiefest good, and whom, till now,
She priz'd beyond her life and regal throne;
And he whom once——

Did. Enough—thou hast subdu'd me—
Receive this paper—See, ungrateful man,

[gives him the paper.

How Dido still adores thee; with one look
Thou hast disarm'd her—all defence is lost;
And wilt thou yet betray me—yet forsake me?

Ah! hear me yet, in pity hear,
Nor wretched Dido leave:
Where shall she meet with truth sincere,
If you her truth deceive?

Of you my last farewell to take,

To tear you from my breast,

I fear my wretched heart must break,

With countless woes oppress'd. [Exit.

### ÆNEAS alone.

I feel my constancy begin to fail Before such wondrous truth; and while I feek To save another I myself am lost.

SCENE

#### SCENE V.

#### Enter IARBAS.

Iar. What means the great Æneas? Still I see His face impress'd with marks of recent fear.

**En.** Iarbas loos'd from bonds! Who fet thee free?

Iar. Ofmidas gave me leave to range at large The palace walls; but, to fecure thy fafety, Without my trufty fword.

Æn. Does thus Ofmidas Betray his fovereign's charge?

Iar. What fears Æneas?

Lest I should steal in secret from these walls?

O no! I rather shall remain too long

For thy security.

Excites Eneas' pity, not his fear.

· Iar. Indeed—thy mighty heart may spare its pity:

Go—to my ruin, o'er a queen and lover Exert thy power; inflame her angry foul To rage: fuch arms as these alone are us'd By Phrygian heroes to revenge their wrongs.

Æn. Read there—in that the royal dame has fign'd,

With

With her own hand, the mandate for thy death. And were Æneas one of Afric's fons,
Iarbas were no more—take this and learn
Discourteous, rude barbarian! how Æneas
Revenges injuries by him receiv'd.

[tears the paper and gives it to Iar.

Exit.

#### SCENE VI.

#### IARBAS alone.

Unheard of, strange adventure! from my foe I meet with pity, from my subject falsehood! Ah! both perhaps conspire against my peace—But be it as it may—my haughty rival May seign compassion, or my friend be false, Iarbas' soul shall never harbour fear.

Let clouds obscure the light of day,
Or Sol redeem his flashing ray,
My constant heart feels no dismay,
But still unchang'd remains.
Even from my birth inur'd to dare,
No fortune claims Iarbas' care,
Who every foe disdains.

[Exit.

SCENE

#### SCENE VII.

#### A hall.

### ÆNEAS alone.

'Twixt love and duty in my doubtful breast My heart still sluctuates, while, alas! my virtue Submits too far to beauty's sovereign sway. Rouse, rouse thyself and let the hero now Subdue the lover.

#### SCENE VIII.

#### Enter ARASPES.

Araf. Till this hour in vain

I have fought thee through the palace.

Æn. Let me now Embrace my friend——

Aras. Away—behold in me
Thy foe, Æneas; draw thy fword this instant;
I seek not friendship with thee, but the exchange
Of enmity, with arms oppos'd to arms.

En. Thou first hast sav'd me from Iarbas' fury; Thou call'st me now to meet in mortal strife, And spurn'st my profferr'd friendship.

Araf. Thou art deceiv'd.

I but defended then my monarch's glory,

And

And not Æneas' life—prepare thee now With nobler death to give that just revenge Which late my arm denied him.

En. Shall Æneas
Against his brave preserver draw the sword?

Aras. Ha! wherefore dost thou pause?

Æn. My life is thine:

Take, if thou wilt, the gift thyself bestow'd;

But hope not, generous warrior, e'er to see

My weapon rais'd against thee.

Aras. If thy hand Refuse to draw, expect to hear each insult That brands the vile and coward——

En. 'Tis too much——
Eneas never can fubmit to bear
Such threats as ill beseem a warrior's ear;
Thou shalt be satisfied. Behold my sword
Brandish'd against thee—but let Gods and men
Be witness first to what my tongue declares:
I am Araspes' friend, and to his gift
I owe my life; that now reluctant, urg'd
Beyond my heart's best feelings, and debas'd
With infamous reproach, I dare the combat;
And sacrifice my gratitude to honour. [fight.]

SCENE

#### SCENE IX.

#### Enter SELENE.

Sel. Such boldness in the palace? hold, Araspes, Thus to Selene wilt thou keep thy faith? And thus, O traitor, guard Æneas' life?

En. No, princess, never yet Araspes' bosom Could harbour treason.

Sel. He, who ferves Iarbas, Can never fure be faithful.

Araf. Fair Selene, You only dare accuse me.

Sel. Peace, and leave me.

Araf. With filent awe I bend to thee,
But, ah! thou wrong'st my truth, on me
To fix a traitor's stain.
Far, far, be hence my steps address'd,
Yet soon, I trust, thy gentle breast,
Will mourn its past distain.

[Exit.

# SCENE X.

### ÆNEAS, SELENE.

En. When late Araspes dar'd me to the fight He fought his monarch's cause; and if Selene Would

Would now condemn him, she condemns unjustly A noble heart.

Sel. Whate'er Araspes be, I waste not time on him—Dido requires A converse with thee.

En. But even now I left
The queen's apartment; if she hope again
To stay my steps on these forbidden shores,
She will but torture both with fruitless pain.

Sel. How canst thou, O thou dear one! thus forsake

A wretched queen that loves thee?

Æn. How Selene!

Sel. 'Tis Dido, not Selene speaks.

Æn. If pity for a fister thus afflict you, Think not of me—to her once more return: O! bid the beauteous mourner yet have comfort, Submit to fate and banish fruitless forrow,

Sel. Ah! no—yet change thy purpose, yet relent,

-My life's best treasure!

Æn. Ha! Is this Selene?

Sel. 'Tis Dido, not Selene speaks—consent To hear her yet—'tis all she now implores.

And seeking comfort, find but new despair.

Of

Of every pang the bosom bears,

Most wretched lovers find

The moment that afunder tears

Two hearts in one intwin'd.

What fouls, by love's foft passion mov'd,

Can bear this stroke of woe?

This, if Selene ne'er has prov'd,

Ah! may she never know.

[Exit.

### SCENE XI.

# SELENE alone.

O fond Selene! O unhappy maid!

For whom dost thou indulge a hopeless flame?

My peace is lost!—But who, alas! compels me

To figh in vain?—Then choose some other heart

More grateful to thy vows, some other lover

Worthy thy love—O Heaven! it is not ours

To fix the choice—nor is it grace, nor beauty,

Nor inbred worth, nor valour that awakes

The seeds of love—ah! no—we find the worthless

Too often priz'd, while, partial to its choice,

The blindfold passion forms ideal charms.

Each

Each lover thinks that fecret charms
Must give him first the soft alarms,
That merit only points the arms
That pierce the lover's heart.
But oft no charms or merits fire;
'Tis but some start of wild desire,
That thus the bosom can inspire,
Which blindly hugs the dart.

[Exit.

# SCENE XII.

# A closet with feats.

#### DIDO alone.

I'll live no longer doubtful of my fate:
'Tis now the last important time, once more
To prove Æneas.—Since my prayers, my sufferings

Have fail'd to move his pity, jealoufy May fearch the deep recesses of his heart, And from its ashes wake the smother'd flame.

# SCENE XIII.

### Enter ÆNEAS.

Æn. I come, O queen! to hear your last reproaches:

I know you mean to call me false, perfidious, vol. u.

T Ingrate,

Ingrate, unworthy, perjur'd—every name That anger dictates—I deserve them all.

Did. O! no—no longer I'm incens'd—no more
I call thee perjur'd, false—nor seek I now
To bring our past endearments to remembrance.
I ask Æneas' counsel not his love:
Be seated and attend.

[they sit.]

Æn. [afide.] What would the queen?

Did. Thou feeft, Æneas, how unnumber'd foes
Begirt my growing empire; till this hour
I fcorn'd their threats and fury—but Iarbas
By me provok'd, when I shall lose thy succour,
Will take, for his revenge, my life and throne.
In such distressful state all help is vain—
What then remains? I must encounter death,
Or give this hand to appease the haughty Moor.
Fatal alternative! I know not where
To fix my choice—alone—a feeble woman—
Far from my native soil—Alas! I feel
My spirits sink, unequal to the trial:
Then wonder not, Æneas, that my soul
Still unresolv'd requests thy friendly counsel.

En. And is there then no other way but death, Or this detested Hymen?

Did. Ah! too fure
One other way remains—

Æn. Say----

Did. Had Æneas

Disdain'd

Disdain'd not to receive my plighted faith,
Then had I seen, from furthest Araby
To Atlas' waves, all Afric bend the knee
To adore their queen in Carthage—then renew'd,
Might Troy and Tyre united—but I rave!
And seign impossibilities—then say,
What course besits me?—With a mind unshaken
Shall Dido now Iarbas choose or death?

En. Iarbas choose or death! and mine the task To counsel thee! her, whom my soul adores, To see her in a hated rival's arms, Her whom——

Did. No more—fince thus my nuptials pain thee,
I here disclaim them—but to save her same,
Herself from insult, Dido must not live.
Draw, draw thy sword, and pierce this constant
bosom;

Such cruelty were mercy——

Æn. Shall Æneas

Then murder Dido! first let angry Heaven Rain all its vengeance—rather may the Gods Take from my days of life and add to thine!

Did. Then let me wed Iarbas.

Æn. Yet reflect-

Too much, O Heaven, thou heed'st Æneas' peace.

Did. Then take my life.

Æn. No—let us yield to fate—Give to Iarbas—give thy royal hand—

Do

Do thou but live and let Æneas never Know peace or comfort more.

Did. Since thou canst wish To see me wed another, thou shalt find Thy wish completed—call Iarbas hither. Thou seest thy power o'er Dido.

[an attendant enters, and having received the order departs.]

Æn. O! farewell.

[going.

Did. Say, whither goest thou? Stay—thou must remain

A witness of these happy nuptial rites— [to Æn. He cannot long resist—— [aside.

Æn. Be firm, my heart!

# SCENE XIV.

## Enter IARBAS.

Jur. Why am I fummon'd hither? thinkst thou, Dido,

Thy threats or wrath can make Iarbas bend?
O! no—thou art deceiv'd—his heart remains
Unchang'd, inflexible.

Æn. Prefumptuous man!

Tufide.

Did. O king! be now appeas'd—thy rank and name

From me conceal'd, thou hast expos'd thy honour

To

To ill-befeeming perils—while myfelf— -But fit and calmly hear me now reveal My fecret thoughts.

Tits.

Iar. Speak on—I am attentive.

Æn. At least permit me now—

[ going.

Did. Forbear—be feated:

A moment yet with patience hear our converse— —He cannot long resist—— Tafide.

Æn. Be firm my heart.

Tahde.

Iar. Let him depart, for fince Iarbas stays With thee, O queen! it fits not that Æneas Should share our privacy.

Æn. O yet be patient—

Tafide.

Did. In him thou feeft no rival but a friend,

to Iar.

For thee he still has pleaded—by his counsel I yield thee love; but if Iarbas think My lips deceive him, thou, Æneas, speak, Confirm the words of Dido.

Æn. All is true.

lar. Has then the Moorish king no higher praise Than great Æneas' favour?

Did. No, Iarbas,

I lov'd in thee the kingly pride that beams From every look; I love thy dauntless heart That scoffs at peril, and despises death; And if Heaven e'er decree that, join'd with thee,

Thy

Thy partner and thy spouse-

Æn. O! queen, farewell. Let this suffice, Æneas has till now Fulfill'd your bidding.

[ going.

Did. Yet awhile remain-

One moment more—his constancy is shaken. [aside.

Æn. O death to suffer!

fits again.

Iar. Thou delay'st too long,
O Dido! think what now thy duty claims;
Yet for thy beauty's sake, transcendent fair,
I pardon all my wrongs.

Æn. O heavenly powers!

[afide.

lar. In pledge of faith vouchfafe me now thy hand.

Did. Receive it here—and never favouring love Could knit my future life in happier bands.

Æn. I can endure no more—

Trifes greatly agitated.

Did. What means Æneas?

Æn. What would you? Is it not enough to prove

My constancy with trials so severe?

Did. Ah! yet, be filent-

Æn. Silent! I have borne
Enough in filence—to my rival, princess,
You give yourself, and bid my lips confirm it.
All have I done for you—what would you more?
Shall

Shall' I behold you in his happier arms?

Command my death, but bid me not be filent.

Did. Yet hear—thou much hast wrong'd me to complain—

Thou know'st that to obey thee-

Trifes.

Æn. Yes, full well

I know it all—I know myself a traitor,
Ingrate and false, that Dido's constant faith
For me would forseit life and regal sway:
But faith like this I can behold no longer. [Exit.]

## SCENE XV.

## DIDO, IARBAS.

Did. Æneas, stay-

Iar. Permit him to depart.

Trifes.

Did. Fain would I calm his transports.

Iar. What's thy fear?

Give but to me thy hand, the care be mine To vindicate thy fame.

Did. It is not now

A time for nuptials.

Iar. Wherefore?

Did. Seek no further.

lar. Give me to know the cause.

Did. Then learn it now:

I never

I never lov'd thee, never did my eyes
With pleasure view thee—no, thou hast been ever
To Dido hateful, and far less I prize
Iarbas constant than Æneas false.

Iar. Perfidious! am I then an abject mark
For fcorn to point at? Dost thou know Iarbas?
And know the man thou dar'st insult?

Did. I know thee A rude barbarian and despise thy power.

Iar. Call me whate'er thy rage may name,A day may fink thy pride;When thou fhalt feek, infulting dame,The grace by me denied.

This rude barbarian, now thy fcorn,
No more shall prize thy smiles;
This rude barbarian then in turn
Shall mock thy sex's wiles.

Exit.

## SCENE XVI.

## Dipo alone.

Amidst these warring thoughts methinks I find My heart more light: I little fear the threats Of proud Iarbas; but Æneas still Even in resentment charms; in him I prize His very wrath, the welcome proof of love.

Ah!

Ah! could I hope—Ye pitying Powers! remember

Like me you once were lovers—Hear, O! hear, And let your heavenly bosoms feel for mine.

Ah! me, too oft the flatterer Love
Would footh my eafy heart,
And cries—"Thou foon wilt happier prove:"
Still rankles here the dart.

Sometime with comfort's short relief,
Awhile my tortures cease;
But soon my breast with lasting grief
Repays a moment's peace.

Exit.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

## ACT III. SCENE I.

A sea-port: Ships ready for the embarkation of Eneas.

# ÆNEAS, Trojans.

Æn. Unconquer'd friends, with me inur'd to bear

The rage of seas and skies, resume once more
Your wonted ardour. Lo! the destin'd hour
To stretch our fails, and plough the faithless
waves.

Haste, brave companions, let the winds and storms Invade the Trojan sleet. Our future perils Shall raise our name to glory: think, the time, The happy time will come to number o'er In glad remembrance all our labours past.

## SCENE II.

## Enter IARBAS attended.

Iar. And whither does this wandering hero now Direct his arms and veffels? Does he bear The war elsewhere? Or would he seek by flight To escape Iarbas?

Æn. Fate again prepares New obstacles to stay me.

[afide. [ar. Iar. For a moment

Thy barks may yet remain at anchor here; If thou hast courage, meet my arm—behold I dare thee to the combat.

Æn. I accept

Thy profferr'd challenge—Hold, my friends, I feek No fword but mine to tame you haughty boafter.

. [to his followers.

I am prepar'd—what now employs thy thoughts?

[to Iar.

Iar. I think thy death but little will fuffice To fatiate my revenge.

En. Far rather own
To stay me now demands thy noblest effort—
To arms!

Iar. To arms!

[fight: while they are engaged and Iarbas begins to give ground, the Moors come to his assistance and attack Æneas.]

Æn. Come, all thy realm united!

Iar. Defend thee, if thou canst-

Æn. I fear thee not,

Barbarian!

[the companions of Æneas come to his affifiance and attack the Moors: a skirmish ensues, the Moors are driven off: Iarbas falls.]

Thou art fallen beneath my arm, Yield, or this weapon drinks thy blood.

Iar.

Iar. In vain
Thou feek'st to bend me——

Æn. If thou wilt not ask Life from thy victor——

Iar. Never-use thy fortune.

En. Die then—but hold awhile—it shall be so. No—take thy life, nor deem thy empty pride, Shall change the tenour of my constant soul. Exit.

Iar. I am conquer'd, not fubdu'd—at least

Shall never prove alone the cruel mark
Of fickle Fortune's rage: a monarch's fall
Shall drag a kingdom down to share his ruin.

[Exit.

#### SCENE III.

A bower between the city and the port.

## OSMIDAS alone.

The Moors already, to defend Iarbas,
Have reach'd these walls: behold the hour at hand
That must confirm my greatness. To betray
A thankless woman little I repent;
I punish her injustice thus, who never
Vouchsaf'd a recompense to faith like mine.

