

With thy misfortunes? Shall insulting Spoilers
Smile o'er the ruins of thy hapless state,
While all the golden harvest is their own?
Shall Xuthus triumph? Shall his race succeed,
While thine (I mean not to provoke thy tears)
Thy tender blossoms, are torn rudely off,
Almost or ere they bloom?

Cre. It shall not be;

No, ye immortal Powers!—Yet let us wait
Till the dire truth glare on us. One short hour,
And doubt shall be no more. Then, Phorbas, then,
Should he presume to place on Athens' throne
His alien race, nay, tho' this beauteous youth,
This dear resemblance of my murder'd lord,
Should be the fatal choice, by that dear shade,
Which perish'd as it reach'd the gates of life,
I will—I think I will—assist thy vengeance—
Soft! who comes here?—'Tis he! how innocent,
How winning soft he looks! Whate'er it be,
He knows not the deceit. Look on him, Phorbas:
Nay, thou shalt question him.

Phor. Not I, Great Queen,
Resume yourself, nor let this fond persuasion
Betray you to a weakness you should blush at.

Cre. If possible I will.

Enter Ilysius.

Ilyf. Illustrious Queen,
The altar stands prepar'd, and all things wait
Your royal presence. From the King I come
His messenger.

Cre. We will attend his pleasure.
Be near me, Phorbas; I may want thy counsel.

Ilyf. She looks not on me sure as she was wont.
I'll speak to her. [*Aside.*] Permit me, gracious Queen,
To pay my humblest thanks; for, by your means,
The King is kind as you are.

Cre. Rise, Ilysius.

Perhaps you needed there no advocate.
Phorbas, lead on. My resolution melts,
And all my sex returns. One look from him
Outweighs a thousand proofs. Phorbas, lead on,
Or I am lost in weakness. [*Exeunt Creusa and Phorbas.*

Ilyf.

Ilyf. [*Stopping Lycea.*] Gentle maid,
Stay yet a moment. Wherefore does the Queen
Look coldly on me? Know'st thou if in ought
I have offended?

Lyc. Things of mightiest import
At present fill her mind, nor leave they room
For less affairs. My duty calls me hence. [*Exit.*]

Ilyf. I hope it is no more; yet each appearance
Alarms me now. Aletes, thou hast rais'd
Such conflicts here, such hopes, such fears, such doubts,
That apprehension sinks beneath their weight.
Well might'st thou say these solitary shades
Have now no peace for me. Yet once thou taught'st me,
That the pure mind was its own source of peace.
But that philosophy I find belongs
To private life; for where ambition enters
I feel it is not true. [*Exit.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, *the Vestibule of the Temple.*

Enter Aletes.

ALETES.

Should I doubt? It will, it must succeed.
I could wish that I had seen Creusa
Undertaken; for perhaps—
It is. Her part had then
To act; now what she does,
Posing the design,
Is natural—The Pythia sure
Directed—Hark! the rites
Are this perform'd. Why stay they then?
The croud proclaims them finish'd, and the croud
Will soon be here—They come: I must not yet
Be seen; the Pythia in the laurel grove
May tell me what has pass'd. [*Exit.*
Creusa]

*Creusa descends hastily from the temple in great disorder,
Lycea following.*

Lyc. Stay, mighty Queen;
You know not what you do; your rage transports you;
You leave the rites unfinish'd, and the croud
In wild amazement gaze on your departure.

Cre. I will not stay; nor will I tamely bear
My disappointed hopes. Oh, honest Phorbas!
Oh, good old man! thy penetrating mind
Saw early their designs. 'Tis to supply
Nicander's loss (Oh, ne'er to be supply'd!)
That we must call in strangers to the throne,
And yield our sceptres to Æolian hands.
Yes, ye great shades of my progenitors,
I hear ye call; ye shall, ye shall have vengeance!

Lyc. Whatever you design, conceal at least
This transport of your rage.

Cre. Why loiters Phorbas?
He saw my anguish; wherefore comes he not
To its relief? They fool me past endurance.
Rely they on the weakness of my sex?
Lycea, they shall find this feeble arm
In such a cause can lay the distaff by,
And grasp th' unerring thunderbolt of Jove.
Oh, Phorbas, art thou come?

Enter Phorbas from the temple.

Phor. Now, mighty Queen,
Are my suspicions just? Is Phorbas honest?

Cre. As light as truth itself. My counsellor,
My bosom friend!

Phor. Now shall a casual likeness,
If such there be, a semblant cast of features,
The sport of nature in a human form,
Shall trifies light as these weigh down conviction?
Oh, Queen! from first to last th' apparent scheme
Glares on us now. Why were we brought to Delphi,
But that this youth has long been nurtur'd here
In secret from the world; perhaps the son
Of Xuthus' self, plac'd here at first, to hide
The guilt and shame of some dishonest mother,
Tho' now applied to more pernicious ends.

Cre.

CREUSA.

Cre. It may be so.

Phor. And why, say why, to-day,
While Xuthus stays behind for oracles
He wanted not, is young Ilyus's bid
To meet your eyes, and win with artful tales
Your easy heart?

Cre. Bid! Was he bid to do it?

Phor. I saw the priestess whisper something to him,
And loud she bid him wait for thy approach.
She must, forsooth, retire to sacred glooms,
And wait for inspiration. Xuthus' gold
Was what inspir'd the traitress. Yet, good heaven,
When from the shrine she gave the fraudulent words,
With what strange art the holy hypocrite
In mimic trances died!—"A banish'd youth
Is Athens' cause of woe." Too truly said,
Thou' for a wicked purpose, to allure
Thy easy faith, and lead thee to admit
The fraud which follow'd.

Cre. Never, never, Phorbas,
Will I that fraud admit. How readily
Did Xuthus, when my foolish fondness ask'd it,
Consent to my request! Thou heard'st him say [*To Lyc.*
We should adopt this youth; in seeming sport
He spake it, but ev'n then th' insulting tyrant
Couch'd fatal truths beneath th' ambiguous phrase.

Phor. Why should a youth design'd for solitude
arts of war? He saw himself
ty. Who is this sage
sted him? And why should Lycon
udden joy, but that he found,
ent fondness for the boy,
grew practicable. Nay, to-day,
lessers' self my honest love
dislike of stranger kings,
n, she chid my hasty zeal,
hus, talk'd of piety
the gods: 'twas to their priests
meddling priests, who dare presume
ones to sell their gods for gold,
and stamp rank falsehoods with the seal of heaven.

Lyc.

High words must rise, which will alarm her pride
And fit her for my purpose. *[Aside.]*

Enter Xuthus, Ilyssus, Priests, Virgins, Guards, &c. from the temple.

Xut. [Coming up to Creusa.] Thy looks, Creusa, thy abrupt departure

Cre. Affronting to the god himself, and these
His sacred ministers, too plainly shew
Irreverent rage, resisting heaven's high will.
Nor dost thou want, I see, unthinking woman,
Inflamers of thy folly—But of this
Enough; behold the youth whom heaven designs
Thy heir, and mine.

Cre. My heir!

Xut. Thy heir, Creusa.

What means that haughty look? Why with contempt
Dost thou behold him? Is he chang'd Creusa?
Have a few hours so totally transform'd him?

Is all that winning grace of which thou spak'st
Almost with rapture, is that native charm
Of innocence all vanish'd? Hear him speak,
Hear if he talks less sensibly than when
Thy pleas'd attention hung upon his words,
And lent each syllable an added grace.

What hast thou found, or thy grave monitor

What has he found, which can so suddenly
Bright this wond'rous change? Is it because
I have thought with thee that he deserves
Or is it that my will consents?
Before thine, proud Queen, perversely strives
Thy affections?

I, methinks,
G'd affections. The calm, steady Xuthus,
Whom my mind ne'er knew the stormy gusts
Of rising passion, now can feel
Warmth, when touch'd by pious zeal.
Whom the tenderer sentiments
Of the weakness of the human frame,
Have inspir'd with some unusual softness.

Have oracles the power to raise at once
The kind affections? Or did he conceal

The smother'd flame, 'till, authoris'd by Heaven,
It might burst out unquestion'd?

Xuth. Haughty Queen,
I understand thee well; thou think'st this youth
A substitute of mine, and dar'st affront
Yon awful shrine, the fountain of pure truth.
But by that god who bears the vengeful bow,
And whose large eye——Yet wherefore should I strive
By oaths to undeceive thee; breasts like mine
Can scorn th'imputed falsehood they detest.
Nor am I now to learn from what vile source
Thy vain suspicions rise. But know, proud Queen,
This youth shall reign in Athens; and yet more
To punish thy vain pride, since thou provok'st it,
I do believe him of Æolian race.