**SCENE** 

#### SCENE IV.

#### Enter IARBAS attended.

Iar. Follow me, friends! now haste we to the palace. [not feeing Ofm.

Osm. Hear me, great king, your warriors are prepar'd,

The time at length is come to avenge your wrongs,

Iar. Away, my friends, Iarbas' fury now

Admits of no delay- [ going, not hearing Ofm.

Ofm. Yet stay-

Iar. What would'ft thou?

Ofm. Forget not, king, that to Ofmidas' truth You owe some recompense for love reveng'd.

Iar. O! 'tis most true—and mark, thou shall receive

Thy recompense ere I my wish'd revenge.

Osm. Most generous monarch!

lar. Seize, difarm and bind him,

Then let him die.

[going.

Ofm. This fentence on Osmidas!

What rage unjust?—

Iar. Such is the due reward

A traitor merits.

[Exit with a part of his followers; fome remain to execute his orders on Ofm.]

6 SCENE

## SCENE V.

# Enter ÆNEAS with Trojans.

Æn. We at length are met;
Not one is wanting of our scatter'd friends.
No more delay—the skies serenely smile,
The winds, the waves invite us—haste, my friends,
Haste to the ships and seas.

[at the appearance of Æneas, the Moors fly and leave Osmidas bound to a tree.]

Osm. Unconquer'd hero.

Æn. What means Osmidas thus-

Ofm. Such is the state Iarbas, cruel king—

Æn. There needs no more.

Friends, set Osmidas free—he yet shall find (Unworthy as he is) assistance where He least could hope to find it; and may learn New virtue from remorfe.

[the Trojans unbind Ofmidas.

Ofm. O yet permit me In gratitude for mercy thus bestow'd, Most gracious hero!—

[kneels.

Æn. Rise, and quit this place.

Ofm. To fuch exalted virtue

Æn. If thou seek'st

To

To shew thy gratitude; henceforth, Osmidas, Learn better to preserve thy faith unstain'd.

Osm. Whene'er the streams in mountains bred, Through verdant meadows backward led, Shall seek again their ancient bed,

I'll cease thy praise to own.

The night shall shine with Phoebus' ray,
When I, O chief, no longer pay
My thanks for life, this venturous day,
Preserv'd by thee alone.

[Exit.

## SCENE VI.

## Enter SELENE.

Æn. Say, princess, whither dost thou haste?Sel. To thee,O! hear me yet!

Æn. If thou wouldst hope once more To call back former love—those hopes are vain.

Sel. What then remains for Dido?

Æn. My departure

Will banish all her perils: while I stay,

My presence but incites her foes' resentment.

Iarbas woos her to partake his throne:

To him let Dido yield her hand, and peace

May once again be hers.

[going.

Sel. Yet stay, Æneas-

If

If thus thou goest, not only Dido dies, But, ah! Selene never can survive.

Æn. What means Selene?

Sel. From the day I first
Beheld Æneas, in my breast I smother'd
The growing passion, fearful to betray
A sister's trust; but now in death, I sue
To thee, O prince! if not for love, yet hear,
For pity hear, a wretched maid.

Æn. Selene,

No more discourse to me of love, nor tell me Of Dido's flame or thine. I am not now The man I was; the lover's name is lost, And all the warrior kindles in my soul: My former self revives, and each that seeks To oppose my glory is Æneas' foe.

I burn a victor's fame to win, To act the hero's part; And now already I begin To triumph o'er my heart.

I fly to reach the embattled plain,
'Midst arms, and death and foes;
And from the fanguine conflict gain
New wreaths to bind my brows.

[Exit.

SCENE

#### SCENE VII.

#### SELENE alone.

To fcorn my flame! deny me every hope, This may be constancy for thee to boast; But if thou canst forbid a gentle heart To ease her torments with complaining love, Ah! call not then such constancy thy virtue: He knows no virtue who has lost compassion.

O! Heaven, I faint, I die with love, Yet nothing can my tyrant move, Forbid in welcome death to prove
The wretch's last relief.
Ah! wherefore, cruel man! deny
To hear my plaints, and ere I die
To yield at least one tender figh
In pity to my grief.

Exit.

# SCENE VIII.

The palace, with a view of the city of Carthage.

## Dipo alone.

Farewell to every gleam of peace!

I feel, I feel my pangs increase.

What means, ye righteous powers! the flame

That shoots through all my vital frame?

vol 11.

U SCENE

## SCENE IX.

#### Enter OSMIDAS.

Ofm. Have pity-mighty queen!

Did. What wouldst thou, friend?

Ofm. Alas! that name but ill befits a traitor, A foe to thee, Æneas, and thy love.

Did. Ha! fay'ft thou?

Ofm. With the hope to reign in Carthage, I offerr'd to Iarbas treacherous aid, Which he accepting till this hour employ'd; And now, for my reward, the tyrant fought To take my life, which great Æneas fav'd.

Did. And hast thou, stain'd with crimes like these, presum'd

To come in Dido's presence?

Ofm. See, O queen! [kneels. A wretch, who neither hopes nor fues for pardon; All, all I ask is instant judgment.

Did. Rife:

To what art thou reduc'd, unhappy Dido!
What planet rul'd my birth! the faith of those
Whom most I trusted———

**SCENE** 

#### SCENE X.

#### Enter SELENE.

Sel. O! my dearest sister! At length Æneas——

Did. Has he fled from Carthage?

Sel. No—but expect to fee his fails ere long Spread wide their canvas to forfake the shore. Even now I saw him to the ready ships With eager speed conduct his following friends.

Did. Ungrateful! perjur'd!——Heaven's! a wretched exile,

A wandering mendicant!—What heart but his Could ever boast such cruelty!—And thou, Unkind Selene! to behold his slight, Yet want the power to stay him——

Sel. Every care
Of mine was fruitless.

Did. Haste, Osmidas, haste, One moment yet detain him.

Ofm. Let me fly To execute your will.

[Exit.

## SCENE XI.

## Dido, Selene.

Sel. Trust not too far——Thou know'st not yet Osmidas.

Did. Ah! too well.

Such is my cruel fate, I stand condemn'd To feek his help whose treason has betray'd me.

Sel. Thy hopes must centre in thyself alone.

Go—seek him—beg—implore—who knows th'
event?

Thou may'st subdue him yet.

Did. Shall Dido then

Descend to prayers and tears? Dido, whose courage

Forfook Sidonia's shores, to date the rage Of seas and storms, in search of other climes And kingdoms yet unknown?—I still am she That with new cities grac'd the Lybian coast; That kept her state amidst surrounding snares, Amidst alarms and perils—Think'st thou now Her soul can yield to such ignoble stooping?

Sel. Alas! forget your rank, or banish hope, For love but ill agrees with majesty.

SCENE

#### SCENE XII.

#### Enter ARASPES.

Did. Araspes in these walls?

[the flames begin to appear at a distance amongst the buildings.

Araf. I come, in pity
Of your endanger'd state—the furious king
Destroys and burns the lofty domes of Carthage.
Behold, O queen! behold the slames afar
Driven by the raging wind—if you delay
A moment now to appease his vengeful anger,
One fatal day must end your life and empire.

Did. Has Fortune then more evils yet in store To add to what I feel?

Sel. O! fatal day!

## SCENE XIII.

## Enter OSMIDAS.

Did. Osmidas.

Ofm. All around the flames prevail.

Did. I know it well—I ask thee of Æneas, What hast thou gain'd?

Osm. Æneas is departed.

Already now, at distance from the land,

He

He cuts the waves—I fcarce arriv'd in time To view his flying fails.

Did. O! fenfeless Dido!

'Tis thou, thou art the accomplice of his flight,

Thou should'st have seiz'd him first—Return,

Osmidas.

Fly fwift to yonder shore, collect my fleets, My arms, my warriors—O! pursue the traitor, Burn, sink his vessels—bring him bound in chains, Alive or dead, before me.

Ofm. Think'st thou now

Of vengeance when the threatening flames increase?

Did. Then let us haste—O no—Osmidas, stay. I know not where—my soul is all distraction. Still art thou here?

Ofm. I fly to obey your will.

[Exit.

## SCENE XIV.

Dido, Selene, Araspes.

Araf. Think on your danger, Dido.

Sel. Think, O! think
What means may yet preserve thee.

Did. Do I still

Bear all these woes and live?—Go, dear Selene,

Thou, in my stead, provide, assist in all;

And,

And, if thou lov'st, forfake not wretched Dido.

Sel. Alas! my bosom's woes transcend thy own.

Exit.

## SCENE XV.

## DIDO, ARASPES.

Aras. Still do you here remain unterrified To view the advancing flames?

Did. All hope is loft!

And fear I know not-hope and fear in man Are born together and together die.

Aras. Fain would I save you yet-believe me, queen,

I shudder at your perils. .

Did. O! for pity

Leave me, Araspes, leave me to myself.

Exit Aras.

Did. My wretched fate shall one day prove the theme

Of fabling verse; my sufferings shall become The mournful subject of the tragic scene.

## SCENE XVI.

Enter OSMIDAS.

O/m. All, all is lost!

Did. So foon return'd?

O/m.

Ofm. In vain

I from thy palace fought to reach the strand; The threatening squadrons of the faithless Moor Swarm in the streets of Carthage: midst the cries And shouts of soldiers, to their impious rage The virgins are expos'd, the fanes deserted; No pity shewn to infancy or age.

Did. And is there then no way for Dido left To escape impending ruin?

[the flames begin to appear in the palace.

## SCENE XVII.

#### Enter SELENE.

Sel. Fly, O queen!

Your guards are vanquish'd—no defence remains. See, from the burning town the slames have reach'd Your inmost palace—all the air is fill'd With smoke and siery sparkles——

Did. Let us hence, And feek elfewhere for fuccour.

O/m. Ah! what fuccour?

Sel. Where can it now be found?

Did. O! coward fouls!

Come, follow Dido—if your courage fails,

Then learn from me to die.

**SCENE** 

#### SCENE XVIII.

Enter IARBAS with guards.

Iar. Stay.

Did. Heavenly powers! What do I fee!

Iar. Where goest thou thus dismay'd?
Perhaps to take the faithful Trojan's hand?
Go, haste thee then—behold the torches burn
To light thee to the nuptial bed.

points to the flames.

Did. I know it-

This is the moment of revenge for thee:

Let loofe thy rage, fince Heaven has now depriv'd me

Of all support.

Iar. O no!—Æneas still Defends his queen—with him thou art secure.

Did. 'Tis well—thou shalt be satisfied——to please thee

Shall I be wretched?—See me then alone,

Betray'd, forsaken, no Æneas here,

No friends, no kingdom!—Would'st thou have me stript

Of boasted power? See Dido then at length Reduc'd to seeble tears—Does this suffice thee? Or must I turn a suppliant? Be it so——
I beg Iarbas to relieve my sufferings,

And

And from Iarbas hope my welcome death.

Iar. My rage is soften'd.

afide.

Sel. Mercy! righteous powers!

O/m. O Gods! affift us yet.

Iar. I am not, Dido,

The favage thou hast deem'd me—no, I feel Compassion for thy fortunes—come—Iarbas Forgives thee every past offence, and leads thee His spouse, to share with him his bed and throne.

Did. Shall I become the spouse of thee, thou tyrant!

Of thee, whose impious, cruel, treacherous heart No faith regards, nor knows the social duties That bless mankind, nor owns the laws of honour? Were I so abject, just were all my sufferings: My fortune has not sunk me yet so low.

Iar. In such a state dar'st thou insult me thus?

-What ho! my faithful friends, go, spread the fires;

Be Carthage in one moment crush'd to ruins, And not a trace remain of all the thousands That trod so late her desolated streets.

[two guards go out.

Sel. Have pity yet, and fave us. [to Dido. Iar. Now indeed,

Now may'ft thou justly rave and call me tyrant.

Soon

Soon shall thy towering city lie In smoking dust; no stranger's eye Shall o'er the wasted land descry

Where boasted Carthage rose.
Since thou my mercy dar'st resuse,
And death itself wilt sooner choose,
Thou well deserv'st, ingrate! to lose
That life my grace bestows.

[Exit, attended.

## SCENE XIX.

Dide, Osmidas, Selene.

Ofm. Yield, Dido, to Iarbas.

Sel. With thy own Preserve our lives.

Did. Even yet I would confent

To breathe the vital air, could I repay

My wrongs on false Æneas—first the cause

Of all I suffer—May the raging winds

And angry Gods at least complete my vengeance!

May lightning, thunder, storms and whirlwinds

make

The seas his grave—or let him wander far Forlorn and friendless—such his wretched fate, That he, in bitterest pangs, shall envy mine!

Sel. Ah! calm thy angry foul: I love him too,

Yet bear my griefs in filence.

Did. Love Æneas?

Sel. Alas! too true—but for thy fake—

Did. Thou traitress!

The rival of my love?

Sel. But though thy rival,

Thou hast no cause-

Did. Fly hence!—avoid my fight, Nor add new pangs to madness and despair.

Sel. Unhappy queen! to what has fate referv'd thee! [Exit.

## SCENE XX.

## DIDO, OSMIDAS.

Ofm. The flames increase and yet thou dost not fly.

Did. Were other foes yet wanting to my ruin?

Left by Æneas, by Selene wrong'd;

Infulted by Iarbas, by Ofmidas

Betray'd—What have I done, ye cruel Gods!

I never with unhallow'd victims stain'd

Your facred altars; never fill'd the air

With hateful incense to provoke your wrath:

Why then should Heaven and Hell conspire against me?

Ofm. Ah! yet reflect, nor irritate the Gods.

Did.

Did. What Gods?—Mere empty names! the dreams of madmen!

There are no Gods, or these are most unjust.

Ofm. Her impious raving freezes all my foul;
I leave her to her fate.

[Exit.

[ some of the buildings fall in, and the flames are seen to increase more and more in the palace.

## SCENE LAST.

#### Dipo alone.

What hast thou said.

Unhappy Dido?—To what rash extreme
Thy sury drives thee!—Heavens! increasing horrors
Surround me still—where'er I turn I see
Terror and death before me!—Hark! it cracks!
The palace shakes and threats a speedy fall!
Selene and Osmidas—all, alas!
Forsake me—shun me now—and not a friend,
A single friend to give me aid or death!
And shall the breast of Dido then consess
Such abject fear?—No: let me bravely perish,
And in my death may salse Æneas sind
A fatal omen for his suture slight.
Fall Carthage from her deep soundation! burn
6

The regal dome, and may its ashes prove

The tomb of Dido and her wretched love!

[in speaking these last words Dido suriously throws herself amidst the burning ruins of the palace, and is immediately snatched from sight amidst the slames and thick smoke that break out upon her fall.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ÆTIUS.

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# Æ T I U S.

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

- VALENTINIAN III. Emperor, in love with FULVIA.
- Fulvia, Daughter of Maximus, a Roman Patrician, in love with, and promifed to Ætius.
- ÆTIUS, General of Cæsar's armies, in love with Fulvia.
- Honoria, Sister to Valentinian, secretly in love with Ætius.
- MAXIMUS, a Roman Patrician, Father of Fulvia, confident, and secretly an enemy to Valentinian.
- Varus, Præfect of the Prætorians, friend to Ærius.

Scene, Rome.

# ÆTIUS.

# ACT I. SCENE I.

Part of the Roman forum, with an imperial throne on one side. View of Rome illuminated by night: triumphal arches, and other preparations for the celebration of the decennial feasts, and in honour of the return of Ætius from his victory over Attila.

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS, VARUS, Prætors and people.

Max. No, facred fir, the offspring of Quirinus Did never celebrate with greater pomp The last great day of our decennial rites. The blaze of torches and the people's shouts Disturb the shade and silence of the night, And Rome no longer envies former times Augustus' happy reign.

Wal. Well pleas'd I hear

My faithful people's vows ascend the sky:

I see the pomp and wait the victor's presence;

All, all is cause of joy—but chief the thought,

That with this profferr'd hand I can bestow

A gift more worthy of thy daughter's love,

VOL. II. X A throne

A throne enrich'd with laurels.

Max. From her father
Fulvia has learn'd, with true humility,
Not to defire, nor to despise dominion:
Let Cæsar bid, my daughter shall obey.

Val. In Fulvia more the lover would I find, And less the subject.

Max. Cæsar ne'er can sear

She will not love those virtues which in him

The world admire—But thirst of vengeance only

Inspires the restless soul of Maximus.

[aside.

Varus. Ætius approaches—I behold already His foremost ensigns.

Val. Let us hear the victor, And, Maximus, be thou partaker still In every good that Fortune heaps upon me.

[he ascends the throne: Varus takes his place next him.

Max. [afide.] Think not for this my injuries are forgot.

## SCENE II.

Enter ÆTIUS in triumph, preceded by martial music; slaves and other ensigns of the van-quished, followed by soldiers and people.

£t. Sir, we have conquer'd—to the inclement realms

Of

Of the bleak north, the terror of mankind Returns a fugitive. Yes, Ætius, first Of Roman chiefs, can boast that he has seen Fear seize on Attila. The sun ne'er view'd A more extensive slaughter; scarce the field Suffic'd to bear the ghastly piles of slain: The blood in torrents flow'd; consus'd were heard Threats and laments, and midst the mingled tumults

Of rage and dread, were blended undistinguish'd, The brave, the base, the victor and the vanquish'd. Not long suspended was the victory:

Terror and desperation seiz'd the tyrant;

He sled, and left (that nothing might retard His hasty slight) to us the full possession

Of all his ill-got spoils. If you demand A proof of this, behold you captive bands,

Behold those conquer'd arms and streaming ensigns.

Val. Ætius, 'tis not o'er Attila alone
Thou now hast triumph'd; in subduing him,
Thou triumph'st o'er the hopes of Valentinian.
Thou fixest on his brows the doubtful wreath;
Thou, once again, to Tiber hast restor'd
His martial honours. To thy fortitude
And valiant arm all Italy must owe
Her liberty and peace.

Æt. All Italy

Owes not her peace to me. There are who hold it

From their own worth alone. A race of heroes Meet in the bosom of the Adriatic,
And change to seats of rest the unstable seas.
With many a bridge they join the scatter'd isles,
And with huge works repel the ocean's tide,
While from afar the wondering traveller
Sees mighty walls and marble domes arise,
Where vessels once have sail'd.

Val. Who has not heard
Of fam'd Antenor's race? To us 'tis known,
That when the flames of war were kindled first
By Attila, they left their fields and towns,
'And in the bosom of the seas maintain'd
Their threaten'd liberty: full well we know
What wide extent their rising city forms;
In suture times what may we hope to view it,
Since thus its infant state?

# Æt. Cæsar, I trace

The feeds of mighty actions yet to come: The subject seas shall fear this people's nod; The rage of powerful kings they shall resist; Shall bear to distant realms their spreading sails, And Asia's purple tyrants strike with fear.

Wal. The happy omens Heaven succeed!——Meanwhile [descends from his throne. My guardian thou, my falling empire's safety, Within these arms receive a pledge of love. What gifts have I to recompense thy worth,

Since

Since all I have thy virtue has bestow'd,
And still must guard them mine? But know,
'midst all

My power, thou, Ætius, art my noblest treasure.

Do thou direct his towering flight,
Still on the steep Tarpeian height,
Returning shall my eagle light
Victorious from the plain.
Where'er the sun emits his ray,
The regal bird shall steer his way;
While with the God that rules the day
I hold divided reign.

[Exit with Varus and Prætors.

#### SCENE III.

## ÆTIUS, MAXIMUS.

Max. Ætius, enough is given to fame and duty, Some moments give to friendship: let me press That conquering hand in mine.

At. Yes, friend, it joys me
To fee thee once again. I prize thy love
Dear as this glorious pomp. But where is Fulvia?
What does she? Where is she conceal'd? While
each

Hastes with impatience to behold my triumph, Thy daughter comes not.

Max. See my daughter here.

**SCENE** 

## SCENE IV.

#### Enter Fulvia.

Æt. My Fulvia, worthier of thyself, thy hufband

Again returns, and to thy beauty owes
His greatest trophies. Midst alarms and death,
Glory and love alike instam'd my ardour;
Nor would this hand have conquer'd for the pride
Of laurel wreaths alone to crown my toils—
But ha! what mean'st thou? At the tender names
Of lover and of husband, from thy cheek
The colour fades—and dost thou meet me thus
After our cruel parting? This my welcome!

Fulv. O! torture to endure! [afide.]—I come, my lord—

**Et.** Does Fulvia treat me then with cold refpect?

Why am not I thy faithful husband still?

Alas! thou'rt her no more whom once I knew-

Fulv. O Heaven! I'm ftill the same—but speak, my father.

Æt. What means she, Maximus?

Max. I have till now

Been filent, that our forrows might not poison.

The joy this day should bring thee—yes, my friend,

We

We live beneath a hard imperious yoke:
Our very thoughts must be enslav'd: thy conquest
Has freed us, Ætius, from a foreign foe,
But added strength to our domestic troubles.
Fear was a curb on Cæsar, that remov'd,
Now thou hast conquer'd, soon the groaning land
Shall find him haughtier still, and more the tyrant.

Æt. I cannot think him thus—at least from me His tyranny has ever been conceal'd: What would he claim?

Max. Thy wife.

Æt. Ha! claim my wife! my Fulvia! Maximus?

And have you both confented to betray me?

Fulv. Alas!

Max. What subterfuge could I employ?
Or would'st thou have me, by refusing her
To share his throne, expose her to the will
Of an offended tyrant? Rather would'st thou
I should revive the tale of old Virginius,
And slay my daughter to preserve her chasse?
O no! 'tis thou alone canst break our chains,
And canst avenge thy wrongs. Thine are the
people;

The army all is thine. Thou ow'st revenge To Rome oppress'd, and to thy love betray'd. Thou know'st no victim can be slain which Heaven Accepts more gladly than an impious king.

Æt.

Æt. What hast thou said?—But passion blinds thy virtue,

And grief is ever found a partial judge.

Monarchs are delegates of Heaven on earth, And Heaven must punish them—Be every means Employ'd, but let us guard our faith untainted.

Max. Exalted hero! equal to thy courage, [embraces him.] With wonder Maximus furveys thy truth,

That rifes still superior to thy wrongs.—

Yes we must change our speech, dissimulation

Assist me now.

[aside.

Fulv. Can Ætius then so tamely Resign his Fulvia to another's arms?

Æt. Thou yet art free from every tye. To Cæsar

I'll plead my cause, and all shall yet be well.

Fulv. O Heaven! and should'st thou speak, I tremble for thee!

Æt. As yet the emperor knows not of my love.

Max. From him, with caution, I conceal'd your passion.

Æt. Hence springs the error. Cæsar's not to blame:

No, had he heard, his prudence had suppress'd His growing love; he knows how much he owes me,

And

And knows it were not wifdom to provoke me.

Fulv. Trust not too far—Ætius, a thousand fears

Distract my soul: Cæsar's too much a lover, And thou art too unguarded in thy warmth. O Heaven! reslect awhile—my heart forebodes Some fatal mischies: I was born unhappy, And must not hope my sate will ever change.

Æt. With conquest I'm return'd; thou know'st that Ætius

Adores thee ever, yet my Fulvia weeps.

Still in thy dear, thy faithful breast
Thy thoughts to me confine:
Lull each intruding fear to rest,
And all thy cares be mine.

Thou by thy forrows feem'st to mourn,
That Ætius leaves thee thus forlorn,
Forgetful of his love:
Think not so base a mind I bear,
Nor think to me that Cæsar e'er
Will so ungrateful prove.

[Exit.

## SCENE V.

# MAXIMUS, FULVIA.

Fulv. 'Tis time, my father, that respect at length Should give me leave to speak. You promis'd first

My hand to Ætius' vows, then gave me charge To hear and to encourage Cæsar's passion, Assuring me I never should be his.

I your commands obey'd, believ'd your promise; Yet, when I hope to take the hand of Ætius, I hear you tell me that my hopes are vain.

Max, I ne'er, my daughter, purpos'd to deceive thee.

Then mark me; 'tis not fure the worst of fortune To share Augustus' bed.

Fulv. And can you fuffer,
That he, who dar'd infult your confort's virtue,
Should wed your daughter? Can you thus forget
The affront you once receiv'd? Is Maximus
So dazzled with the splendor of a throne?

Max. Come to my breast, thy father's dearest part!

This just resentment merits I should tell thee What else I would conceal. Know then, with art I seem forgetful of my wounded honour. Hatred too soon discover'd loses oft The means of vengeance: now the time's at hand, And we must seize it. Wedded to the tyrant, Thou may'st with ease destroy him, or prepare The way for me to pierce his impious breast.

Fulv. What do I hear! And can I then, my father,

Present this hand to Cæsar to betray him?

O! in

O! in my looks he'd read my foul defign: Fear is companion fill to crimes like these: The foul, for ever brooding o'er her guilt, Shrinks from herself: the criminal sometimes Is fortunate, but never is secure: The people will revenge their sovereign's death.

Max. That fear is vain; fince all alike deteft him.

Fulv. No, you're deceiv'd—the giddy crowd adore

The tyrant dead, whom living they abhorr'd.

Max. You, Fulvia, first reviv'd my sleeping hatred,

Then shew that coldness you condemn'd in me.

Fulv. Forgive me, fir, if I with freedom speak: When I of late condemn'd your tardy vengeance, I counsell'd not deceit.

Max. I thought thee wifer, And less subjected to the servile ties Of virtue and of conscience; only useful To abject souls, but by the noble scorn'd.

Fulv. Are these the virtuous seeds which, till this hour,

You planted in me from my earliest age? Either you then deceiv'd, or now deceive me.

Max. Each different age requires its different maxims:

Those fuit with childhood, these with riper years:

I then

I then deceiv'd thee.

Fulv. You deceive me now;
For with ourselves is born the hate of guilt,
And love of virtue: from its infant state
The soul an impulse feels of good and evil.
Oft have you told me this; I now confess it,
And all confirms it. You, even you, my father,
While thus you seek to steel my heart to treason,
Must own compunction. If you hold me dear,
Think of your glory; think that now you go—

Max. No more, rash girl! I have endur'denough. Counsel not me, or if thou needs must counsel, Go, counsel with thy equals; but remember That I am still a parent, thou a child.

Fulv. O! bid me not recall to mind,

That from your fource my life I drew;

For in your words no more I find

The father now whom once I knew.

From me awhile vouchfafe to learn
The reverence due to fovereign fway;
In me a daughter's love differn,
And, ah! your own remorfe obey. [Exit.

#### SCENE VI.

#### MAXIMUS alone.

How adverse is my fate! Though all the earth Abounds with villainy, when Maximus Would feek a villain, each assumes the hero, And baffles his defigns. Affronted love Has prov'd too weak to fire the rage of Ætius: My daughter disobeys me-be it so-I must no longer dally with my purpose, But hasten on the blow-too much already Have I disclos'd, and ere the dawn appears Cæsar shall die: Emilius for the deed Will lend his faithful arm. What then may follow? Or Valentinian falls, and crowns my vengeance; Or, grant he should survive, 'tis mine to cast The guilt on Ætius: 'tis an easy task: Cæfar, the rival of his fame and love, Without my arts will deem him criminal. Or should aught else betide, I from th' event Can form refolves anew: in greatest dangers That wisdom oft is best which trusts to chance.

The failor, fearing rocks and wind,
Who runs in thought each peril o'er,
Must live in humble state confin'd,
A simple sisher on the shore.

Tis.

\*Tis oft with prudence we confide

To Fortune's hand our weal or woe;

Her hand has oft that aid supplied

Which wisdom never could bestow. [Exit.

### SCENE VII.

A royal apartment with pictures.

## HONORIA, VARUS.

Hon. I ask thee of the victor not his conquests:
Of these I've heard enough—How does he bear
The crowd's applauses? Do his looks preserve
The sternness of the warrior? Has his triumph
Given him new pride, or soften'd him to gentleness?

This, Varus, tell me, not his deeds of arms.

Varus. Honoria, pardon me, if I believ'd That Cæsar's sister rather wish'd to hear The deeds of Ætius, than to ask of aught Pertaining to himself. These strict enquiries Resemble more the lover than the sovereign.

Hon. Hard is the flavery of our wretched fex! Scarce can our lips but twice repeat a name, And we are titled lovers. While so many Dwell on his valour and exalt his praise; While wondering throngs hail Ætius' glad return, Honoria still alone remains behind;

Clos'd

Clos'd in these walls she seeks not to behold him Yet this reserve escapes not censuring tongues.

Varus. Too much referve is oft a fign of love.

Hon. Yes, Varus, to thy long-tried faith and fervice

Such freedom is indulg'd. But fure the distance Twixt Ætius and Honoria, from thy mind Should banish such suspection.

Varus. All admire

The fortitude of Ætius: Rome adores him;
The universe is fill'd with his renown:
His foes with reverence name him: 'twere injustice
Here to refuse that love his worth demands.

Hon. Since you appear so far the friend of Ætius,

You should not thus extol his rising power:
Augustus, in his nature, is too prone
To admit suspicion: while you to my brother
Exalt your friend, you serve his cause but ill.
The time may come—you understand me, Varus.

Varus. I that am Ætius' friend, with greater caution

Will speak his praise: but, princess, if you love him

Be less ingenious to torment yourself.

If gentle love thy foul inspire,
Why should'st thou blush to own the fire?
Why scorn the shaft that rives thy breast?
Ætius, whose deeds so glorious shine,
Has rais'd his state to equal thine,
By Fortune's hand in vain depress'd.

Exit.

#### SCENE VIII.

#### Honoria alone.

Detested grandeur! tyrant of the mind!
Why wilt thou thus distract us? Why forbid
To indulge the freedom of unequal passion,
Yet prove too weak to guard our yielding heart?

Harmless nymphs on rural plains, Happy is the lot you prove, Whom in love no law restrains, Save the gentle laws of love.

How blest! could I my suffering tell
To him whose virtues cause my smart,
And unconstrain'd, like you, reveal
The slame that preys upon my heart.

Exit.

#### SCENE IX.

# VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS.

Val. Let Ætius know that I expect him here.

[to an attendant.

Yes, friend, his glory now begins to cast
A shade o'er Valentinian: every one
Dwells in my presence on th' exploits of Ætius:
Rome stiles him her deliverer: he himself
Knows his own power too well: I must, to ensure
His saith, exalt him to Honoria's bed;
So shall the marriage-bond be his reward,
And my security.

Max. Indeed the people

Have idoliz'd him to excess: they seem

As if unmindful of their sovereign's name,

And may if he command—but I have done—

Ætius I think is true, and doubts are vain;

But were he not, methinks to exalt him thus

Would ill secure his faith.

Val. A gift fo mighty
Must quench ambition in the soul.

Max. Will rather

Excite it: when the conflagration rises, The stream but adds new suel to the slame.

Val. How shall I better hope to bind him to me? Wouldst thou I should pursue a tyrant's steps, And grow the mark of universal hatred?

VOL. II. 

Max.

Max. The earliest art of reigning is to bear The hatred of mankind: a monarch still Must exercise dominion o'er offenders; And hatred more secures the throne than love.

Val. No, Maximus, the man who makes himself Too much the object of another's fear, Thence adds to his own terrors: all extremes Together meet; and on some future day, The headstrong vulgar, from excess of fear, May gather boldness.

Max. You, my lord, best know
The arts of reigning; monarchs have a light
Unknown to subjects: zeal for your repose
Urg'd me thus far. I meant but to remind you
That it becomes us with preventive care,
While danger threatens, to provide for safety.

When gently murmuring as it goes, The hollow riv'let fcarcely flows, A pebble can its lapfe oppose,

A flender branch the course restrain. But when, with falling waters swell'd, In narrow banks no longer held, The billows rise above the shore, And bear along, with deepening roar, The crumbling sences to the main.

Exit.

### SCENE X.

#### VALENTINIAN alone.

To those that distant view the throne, it seems Heaven's choicest gift; to those who view it near, It seems the worst.

#### SCENE XI.

#### Enter ÆTIUS.

Æt. I come to attend your will.

Val. Ætius, I cannot bear, though for a moment,

To feem ungrateful to thee: Tiber fav'd
From foreign arms, my peace, my dignity,
All, all I've gain'd are but the happy fruits
Of Ætius' wisdom and his conquering sword.
Should Valentinian yield to thee his throne,
He gives not, but to thee restores thy own.
Thus, midst my wealth, when I would recompense
The virtues of a friend who conquers for me,
I find, in spite of empire, still I'm poor.

Æt. When through the fight I toil'd for Rome and thee,

The deed itself became my great reward.

What would I more? Augustus' love will ever Suffice for me.

Val,

Val. But not for Valentinian.

The world shall learn that, while I vainly strove
To recompense thy worth, my gratitude
Left nought untried. Ætius, the blood of Cæsar
Shall be to thine united; ne'er on thee
Can I bestow a stronger pledge of love:
To-morrow's sun shall see thee wed Honoria.

- Æt. [aside.] What do I hear!
- Val. Thou dost not answer-speak.
- Æt. So vast an honour doubtless must surprise me.

Honoria's rank demands a king and throne, I have no crowns to boast, and Ætius, sir, Is nothing but a subject.

Val. Such a subject
As Ætius, far excels the proudest king.
If kingdoms are not thine, thy valorous arm •
Can kingdoms give to others. To possess,
Is Fortune's gift alone; but to bestow them,
Is Virtue's task.