Cre. Thou dost?

Xuth. I do. A race as glorious, Queen,
As Cecrops' boasted lineage. For the youth,
Were I to beg the choicest boon of Heaven
From my own loins to rise, I could not hope
A nobler offspring.

Phor. Hear'st thou that? [Aside to Creusa]

Cre. I do,

And will revenge the insult.

Ilyf. [Kneeling.] Gracious Queen!
What have I done which should estrange thee to me?
Am I the unhappy cause of these dissensions?

Cre. Kneel not to me, Ilyssus.

Xuth. Kneel not to her;
'Tis I am thy protector, and thy friend,
Nay, now thy father.

Ilyf. Yet, Oh, mighty King,
Permit me at her royal feet to pay
My humblest duty. If I call thee father,
She sure must be a mother. [She turns away disconcerted]

Xuth. Rise, Ilyssus,
Thou seest she stands unmov'd.

Ilyf. No, now she softens,
I see it in her eyes.

Cre. I will, I will
Be mistress of my soul. Why kneel'st thou
I blame not thee.

Xuth. Me then thou blamest, Creusa.

I am the object of thy rage. 'Tis Xuthus
Thou think'st it unworthy of th' Athenian throne.

Cre. Athens might well have spar'd a foreign lustre,
Secure of fame, had Xuthus ne'er been born.

Xuth. Ungrateful queen, had Xuthus ne'er been born,
What now had Athens been?

Cre. Perhaps in ruins,
And better so than to become the prey
Of needy wand'ring strangers.

Xuth. Earth and Heaven!
This the return?—I knew thou never lov'dst me,
Yet, witness Heav'n, I ravish'd not thy hand,
Thou gav'st it fully, but yet thou gav'st it;
And I well hop'd thy female sense of honour,
Of duty to thy Lord, might have secur'd
At least my future peace. Thy tend'rer thoughts,
The wife's best ornament, I knew were buried
In a plebeian grave.

Cre. Plebeian grave!

Xuth. Fool that I was, I flatter'd thy vain sorrows,
Indulg'd their weak excess, and rais'd, I find,
Imaginary rivals in the tomb:
But never more, Creusa, never more
Shalt thou affront my ill-requited fondness.
I will destroy that pageant of thy passion,
That idol shrine th' insulting wreaths,
That mock worship,
Queen,

—Insulting tyrant,
With that's sacred to Nicander,
That's awful rites, I swear
The forfeit; nay, the lives
And race.—Plebeian grave!
—Liv'd, imperial Xuthus
—With his feet.
—Id to Heaven
—Could raise him from the earth,
—Might'st see how infamous a slave
—Prefer to Xuthus.—Come, Ilysius,
—Look not on her,

She merits not thy tenderness. Away!
 If reason should again resume its seat,
 We may expect her at the banquet. Come,
 All here must be our guests.

[*Exeunt Xuthus, Ilyssus, &c.*]

Phor. Curb not thy passion, give it vent, great Queen,
 And let it burst in thunder on thy foes.

Cre. It shall, by Heaven, it shall.—I thought till now
 My griefs were sacred, but this monster dares
 Insult even misery itself. Oh, Phorbas,
 Forgive me, if my tears will force a passage.
 Now, they are gone, and I will weep no more.
 Come, faithful counsellor of vengeance, come,
 Instruct me how to act, steel all my soul;
 Let not remorse or pity's coward voice,
 The bane of noble deeds, intrude to cross us.
 Nicander's injur'd ghost shall aid our counsels.
 Say, shall he die?

Phor. Not yet, first be his schemes
 Abortive all, his politic designs,
 Then let him die despis'd.

Cre. Agreed; but how?

Phor. Now at the banquet may we crush at once
 His full blown hopes. The fatal cause remov'd,
 Th' effect of course must cease.

Cre. What cause?

Phor. The boy.

I see thou shudder'st at it; 'but, great Queen,
 'Hear but the cogent reasons I shall offer,
 'And thou wilt think as I do.' For the boy,
 Heav'n knows, I wish to spare him, but no means
 No earthly means but this can curse completely
 This politic designer. 'Doubtless, long
 'This fav'rite scheme to place on Athens' throne
 'His hated race, has labour'd in his breast,
 'And all his hours employ'd. On this alone
 'He builds the firm foundation of his peace,
 'His happiness to come. His death were nothing,
 'He knows his friends, the minions of his fortune,
 'He knows all Greece, such is their dread and awe
 'Of Delphi's shrine, will join in the support
 'Of this deceitful claim; and that firm hope

' Will make him triumph ev'n in death, and laugh
' At our too shallow vengeance.

Cre. Laugh he shall not.

' No, I will punish home.'

Phor. ' You cannot punish

' By any means but this. And' know, great Queen,
I have a poison of such subtle force,

(Why dost thou start?) of such amazing strength,

Yet so peculiar in its operation,

That it shall seem the surfeit of the feast,

Not we have done the deed. At least shall seem so

To all but Xuthus' self; for he, methinks,

Should know the truth, at least suspect it strongly,

And yet not dare revenge.

Cre. I cannot bear it;

Howe'er we fail in our revenge; my Phorbas,

The boy must live.

Phor. Good Heav'n! Is this Creusa?

Is this the vengeful Queen who would not hear
Remorse or pity's voice?—Farewel then, Athens;

Yes, my poor country, thou must sink enslav'd

To foreign tyrants. She who should defend

Thy rights, thy liberties, stands tamely by,

And sees the yoke impos'd, nay, smiles to see it:

Thy Queen, the last of her illustrious line,

Consents to thy destruction.

Cre. Never, Phorbas.

Do what thou wilt. With this last parting pang

I give him to thy rage.—Yet, Oh, beware

I see him not again. One look from him

Would baffle all thy schemes.

Phor. Now at the banquet

Will we infuse the draught, ev'n in the cup

Which the King's self presents to his young heir

In token of election.

Cre. Stay, good Phorbas.

Phor. Already have I for the just design

Suborn'd a faithful slave. Nay, should it fail,

I have a trusty band, a chosen few,

Athenian souls, who scorn to bow the knee,

To any foreign lord; these will I place

At the pavilion doors, if need require,
To second our attempt.

Cre. Yet stay, good Phorbas.
How kindly did he seem to sympathize
With my distress! Nay, almost chide the King,
When his loud rage——

Phor. He had been taught his lesson.
'Twas all design, all artifice to work
Upon a woman's weakness.

Cre. Think'st thou so?

Phor. I do. But, Oh, my Queen, be more than wo-
Conquer this foible of thy sex. [man,

Cre. Heav'n knows
How much it costs to do it. Go then, Phorbas,
I cannot bid thee prosper. [Exit Phorbas.

Oh, Lycea,
Thou know'st not what I feel.—Haste, call him back.

No, stay——I think the bitterness is past,

And I can bear it now. Lend me thy arm,
I would retire, Lycea.—Yet from what

Should I retire? I cannot from myself!——

Oh, boy! thou art reveng'd; whate'er thou suffer'st
Is light, to what thy murderess feels! [Exeunt.

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *the Laurel Grove.*

Phorbas and Athenians.

PHORBAS.

THIS way, my friends; at the pavilion doors
Stand ready arm'd, that if we need your aid,
You may observe the sign, and crush at once
These vile usurpers on the rights of Athens.
I hope we want ye not.—I must be hid
A while, lest Xuthus should suspect my presence.

The Queen too may repent, I'll therefore shun her
Till the deed's done, irrevocably done. [*Aside.*]

—But stir not till I come—What noise is that?
Retire, my friends, the temple's postern door
Grates on its hinge.—Be secret, and we prosper.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Aletes and Pythia.

Alet. This quarrel was unlucky. A slight breach
Had lent my purpose strength; but wrought thus high
it may defeat our hopes. She cannot now
With ease recede from her too rash resolves,
At least not unsuspected. Did she, say'st thou,
Reject thy message?

Pyth. Scarcely did she pay
The decent dues my sacred office claims.
And when I prest her more, with fullen pride
She silently withdrew.

Alet. See her I must.
Where went she?

Pyth. To the shades which over-hang
Th' Aonian fount.

Alet. I will pursue her thither.

Pyth. It may not be, for now I know thy secret
'Tis my turn to be prudent. Know'st thou not
Thou should'st be cautious, nor expose thyself
To prying eyes? I heard her, as she pass'd,
In broken whispers bid Lycea haste
To Phorbas, and inform that trusty friend
That she would wait him in the laurel grove.
Here then thou may'st surprise them both, and crown
At once thy whole design.