Æt. Thy fifter owes the world, Great fir, a race of kings; to me united, Will bring forth subjects only: well thou know'st By these unequal nuptials that Honoria To Ætius may descend, but Ætius never Can rise to her.

Val. My fifter and the world Sustain no loss by fuch a glorious union:

Or

Or should they lose, yet, while I recompense A hero's worth, my sister and the world Can ne'er complain.

Æt. I must not, sir, consent That Cæsar, to be grateful thus to one, Should prove unjust to many.

Val. Let us speak
This once without concealment. Thy respect
Is but a veil to cover thy resulant.
What would'st thou more? Is then my gift so little?
Must Cæsar ever stand indebted to thee?
Remember, he who spurns at all reward
Is not less proud than he who asks too much.

Æt. Well then, your frankness shall encourage mine:

What you have offerr'd, fir, for my reward Would prove my punishment.

Val. I did not think
Thy fovereign's fister, join'd to thee in marriage,
Would make thee wretched.

Æt. Even this profferr'd gift Is little to the man who loves another.

Val. Where is the beauty who so far exceeds Honoria's merits? Is she born my subject? Are my dominions honour'd with her presence? It shall be mine to knit these glorious ties: Declare to me her name.

Æt. Her name is Fulvia.

Val.

Val. Fulvia?

Æt. The same—He seems disturb'd. [aside.

Val. [afide.] O Heaven!

And knows the of thy love?

Æt. I think she does not:

[afide.] Let me not raise his anger against her.

Val. First gain the maid's confent—See if her choice

Opposes not thy fuit.

Æt. That care be mine:

Meantime thy fanction, Cæsar, shall suffice.

Val. Some other lover may perchance have gain'd

On her affection.

Æt. Never.-Where's the man

Whose rashness seeks to ravish such a prize From him whose hand has sav'd imperial Rome?

I know him not.

Val. But should there yet be one?

Æt. He then should see that Ætius could no less

Affert his rights than guard his fovereign's empire: Yes, he should find——

Val. And what if I were he?

Æt. That gift which costs a pang from Cæsar's heart

Would prove more glorious to me.

Val.

Val. But a subject Must not require, to recompense his service, So vast a sacrifice from him who reigns.

Æt. Cæsar is sovereign, Ætius asks from him This sacrifice; Ætius, who, till this hour, Has serv'd unrecompens'd: Cæsar, who knows What gratitude exacts; who owes to me His peace, his dignity; who has confess'd That should he render up the throne to Ætius, He gives not, but to him restores his own; And that each moment but augments his fear To seem ungrateful to him.

Val. What prefumption! [afide. I thought that when I call'd to mind thy merits, And own'd each fervice, I in part repaid them.

Æt. I call them to thy mind, when for reward—

Val. No more—enough—I understand thee, Ætius.

Yes, Cæsar knows thy bosom's sires,
He sees to what thy claim aspires,
'Tis his to six thy doom.
But thou more wisely now control
Th' effusions of a fearless soul,
That well may suit the stern alarms
Of distant camps and clashing arms,
But suit not here at Rome.

[Exit.

Æt. Now let us fee if he'll oppose my love.

## SCENE XII.

#### Enter Fulvia.

Fulv. Ætius, I read thy anger in thy looks: Hast thou to Cæsar then discours'd of me?

Æt. I have; but kept from him thy love a fecret:

Hence thou hast little cause to fear.

Fulv. What said he

To thy request? What answer gave Augustus?

Æt. He neither yielded nor oppos'd my suit; By certain signs I found he grew disturb'd, But yet he durst not give his anger vent.

Fulv. You raise my apprehension. He who feels Resentment, yet assumes an outward calm, Must surely plan some cautious scheme of vengeance.

Æt. You fear too foon.

## SCENE XIII.

# Enter Honoria.

Hon. Ætius, I owe you more
Than words can pay: my brother would debase
Honoria's hand by joining it to yours;
But you, more just, have now convinc'd Augustus
That Ætius is unworthy such alliance.

Æt.

Æt. Honoria, no: 'tis not for this you owe Your thanks to me; 'tis for a nobler service. You know this arm, that guards Honoria's throne, Gives her the power to treat me thus with scorn.

Hon. Indeed I stand indebted much to Ætius, And 'tis with pain I find the stars compel me, Spite of myself, to be the messenger Of fatal tidings to his haples love.

[to Fulv.] Fulvia, soon as the morning rises, Cæsar Will take thee for his bride.

Fulv. What fays Honoria?

Æt. What do I hear!

Hon. He gave me now in charge To speak his purpose. Ætius, yet have comfort, And learn to exult that she, whom most you love, Reigns o'er a subject world.

Æt. This is too much——
Cæsar would tempt too far the faith of Ætius. What right has he to rule o'er my affections?
To ravish Fulvia from me? To contemn me?
Perhaps he thinks I tamely will endure it;
Or does he wish that Rome, through him, should prove

A fatal scene of blood?

Hon. Does Ætius threaten?

Is this his truth, his boasted loyalty?

Æt.

At. If still my fovereign would engage
My breast to act a subject's part,
Let him not then too far enrage
The passions that divide my heart.

But when with wrongs my bosom bleeds,
Untimely let him ne'er complain,
If anger then the bound exceeds,
And gives to frantic rage the rein. [Exit.

#### SCENE XIV.

# Honoria, Fulvia.

Fulv. Honoria, keep his transports hid from Cæsar:

Ætius is faithful still; he speaks but thus Through disappointed love.

Hon. Fulvia, methinks
Thou shew'st too much of fear and pity for him;
And does not pity sometimes spring from love?

Fulv. Princess, you wrong me much, for well I know

To whom this bosom owes its first affections.

Hon. Be not too warm—'twas but a flight fufpicion.

Fulv. If credit must be given to such suspicion. Honoria too might surnish cause for doubt:
By thy resentment I perceive how well

Thou

Thou bear'st to be rejected. I should think Thou wert a lover, yet I'll not believe it.

Hon. And when thou dar'ft infult me with fufpicions

Injurious to my honour, I might well Rebuke thy arrogance, yet I forbear.

Though plac'd not yet on Cæsar's throne,
Already in thy looks are shown
The pride of sovereign state.
'Tis harder far with equal mind
To bear the good by Heaven assign'd,
Than all the frowns of Fate.

[Exit.

#### SCENE XV.

# FULVIA alone.

Too cruel Fortune! persecute me still,
And raise new troubles to disturb my peace:
Incense Honoria, kindle jealousy
In Cæsar's breast, and render Ætius wretched;
Deprive me of a father's softering care,
But never shalt thou rob me of my love:
For spite of thee, thy rigour shall exalt
The glorious triumph of my constant heart.

While

While zephyr breathes a gentle breeze, And calms to peace the ruffled seas, Each vessel slies with prosperous gales, Each happy pilot careless sails.

The proof of courage is to abide

The roaring billows' adverse force;

To stem the rough tempestuous tide,

Nor wander from the destin'd course.

[Exit.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

# ACT II. SCENE I.

The Palatine gardens in view of the imperial palace; flowers and fountains, water-falls, grottoes and statues.

#### MAXIMUS alone.

What awful filence! All the palace now
Is wrapt in peace. See where the new-born day
Reddens in yonder east, and yet around
No voice is heard, no person seen: ere this
Æmilius must have given the wish'd-for blow—
He promis'd on the tyrant to revenge
The wrongs of Maximus—my friend is tardy.

# SCENE II.

## Enter Fulvia.

Fulv. Alas, my father!

Max. Speak-What fays my daughter?

Fulv. What hast thou done?

Max. Done, Fulvia!

Fulv. O ye powers!

Cæsar has been attack'd—full well I know By whom the deed was plann'd—'Tis thou, my father,

That,

That, to revenge thee, urg'd the assassin's hand.

Max. But fay, is Cæfar dead?

Fulv. Think of thy fafety:

Already is the apartment round befet With arms and foldiers. .

Max. Tell me if he lives, Or lies a fenfeless corfe.

Fulv. Alas! I know not;

Lost in my fears I could attend to nothing.

Max. Vain, childish terrors! I myself will go To learn th' event. [going, he meets Val.

# SCENE III. Sc. II

Enter VALENTINIAN without his mantle and laurel; his sword drawn, attended by the Prætorian guard.

Val. [entering.] Let every pass be guarded; Stop every outlet.

Max. [afide.] Still the tyrant lives! Malicious Fortune!

Val. Fulvia! Maximus!
What heart could e'er conceive it!

Max. Speak, my lord, What has befallen?

Val. Such unexampled treason Was never heard.

Fulv.

Fulv. [aside.] O most unhappy father!

Max. [afide.] He knows it all.

Val. In whom shall I confide?

My best, my dearest friends attempt my life.

Max. Be firm my heart. [afide.] And is it poffible

Can fuch a wretch be found?

Val. Yes, Maximus,

Such has been found, nor is to thee unknown.

Max. [difturbed.] To me! my lord.

Val. Yes, thee; but Heaven defends
The lives of monarchs. Vainly hop'd Æmilius
To bury in my breast his fatal steel:
He thought to find me buried deep in sleep;
He was deceiv'd. I heard him softly enter
My clos'd apartment; by his silent tread,
As he drew nearer to my couch, my mind
Presag'd some treason; strait I rose, and snatch'd
The nearest sword: alarm'd, the villain sled;
But as he fled I dealt amidst the shade
My strokes at random: with the noise the guard
Rush'd in, and by the sudden entering light,
I saw my weapon stain'd with fresh-drawn blood,
But sought in vain the traitor who escap'd me.

Max. Perhaps 'twas not Æmilius.

Val. Yes, I heard

His well-known voice; for when I gave the wound A fudden cry broke from him.

Max.

Max. What could make

The flave of Cæsar hazard such a deed?

Val. Though his the deed, another plann'd the treason.

Fulv. [aside.] O Heaven!

Max. Permit me, facred fir, to trace The villain's steps.

Val. That care belongs to Varus:

Thou, Maximus, depart not.

Max. I am lost!

Tafide.

Perhaps I better may than he.

Val. My friend,

Leave me not thus, for O! should'st thou forsake me,

Where shall I hope for counsel or assistance?

Max. I shall obey—I breathe again. [aside.

Fulv. [aside.] Once more My life returns.

Max. Whom can you further, fir, Suspect of treason?

Val. Hast thou then a doubt?

Dost thou not see in this the hand of Ætius?

O! could I once produce the proofs against him,
His life should pay the forseit of his crime.

Fulv. [aside.] What new misfortune falls on wretched Fulvia?

Max. I cannot think that Ætius is a traitor;

At

At least he has no cause: receiv'd with honour, Applauded by his sovereign; could his heart Consent to this?—'Tis true, that jealousy, Ambition, love and popular applause Too oft contaminate the firmest loyalty. Ætius beholds himself belov'd of all, Elate with conquest, master of the troops, He may perhaps forget his vow'd allegiance.

Fulv. Can you, my father, who have known his virtues,

Speak of him thus?

Mux. 'Tis true, I am Ætius' friend, But Cæsar's subject.

Val. And does Fulvia then
Defend a traitor?—O! my jealous heart
Too truly has suspected.

Max. Can you think
Fulvia will harbour any love but yours?
You are deceiv'd; she pleads in his behalf
For pity, not for love: the threatening view
Of punishment and death excites her mind
To feel compassion—Are you yet to learn
The native weakness of the tender sex?

# SCENE IV.

Enter VARUS.

Varus. Cæsar, in vain I've sought to find the traitor.

Val. Where can he lie conceal'd?

Varus. Not all our care Discovers his retreat.

Val. And must I still
Remain uncertain thus? Whom shall I trust?
Whom shall I fear? When was there ever known
A state more curs'd than mine?

Max. Compose your thoughts:
The affaffin's failing in the stroke design'd,
Must bassle all the secret traitor's schemes.
I'll seek Æmilius, and with zealous care
Watch o'er your safety. Let us still remember,
The russian that affail'd your life is known,
And him meanwhile we may at least secure.

Vul. Affist me, friend, I place my hopes in thee.

In thee a fpouse and prince confide,

While sears and doubts my soul divide,

To thee I trust my life and love.

Then, friend, thy faithful aid prepare,

And thou, dear object of my care,

For ever constant prove.

[Exit.

## SCENE V.

# MAXIMUS, FULVIA.

Fulv. And can you, father, lay the guilt on Ætius?

What urges you?

Max. Unthinking girl! his ruin
Is my fecurity: this smooths the path
To my revenge; for should he fall, Augustus
Is lest without defence. Thou see'st by this
How much his death imports; but Maximus
Has views too mighty for thy sex's weakness:
Leave these to him whose years are more than thine,
Whose wisdom greater.

Fulv. O! let years and wisdom Yet teach you justice.

Max. Am I then unjust In seeking to revenge my injur'd honour? Or, grant I were—the fatal path is taken, And 'tis too late to think of a retreat.

Fulv. O! never, never 'tis too late, my father, To tread again the abandon'd steps of virtue; For he who feels abhorrence of his crime, Redeems his innocence.

Max. And shall I never Persuade thee to be silent? Tell me, daughter,

What

z 2

What dost thou feek? Would'st thou instruct thy father

In what thy youth was taught by him? Or would'ft thou

Make him subservient to thy seeble love? Fulvia, restrain the license of thy speech, And learn in suture not to incense a father.

Fulv. Must I be silent? Must I sear to speak When I behold my sovereign's life invaded; Know you are criminal, while Ætius bears The imputed guilt? What bosom can support it? Release me, sir, from every tie of duty, Or ask some other proof of my obedience.

Max. Perfidious girl! I fee thy purpos'd victim. Yes, thou would'ft facrifice me to thy passion:
Go then—with impious rage abuse that fondness
Which could not keep a thought conceal'd from thee,

And for a lover's fake accuse a parent.

Go, speak whate'er thy rage design'd,
But yet, ingrate, recall to mind
Whose guilt your lips unfold.
Go then, a father's deeds betray,
But yet reslect that fatal day
You take a father's life away,
Your hise from him you hold.

[Exit.

### SCENE VI.

#### FULVIA alone.

What shall I do? Alas! 'tis equal guilt
To speak or to conceal—To speak—O Heaven!
Were parricide—I tremble but to think it;
And if I still am silent, Ætius dies!
At that idea round my heart congeals
The curdling blood—What counsel now remains
For Fulvia?

#### SCENE VII.

## Enter ÆTIUS.

Ætius! ha! what brings thee here? Say, whither goest thou?

Æt. To defend Augustus.

I heard but now-

Fulv. O! fly—for know, on thee Suspicion of the treason falls.

Æt. On me!

Thou art deceiv'd—Tiber too oft has feen My faith approv'd: the man who by his deeds Can conquer others, still will rise superior To every feeble blast of foul detraction,

Fulv.

Fulv. But what if Cæsar has himself accus'd thee?

Say that I heard him?

Et. If Augustus said it,

He never could believe it: had he paus'd

But for a moment, every thing he saw

Would plead in my defence; all Italy,

The attesting world; his glory and his empire,

Preserv'd by me, must make him own the salsehood.

Fulv. I know thy ruin would be well aveng'd; But who can tell me that thy friends would give Their timely aid? Alas! the deepest vengeance Would not console me for thy loss—O! sly, Fly if thou lov'st me, and indulge my fears.

Æt. Thy fond affection raises fancied dangers.

Fulv. In what dost thou confide? Thy valour, Ætius?

Heroes are mortal, and oppress'd by numbers. Or in thy virtue? Ah! from that alone My soul forebodes misfortune—Yes, thy virtue Is now thy worst of foes.

Æt. My confidence
Is founded, Fulvia, on an upright heart,
A stranger to remorse; on innocence,
That brings its own applause; in this right hand,
So needful to the weal of Rome. Augustus
Is no barbarian, nor insensible

To

To deeds of worth: should one like me be lost, A tyrant would himself confess such loss Not lightly were supplied.

# SCENE VII.

# Enter VARUS with a guard.

Fulv. Varus, what news?

Æt. Is Cæsar's life in safety? Can my aid Avail for his defence? What does he?

Varus. Cæsar

Has fent me to you.

Æt. Let us hasten to him.

Varus. Not fo—he fends me to demand your fword.

Æt. Say'st thou?

Fulv. This I forefaw-

Æt. What means Augustus? Can it be possible?

Varus. Would it were not!

I pity you, my friend, and grieve that fate
Compels me, while my fecret heart rebels,
To act a part injurious to our friendship.

Æt. There Varus—[gives his fword.] pity Cae far, not thy friend.

Bear

Bear him this fword that oft was seen To guard his throne and same: Remind him what I once have been, And dye his cheek with shame.

Thou, if thou prizest Ætius' love, [to Fulvia.
The tender tear restrain;
Since all the sufferings I can prove,
Must spring from Fulvia's pain.

[Exit guarded.

# SCENE VIII.

# Fulvia, Varus.

Fulv. If ever thou didst feel a fost affection, Have pity, Varus, on our mutual passion, And plead the cause of an unhappy friend.

Varus. Your love discover'd adds to my affliction; And fain I would affist your cause; but Ætius Is his own foe, Heaven knows! and by his speech Incenses Cæsar.

Fulv. Well his high demeanour
Is known to all; nor should it now, methinks,
Be deem'd in him a crime; and surely Varus
At least must own, while Ætius' tongue proclaims
His own deserts, truth gives his words a fanction.

Varus. Sometimes 'tis virtue to conceal the truth. And if I praise not now his ostentation, 'Tis friendship makes me silent: for his sake

I'll

I'll prove my utmost power; and grant it Heaven The attempt may not be vain.

Fulv. O! fay not thus, For to the wretched he denies affistance, Who, while he gives it, doubts th' event.

Varus. His fafety
Your will determines; give your hand to Cæfar,
And every power is yours.

Fulv. O! never, never, Will I be other than the spouse of Ætius.

Varus. But to preserve him from his fortune, Fulvia

Must yield a little: she alone can soften The wrath of Valentinian; then delay not, And if thy bosom feel not love for Cæsar, Yet learn to seign it.

Fulv. I'll pursue thy counsel; With what success, Heaven knows.—Dissimulation Is ever criminal; and O! I find My heart abhors the trial.

Varus. To dissemble

In such a cause is virtue; and a woman

Can ne'er repine to act what suits her sex.

Fulv. With ease what numbers love can feign
That never warm'd the heart:
But generous minds must still disdain
The wretched mask of art!

My

My lips, alas! but ill forbear
To fpeak my thoughts distress'd;
Yet speech and silence both declare
The emotions of my breast.

[Exit.

#### SCENE IX.

## VARUS alone.

Unstable Fortune! Thoughtless is the man Who trusts thy fickle smiles! Too happy Ætius; But now was envied by the youth of Rome, The mark of emulation. In a moment The scene is chang'd and he becomes the object Of general pity;—yes, unstable Fortune, Thoughtless is he who trusts thy fickle smiles!

A shepherd, bred in humble shade,
With weeds of poverty array'd,
Sometimes by Fortune's favouring aid,
O'er subject realms extends his reign.
In regal purple, near the throne,
Another born; by Fortune's frown
Is driven from kingdoms once his own,
To feed his flocks upon the plain.

[Exit.

# SCENE X.

A gallery of statues with seats; a large seat for two persons. A balcony open, a view of Rome.

# Honoria, Maximus.

Hon. Yes, Maximus, I must confess it, all Accuses Ætius: he is Cæsar's rival,
And thinks that to his worth and name alone
The universe must bend. What then avails
To plead in his defence? I heard myself
His threats, and now behold th' effect has sollow'd——

And yet my heart, incredulous, can never Believe his guilt—that Ætius is a traitor.

Max. O unexampled virtue! this, indeed, Is clemency's excess! And who, Honoria, Has greater cause than you have to condemn him? He has despis'd you, and refus'd that hand Which kings contend for.—Who but you—

### Hon. Alas!

Tell me no more the wrongs I have fustain'd;
I feel them deeply here—Ingrate and proud!
To think of them distracts me, Maximus:
Not that I love him, or regret the loss
Of Ætius' hand—offended dignity,
My fame—my honour—these and these alone—

Max.

Max. I know it well; but all, Honoria, know not Your bosom's secret springs: I need not tell you, We easier far believe the deeds that slow From weakness than from virtue: clemency In you may seem but love. One way remains, And only one, to banish such suspicion. Let vengeance fill your thoughts: a just revenge You never should abhor, while clemency To such excess but urges new offences.

Hon. My private wrongs are not my greatest care:

Think of my brother's danger; let us hear What Ætius says, and seek to find the traitor. Perhaps he yet is innocent—

Max. 'Tis true-

Who knows?—even yet he may repent, Honoria, And yet accept your hand.

Hon. Accept my hand!
Shall I fo far forget mysels!——O no,
Were this proud man the world's unbounded lord,
He never should obtain me, Maximus.

Max. And yet how easy we deceive ourselves: He boasts your will is his, that you adore him, That he at pleasure rules Honoria's heart, And that a glance from him will calm your anger.

Hon. Presumptuous insolence! he soon shall find His folly crush'd. The first who woos my love, (Above a subject's rank) shall be my lord,

He'll

He'll see that then I want not crowns or empires, And if he: ule, at will, Honoria's heart. [going.

# SCENE XI. X

#### Enter VALENTINIAN.

Val. Honoria stay. Thou must, for my repose, Bestow thy hand on one I fear to thee But little grateful; true he has done us wrong, Yet must we make the public weal secure. He asks thy nuptial faith, and prudence bids Accept the peaceful offer.

Hon. Ætius sure

Repents the past. [aside.] Know I this suitor's name?

Val. Too well thou know'st it; and I fear, my sister,

To fpeak, what spoken will but urge thy lips
To frame reproaches. Thou wilt say his soul
Is haughty, cruel, that he little knows
The ties of faith, that all the affronts we have
suffer'd

Are yet too recent. I confess it all——But when I weigh the occasion, with regret My counsel bids thee not reject the alliance.

Hon. Shall I refuse him then? [aside.] If my consent

Secure your peace, this heart is yours to give.

Max.

Max. What means Augustus? Ætius seeks his life,

And would he thus reward him?

Val. 'Tis not Ætius

Employs my thoughts—I fpeak of Attila.

Hon. O fatal error! [aside.] Attila?

Max. And whence

Such unexpected turn?

Val. This very moment

A messenger, by letters to my hand,
Has signified his wish: hence may we see
His pride is lower'd: this offer brings no shame
To thee, my sister; thou receiv'st a husband
Whom kings obey;—Barbarian though he be,
His manners soften'd by thy noble love,
May take the shape of virtues.

Hon. Say, does Ætius Know Attila's request?

Val. Does Ætius know it?
Must I consult with Ætius? To what end
Appeal to him?

Hon. To mortify his pride;
To let him find his aid less needful here;
To let him see Honoria's hand alone
Can save the Roman state.

Val. This shall he know:

Mean time may I to Attila return

Your full consent?

Hon.

Hon. No—let me first behold Your life in safety.—Find the hidden traitor: Let Ætius speak, and then, without disguise, Honoria will reveal her soul's dear purpose.

While thus for thee with fears oppress'd I feel my trembling heart; Ah! think, can e'er Honoria's breast Receive love's gentle dart?

Can the foft flame of amorous blifs
With me its influence prove,
If, when my breast is lost to peace,
I then begin to love?

[Exit.

# SCENE XII.



## VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS.

Val. Conduct the prisoner hither—[to an attendant.] Midst my doubts, From thee I seek for counsel. May I hope This tie with Attila will tend in part To my security?

Max. It rather tends
To expose to greater dangers: he but seeks
To lull your vigilance, this well-feign'd friendship
Will draw him nearer to you; he, with Ætius
May plan some fatal scheme. This late attempt
Makes

Makes all too clear; and well thou know'st that
Ætius

Left every passage free for Attila, When Attila escap'd; yet duty bade him Conduct to thee his prisoner: this he fail'd, And yet the power was his.

Val. 'Tis all too true.

## SCENE XIII. XII

#### Enter Fulvia.

Fulv. Augustus, ease my terror. Is the traitor Discover'd yet? Say, is your life in safety?

Val. Can then my fafety be so dear to Fulvia?

Fulv. And can you doubt it? I behold in Cæsar A lover to whose fate my own must soon

Be join'd (O death to seign) [aside.] in Hymen's bands.

Max. What do I hear? Does not her secret heart Belie her lips' profession? [aside.

Val. If my danger
Awaken gentle pity in thy breast,
I prize my safety less. May I then hope
Thy faith unshaken?

Fulv. Whilst I live, shall Cæsar
Still share my tenderest thoughts. O pardon,
Ætius!

[aside.

Max.

Max. I'm lost in wonder.

[afide.

Val. Did not Ætius' treason

Claim all our thoughts, thy hand had long ere this

Been join'd to mine; but dear his life shall answer This outrage to my love.

Fulv. A crime like his

Demands your just revenge: but who, meanwhile, Shall guard you from the people's headlong rage? They dote on Ætius: O! take heed, Augustus, I shudder at the thought.

Val. 'Tis that retards My vengeance.

Max. Now I understand thee, Fulvia. [aside.

Fulv. Say, he were innocent, in him you lose Your great support: behold your life expos'd To treason's secret aims: behold your name Hated of all—I tremble but to think it.

Val. Grant Heaven he were not guilty! but he comes,

And comes by my command.

Fulv. What do I hear!

[afide.

Val. Now, Fulvia, from himself impartial learn, What Ætius is.

Fulv. Permit me to depart. [going. The criminal, who meets his judge alone, More freely will confess.

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AA

Val.

Val. No, Fulvia, stay.

Max. Ætius approaches.

Fulv. Heavens!

Val. Now, Fulvia, take Thy feat by Cæsar's fide.

Fulv. By Cæfar's fide!

And shall a subject then presume-

Val. Remember

The maid who holds a monarch in her chains, No longer is a fubject.

Fulv. Yet, permit me-

Val. No more—be feated—from this hour begin To make the throne familiar.

Fulv. I obey. [sits on the right hand of Val. O cruel trial!

## SCENE XIV. XTI

#### Enter ÆTIUS.

Æt. Heavens! what do I see!

[entering he sees Fulvia, and stops.

In Fulvia fuch inconstancy!

Fulv. Be firm My breaking heart!

[afide.

Val. Leader, approach.

Æt. Who now

Is

Is judge of Ætius? Does my fate depend On Cæfar or on Fulvia?

Val. I and Fulvia.

Are but one judge: for fince by nuptial ties I call her mine, she reigns a sovereign here.

Æt. O faithless woman!

Fulv. Could I but affire him That Fulvia now diffembles!

[aside.

Val. Ætius, hear,

And learn awhile to curb the native pride That can no more avail thee. Secret treason Is aim'd at me, and each in thee believes The treason's author: all bespeaks thy guilt: Thy proud refusal of Honoria's hand; Thy infolence in conquest; thy permission Of Attila's escape; thy jealoufy; Thy rash presumptuous love; thy open threats, Of which thou know'st myself so late was witness. Think how to clear thy fame, or merit pardon.

Max. Now, fate, betray me not.

Saside.

Æt. Cæsar, 'tis true

The charge is specious. Where's the affaffin hid, Whose hand affail'd thee? Who accuses Ætius As author of the treason? Cæsar, thou, Thou art the accuser of the guilt of Ætius, At once the judge and witness.

Fulv. Heavens! he's loft.

Val.

Val. And shall I bear such insolence?

Æt. Howe'er

The crime is true, why is it charg'd on me?
Because I have refus'd to wed Honoria?
And have I thus with toil preserv'd for Cæsar
His liberty, that he should now forbid me
To own my heart's affection? Am I guilty
From Attila's late slight? And should I then
Have made him prisoner, that all Europe freed
From sear of him, who bound their arms to ours,
Might join their force against imperial Rome?
Seek out some other warrior. I am guilty
Because I know myself, and freely speak,
What conscious worth approves.—The ignoble
mind

Shrinks from itself, nor dares review its deeds.

Fulv. O might I yet retire!

[afide.

Val. This rash defence

Adds to thy former guilt—Hast thou ought else To plead in thy behalf?

Æt. Let this suffice:

For what remains, let Cæsar ask no more.

Val. What canst thou further say?

Æt. That he whose arm

Defends the ungrateful, fosters tyranny; That valour in the subject still excites Envy in him who reigns; that Cæsar scorns

To

To owe his all to Ætius; that he fears In me that treason, which he knows too well The deed, that robs me of my love, deserves.

Val. Dost thou insult me thus! presumptuous man!

Fulv. O! Heavens!

afide.

Val. I yet can punish thee-

Fulv. Ah! Cæfar,

If you love Fulvia, let her now depart, My presence but disturbs you.

[rifes.

Val. Yet remain;

Thou see'st my just resentment. Sit, and mark How proofs shall yet confound this stubborn traitor.

Æt. O faithless woman!

[afide.

Fulv. Could I but affure him My cruelty is feign'd!

[afide, fits again.

Max. All yet goes well.

[afide.

Val. Ætius, be innocent of every crime;
And let Augustus, envious of thy glory,
Invent this calumny; yet from thy heart
Declare without reserve, (at least in this
Be Ætius his own judge,) is not the subject,
Who dares in love contend with him who reigns,
A rebel to his prince?

Æt. And is not he Who dares in love invade another's right, A tyrant to his subject?

Val.

Val. Think'ft thou then 'That Fulvia loves thee?

Fulv. O my breaking heart!

[afide.

Val. Relieve him, dearest Fulvia, from the vain And fond deception: say if Valentinian Was thy first love, and ever still remains Sole partner of thy heart.

Fulv. What Cæsar speaks, That Fulvia must confirm.

To Val.

Et. O! perjur'd woman!

This stroke indeed has baffled all my firmness.

Val. See how thy hopes deceive thee. [to Æt.

Æt. Do not triumph,

Nor trust the faith of an inconstant woman; To her I leave my vengeance;—yes, I feel A secret hope, that Cæsar, for my wrongs, Will prove the faith of Fulvia.

Fulv. Must I still Conceal my anguish!

[afide.

Max. Fulvia, yet be constant.

[afide.

Et. Scarce Ætius knows himself; before her presence

My heart is rent. O! never, Maximus, Since first I breath'd this air, my soul has selt Such pangs of warring passion! [10 Max.

Fulv. 'Tis too much;

I cannot bear the thought [going, weeps.

Val.

Val. What do'ft thou, Fulvia?

Fulv. I must retire—such trial far outweighs My sex's constancy.

Val. Yet flay, and punish This rival's insolence.

Fulv. In pity, Cæsar, Permit me to retire.

Val. It must not be, Once more, for Cæsar's sake, declare thy love Is only mine, that I am all to Fulvia, And that she sees with joy the pangs of Ætius.

Fulv. But fay 'twere false, and Ætius all my happiness.

Val. What fay'st thou?

Max. Ha!

Æt. I breathe again,

Fulv. How long

Must I dissemble? Yes, to appease your anger, Cæsar, I veil'd my thoughts: I hop'd to save The guiltless Ætius—'twas for him alone I bore these struggles—know the love of Cæsar Ne'er touch'd this faithful bosom; if my lips Could speak to you of love, believe them not, Augustus, they deceiv'd you.

Æt. Joyful founds!

Val. Where am I! Did I hear thee right? Ingrate!

Pre-

Presumptuous Fulvia?

Æt. Now, whose hopes deceive him! [to Val.

Val. Rash man! ungrateful Fulvia! Guards!

That traitor from my presence: plunge him deep In some most horrid dungeon, there reserv'd For my revenge.

[rises.]

Æt. Thy rage is Ætius' glory.

What bliss can equal mine? for this I yield

The palms of every conquest: I despise

Thy boast of empire: nothing now remains

To crown my vows; not Attila subdu'd

Gave equal transport to this hour of triumph.

With joy I now receive my chains,
With joy I meet death's sharpest pains,
Thy bosom still its truth maintains. [to Fulv.
Thy fortune yields to mine. [to Val.
Dear idol of my heart, adieu! [to Fulv.
With pity now thy Ætius view;
Think how my error past I rue,
That injur'd love like thine.

[Exit, guarded.

#### SCENE XV.

XIV

Valentinian, Maximus, Fulvia.

Val. Ungrateful woman! have I e'er deserv'd From thee such recompense? Behold, my friend, What

What faith thy daughter guards for Valentinian.

Max. Unworthy girl! where didst thou learn deceit?

Thus dost thou imitate thy father's truth? Hast thou from my example——

Fulv. Cease, my father,
Ah! tempt me not too far, the reins are loose,
And if thou urgest still—these lips——

Max. Be filent:

Thy blood shall else-

Val. Hold, Maximus, my vengeance Shall find a furer way; fince she detests me, Since I'm so hateful to her, I will wed her, And marriage be her punishment.

Fulv. O! never——Banish that thought.

Val. Ha! know'st thou not my power?

Fulv. I know thy power may take this hated life,

But seeks in vain to shake my stedfast soul: My sufferings long have banish'd every fear.

No force can move this constant breast,

When, hope, no longer here a guest,

With every fear is lost.

Such now is Fulvia's wretched state,

She scorns alike thy threats, thy hate,

And dreads thy pity most.

[Exit.

# SCENE XVI. XV

#### VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS.

Max. Now to diffemble. [afide.] Never to my fhame,

Augustus, shall she live—This hand, even now, Shall pierce her faithless heart. [going.