Alet. Thou counsell'st well,
And I will guide me by thy kind advice.
'Oh, Pythia, how did every thing conspire
'To give me hopes that I should place the boy
'Secure on Athens' throne, unknown to all
'But those whom fate had made his firmest friends.
'The very means I us'd to make it sure,
'Have proved most adverse to the cause I labour'd.
'I had on Xanthus' piety,
'And on Æolus, success were mine;
'I had the hope it still.'—What most I fear

Is the Queen's warmth of passion. To which end
I must proceed with tenderness, and hide,
For some short time, Ilyssus from her knowledge.
I have unnumber'd cautions to premise,
Which her o'erflowing joy may haply ruin.
The banquet, is it ready?

Pyth. It has long
In vain expected its illustrious guests.
The King already has forgot his rage,
And hopes returning thought may move the Queen
To equal amity: he therefore finds
Continual causes to delay the feast.

Alet. Retire. Perhaps 'tis she; I hear the steps
Of some who move this way. [*Exit Pythia.*
What means he here?

Why art thou absent from the banquet, youth?

Enter Ilyssus.

Ilyf. It has no joys for me. I fear, Aletes,
Thou and the Pythia have most foully play'd
For my advancement.

Alet. Ha!

Ilyf. Where are the parents
Whom thou didst promise to my hopes? Alas!
I find no parents here, no kind regards,
No inexpressive fondness. Stern debate,
And foul dissention kindle here their torch
To usher in my greatness. Ev'n Creusa,
Whose tenderness I know not how alarm'd
My throbbing heart with hopes, and doubts, and fears,
Unfelt before, ev'n she has taught her eyes
To look with strangeness on me. The good King,
Who yet withdraws not his protection from me,
Seems lost in anxious thought. Unkind Aletes,
Art thou the cause of this? Say, am I sprung
Of race Æolian? For by Heaven I swear,
By that pure fountain of immortal truth,
I will not brook deceit. I will again,
Howe'er the glitt'ring mischief tempt my youth,
Become that humble unknown thing I was,
Rather than wear a crown by falsehood gain'd.
'Speak then, and give me ease.'

Alet. My dearest boy——

His virtue charms me, though it may prevent
His own success. Oh, happy, happy Athens,
To gain a king like him, whose honest soul
Starts at imagin'd fraud!

[Aside.]

Ily. Speak on, Aletes,
And do not by that look of tenderness,
And murmur to thyself, alarm me more.

Alet. What should I speak? This very morn, Ilyssus,
This very morn I told thee a few hours
Would shew thee what thou wert; but thy impatience
Brooks not that short delay. It seems Aletes
Has lost his usual credit with Ilyssus,
Ev'n with the youth his anxious care has form'd.
Think'st thou, the man who taught thy feeling heart
To start at falsehood, would himself commit
The fraud thou shudder'st at? What have I done,
Which should induce thee to a thought so base?
Did e'er my precepts contradict my heart?
Did I e'er teach a virtue I not practis'd?
---I see thou art confounded. Know then, youth,
I blame not thy impatience, nay, I praise
That modesty which can so soon resume
Its seat, when all things round are big with wonder.
Ere night thou shalt know all; till then, Ilyssus,
Behave as Athens' king.

Ily. Oh, good Aletes,
Forgive my rashness. Yes, I know thee honest
As truth itself, and know the wond'rous debt
I owe thy goodness. Yet, if thou confess
That I have reason for these anxious cares,
Thou wilt permit me still to question thee.
Nay, look upon me whilst I speak to thee.
Perhaps thou hast some secret cause, Aletes,
For all that kind attention thou hast shewn me,
From infancy till now? Why dost thou turn
Thy eyes to earth? 'Tis plain thou hast a cause:
Thou know'st from whom I spring; how canst thou else
With confidence assert, that yet ere night
I shall know all?—Say this at least, Aletes,
Shall the Queen's anger cease?

Alet. It shall, Ilyssus.

Ev'n now I wait her here; on what design

I must

I must not yet inform thee. The next time
Thou shalt behold her thou wilt find a change
Incredible indeed, from rage to fondness,
From cold reserve to tears of burlesque joy.

[Ilyssus is going to speak eagerly.]

—Ask me no more.—Yet something didst thou say
Relating to the cause which fix'd me here
Thy guardian, thy instructor, and—the time
Will come, when thou shalt know it all, Ilyssus,
And bless my memory.

Ilyssus. Thou weep'st, Aletes.
My tears will mingle too.

Aletes. Forbear, and leave me.
Yet stay a while, for now perhaps we part
To meet no more.

Ilyssus. No more! Thou wilt not leave me
When most I want thy care! 'Twas my first thought,
'Twas the first boon I ask'd of the good King,
That thou might'st be my kind instructor still.
He prais'd my gratitude, and I had promis'd
To bring him to thy cottage. He himself
Shall be a suitor to thee.

Aletes. Thou hast ask'd
Thou know'st not what: it cannot be, Ilyssus,
That Xuthus and Aletes e'er should meet
On terms of amity. The smiles of greatness
To me have lost their value. For thy love
I could do much, and to be sever'd from thee
Pulls at my heart-strings. But resistless fate
Has fix'd its seal, and we must part for ever,
How hard so'er it seem. Thy youth will soon,
Amidst the busy scenes of active greatness,
Forget its monitor: but I must bear
In hopeless solitude the pangs of absence
Till thought shall be no more.

Ilyssus. Oh, heav'nly powers!
Then there is something dreadful yet conceal'd.
I cannot part from thee in ignorance.
Tell me, Aletes.

Aletes. Would I could! But now
It must not be.—Haste to the banquet, youth,
Thy duty calls thee thither.

Ily. Go I cannot,
Till thou assur'st me we shall meet again.

Alet. If possible we will. If not, remember,
When thou shalt know thyself, that on thyself
Thy fate depends; that virtue, glory, happiness,
Are close connected, and their sad reverse
Is vice, is pain, is infamy.—Alas!

These were the lessons of thy private life,
This I have told thee oft, but my fond tongue
Runs o'er its former precepts, and forgets
Thou now must mount a throne; a larger scene
Of duty opens.

Ily. Yet the tender friend,
Who should direct me, leaves me to myself.
Canst thou abandon me?

Alet. Would fate permit
I would attend thee still. But, Oh, Ilyssus,
Whate'er becomes of me, when thou shall reach
That envied pinnacle of earthly greatness,
Where faithful monitors but rarely follow,
Ev'n there, amidst the kindest smiles of fortune,
Forget not thou wert once distress'd and friendless.
Be strictly just; but yet, like Heaven, with mercy
Temper thy justice. From thy purged ear
Banish base flattery, and spurn the wretch
Who would persuade thee thou art more than man;
Weak, erring, selfish man, endued with power
To be the minister of public good.

If conquest charm thee, and the pride of war
Blaze on thy sight, remember thou art placed
The guardian of mankind, nor build thy fame
On rapines, and on murders. Should soft peace
Invite to luxury, the pleasing bane
Of happy kingdoms, know from thy example
The bliss or woe of nameless millions springs,
Their virtue, or their vice. Nor think by laws
' To curb licentious man; those laws alone
' Can bend the headstrong many to their yoke,
' Which make it present int'rest to obey them.'

Oh, Ilyssus!

Enter

Enter Pythia hastily.

Pyth. Ilyffus! wherefore art thou here?
The King expects thee, and the banquet wait'st.

Ilyf. I cannot go.

Alet. Thou must; thy fate depends
Upon thy absence now. The Queen approaches.
After the banquet I again will see thee,
And thou shalt know the whole. I will, by Heaven.

[Exit Ilyffus.]

Pythia, away, and wait me in the temple. *[Exit Pythia.]*
She saw them not; on her contracted brow
Sits brooding care. She speaks? My heart beats thick,
And my tongue trembles to perform its office.
Now fate attend, and perfect thine own work!

Enter Creusa.

Cre. To what have I consented!—Ha! who art thou
That thus intrud'st on sacred privacy,
When the o'erburthen'd mind unloads its griefs,
Its hoarded miseries.

Alet. Thy better genius!

Cre. That voice is sure familiar to my ear!
Who art thou? Speak.

Alet. One whom adversity
Has taught to know himself. I bring thee tidings
Of an unhappy man who wrong'd thee much,
But much repented of the wrongs he did thee;
Of thy Nicander, Queen.

Cre. Nicander, say'st thou?
Oh, then thou art indeed my better genius!

Alet. Now arm thy soul for wonders yet to come!
Perhaps he lives.

Cre. He lives? *[Looking on him with amazement.]*

Alet. *[After great irresolution and struggles with himself.]*

Behold him here!

[She faints.]

—What has my rashness done!—The blush of life
Has left her cheek, the pulse forgets to move.
Where shall I turn? I cannot call for aid,
Nor can I leave her thus.—She breathes, she stirs!
—Yes, yes, Creusa, thy Nicander lives,
And he will catch at least this dear embrace,
Though now thou art another's.

Cre. Gracious gods!

It is, it is Nicander, 'tis my Lord!

Oh, I am only thine, no power on earth
Shall e'er divide us more.

Cre. It cannot be, my senses all deceive me—

And yet is so. — Oh, let me gaze upon thee,
Recall each trace which marks thee for my own,
And gives me back the image of my heart.

How time and grief have chang'd thee! ' But my love
' Can know no change. My Lord, my life, my husband!

Where hast thou wander'd? How hast thou been hid
From love's all-piercing sight? The bloody ruffians,
How didst thou escape their rage? Or did they wreak
Upon the helpless innocent alone

Their impious vengeance?

Nic. Nor on me, nor him
Did vengeance fall.

Cre. Does he live?

Nic. He does.

' *Cre.* Oh, honest Phorbas! Murder now is virtue.

[*Aside.*

' *Nic.* The fabled murder was all stratagem
Contriv'd for thy dear sake; no impious ruffians
Pursued our steps, I found that I had wrong'd thee
Beyond redress, nor knew another means
But by my death to save thee from dishonour.

' Despair I thought might conquer love, and thou
' Once more be Athens' pride.' The precious charge
Forbade a real death, I therefore stain'd

With blood my well-known garments, which produc'd—

Cre. A curs'd effect.—But I have nearer fears
How can'st thou hither? Wherefore to these shades?

The boy, where is he?

Nic. Far from hence—

Cre. Thank heaven!

Nic. He lives in peace and safety.—What disturbs thee?

Cre. Nothing—I dare not tell him what I fear'd,
His honest breast might shudder at the guilt,
Though now it be more needful.—The dear boy,
Say, is he brave?

Nic. As woman could desire.

Cre. And form'd like thee?

Nic. His person far exceeds

What

What my most vig'rous youth could boast, Creusa.
And his firm mind is wisdom's aged strength
With all youth's graces soften'd.

Cre. 'Tis too much.

Oh, happy mother! Call'st thou him, Nican-
der?

Nic. No, Ion, 'twas the name the matron chose,
Who gave him to my care.

Cre. Then Ion be it,
Ion shall reign in Athens. Know'st thou, I see,
The curs'd design which this Æolian here,
And the vile maid—

Nic. The priestesses, it should seem,
With Xuthus has conspir'd to fix his race
On Athens' throne.

Cre. But never shall his race
That scepter wield.

Nic. It never shall, Creusa.
I have a means—

Cre. My means, thank Heaven, is surer. [*Aside.*]

Nic. But I will tell thee all from first to last.
Hear then, and weigh my words, for fate is in them.
Xuthus, th' Athenian king—

Cre. I think not of him.

Nic. Beware of that. Whate'er thou think'st, Creusa,
Xuthus must still reign on, thy Lord and husband.

Cre. Xuthus, my Lord! then what art thou, Nican-
der? Dost thou despise me for a crime thyself
Hast forc'd me to commit? My soul was thine
Eve'n when I gave my hand, and still remains
Untainted, undefil'd.

Nic. I know it well,
Thou dearest, best of women.—My torn heart
Drops blood while I propose it, yet we must,
We must for ever part.—Forbear, Creusa,
That killing look strikes through me.—Think, Oh, think,
What in this age of absence I have borne,
How combated each tender thought, and liv'd
For thy dear sake a victim to despair.
But now if thou consent'st, all, all is mine,
And I forgive my fate.—The dear, dear boy
I have a means to place on him on the throne
Secure as we could wish.

Cre. Secure he shall be,

I will proclaim him to the world as mine,
And Athens shall with joy receive its sov'reign;
The tyrant Xuthus shall be taught to fear
A milder crown.

Nic. Thy rashness, my Creusa,
May ruin all.

Cre. I will be rash, if this
Be rashness, to declare to earth, to heav'n,
A mother's heart-felt joy, whose only child
Snatch'd from the grave, unhop'd for, comes to claim,
With every grace and every virtue crown'd,
Th' imperial seat of his great ancestors.
And shall we want a means?

Nic. We need not wait;
For by my care th' important means is found
Already, and no human power but thine
Can hinder our success. I would have hid
The secret from thee till thy wish'd consent
Had giv'n my purpose strength, but thou defeat'st
My utmost caution, and wilt force me tell thee,
Ilyssus is young Ion!—Ha! Creusa!
What means this look? Good Heaven! how her eye fixes!
'What have I done? What said, which could attack
'The seats of sense with this amazing force?'
My wife, my Queen, Oh, speak!—

Cre. Off, touch me not,
Thou canst not bring relief.—Oh, I am curs'd
Beyond all power of aid. Thou too art curs'd
And know'st it not.—He dies, he dies, Nicander!

Nic. Amazement! Who?

Cre. Oh, had he not been mine,
His youth, his softness, each attracting grace—
I should have staid whole ages, ere in thought
I had consented to so damn'd a deed.
Tears, tears, why burst ye not?—But what have I
To do with tears? those are for tender mothers.
'The tygres weeps not o'er her mangled prey.'
He dies, he dies, Nicander.

Nic. Who? Ilyssus?
Speak, speak, Creusa.

Cre. 'Phoebus urg'd the deed,

E

And

And I consented; at the feast he dies
By poison.—‘Oh, my soul!’

Nic. Fly then, this instant
Perhaps thou may’st prevent it, as thou cam’st
He parted hence.—I knew not to his death.

Cre. I go, I fly.

Nic. Yet stay, thy rashness there,
If fate has sav’d him, may undo us yet:
—The Pythia! true, the Pythia shall rush in
To stop the fatal banquet, and declare
The feast unhallow’d; ‘at this lucky moment
‘She waits me in the temple.’—Stay, *Creusa*.

[*Exit Nicander.*]

Cre. The Pythia, no; I will myself outstrip
The lightning’s speed. Whatever be th’ event,
’Tis not too late to die.

[*Exit.*]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Laurel Grove.*

Phorbas and Lycea.

LYCEA.

OH, earth! Oh, heaven! Oh, wretched, wretched
Athens!

Phor. Speak on, Lycea; wherefore art thou silent?
Why dost thou lead me to this secret shade?
What mean thy flowing tears?

Lyc. The Queen, the Queen!

Phor. Say, what of her?

Lyc. I know not; all to me
Is terror and confusion.

Phor. What thou know’st
Relate.

Lyc. She sent me forth to seek thee, *Phorbas*;
I found thee not, but met at my return

Creusa.

Creusa's self. Despair was in her eyes,
With hasty steps she shot impatient by me,
Nor listen'd when I spake. I follow'd wond'ring,
And enter'd the pavilion.

Phor. The pavilion!
Why went she to the banquet?

Lyc. Eager went,
Despair and anguish mixing on her look.
But, O good heaven, how chang'd was that despair
To inexpressible joy, when from the croud
She learnt Ilyssus had delay'd the feast,
And won the King once more to ask her presence,
"Where is he? let me clasp him to my breast,"
She cried; "I now no longer will resist
Heaven's high command." Imperial Xuthus rose
With transport to receive her, and loud shouts
Proclaim'd the people's joy. When, death to fight!
Eternal pain to memory! the slave
Presents the goblet; Fill, she cried, a third,
I too will hail Ilyssus King of Athens.
But first, all swear, swear by immortal Jove,
By the far-darting god who here presides,
And the chaste guardian of our native fanes,
Swear here, swear all, and binding be the oath,
Ilyssus only shall be Athens' King.

Phor. What could she mean;

Lyc. Attentive Xuthus caught
With joy the happy omen, and all swore
Ilyssus only should be Athens' King.
This done, I saw her from Ilyssus' hand
Snatch the dire goblet, and to him resign
Her own untouch'd. The slave who mix'd the draught
Turn'd pale and trembled, I with eager zeal
Press'd forward, but in vain; she firmly grasp'd
The bowl, and smiling drank it to the dregs.