Val. O! hold, my friend, If Fulvia dies, I shall not long survive: Even yet she may repent.

Max. Thy will, great Sir, Reluctant I obey, though justice bids me Exact the punishment.

Val. Why, Maximus,
Why differs thus thy daughter's foul from thine?

Max. While shame in every feature glows,
Nor calm, nor peace this bosom knows;
Methinks the indignant world surveys
A daughter, who her faith betrays,
And cry, that from a father's art,
She learn'd to act the treacherous part. [Exit.

#### SCENE XVII.

XLI

#### VALENTINIAN alone.

Val. Ah! whither would ye lead me now, disdain,

Love, jealoufy, and all the cares of empire?
At once I feel myself a foe, a lover,
Incens'd and yet irresolute—Meantime
I pardon not nor punish. Well I know
Honour should drive this Fulvia from my heart.
From her my evils spring: but ah! I dare not
Attempt the conquest, such an unknown power
Weighs down my soul, and even endears my chains!

Ah! What avails imperial sway While, still to rebel thoughts a prey, I feed those tyrants in my breast, The passions that destroy my rest.

But though my haples state I own,
I blame not Fate nor Love,
Tis from my fault I feel alone
The cruel pangs I prove.

Exit.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

#### ACT III. SCENE I.

A hall of a prison, several passages leading to disferent dungeons. Guards at the entrance of the dungeons.

#### Enter Honoria.

[entering, to a guard.] Let Ætius be conducted hither—See

The imperial fignet speaks the will of Cæsar.

—His danger gives new ardour to my passion,
And pity for his suffering fans the slame
That glows within me, till the united force
Of love and soft compassion in my breast
Is but a sole affection. See he comes!
With what a haughty mien and firm deportment!
He must be innocent, or never, never,
Can outward looks bespeak the secret heart.

### SCENE II.

Enter ÆTIUS in chains, from one of the dungeons, guards attending.

\*\*Et. [advancing to Hon.] These are thy brother's gifts. [shews his chains. Couldst thou, Honoria,

Have e'er believ'd what now thy eyes behold?

A few

A few short moments change the fate of Ætius: At setting sun thou saw'st me crown'd with laurels, And seest me, with the dawning day, in chains.

Hon. Ætius, each mortal born must feel the force Of Fortune's sway. Thou art not leader, first To prove her fickle change. It rests with thee To amend her late injustice: at my suit, Cæsar forgets his wrath; he loves thee, Ætius, Forgives the past, and claims thee for his friend.

Æt. Can it be possible?

Hon. Yes: Cæsar asks
This sole return; secure his future peace:
Disclose the secret plan of impious treason,
And thou art free. What less can Cæsar ask?

Æt. Little indeed he seeks—He wills that Ætius Accuse himself through fear: my innocence Must be the facrifice to raise his pride, And make him seem more generous; well he knows My loyal truth, and blushes thus to wrong me: Hence would he wish to find me criminal, Or see my death.

Hon. Let not thy haughty spirit
Thus justify his anger: if thou art innocent,
With modest, calm demeanour, plead thy cause,
Take from him every power to find thee guilty,
Nor leave to Cæsar courage to condemn thee.

Æ1. I have not yet, Honoria, learnt such base-

To

To fave a wretched life.

Hon. Thou runn'st on death.

Æt. Then let me die: death is not sure the worst

Of human ills, which frees us from the converse Of wicked men.

Hon. Thou shouldst consider, Ætius, Thou yet hast liv'd but little for thy country.

Æt. We must not measure life by years, but deeds;

The base, Honoria, useless to mankind, And worthless to themselves, who never felt The godlike slame of glory, though they drag An age of being, cannot boast they live. But those, who tread the paths, which I have trod, Though short their date of life have liv'd enough.

Hon. If thy own fafety cannot move thee, Ætius, Think of my peace——

Æt. What say'st thou?

Hon. Yes—I love thee—I can no more dissemble—when I fear
The loss of Ætius, I forget my wrongs,
And pride of rank but little guards my weakness.

Æ1. And is Honoria one that counsels Ætius To learn humility? By such distinction She but inflames his pride. O! could I bend My soul to love, as I admire, thy virtue—Then suffer me to die, the heart that feels

Another

Another wound, would live to thee ungrateful.

Hon. Live, though ingrate—take from me every hope,

Despise me still, be cruel still—but live:
Or if thou hatest life, as dear to me,
Yet seek a death more worthy of thy courage,
And die a conqueror, wielding glorious arms,
Envied, not pitied by the gazing world.

Æt. In prison, or in battle, Ætius knows To give a great example how to die: Even here my sate shall kindle virtuous envy.

Mark if this visage guilt displays,

Then say what thoughts my death shall raise,
What breast shall feel for Ætius' pains.

A noble mind, in suffering prov'd,

Serenely firm, can bear unmov'd,
When undeserv'd, reproach and chains.

[Exit to the dungeon, guarded.

Hon. Heavens! what undaunted courage! to the last

He meets his fate with triumph! how I tremble!

# SCENE III.

Enter VALENTINIAN.

Val. My sister, hast thou aught obtain'd from Ætius?

Does

Does he relent?

Hon. O no! he's still unshaken.

Val. This I forefaw: then let him bear the forfeit;

'Twere now beneath my dignity to save him.

Hon. And yet I cannot think him criminal: Such firmness argues sure a mind unspotted.

Val. It rather proves his guilt; the traitor trusts In popular opinion—he shall die.

Hon. Think better, Cæsar, Ætius dead may prove

A foe more to be fear'd than Ætius living.

Val. What would'st thou counsel then?

Hon. Seek out fome way

To bend his stubborn temper; try by mildness To wrest his secret from him.

Val. Say, what means Have I not prov'd?

Hon. The only certain means.

Ætius I see in love is vulnerable:

You must assist him there a he determ I

You must assail him there: he dotes on Fulvia; Make him this sacrifice; resign her to him.

Val. How easy 'tis to give to others counsel Which pains not the adviser.

Hon. Sir, my counsel

Holds forth my own example: know I love No less than thee: with thee I lose my all:

Thy

Thy heart is Fulvia's, and I figh for Ætius.

Val. Dost thou love Ætius?

Hon. O! too well I love him:

Judge if I gave thee then so lightly counsel.

Val. Hard is the task my sister now enjoins.

Hon. Thy courage and thy virtue both united Shall shame thy fortune. Let a woman teach Augustus fortitude.

Val. O Heaven!

Hon. Be now

The victor o'er thyself, and let thy subjects Learn hence the heart of Cæsar.

Val. 'Tis enough:

Send Fulvia hither—this shall too be tried.

O! didst thou know the struggle of my soul,
How hard the contest!

Hon. From my own too well

I feel thy fufferings: yet fubmit to bear them:
'Tis fome relief to know, that not alone
We feel those pangs, in which another shares.

Thou figh'st for an ungrateful maid: Behold my love alike repaid. We both, alas! one fortune prove, Both find an equal foe in love.

If

If I was born to cureless pains, And if for thee no hope remains, Let both an equal courage show, As both have felt an equal woe.

Exit.

#### SCENE IV.

111

#### VALENTINIAN alone.

Call Varus to me straight. [to an attendant without.] If he refuse
To yield to this excess of clemency,
He shall not live a moment.

#### Enter VARUS.

Varus. Cæsar.

Val. Hear me;

Dispose thy trustiest soldiers near conceal'd In the dark dungeon's entrance; and when Ætius Shall quit this place, if thou behold'st him singly, And issue unaccompanied by Cæsar, Let him be slain.

Varus. I shall obey: but know'st thou What tumult has been rais'd by Ætius' seizure?

Val. I know it all—for this has Maximus Provided well.

Varus. 'Tis true-but yet I fear-

Val. No more—obey my will, and take good heed

The

The deed be fecret, dost thou understand me?

Varus. I understand thee well.

[Exit.

# SCENE V.

#### VALENTINIAN alone.

[to the guards at the dungeon.] Bring once again The prisoner hither. Hence my just resentment! Deep in my heart be now my hatred buried, Nor let my looks betray the war within.

With storms beneath its treacherous breast, Oft ocean seems compos'd to rest, While zephyr breathes in gentle gales And universal calm prevails.

But if that fiery soul again Reject my grace with proud disdain, I give my just revenge the rein.

### SCENE VI.

TU

#### Enter MAXIMUS.

Max. All tumult is appeas'd, and Cæsar now May hasten, at his will, the sate of Ætius: Rome will applaud, and all thy friends expect it.

Val. What mean'st thou, Maximus? 'twill then be faid

в в 2

That

That Valentinian is a rude barbarian, Impious, unjust—it fits us now to follow Another bright example.

Max. Wherefore! fay-

Val. Peace: Ætius comes.

# SCENE VII.

#### Enter ÆTIUS in chains.

Max. What counsel thus has mov'd him?
[afide.

Et. Call'd from my dungeon, here I came, prepar'd

To meet a punishment unmerited, But find a greater—I behold Augustus.

Val. [afide.] Unheard-of boldness!—Ætius, let us speak

No more of hatred.—See me now thy friend: My rigour I detest and come resolv'd——

At. I know it well—the rest I'm not to learn, Honoria has prevented thee: enough:
If thou hast nothing further to impart,
I shall regain my prison—but even now
I commun'd with Honoria.

Val. Yet she knew not What Valentinian means to offer Ætius.

Æt. I heard it all: she nam'd my liberty,

The

The former friendship and the love of Cæsar, Thy purpos'd gifts.

Val. Yet she conceal'd the greatest.

# SCENE VIII.

#### Enter Fulvia.

Behold that gift.

[ pointing to Fulv.

Æt. Fulvia!

Max. What can this mean!

My foul is chill'd.

[afide.

Fulv. Would Cæfar aught with Fulvia?

Val. [to her.] Attend in filence. [to Æt.] Such a profferr'd bleffing

Excites thy wonder: it exceeds belief:
But all thy fears are vain: my word is given,
And thus confirm'd. Ætius, receive her hand.

Æt. What facrifice is ask'd from me to ensure The dear possession here?

Val. I ask but little:

Through love thou art guilty; and who lives a lover,

With ease forgives such guilt: I ask but this; Truth undisguis'd: reveal thy whole design; Let me entreat thee: let not Cæsar still Be girt with constant sears.

Æt. My love, farewell!

[to Fulvia.

Lead

Lead once more to my prison.

Val. Shall I then Endure fuch infolence?

Saside.

Fulv. Alas!

Val. Yet hear me—— [to Ætius. And wilt thou thus, still obstinate in silence, Forsake that Fulvia, prov'd to thee so faithful? Speak, Ætius!—Yet the traitor answers not.

[aside.

Max. What danger threatens!

[aside.

Val. Dost thou hear me, Ætius?

Know'st thou to thee I speak? Are words of mine Such as a criminal like thee should scorn?

Æt. In speaking thus, thou canst not speak to Ætius.

Val. [afide.] 'Tis now refolv'd-Guards-

Fulv. [to Val.] Let your anger first Be turn'd on me.

Val. [to Fulv.] Canst thou not yet be filent?— Release the prisoner. [his chains are taken off.

Æt. Ha!

Fulv. What do I see!

Max. O Heavens!

Val. At length I know thy innocence: Such firmness to reject a spouse belov'd, Dwells not with him that's guilty—I repent My rigour, Ætius; but succeeding gifts

Shall

· Shall heal the unjust offence of past suspicion—Go—Fulvia is thy own—and thou art free.

Fulv. O happy change!

Et. Now, now, indeed my foul
First feels confusion—Who could e'er have hop'd
Such virtues in a rival and a monarch?
Thus to resign the treasure of his soul,
Thus to forget——

Val. Haste then—Impatient Rome Expects thy presence: bless her longing sight; Banish her sears: there will be time enough For fair exchange of mutual love and friendship.

Æt. I blush to recollect my late demeanour—A gift like this, Augustus—

Val. Ætius, go

And learn henceforth the heart of Valentinian.

Æi. Since Cæsar gives me life, this hand Shall Cæsar's sway maintain O'er gelid Scythia's freezing land, Or Æthiop's parch'd domain.

To bid for thee fresh laurels bloom Again my labours see: The war's stern perils I'll resume, To bleed or die for thee.

Exit.

# SCENE IX.

VALENTINIAN, FULVIA, MAXIMUS.

Val. Go then and take thy fate.

afide,

Max. My hopes are loft!

afide.

Fulv. Most generous prince! on thee may righteous Heaven

Return that happiness thou giv'st to Fulvia! Thy goodness ever shall be treasur'd here; Yet, ah! permit me on this sacred hand To seal my grateful vows.

Val. No, Fulvia—stay,
Be first my gift complete: thou know'st not yet
How far it leaves thy every vow behind,
How far exceeds thy hopes.

Max. What dost thou, Cæsar? This mercy now misleads thee.

Val. Thou shalt see That mercy not misleads, nor Cæsar errs; All cares and sears shall end.

Max. What peace can follow If Ætius be releas'd?

# SCENE X. VIII

#### Enter VARUS.

Val. Varus, is now My will obey'd?

Varus. Cæsar, thy will's obey'd, Ætius is dead.

Fulv. What fay'st thou! Ætius dead!

Varus. My faithful foldiers in the pass surpris'd him,

Nor had he time for fear, his breast transfix'd Receiv'd the weapon's point—he groan'd and fell!

Max. O unexpected chance!

[afide.

Fulv. O! Heavens! I faint—

[leans against the scene.

Val. Haste, hide from every eye his bloody vestments,

And let the death of Ætius be conceal'd From each that owns his cause.

Varus. It shall be done.

[Exit.

Val. And still is Fulvia filent? 'Tis thy time To speak—and wherefore dost thou now forbear To praise this generous prince?

Fulv. Inhuman tyrant!

I cannot speak—unhappy, wretched Ætius!

Max. Permit her, Cæsar, for awhile to indulge The first impulse of grief.

# SCENE XI. IX

#### Enter Honoria.

Hon. Most gladsome tidings I bring to Cæsar's ear.

Val. What fays Honoria? Her cheerful looks betoken happiness.

Hon. Ætius is innocent.

Val. How! innocent!

Hon. Æmilius has confess'd.—I found the traitor

Conceal'd in my apartment, parting life Scarce breathing on his lips.

Max. Distracting chance!

[aside.

Val. In thy apartment?

Hon. Yes: wounded by thee, He there had lurk'd the live-long night conceal'd: From him I learn'd the innocence of Ætius: The dying, Cæsar, never can deceive us.

Val. But did he not reveal the wretch whose guilt

Urg'd him to Cæsar's death?

Hon. He faid, the guilty
Was one most dear to Cæsar, one by him
Injur'd in love.

Val.

Val. His name?

Hon. He strove to speak it, Collecting on his lips his fleeting soul, But buried with a sigh the name within him.

Val. O inauspicious fate!

Max. O dangerous trial!

afide.

Fulv. Now, tyrant, fpeak—fay was my confort guilty?

Or justly punish'd? What avails to me Thy vain regret for Ætius innocent? Who, cruel man, shall now restore his life?

Hon. What fay'st thou, Fulvia? Ætius dead!

Ah! princes, fly thy barbarous brother's fight; A ruthless favage, that delights in blood, In guiltless blood—let him be shunn'd by each; He mocks at all remorse—he knows no horror For such a deed; forgets his same, his honour; Thy life, Honoria, is not safe.

Hon. Inhuman!
And could'st thou then——

Val. Alas! forbear, Honoria,
Infult me not—I know, I own my crime;
But ah! I merit pity more than blame.
Yet counfel now my fears: all present here
Are dearest to my heart; in which of these
Shall I explore the traitor? When, alas!

I know

I know not which of these I e'er have wrong'd?

Hon. Not wrong'd!—Then let thy thoughts recall the past,

Remember Maximus his fpouse: remember Thy love that laid its snares for female honour.

Max. What means to fave me now! [afide.

Val. And must I think
That mindless of my favours since conferr'd,
His soul still broads relentless o'er a vain

And youthful transport?

Hon. Know'st thou not the offender Forgets the offense he gave, the offended never?

Fulv. What danger threats my father! [afide.

Val. Ah! too truly

Thou speak'st, but say, in this extreme, Honoria, What course remains?

Hon. Com'st thou to me for counsel? Since thou alone hast brought this evil on thee, Be it thine alone, O tyrant! now to heal it.

[Exit.

#### SCENE XII.

X

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS, FULVIA.

Max. Cæfar, thou ill repay'st my loyal truth, If thou suspect'st it now.

Val. Honoria's words

Have

Have rouz'd me from my lethargy: the occasion Calls on thee, Maximus, to clear thy honour; Since still the criminal remains conceal'd, In thee I must believe him.

Max. Wherefore, Cæsar?
What deed of mine? Must then Honoria fix
The guilt of Maximus?—Is this thy justice?

Fulv. Unhappy father!

Val. Certain are my fears.