Phor. The poison, ha!—I knew her foolish fondness
Would start at murder's name. But wherefore die?
Why turn upon herself her impious rage?
'Twas madness all; or else some new contrivance,
Some fresh Æolian fraud.—I care not what.
I yet will blast their schemes.—Yes, let her die,
By her own folly perish. Athens still

Survives, and shall survive.—I must be sudden.
 She doubtless will betray me to the King,
 And cut off ev'n this last resource. Lycea,
 Be secret, and thy country shall be free.

Lyc. Were it not better, Phorbas, first to see her.
 Perhaps some secret unreveal'd may lurk
 Beneath this show of unexampled rashness.
 She left the banquet soon, and with the Pythia
 Enter'd the temple.

Phor. With the Pythia, say'st thou?
 Then there is mischief toward.

Lyc. Yet now alone
 We may surprize her, for I saw the maid
 Quick from the fane return with hasty steps,
 As if dispatch'd on some important message,
 Perhaps to find thee out. Sure thou should'st see

Phor. And perish, ha!—No, no, my sacred country,
 Too much already have I been deceiv'd;
 I will not leave thee in a woman's power.
 —Yet hold, Lycea may inform her of them
 And my designs prove yet abortive. Maid,
 Thy presence may be needful.

Lyc. Mine! Good heaven,
 In what? Creusa will require my aid;
 At least my tears are due to my poor Queen
 In her last moments.

Phor. Stay, she wants them not;
 I know the poison's force too well, Lycea,
 To fear a death so sudden. This way, maid;
 Nay, thou must go; I shall have business for thee,
 Some secret message to the Queen, Lycea,
 Which thou alone can'st bear. [Exit.

Enter Pythia and Nicander,

Pyth. 'Twas he, I saw him and Lycea with him.
 Sure he should be inform'd!—Thou hear'st me not.

Nic. This action of the Queen fits near my heart.

Pyth. She bade me tell thee.—But why waste we time,
 Thou now may'st enter at the postern gate
 Unseen by all.

Nic. Why did'st thou not rush in, and stop the feast?
 Thy speedy presence there had sav'd us all.

Pyth. What could I do? The Queen was there already.

And

And all seem'd peace and joy ; could I suspect
That poison lurk'd beneath so fair a seeming ?

Nic. She breaks thro' my designs.—Unhappy woman !
My soul bleeds for her, and confusion hangs
On every rising thought.—The dear, dear boy !—
Where is he, at the banquet still ?

Pyth. He is.

Nic. And where Creusa ?

Pyth. I already told thee,
But thou regard'st it not, in the temple's gloom
Retir'd she's expecting thy approach.
We there may settle all.

Nic. I fear her much.

'Thou seest her passions are too near concern'd
'To be of use to us ; thy cooler sense
'Must here direct us.' Does the poison's power
Act on her yet ?

Pyth. Not yet ; I would have tried
Some powerful antidote to quell its force ;
But she refuses life, and only begs
To see her son and thee.

Nic. I will attend

Upon the instant. But first hear me, Pythia ;
Thou seest on what a precipice we stand,
It were in vain to hope we could conceal
The truth from Xuthus, from the rest we may ;
'Tis thy task therefore—

Pyth. What ? To own the fraud,
And publish to the King that Delphi's shrine
Is not oracular ? Ha !

Nic. To the King

'Twere better sure to publish the deceit
Than to the world ; and where's the means but this
To hide it ? By Creusa's art thou say'st
He is already bound in solemn oaths
To leave Ilyssus heir to Athens' throne.
Can'st thou not add still stronger oaths, or ere
Thou dost reveal the secret of our fate ?
Then who shall dare to break them ? Shall the King
Thou know'st his scrup'ulous piety extends
Almost to weakness. What should tempt him to it ?
Creusa dead can frame no schemes against him ;

The boy to him alone must owe his greatness;
And for Nicander, never more shall Greece
Hear his forgotten name.

Pyth. It must be so;
And yet——

Nic. What yet? To Phorbas thou with ease
May'st own the truth? He will not start at fraud
In sacred things.—But see, the Queen approaches
Impatient of our stay. She changes not!
The bloom of health is still upon her cheek;
Fain would I hope——But hopes, alas!——
What hast thou done, Creusa?

Cre. [*Entering.*] Sav'd Ilyssus!

Nic. Thou might'st have liv'd with honour.

Cre. Liv'd! good heaven!

I start, I tremble at the thoughts of life.
Can'st thou reflect on what I had design'd,
On what I am, and what, alas! I have been,
And not perceive death was my only refuge?
—Am I not Xuthus' wife and what art thou?
O had'st thou seen the torments of my soul,
When in one hasty moment it ran o'er
The business of an age, weigh'd all events,
Saw Xuthus, thee, Ilyssus, Athens bleed
In one promiscuous carnage!—Light at length
Burst thro' the gloom, and heaven's own voice proclaim'd
One victim might suffice.—

For Xuthus honour strove, and mightier love
Assum'd Nicander's cause. Who then could fall?
Could Xuthus? Could Nicander?—No; Creusa.

Nic. Would thou hadst been less kind!—But, O my
To blame thee now were vain.—— [*Queen,*

Cre. To blame! 'Tis praise,
'Tis triumph I demand. He lives! he reigns!
Young Ion lives! young Ion reigns in Athens!
O bring him, Pythia, bring him to my arms;
Let me but pour a last sad blessing o'er him,
And death has lost its terrors.
How now, Lycea?

Enter Lycea hastily.

Lyc. Mighty Queen, I know not
If thy command would authorize th' attempt,

But Phorbas, with an arm'd Athenian band,
Now enters the pavilion, to destroy
The King and young Ilyffus.

Nic. Forth and heaven!

What say'st thou, maid?

Cre. O let us fly to save him,
Here shall their poignards——

Nic. Rest thou there, Creusa.

Thy'studies to-day have prov'd too fatal.
My life is this I save him from the stroke,
And on thy part send him to thy arms.
Now, fare, be doubly mine!

[Exit.

Cre. Off, let me go, I will not be restrain'd.
They tear him piecemeal!

Pyth. Patience, mighty Queen!
What may I can do Nicander will perform.

Cre. He is a father only to my child,
He cannot tell them what a mother feels.
—Phorbas was born the curse of me and mine.
I might have known to what his impious rage
Would urge him on, and should have first inform'd him,
—Gods! must I never know sweet peace again?
Not even in death have rest!

Pyth. Behold who comes
To bless thee ere thou diest, and cease to murmur
At heaven's high will.

Enter Ilyffus.

Cre. It is, it is Ilyffus—
My son, my son!

Ilyf. Good heavens! and do I live
To see a parent melt in fondness o'er me!
—Aletes sav'd me from the soldiers' arms,
And bade me fly to find a mother here.
Art thou indeed that mother, mighty Queen!
And may I call thee so? Thou art, thy looks
Thy tears, thy kind embrace, all, all proclaim
The truth—O let me thus, thus on my knees—

Cre. Rise, rise, my child; I am, I am thy mother.

Ilyf. O sacred sound, Ilyffus is no more
That outcast youth. A mother and a Queen
He finds at once.

Cre.

Cre. But art thou safe, my child?
Hast thou no wound?

Ily. The old grey-headed man,
Who brought this morn the news of thy arrival,
Had rais'd against my breast his eager sword,
Defenceless I; when good Aletes came
And snatch'd me from the stroke. I would have staid,
Unarm'd with him have staid, but his command
Was absolute, that I should fly to find,
What I have found, a mother!
Yet, Oh, Queen!

Why am I thus encompass'd round with danger?
May I not know this riddle of my fate?
Why first condemn'd to pass my infant days
In this obscure retreat? If I am thine,
Thy son, illustrious Queen, sure I was born
To thrones and empires?

Cre. Thou art born to thrones,
And shalt in Athens reign.

Ily. As Xuthus' heir
Is Xuthus then my sire? Forgive me, Queen,
I have a thousand, and a thousand doubts.
Can Xuthus be my sire?

Pyth. Forbear, Ilyssus,
Nor press thy fate too far. When time permits,
Thou shalt know all.

Cre. Shalt know it now, Ilyssus.
Not Xuthus is thy sire, but that brave man,
Who but this instant snatch'd thee from thy fate,
And by that act proclaim'd himself a father.

Ily. Aletes?

Cre. Not Aletes, but Nicander,
My wedded Lord, thy sire!—And see, he comes
To bless thee, and confirm the sacred truth.
—Good Heaven, he bleeds!

Enter Nicander.

Nic. To death, to death, Creusa.
Amid the fray I met the fate I sought for.
All else is safe, and Xuthus now pursues
A scatter'd few, who fall beneath his sword.
—Where is my boy?—Ye guards of innocence!
How has he been beset, and how escap'd!

—Where?

—Where is my boy ? for I may own him now,
And clasp him to my breast ; no more Aletes,
The sage instructor of a youth unknown,
But the dear father weeping o'er his child.

Ilyf. Oh, Sir, what gratitude before inspir'd—
Let duty pay.

Nic. I have no time to waste
In fondness now. Hear my last words, Ilyffus,
And bind them to thy heart. Thou still must live
The son of Creusa. The good Pythia here
Will tell thee all the story of thy fate ;
And may'st thou prosper as thou dost obey
Her sacred counsel. Xuthus too must know
The fatal tale ; but to the world beside
It must be hid in darkness.

Phor. Phorbas sure
Should be inform'd.

Nic. Phorbas has breath'd his last ;
And the brib'd slave who mix'd the poisonous draught
Fell by this hand.—Ilyffus, Oh, farewell.
I will not bid adieu to thee, Creusa,
Thy colour changes, and the lamp of life
Fades in thy eye ; we soon shall meet again.
Ilyffus, Oh!—

Ilyf. How hard he grasps my hand !
My Lord, my father ! Have I learn'd so late,
To call thee by that name, and must I lose,
For ever lose ?—Good heaven, she grasps me too !
What means it, Pythia ? the cold damps of death
Are on her.

Cre. Oh, my child, enquire no farther ;
'Tis fitting we should part. Lycea, Pythia,
Intreat of Xuthus—yet I need not fear
His goodness, though I wrong'd him, foully wrong'd him,
He yet will prove a father to my child,
And from the world conceal the fatal truth.
Oh, I am cold—what bolts of ice shoot through me !
How my limbs shiver !—Nearer yet, my child,
My sight grows dim, and I could wish to gaze
For ever on thee.—Oh, it will not be—
Ev'n thou art lost, Ilyffus.—Oh—Farewel.

[*Exit.*
Ilyf.

Ilyf. She dies, she dies. Was I then only mock'd
With a vain dream of bliss, to be plung'd back
In deeper misery? Did I but hear
The tender name of child breath'd fondly o'er me,
To make me feel what 'tis to lose that name?
Oh, I am ten times more an orphan now,
Than when I knew no parents.

Enter Xuthus, &c.

Xuth. Where is this murd'refs, who with-
Seem'd to consent to ours and Heaven's
Only to make us a more easy prey
To her assassins?—Ha, Creusa dead!
And the brave stranger who preserv'd—
Is he too dead?—The boy—

Pyth. Ilyffus lives.

And thou hast sworn, great King, that he shall
Supreme in Athens. Say, dost thou confirm
That oath?

Xuth. I do, by Heaven!

Pyth. Ask here no more.

The fatal tale is for thy private ear.
Retire, and learn it all. For poor Creusa,
She wrong'd not thee, upon herself alone
She drew Heaven's vengeance. And too surely proves
That murder but intentional, not wrought
To horrid act, before th' eternal throne
Stands forth the first of crimes. Who dare assume,
Unwarranted, Heaven's high prerogative
O'er life and death, with double force shall find
Turn'd on themselves the mischiefs they design'd.

END of the FIFTH ACT.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken in the Character of PYTHIA.

At length I'm freed from tragical parade,
 No more a Pythian priestess,—though a maid;
 No longer, sighing, with my sacred dwelling,
 My wreath'd wand, my arts of fortune-telling,
 At superstitious folks, no doubt, are here,
 Who still regale us with a kind of fear,
 Left to their fancies thoughts these prying eyes
 Should boldly pass, and take them by surprise.
 Nay, though I disavow the whole deceit,
 And fairly own my science all a cheat,
 I should declare, in spite of ears and eyes,
 The beaux were handsome, or the critics wise,
 They'd all believe it, and with dear delight,
 Say to themselves at least,
 "The girl has taste;" "the woman's in the right."
 Should I tell the ladies, so dispos'd,
 I'd get good matches, ere the season clos'd,
 They'd smile, perhaps, with seeming discontent,
 And, sneering, wonder what the creature meant;
 But whisper to their friends, with beating heart,
 "Suppose there should be something in her art."
 Grave statesmen too would chuckle, should I say,
 In such a motion, and by such a day,
 They would be summon'd from their own affairs
 To tend the nation's more important cares;
 Well, if I must—howe'er I dread the load,
 I'll undergo it—for my country's good."
 All men are bubbles, in a skilful hand,
 The ruling passion is the conjurer's wand.
 Whether we praise, foretell, persuade, advise,
 'Tis that alone confirms us fools or wise.
 The devil without may spread the tempting sin,
 But the sure conqueror is—the devil within.



Another EPILOGUE.

STAY, ladies—Though I am almost tir'd to death
 With this long part—and am so out of breath—
 Yet such a lucky thought kind Heaven has sent,
 That if I die for't, I must give it vent.
 The men, you know, are gone. And now, suppose,
 Before our lords and masters are reclos'd,
 We take th' advantage of an empty town,
 And chuse a house of commons of our own.
 What think ye, cannot we make laws?—and
 Cannot we too unmake them, like the men?
 Ob, place us once in good St. Stephen's pews;
 We'll shew them women have their power. &
 Imprimis, they shall marry; not a man
 Past twenty-five, but what shall wear the chain.
 Next, we'll in earnest set about reclaiming;
 For, by my life and soul, we'll put down gaming.
 We'll spoil their deep destructive midnight play;
 The laws we make we'll force them to obey;
 Unless we let them, when their spirits flag,
 Piddle with us, ye know, at Quinze and Brag.
 "I hope, my dearest," says some well-bred spo.
 "When such a bill shall come before your house
 That you'll consider men are men—at least
 That you'll not speak my dear."—Not speak!—
 What, would you wound my honour?—Wrong!
 For this, Sir, I shall bring you on your knees.
 —Or, if we're quite good natur'd, tell the man
 We'll do him all the service that we can.
 Then for ourselves, what projects, what designs.
 We'll tax, and double tax their nasty wines;
 But duty-free import our blonds and laces,
 French hoops, French silks, French embricks, and—French
 faces.
 In short, my scheme is not completed quite,
 But I may tell ye more another night.
 So come again, come all, and let us raise
 Such glorious trophies to our country's praise,
 That all true Britons shall with one consent
 Cry out, "Long live the female parliament."





J. Roberts del.

Published for E. & B. King & Co. 1778.

MR. SMITH in the Character of PUBLIUS

BELL'S EDITION.

THE
ROMAN FATHER.

A TRAGEDY.

Altered from Mr. W. WHITEHEAD.


DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

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

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

Uicunque ferent ea facta Minores,
* socii Amor Patriæ, Laudumque immensa Cupido!

VIRG.



LONDON

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

MDCCLXXVIII.

TO THE HONOURABLE

THOMAS VILLIERS,

One of the LORDS COMMISSIONERS for executing the Office of Lord High Admiral of Great Britain,

THE FOLLOWING TRAGEDY
IS INSCRIBED,

BY

His most obliged,

And most obedient

Humble servant,

W. WHITEHEAD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I Think it necessary to acquaint the public, that I should never have thought of writing a play on the following subject, if I had not first read the justly celebrated Horace of Mr. Corneille, and admired his management of some parts of the story. They will find me tracing him very closely (with some few alterations) in the latter end of the third act, and in the beginning of the fourth. I am hardly conscious to myself of having copied from him; though I have translated the whole scene, and would have admitted of

P R O L O G U E.

BRITONS, to-night, in native pomp we come,
 True heroes all, from virtuous ancient Rome;
 In those far distant times, when Romans knew
 The sweets of guarded liberty, like you;
 And, safe from ills which force or faction brings,
 Saw freedom reign beneath the smile of kings.
 Yet from such times, and such plain chiefs as these,
 What can we frame a polish'd age to please?
 Say, can you listen to the artless woes
 Of an old tale, which every school-boy knows?
 Where to your hearts alone the scenes apply;
 No merit theirs, but pure simplicity.

Our bard has play'd a most adventurous part,
 And turn'd upon himself the critic's art:
 Stripp'd each luxuriant plume from Fancy's wings,
 And torn up smiles from vulgar things:

—each sentimental stroke,

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of

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He wants

Be just, a

Willing to learn, and would

n write—beware!
 forbear.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>Tullus Hostilius</i> , King of Rome,	Mr. Clarke.
<i>Horatius</i> , a Roman Senator,	Mr. Sheridan.
<i>Publius Horatius</i> , his son,	Mr. Lewis.
<i>Valerius</i> , a young Patrician,	Mr. Wroughton.

W O M E N.