Æmilius, dying, nam'd the traiter one
Dear to my heart; one whom I wrong'd in love:
All this too plainly, Maximus, to thee
Refers, to thee alone—If thou art guiltless
Produce the proofs; meanwhile my safety bids
Secure thy person——

Fulv. [afide.] Gracious powers! affift me.

Val. What other bosom could have nurs'd such treason?

Ho, guards!

Fulv. [to Val.] Barbarian, hear—'tis I am guilty: I to Æmilius gave the deathful charge; I am that hapless one so dear to Cæsar; I, cruel man, am one you wrong'd in love, When late you profferr'd Ætius to Honoria. Had not the stars been adverse to my wishes, Vengeance had now been mine, my spouse had reign'd,

The world and Rome no longer then had groan'd
Beneath

Beneath a tyrant's heart and powerless hand: Delusive hopes and unpropitious stars!

Max. [aside.] O! pious fraud!

Val. My foul is lost with wonder!

Fulv. [afide.] Save but my father, perish all mankind.

Val. [to Fulv.] Could'st thou contrive, pursue fo black a treason,

And canst thou own it too?

Fulv. The guiltless Ætius

Dies for my crime, and shall I suffer too

My father innocent to die for Fulvia?

Val. Then Maximus at least is true?

Max. Augustus,

I now am criminal—Since impious she Has in oblivion steep'd her facred faith, The father's guilty in the daughter's crime. Punish—secure thy safety with my death: That partial love, which every bosom feels For its own offspring, may some future day Corrupt a father's truth.

Val. Fate, as thou wilt

Dispose me now, I yield me to thy mercy:
I'm weary of suspense: if life demand
Such anxious cares, it is not worth my keeping—
In these extremes of doubt I find new courage,
And resolution strengthens from despair.

Where'er I turn intruding fear Would fhew fome unthought danger near: This painful being let me close, And with it end the sufferer's woes.

'Tis better fure at once to die
Than thus to drag mortality,
When hope and peace alike must end;
My mistress lost and lost my friend. [Exit.

# SCENE XIII. XT

## Maximus, Fulvia.

Max. At length he's gone. By thee I live, my daughter,

By thee I breathe—How did I struggle late
To hide my tender feelings! Let me now,
O let me clasp thee to my eager bosom,
My hope, my dear support, my life's preserver!

[would embrace her.

Fulv. Away, inhuman father! [drawing back.

Max. Why, my daughter, Why dost thou shun me thus?

Fulv. All, all my fufferings
I date from thee—Suffice it, that to fave thee
I have accus'd myself: O! hence, nor call
To my remembrance what for thee I've lost,
What by thy guilt I am, and what thou art.

Mar.

Max. And would'st thou still forbid a grateful father

To pay love's faithful tribute—come—

[would embrace her.

Fulv. In pity

Leave me at peace—If thou would'st prove thee grateful,

Unsheath thy sword, my father, kill me, kill me: With tears a daughter begs this recompense, Begs from a parent whom she has preserv'd.

Max. No more with causeless anguish grieve, Those gushing drops restrain; By thee secur'd I life receive, And thou by me shalt reign.

For thee a tyrant's blood shall flow;
A kingdom shall return
The great reward for every woe
We unreveng'd have borne.

[Exit.

# SCENE XIV. XII

## FULVIA alone.

Wretch that I am! Is this the air of Tiber
That Fulvia breathes? Or rove I through the paths
Of Thebes and Argos? Or from Grecian shores,
Fertile in impious deeds, domestic furies,
From Cadmus' or Atrides' fatal race,
Have visited these climes; while there a stern
Ungrateful

Ungrateful monarch fills my foul with horror,
A barbarous father here, with treacherous guilt,
Freezes the fprings of life; and ever present
A guiltless husband skims before my sight!
O fatal images! O dire remembrance!
Distracting thoughts, yet still I breathe and live!

In anguish while my tongue complains,

My heart is torn with racking pains,

Through every part the frenzy flies.

I call on Heaven to end my woe,

Unpitying Heaven with-holds the blow,

Nor sends the forky bolt below,

But to my prayer the bolt denies. [Exit.

## SCENE XV.

XIII

The capitol. A crowd of people.

MAXIMUS without his mantle, Conspirators.

Tremble, O Rome! the dread of Attila,
The unconquer'd chief, thy great deliverer falls,
And falls by whom? The envy of Augustus
Has murder'd Ætius: such rewards as these
A tyrant's hand bestows. What hope is ours
From him whose rage oppresses worth like this?
Romans, revenge your hero: call to mind
Your ancient glory; from a shameful yoke
vol. 11. c c Release

Release your country; from impending danger

Defend your fame, yourselves, your wives and
children.

[going.

# SCENE XVI. XIII

#### Enter VARUS.

Varus. Hold, Maximus, what more than rebel madnefs

Inflames thee thus?

Max. Cease, Varus, or consent
To aid my purpose—All who love their country
Unsheath the sword and follow—Lo! the place

[pointing to the capitol, all draw their fwords. Shall give to Rome her freedom and dominion.

[Exit with the reft towards the capitol.

# SCENE XVII.

# VARUS alone.

O! impious man; he leads to death the guiltless,

Then calls on Rome to avenge his own misdeeds. Go then—but such designs shall fatal prove To him whose heart conceiv'd them—Traitor, go!—But hark! what sudden tumult fills my ears.

[trumpets and alarms.

From

From yonder capitol afar

Is heard the clashing din of war,

A thousand soldiers' shouts in air

Their mingled clamours blend.

What now remains? O! let me prove

Whate'er the generous breast can move,

Of social truth or loyal love,

The subject or the friend.

[Exit.

# SCENE XVIII. XIV

The imperial guards are feen descending from the capitol fighting with the conspirators. The skirmish over, Valentinian appears without his mantle, defending himself with his drawn sword against two of the conspirators.

Enter MAXIMUS with his fword drawn.

Val. Ah! traitors!—[fees Max.] Welcome, friend, thou com'st in time

To give thy fovereign aid.

[to Max.]

Max. [to his party.] Forbear—'tis mine To take the tyrant's life.

SCENE

# SCENE XIX.

Enter Fulvia.

Fulv. What means my father?

Max. To punish tyranny.

Val. Is this the faith

Of Maximus?

Max. Enough have I diffembled: What though Æmilius ill perform'd my bidding, Thou by this hand shalt perish.

Val. Impious traitor!

Fulv. That fword shall never reach the breast of Cæsar

Till first a father takes his daughter's life.

Max. Augustus, perish!

## SCENE XX.

Enter ÆTIUS, VARUS, with fwords drawn, and foldiers.

Et. Varus. No. Augustus, live!

Fulv. Ætius!

Val. What do I fee!

Max. Unlook'd-for chance!

[throws away his fword.

#### SCENE LAST.

#### Enter Honoria.

Hon. Is Cæsar safe?

Val. Behold by whom he lives. [ points to Æt.

Hon. [to Æt.] What God, O chief, preferv'd thy life?

Æt. The zeal And piety of Varus.

Val. How!

Varus. I feign'd His death completed—I deceiv'd thee, Cæsar, But sav'd in Ætius thy deliverer.

Fulv. O fair deceit!

Æt. Heaven justly has decreed you
To owe your days, O Cæsar, to the hand
You deem'd unfaithful—Live—for Ætius seeks
No nobler triumph, and if still your mind
Harbours the smallest doubt of Ætius' loyalty,
Behold him once again a yielded prisoner.

Val. Exalted hero! 'tis thyfelf alone
Can equal worth like thine: clasp'd to my breast,
Receive this pledge of penitence and love.
Behold thy bride. Honoria shall prepare
To be the spouse of Attila: I know
She gladly will resign thy generous hand

To

To constant Fulvia.

Hon. To fuch matchless truth This facrifice is little.

Æt. Happy hour!

Fulv. Transporting pleasure!

Æt. At our prayers, Augustus, Grant Varus pardon, Maximus his life.

Val. To fuch a pleader nothing is denied.

#### Chorus.

In life's uncertain track 'tis given
The mind of erring man to stray,
But Innocence, the star from Heaven,
Directs through shades our doubtful way.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

THE



THE UNINHABITED ISLAND.

# PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Constantia, Wife to Gernando.

Sylvia, her younger Sister.

Henriques, Friend to Gernando.

Gernando, Husband to Constantia.

Scene in a small Mand.

#### THE UNINHABITED ISLAND.

#### SCENE I.

A pleasant part of a small and uninhabited Island with a prospect of the sea: several trees of a foreign growth, rude caves and grottoes, with shrubs and slowers. On the forepart of the stage, to the right hand, is a great rock on which is an unfinished inscription in European characters.

Constantia alone, wildly apparelled with skins, leaves and flowers, with the hilt and broken part of a sword in her hand, appears employed in finishing the Inscription.

What task so arduous, but unwearied toil
At length effects! Hard is this stubborn rock,
Rude is this instrument, and weak the hand
That inexperienc'd guides it: yet behold
My long laborious work how near complete.
Grant me to finish this! then, gracious Heaven!
Release me from a life replete with sorrows.
Should Fortune e'er, in future times, transport
Some traveller to tread these shores unknown,
This rock at least shall from oblivion's power
Preserve my sufferings, and record my story.

[reads.]

2

- [reads.] " Constantia, by Gernando's guile betray'd,
- " Forsaken here, on this par-distant coast,
- "CLOS'D THE SAD REMNANT OF HER WRETCHED DAYS.
- "WHOE'ER THOU ART, THAT READ'ST THESE MOURNFUL LINES,
- "IF SAVAGE FIERCENESS DWELL NOT IN THY BREAST,
- "REVENCE OR PITY-

These words alone are wanting: let me then
Conclude what yet remains to crown my toil.

[returns to her work.

## SCENE II.

# Enter Sylvia, in hafte.

Syl. My fister, my Constantia! [with joy.

Conf. What imports

Thy breathless haste, and whence my Sylvia's transport?

Syl. O! my lov'd fister! I am wild with joy! Conf. But say the cause.

Syl. My dear, my lovely fawn, So many days deplor'd and fought in vain, Is now return'd.

Conf.

Conf. And hence thy mighty rapture?

Syl. And think'st thou this so little? Well thou know'st

My fawn's my care, my darling and my friend: She loves her Sylvia: when I speak, methinks She hears me with a more than brutal sense. She sleeps upon my bosom, courts my kisses, And still attends me whereso'er I go. Her had I lost, her have I sound again, And think'st thou this so small a cause of joy?

Conf. O! happy innocence!

[returns to her work.

Syl. Shall I, my fifter,
For ever hear thy fighs and fee thy tears?

Conf. And can I ever dry these weeping eyes? Full thirteen times has spring renew'd its course, Since thus abandon'd, and secluded far From human race, depriv'd of every comfort, O Heaven! without one glimmering hope again To view my lost, my dear paternal shores, Here have I dwell'd and dragg'd a dying life: And would'st thou, Sylvia, have me yet unmov'd?

Syl. But what have we to ask to make us happy? Are we not sovereigns here? This pleasing isle Our peaceful kingdom, and the forest herds Our gentle subjects? Earth and sea produce Supplies for us: the friendly trees afford

A grate-

A grateful shelter from the burning heat; And hollow caves defend us from the cold: Our will is uncontroll'd by force or law: If this suffice not, say what more remains To make us blest?

Conf. Alas! thou canst not miss

The good thou ne'er hast known. When first we reach'd

These lonely shores, thy lips could scarcely utter Impersed sounds, thy young ideas then Unform'd and unconnected: thy remembrance Preserves no trace of what we once have been, No object knows but what this isle affords.

I, who was then, as thou art now, remember (O! cruel recollection!) what I was, And, with my present state, compare the past.

Syl. Oft have I heard you boast the wealth, the wisdom,

The arts, the manners and delights of Europe; And yet permit me to declare my thoughts, This peaceful life for me has greater charms.

Conf. Think not description, Sylvia, will inform thee

Of what from fight thou only canst conceive.

Syl. And yet these boasted lands are fill'd with man—

 Conf. True, I have told thee oft; but ne'er enough

Of that detested race. Yes, men are cruel, Perfidious, impious, treacherous, more than savage, Strangers to ties of soft humanity; [weeps. Love, faith and pity dwell not in their breast.

Syl. Then here from them at least we live secure; And yet—you weep—O! if you love your Sylvia, Forbear this grief. What can I do to ease you? Do you desire my fawn? Dry up those tears—My fawn shall then be yours. [takes her hand.

Constantia has too just a cause for tears.

[embracing her.

If I, who by my treacherous spouse

Here banish'd from mankind remain,

If I'm forbid to weep my woes,

O Heaven! what wretch must then complain?

But who shall dare condemn my grief,
With every anguish here oppress'd,
And even denied the poor relief
Of pity from a friendly breast?

[Exit.

SCENE

#### SCENE III.

A ship appears at a distance under sail.

#### SYLVIA alone.

How obstinate her plaints! Her constant sorrow Afflicts my tender heart: fain would I sooth her; But prayers, advice and chidings all are vain; And stranger still, whene'er I offer comfort, Her tears increase and I'm compell'd to weep: Yet let me still pursue her——

[going she sees the ship. Heavens! what means

Yon towering bulk, that rifes o'er the sea? 'Tis not a rock—a rock remains unmov'd:
And can so vast a monster cut the slood
With such a rapid motion? See, behind
The parted waves are white; its speedy course
Outstrips the gazing eye, while on its back
It bears huge wings, and swims at once and slies.
Constantia shall instruct me; she can tell
If yonder form is not some wondrous being
That holds its dwelling in the faithless deep.
At least she knows——

[Gernando and Henriques are seen to leave the ship, descend into the boat and land.] Ye powers! what do I see! O! who O! who are these that now have reach'd the shore? What shall I do, and whither turn for aid? My breast is chill'd with sear, I scarce have strength To sty, or hide me from the approaching danger.

[hides herself.]

#### SCENE IV.

GERNANDO, HENRIQUES, in Indian habits; Sylvia apart.

Hen. Is this the land, Gernando, we have fought?

Ger. Even this, my friend: its well-known image here,

Remains engraven by the hand of Love: My beating heart confirms it for the same.

Syl. [looking out.] Might I but view their face-

Hen. Perchance, my friend, We yet may be deceiv'd.

Ger. No, my Henriques,
This is the fatal place, I well remember
Each craggy rock. Behold the cave, where laid
In gentle fleep, with Sylvia in her arms,
I left my wife, the treasure of my foul!
I left her, never to behold her more.
'Twas there the pirate-band affail'd me first;
I here receiv'd my wound; there from my hand
The weapon dropp'd. O! let us haste, my friend,

For

For each delay is criminal, Do thou
Yon' quarter visit, this to search be mine.
This island stretches but to small extent,
Nor can we wander far. My heart, alas!
Has scarce a hope to find Constantia here.
Yet fate at least one comfort shall afford;
That precious earth which holds her breathless corse,

Shall form Gernando's tomb.

[Exit.

#### SCENE V.

HENRIQUES, SYLVIA apart.

Syl. To their discourse In vain I've listen'd.

Hen. Haples is the fortune
Of poor Gernando; scarce his hand receives
His lovely bride, when call'd to distant climes
He trusts himself and all he prizes most,
Amidst the faithless deep; then landing here
To seek refreshment for his tender partner
O'er-spent and wearied by the tossing surge,
While sleep seals up her sense, by russian force
Is hurried hence to distant lands unknown,
Where many years he sighs a wretched captive,
And hears no tidings of the sair he mourns.

Syl. At length he turns—how pleafing is his mien!

Hen.

Hen. Compassion pleads for him in every breast, And gratitude in mine. To him I owe Freedom, the first the noblest gift of Heaven. 'Twere cruelty in others not to mourn His fate, in me 'twere base ingratitude. The heart that feels not for another's woe, Is shunn'd by all; but most the ungrateful mind Is justly held in universal horror.

The tender tree, though not indu'd
With gentle sense of human woes,
Is grateful to the parent flood
From which its genial moisture flows.

For this he yields a kind return,
And thick in verdant leaves array'd,
When scorching beams of Phœbus burn,
Defends the stream with friendly shade.

· [Exit,

# SCENE VI.

#### SYLVIA alone.

What have I seen? It cannot sure be man; Its looks would then betray its native sierceness. Men all are stern and treacherous, and their aspect Must bear some semblance of the wicked heart. Nor is't a woman, for the garb it wears Is sashion'd not like mine or my Constantia's. Whate'er it be, it has a pleasing form:

VOL. IL D D My

My fifter shall resolve me—Ha! my feet Refuse to move, O Heaven! why do I sigh? What means my beating heart? Can it be fear? No—were it fear I should not find this pleasure; Far different is the passion which I feel, This nameless something sluttering in my breast.

New joys I find and yet complain Amidst a sweet and pleasing pain; Those looks, alas! but vainly please; What gives me pleasure gives not ease.

I run a thousand fancies o'er, Delightful hopes unknown before! And yet I know not whence I figh, Or what my distant hopes imply.

[Exit.

#### SCENE VII.

GERNANDO alone, appearing fatigued.

Alas! my mind presag'd her fate too well.

Vain are my toils: in vain I seek and call

Her much-lov'd name: these eyes perceive not

yet

The smallest track of her my soul adores.

But where's my friend? Perhaps more fortunate—
What ho! Henriques!—Let me seek him—
Heaven's

I can no further—weariness and grief

Weigh

Weigh down my strength—here on this friendly rock

I'll rest awhile and wait for his return—

[drawing near, fees the infeription.

What fee I? European characters!

Almighty powers! behold my name infcrib'd!

Whence this infcription, from what hand unknown?

[reads.] "Constantia, by Gernando's guile betray'd,

" Forsaken here, on this far-distant coast

"CLOS'D THE SAD REMNANT OF HER WRETCHED

→O! Heavens! I faint——

[leans against the rock.

## SCENE VIII.

# Enter Henriques.

Hen. Speak comfort, my Gernando; Yet know'st thou aught of poor Constantia's fate?

Ger. Constantia's dead.

Hen. What fays my friend?

Ger. Read there. [points to the inscription.]

Hen. [reads the first part of the inscription to himself, then exclaims.] Unhappy sate!

[reads the remainder aloud.] "ON THIS FAR-DIS-

TANT COAST

CLos'D

- "CLOS'D THE SAD REMNANT OF HER WRETCHED DAYS.
- "WHOE'ER THOU ART, THAT READ'ST THESE MOURNFUL LINES,
- "IF SAVAGE FIERCENESS DWELL NOT IN THY BREAST,
- " REVENGE OR PITY—"

Unfinish'd.

There the fentence stands

Ger. There her vital spirits fail'd.

[ falls in an agony on the rock.

Hen. O! tragic issue of disastrous love!

Yes, weep Gernando, for thy tears are just.

Mine too shall flow in sympathy with thine,

Even rocks shall feel thy grief. But yet, my

friend,

'Midst all thy woes one comfort still remains, (Nor think that comfort little) no remorse
Preys on thy soul: thou hast fulfill'd each duty
Which love, or faith, or reason could require;
But Heaven was pleas'd to render vain thy cares.
No more remains, but with a pigus mind
To bend submissive to this awful stroke,
And sly, as wisdom bids, these satal shores.

Ger. Forfake these shores! And whither must I turn?

Where dost thou think I more shall find repose?

O no!—here Heaven has six'd my last abode:
Here on this spot——

Hen.

Hen. What means my friend?

Ger. While life

Informs my breast, I'll breath the vital air Constantia breath'd: each object here shall feed My faithful gries: each moment I'll return And kiss this rock; here live in lingering pain With her dear name for ever on my lips, And dying here, complete my cruel sate.

Hen. O! my Gernando, what hast thou resolv'd? Would'st thou abjure thy country and thy friends, Thy father worn with years——

Ger. To see me thus,
Would bow his reverend head to earth with sorrow.
Then go, my friend, give comfort to his age;
Be thou for me a son; and if he seek.
To know my fortune, spare a parent's ear,
Sosten the tale, and speak but half my sufferings.

Hen. And canst thou hope that e'erGer. My friend, farewell.

Attempt not, while my forrows flow, With empty words to footh my woe; No mortal shall my anguish share; I ask no partner but despair.

In these abodes, ah! what relief
Would kind compassion yield to grief?
A friend would but increase my pain,
And swell the grief he selt in vain.

[Exit.

SCENE

#### SCENE IX.

#### HENRIQUES alone.

We must not yet oppose his rage of forrow, But let his passions by degrees subside; Then, should he still persist in his design, Force must be us'd to bear him hence—What ho! Some feamen fure attend with yonder bark: Come forth, my friends. Itwo seamen enter. Hear and observe my purpose. We must by force remove Gernando hence, Who, lost in grief, refuses to depart. You know where midst you rocks the limpid stream Winds its fmooth course; that place, o'ergrown with wood, Seems form'd for ambush; there, 'till he appears, Conceal'd await; then instant rushing forth, Seize and convey him to your ship.—Away! Exeunt seamen.

#### SCENE X.

# Enter Sylvia.

Syl. [entering.] Where is Constantia? Still I've sought in vain:

For I have much to tell her.

Hen.

Hen. [turning to Syl.] Sure I dream!
What wonder strikes my fight! Stay, beauteous nymph.

Syl. O Heavens! art thou return'd?

[about to fly.

Hen. Why would'st thou fly?

O! hear me but a moment.

Syl. Say, what would'ft thou?

[ from the fide of the scene.

Hen. But gaze upon thee; speak a few short words,

No more.

Syl. Then, ere thou speak'st, give me thy promise

To come not near me.

Hen. Fear not, lovely maid,

I promife this.

[retiring further off.

What graceful innocence

Through all her frame!

Syl. How gentle are its looks! [going nearer.

Hen. But what's in me to cause such mighty terror?

I am no asp, nor savage beast of prey:

A man can furely not affright thee thus.

Syl. [disturbed.] Art thou a man?

Hen. I am.

Syl. [flying.] O! fave me! fave me!

Hen.

Hen. [ flaying her.] Yet stay.

Syl. [kneels.] O! spare me—never have I wrong'd you:

Then be not cruel to me.

Hen. [raifing her.] Rise, my fair-one, Compose thy thoughts; this causeless fear distracts me.

Syl. [aside.] Sure my heart whispers I may trust his faith.

Hen. O! if thou art gentle, as thy form befpeaks thee,

Say when and where did poor Constantia die?

Syl. Constantia? Heaven be prais'd, Constantia lives.

Hen. She lives!—O lovely Sylvia!—Yes, this place,

Thy tender years, all tell me thou art Sylvia. Fly to Constantia, while I haste as swift To seek Gernando.

Syl. Hast thou then with thee That cruel, that ingrate?

Hen. Call him unhappy,
But not ingrate or cruel—O! delay not,
'Twere barbarous to defer, but for a moment,
The tender raptures of this faithful pair.

Syl. Together let us go.

Hen. No, that would ask

A longer

A longer time than fuits our present purpose. Seek thou Constantia, bring her to this place, And with Gernando hither I'll return. [going.

Syl. Yet stay awhile—What is thy name? Hen. Henriques.

Syl. [tenderly.] Then hear, Henriques, tarry not too long.

Hen. What means this haste, my fair?

Syl. Alas! I know not:

I feel a fudden damp at thy departure, And feel, at thy return, as fudden joy.

Hen. And, witness Heaven, I could for ever hear thee,

Gaze on thy fweets, and dwell with thee for ever. [Exit.

# SCENE XI.

# SYLVIA alone.

What can this mean? He's gone, but still remains

Before my eyes: he's gone, but still my thoughts Pursue where'er he goes. Why am I thus Disturb'd, yet know not where this passion tends?

What

What is this, alas! I prove,
Pain or pleasure at my heart?
If 'tis pain that thus can move,
O how pleasing is the smart.

Tis a pain that lulls to rest,

Every other thought disarms,

Yet awakens in my breast

New desires and soft alarms.

Exit.

#### SCENE XII.

# CONSTANTIA alone.

Time o'er me flies with pitying wings, But Time to me no comfort brings: Though trees and rocks with years decay, My forrows ne'er shall pass away.

Still here I live, and mourn in vain A life of flow-confuming pain.

O! let me yield at once my breath,
And lay me gently down in death.

[ seats herself in a melancholy posture on the trunk of a tree, repeating the first part of the air.

While absence hence, in thoughtless innocence
My Sylvia wanders, let this hand resume
Its melancholy labour. [returns to her work.

**SCENE** 

#### SCENE XIII.

#### Enter GERNANDO.

Ger. [not feeing Conf.] While my friend

Leaves me alone to grief, here let me turn

And kifs this precious rock— [fees Conf.

But ha! what would

Yon female form, and whence? What can this mean?

Conf. [not feeing him.] Perchance, Constantia, all thy toil is vain,

And what thou here hast wrought shall ne'er be known.

Ger. Constantia! O, ye powers! my wife! [embracing her.

Conf. [turning, fhe knows him.] Ah! traitor!

I can no more— [falls in a fwoon upon the rock.

Ger. My life!—She hears me not!—
O Heaven! her senses fail—Some cooling stream—
Where shall I find—Not distant hence I view'd
A crystal rivulet—but must I leave
My treasure thus alone?—Yes, one short moment
Will bring me back impatient to her sight.

[Exit hastily.

SCENE

#### SCENE XIV.

Constantia in a facoon.

#### Enter HENRIQUES.

Hen. [entering.] My friend, who knows not yet his happiness,

Conceals himself from me—Where shall I turn To trace his steps?—But see! on yonder rock Some nymph reposes—'Tis not Sylvia—Heavens!'Tis then Constantia—What a mortal paleness O'erspreads her languid face!

Conf. [coming to herfelf.] Ah me!

Hen. Constantia?

Conf. [without looking at him.] O! leave me leave me.

Hen. Banish this despair, And live to crown thy consort's faithful love.

Conf. Hence, traitor! let me, let me die in peace.

Hen. A traitor !- fure thou know'st me not.

Conf. [ sees him.] Ye powers!

Where is Gernando? Art thou not the same? Did I but dream before, or dream I now?

Hen. Thou didst not dream before, nor dream'st thou now:

6

Thou

Thou hast indeed beheld thy own Gernando, And now thou see'st his friend.

Conf. And could he then Return again to his forfaken wife, To whom his cruelty——

Hen. Alas! thy husband Forsook not thee; but hence, by russian force, Was hurried from his lov'd Constantia's arms.

Conf. Say, when was this?

Hen. When laid in yonder grot Thy fense was lost in sleep.

Conf. What foes unknown?

Hen. A band of pirates, with barbarian rage,
Assail'd him here; awhile his valour stood
Against their fury, till his hand receiv'd
A luckless wound and dropp'd the sword; then
foon,

Oppress'd by numbers, he remain'd their prisoner.

Conf. But wherefore all this time-

Hen. 'Till now detain'd

In cruel bonds, his thoughts alone were free, And these have never stray'd from his Constantia.

Conf.: O Heavens! how have I wrong'd thee, my Gernando!

Hen. At length behold to liberty restor'd, Gernando comes; behold him all thy own:

Again

Again he comes, a tender faithful husband, To give thee back thy peace, to calm thy forrows, To live and die with thee.

Conf. Where art thou then? Where art thou, my Gernando? [going to the left.

# SCENE XV.

#### Enter SYLVIA.

Syl. Hold Constantia, In vain thou seek'st for thy Gernando there; For even but now, in tender care for thee, Hastening to yonder stream, a sudden force Assail'd him and prevented his return.

[ pointing to the right.

Conf. Ye powers! Affail'd? By whom and why?

Hen. Forgive me:

The fault is mine. Gernando thought thee dead, And vow'd to dwell for ever here; and hence I gave command to bear him off by force.

Conf. Haste, let us set him free. [going.

Syl. Constantia, stay;

Already have I told them all the story.

Conf. Must I still wait? Have I not waited long, So many years endur'd of tedious forrow?

'Tis

'Tis time at length to find a happy period To all my woes.

[turning to go, is received into the arms of Gernando, who enters at the instant.]

#### SCENE LAST.

GERNANDO, CONSTANTIA, HENRIQUES, SYLVIA.

Ger. Here, in these faithful arms, Receive the bliss thou seek'st.

Conf. And can it be?

Ger. Do I not dream?

Conf. Do I then hold Gernando?

Ger. Do I embrace my wife, my dear Constantia?

Hen. These tears, caresses, and impersect accents Dissolve my soul in tender sympathy.

Syl. [goes to Hen.] Tell me, Henriques, wherefore are you thoughtful?

Gernando fure is kinder far than you:
Mark how with gentle speech he sooths Constantia,
While you, in sullen silence seem to stand,
Without one word for Sylvia.

Hen. Could I hope
That I were dear to thee----

Syl. If dear to me?

Yes, dearer than my fawn. [joyful and tenderly.

Hen. Then give me, fair one,

Thy

Thy plighted hand and be Henriques' wife.

Syl. Your wife! O no, that were indeed a folly: So might I, left on some far-distant isle, Drag on my days in mournful solitude.

Conf. No, Sylvia, my Gernando left me not; Thou shalt know all. Men are not, as I said, Faithless and cruel.

Syl. When I knew Henriques, I thought not so.

Conf. Unjustly I accus'd them, But now, convinc'd, retract my former error.

Syl. And I retract whate'er I said before.

[ gives her hand to Hen.

#### Chorus.

When lowering clouds the skies o'er-spread,
Let Hope exalt her cheerful head,
And all the threats of Fate despise.
Fortune shall give her malice o'er,
And Constancy's triumphant power
At length above her sufferings rise.

END OF THE UNINHABITED ISLAND.

# TRIUMPH OF GLORY.

VOL. II.

I I

#### THE

# TRIUMPH OF GLORY.

THE Son of Thetis languish'd out his hours In exile sweet, 'midst Scyros' slothful bowers, The slave of Love; of Love, who proudly view'd

So great a prisoner to his sway subdu'd;
To keep him still his own he every art bestow'd,
And hourly some new charms in Deidamia
show'd:

He fram'd, in every movement of the fair,
Each word she spoke,
Each simple, unaffected look,

Fresh toils that might Achilles' heart ensnare.

The dwelling teem'd with all that could the fense allure,

And fix his reign fecure.

Throughout the fplendid walls around Soft fighs and gentle voices found; And languid strains, that pity move, And whispers of protesting love.

In filent groves, the friends to stol'n delight, Seducing zephyrs play:

The feather'd fongsters tune their wanton lay;

EE2 'Twixt

'Twixt rock and rock the waters take
Their limpid course, and murmuring break,
While earth and Heaven, all, all to love invite!
In semale vesture, heedless of his praise,
The enamour'd Hero wastes his days:
Nor arms nor battle here employ'd his care,
Nor spoils nor triumphs gain'd in war;
But sweet addresses, joy inciting;
Faint repulses, oft inviting;
Contention, urg'd in sportive mood;
The promise given and renew'd;
Complaining, pardon and offence,
And flattery, that blinds the sense:
A thousand toys, by lovers serious deem'd,
But childish follies by the world esteem'd.

- " With thee alone, to live or die,
  " My hope is now repos'd;"
  Full oft he faid, while, with a figh,
  His melting words were clos'd.
- "For ever thine, in thee alone"
  (He cried) "my foul can rest;"
  While round the fair his arms were thrown,
  And class'd her to his breast.

But GLORY (who beheld with jealous eyes
How Love from him usurp'd the prize,
A heart, long-time to him decreed by Fate,)
Achilles seeks, reproves his abject state;

His

His spirit dead to honour's charms,
And sets before his view Ulysses sheath'd in arms.
As from a trance Achilles wakes.

Rous'd with the stern rebuke and gleaming steel, he burns

With conscious anger, while by turns
The shushing colour dyes, and now his cheek forsakes:

Swift from his limbs he tears the weeds of shame, For arms he calls—With sword and shield He now departs to seek the field,

And heal each past disgrace that stain'd a noble name.

But lo! where Deidamia fair, Lost in love and wild despair, Breathless, sighing, Fainting, dying,

Pursues his flight, and vainly tries
To vent those fond complaints her faltering tongue
denies.

Yet could her words have found their way, The conquering dame had won her lover's stay.

- "Ah! princess," (he the weeping maid address'd,)
- " Unjust the transports that distract thy breast.
- " If thou would'st have me bear a soul so base,
- " A loss like mine were easy to replace:
  - " Would'st thou in me a hero view,
  - " Let me a hero's steps pursue.

" Farewell!

"Farewell!—to me for ever shalt thou prove"—
This firm farewell of parting love
Her gentle spirit ill could bear:
A tremor seiz'd the hapless fair;
Through all her veins a sudden chillness slies,
And mute and motionless she lies!
What shall Achilles now? While GLORY there
bestows

Laurels and palms, here Love his Deidamia shows
All pale and senseless: That his heart proclaims
Irresolute and weak, and This as cruel blames.

The hero and the lover both contend,
And both his agonizing bosom rend:
The lover weeps; the hero burns;
He now departs, and now returns:
His feet, as changing passions sway,
Reluctant this or that obey;
At length one generous effort made,
And all his virtue summon'd to his aid,
He curbs the pitying thoughts that fain would rise,
Awhile he silent stands, debates, resolves and slies.

"Tis true, that forrowing still he slies, But GLORY at his side attends; GLORY, that tears of forrow dries, And Love beneath his empire bends.

Capricious thus his rule below

The winged archer God maintains;

Who meets him falls beneath the foe,

While he who flies the conquest gains.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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