<i>Horatia</i> , daughter to <i>Horatius</i> ,	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Valeria</i> , sister to <i>Valerius</i> ,	Mrs. Hussey.

Citizens, Guards, and Attendants.

S C E N E, R O M E.

THE
ROMAN FATHER.

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

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Room in Horatius's House.*

A Soldier crosses the stage, Horatia following.

HORATIA.

STAY, soldier.
Something I
But all imperfect
Was on the brink
This day to crush
Or perish in th'
Soldier. 'Twas
This morning
Our heroes a
And half-un-

Their virtues with the just success they merit—
Yet let me ask you, Sir——

Sold. My duty, lady,
Commands me hence. Ere this they have engag'd;
And conquest's self would lose its charms to me,
Should I not share the danger. [*As the Soldier goes on.*]

Enter Valeria, who looks first on the Soldier, and then on Horatia.

Valeria. My dear Horatia, wherefore wilt thou court
The means to be unhappy? Still enquiring,
Still more to be undone. I heard it too;
And flew to find thee, ere the fatal news
Had hurt thy quiet, that thou might'st have learnt it
From a friend's tongue, and dress'd in gentler terms.

Horatia. Oh, I am lost, Valeria! lost to virtue.
Ev'n while my country's fate, the fate of Rome,
Hangs on the conqueror's sword, this breast can feel
A softer passion, and divide its cares.
Alba to me is Rome. Wouldst thou believe it?
I would have sent, by him thou saw'st departing,
Kind wishes to my brothers; but my tongue
Denied its office, and this rebel heart
Ev'n dreaded their success. Oh, Curiatius!
Why art thou there, or why an enemy!

Valeria. Forbear this self-reproach; he is thy
And who can blame thy fears? If fortune make
A while thy country's foe, she cannot cancel
Vows register'd above. What tho' the priest
Had not confirm'd it at the sacred altar;
Yet were your hearts united, and that union
Approv'd by each consenting parent's choice.
Your brothers lov'd him as a friend, a brother;
And all the ties of kindred pleaded for him,
And still must plead, whatever our heroes teach us
Of patriot-strength. Our country may demand
We should be wretched, and we must obey;
But never can require us not to feel
That we are miserable: nature there
Will give the lie to virtue.

Horatia. True; yet sure
A Roman virgin should be more than woman.
Are we not early taught to mock at pain,

And look on danger with undaunted eyes?
 But what are dangers, what the ghastliest form
 Of death itself?—Oh, were I only bid
 To rush into the Tiber's foaming wave,
 Swoll'n with uncommon floods, or from the height
 Of yon Tarpeian rock, whose giddy sleep
 Had turn'd me pale with horror at the sight,
 I'd think the task were nothing! but to bear
 These strange vicissitudes of tort'ring pain,
 To fear, to doubt, and to despair as I do——

Valeria. And why despair? Have we so idly learn'd
 The noblest lessons of our infant days,
 Our trust above? Does there not still remain
 The wretch's last retreat, the gods, Horatia?
 'Tis from their awful wills our evils spring,
 And at their altars may we find relief.
 Say, shall we thither?—Look not thus dejected,
 But answer me. A confidence in them,
 Ev'n in this crisis of our fate, will calm
 Thy troubled soul, and fill thy breast with hope. [plain,
Horatia. Talk not of hope; 'the wretch on yonder
 Who hears the victor's threats, and sees his sword
 Impending o'er him, feels no surer fate,
 Tho' less d— than mine.' What should I hope?
 That Alba c— be every thought
 Which look— captive matron

cannot fall.
 it;
 Has the o— danger;
 And has not—
 That she should rise (— world?

Horatia dies.
 vain images of horror,
 it then
 should triumph,
 he shall;
 shields around him,
 a's cause.
 any of him?—No, Vale-
 too great to give me such a trial;
 ris,
 Or

Or could it ever come, I think, myself,
 Thus lost in love, thus abject as I am,
 I should despise the slave who dar'd survive
 His country's ruin. Ye immortal powers!
 I love his fame too well, his spotless honour,
 At least I hope I do, to wish him mine
 On any terms which he must blush to own.

Horatius. [Without.] What ho! Vindicus. [*Valeria*]

Horatia. What means that shout?—' Might we not ask,
 Didst thou not wish me to the temple?—Come,
 I will attend thee thither; the kind gods
 Perhaps may ease this throbbing heart, and spread
 At least a temporary calm within.

Valeria. Alas, *Horatia*, 'tis not to the temple
 That thou would'st fly; the shout alone alarms thee.
 But do not thus anticipate thy fate;
 Why should'st thou learn each chance of varying war,
 * Which takes a thousand turns, and shifts the scene
 * From bad to good, as fortune smiles or frowns?
 Stay but an hour perhaps, and thou shalt know
 The whole at once.—I'll send—I'll fly myself
 To ease thy doubts, and bring thee news of joy.

Horatia. Again, and nearer too—I must attend thee.

Valeria. Hark! 'tis thy father's voice, he comes to cheer thee.

Enter Horatius, and Valerius.

Horatius. [entering.] News from the camp, my child!
 Save you, sweet maid! [*Sees Valeria.*]
 Your brother brings the tidings, for, alas!
 I am no warrior now; my useless age,
 Far from the paths of honour lingers here
 In sluggish inactivity at home.
 Yet I remember—

Horatia. You'll forgive us, Sir,
 If with impatience we expect the tidings.

Horatius. I had forgot; the thoughts of what I was
 Engross'd my whole attention.—Pray, young Valerius,
 Relate it for me; you beheld the scene,
 And can report it justly.

Valerius. Gentle lady,
 The scene was piteous, though its end be peace.

Horatia

THE ROMAN FATHER.

13

Horatia. Peace? O my flutt'ring heart! by what kind means?

Valerius. 'Twere tedious, Lady, and unnecessary
To paint the disposition of the field;
Suffice it, we were arm'd, and front to front
The adverse legions heard the trumpet's sound:
But vain was the alarm, for motionless,
And wrapt in thought they stood; the kindred ranks
Had caught each other's eyes, nor dar'd to lift
The fault'ring spear against the breast they lov'd.
Again th' alarm was given, and now they seem'd
Preparing to engage, when once again
They hung their drooping heads, and inward mourn'd;
Then nearer drew, and at the third alarm,
Casting their swords and useless shields aside,
Rush'd to each other's arms.

Horatius. 'Twas so, just so,
(Tho' I was then a child, yet I have heard
My mother weeping oft relate the story)
Soft pity touch'd the breasts of mighty chiefs,
Romans and Sabines, when the matrons rush'd
Between their meeting armies, and oppos'd
Their helpless infants, and their heaving breasts
To their advancing swords, and bade them there
Sheath all their vengeance — But I interrupt you —
Proceed, — (I hear y^e) event.
— And y^e go on.
Beheld: ing mound
His frien- advanc'd,
Ev'n to friends,
If thus
Shall ste

of kindred?
imposs
principles
est mind? [scends
ntry's father! this tran-
whose low ambition
re waste,
— how was it receiv'd?

Valerius. As he himself could wish, with eager transf.
In short, the Roman and the Alban chiefs [port.
In council have determin'd, that since glory
Must have her victims, and each rival state,
Aspiring to dominion, scorns to yield,
From either army shall be chose three champions
To fight the cause alone, and whate'er state
Shall prove superior, there acknowledg'd power
Shall fix th' imperial seat, and both unite
Beneath one common head.

Horatia. Kind Heaven, I thank thee!
Bless'd be the friendly grief that touch'd their souls!
• Bless'd be Hostilius for the generous counsel!
• Bless'd be the meeting chiefs! and bless'd the tongue
Which brings the gentle tidings!

Valeria. Now, Horatia,
Your idle fears are o'er.

Horatia. Yet one remains.
Who are the champions? Are they yet elected?
Has Rome——

Valerius. The Roman chiefs now meet in council,
And ask the presence of the sage Horatius.

Horat. [After having seemed some time in thought.] But
still, methinks, I like not this, to trust
The Roman cause to such a slender hazard—
Three combatants!—'tis dangerous—

Horatia. [In a fright.] My father!

Horatius. I might, perhaps, prevent

Horatia. Do not, Sir,
Oppose the kind decree.

Valerius. Rest satisfied,
Sweet Lady, 'tis so solemnly agreed to,
Not even Horatius's advice can shake it.

Horatius. And yet 'twere well to calm these civil broils:
The neighb'ring states might take advantage of them.
—Would I were young again! How glorious
Were death in such a cause!—And yet, who knows,
Some of my boys may be selected for it—
Perhaps may conquer—Grant me that, kind gods,
And close my eyes in transport!—Come, Valerius,
I'll but dispatch some necessary orders,
And strait attend thee.—Daughter, if thou lov'st

Thy brothers, let thy prayers be pour'd to Heav'n,
That one at least may share the glorious task! [*Exit.*]

Valerius. Rome cannot trust her cause to worthier hands.

They bade me greet you, Lady. [*To Horatia.*]

Well, Valeria,

' This is your home, I find; your lovely friend,
' And you, I doubt not, have indulg'd strange fears,
' And run o'er all the horrid scenes of war.

' *Valeria.* Tho' we are women, brother, we are Ro-
' Not to be fear'd with shadows, tho' not proof [*mans,*
' Gaist all alarms, when real danger threatens.'

Horatia. [*With some hesitation.*] My brothers, gentle
Sir, you said were well.

Saw you their noble friends, the Curiatii?

The truce, perhaps, permitted it.

Valerius. Yes, Lady,

I left them jocund in your brothers' tent,
Like friends, whom envious storms awhile had parted,
Joying to meet again.

Horatia. Sent they no message?

Valerius. None, fair-one, but such general salutation
As friends would bring unbid.

Horatia. Said Caius nothing?

Valerius. Caius?

Horatia. Ay, Caius; did he mention me?

Valerius. 'Twas slightly, if he did, and 'scapes me now—
O yes, I do remember, when your brother

Ask'd him, in jest, if he had ought to send,
' A sigh's soft wastage, or the tender token

' Of tresses breeding to fantastic forms,'
To sooth a love-sick maid (your pardon, Lady)

Hesmil'd, and cry'd, 'Glory's the soldier's mistress.

Horatia. Sir, would you tell me—something of impor-

—Oh, Valeria!

[*Aside to Valeria.*]

The fatal truth

is to die,

me.

'd!

[*Exit.*]

Can you administer the baneful potion,
And wonder at th' effect?

Valerius. You talk in riddles!

Valeria. They're riddles, brother, which your heart
Tho' you affect surprize. Was Curiatius [unfolds,
Indeed so cold? Poor shallow artifice,
The trick of hopeleſs love! I ſaw it plainly.

Yet what could you propoſe? An hour's uneaſineſs
To poor Horatia; for he ſure by that time
She ſees him, and your deep-wrought ſchemes are air.

Valerius. What cou'd I do? this peace has ruin'd me;
While war continued, I had gleams of hope;
Some lucky chance might rid me of my rival,
And time efface his image in her breaſt.

But me—

Valeria. Yes, now you muſt reſolve to follow
Th' advice I gave you firſt, and root this paſſion
Entirely from your heart; for know, ſhe doats,
Ev'n to diſtraction doats on Curiatius;
And every fear ſhe felt, while danger threaten'd,
Will now endear him more.

Valerius. Cruel Valeria,
You triumph in my pain!

Valeria. By Heaven, I do not;
I only would extirpate every thought
Which gives you pain, nor leave one for my ſiſter
For hope to dally with. When friends are ſo,
'Tis moſt unkind to humour their diſtraction,
' Harſh means are neceſſary.

Valerius. Yet we firſt
Should try the gentler.

Valeria. Did I not? Ye powers!
' Did I not ſooth your griefs, indulge your ſondneſs,
' While the leaſt proſpect of ſucceſs remain'd?
' Did I not preſs you ſtill to urge your ſuit,
' Intreat you daily to declare your paſſion,
' Seek out unnumber'd opportunities,
' And lay the follies of my ſex before you?

Valerius. Alas! thou know'ſt, Valeria, women
' Was never won by tales of bleſſing love;
' 'Tis by degrees the ſly enchanter works
' Aſſuming friendſhip's name, and fits the ſoul

For soft impressions, ere the fault'ring tongue,
And guilty-blushing cheek, with many a glance
Shot inadvertent, tells the secret flame.

Valeria. True, these are arts for those that love at
You had no time for tedious stratagem; [leisure;
A dang'rous rival press'd, and has succeeded.

Valerius. I own my error—yet once more assist me—
Nay, turn not from me, by my soul I meant not
To interrupt their loves.—Yet should some accident,
'Tis not impossible, divide their hearts,
I might perhaps have hope: therefore 'till marriage
Cuts off all commerce, and confirms me wretched,
Be it thy task, my sister, with fond stories,
Such as our ties of blood may countenance,
To paint thy brother's worth, his power in arms,
His favour with the King, 'but most of all,
'That certain tenderness of soul which steals
'All women's hearts,' then mention many a fair,
No matter whom, that sighs to call you sister.

Valeria. Well, well, away—Yet tell me, ere you go,
How did this lover talk of his Horatia? [jeet?

Valerius. Why will you mention that ungrateful sub-
Think what you've heard me breath a thousand times
When my whole soul dissolv'd in tenderness;
'Twas rapture all; what lovers only feel,
Or can express when felt. He had been here,
But sudden orders from the camp detain'd him.
Farewel, Horatius waits me—but remember,
My life, nay more than life, depends on you. [Exit.

Valeria. Poor youth! he knows not how I feel his an-
Yet dare not seem to pity what I feel. [guish,
How shall I act betwixt this friend and brother?
Should she suspect his passion, she may doubt
My friendship too; and yet to tell it her

No, let my heart
Still proceed;
Still direct;
Heav'n the rest!

[Exit.

FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE *continues.**Enter Horatia and Valeria.*

HORATIA.

ALAS, 'how easily do we admit
 'The thing we wish were true! yet sure,' Valeria,
 This seeming negligence of Curiatius
 Betrays a secret coldness at the heart.
 May not long absence, or the charms of war,
 Have damp'd, at least, if not effac'd his passion?
 I know not what to think.

Valeria. Think, my Horatia,
 That you're a lover, and have learn'd the art
 To raise vain scruples, and torment yourself
 With every distant hint of fancied ill.
 Your Curiatius still remains the same.
 My brother idly trifled with your passion,
 Or might perhaps unheedingly relate
 What you too nearly feel. But see, your father.

Horatia. He seems transported; sure some happy news
 Has brought him back thus early. Oh, my heart!
 I long, yet dread to ask him. Speak, Valeria.

Enter Horatius.

Valeria. You're soon return'd, my Lord.

Horatius. Return'd, Valeria!

My life, my youth's return'd, I tread in air!
 —I cannot speak; my joy's too great for utterance.
 —Oh, I cou'd weep!—my sons, my sons are chosen
 Their country's combatants; not one, but all!

Horatia. My brothers, said you, Sir?

Horatius. All three, my child,
 All three are champions in the cause of Rome.
 Oh, happy state of fathers! thus to feel
 New warmth revive, and springing life renew'd
 Even on the margin of the grave!

Valeria. The time
 Of combat, is it fix'd?

Horatius. This day, this hour
Perhaps decides our doom.

Valeria. And is it known
With whom they must engage?

Horatius. Not yet, Valeria;
But with impatience we expect each moment
The resolutions of the Alban senate.
And soon may they arrive, that ere we quit
Yon hostile field, the chiefs who dar'd oppose
Rome's rising glories, may with shame confess
The gods protect the empire they have rais'd.
Where are thy smiles, Horatia? Whence proceeds
This sullen silence, when my thronging joys
Want words to speak them? Pr'ythee, talk of empire,
Talk of those darlings of my soul, thy brothers,
Call them what'er wild fancy can suggest,
Their country's pride, the boast of future times,
The dear defence, the guardian gods of Rome!—
By Heaven, thou stand'st unmov'd, nor feels thy breast
The charms of glory, the extatic warmth
Which beams new life, and lifts us nearer heaven!

Horatia. My gracious father, with surprize and trans-
I heard the tidings, as becomes your daughter. [port
And like your daughter, were our sex allow'd
The noble privilege which man usurps,
Could die with pleasure in my country's cause.
But yet permit a sister's weakness, Sir,
To feel the pangs of nature, and to dread
The fate of those she loves, however glorious.
And sure they cannot all survive a conflict
So desperate as this.

Horatius. Survive! By Heaven,
I could not hope that they should all survive.
Now let them fall. If from their glorious deaths
I'll be nobly paid
arent feels.
th a cause
at my feet,
!

Horatius.

[Offering to kneel.

Kneel

Kneel not to me—stand off; and let me view
 At distance, and with reverential awe,
 The champion of my country!—Oh, my boy!
 That I should live to this—my soul's too full;
 Let this and this speak for me.—Bless thee, bless thee!

[*Embracing him.*]

But wherefore art thou absent from the camp?
 Where are thy brothers? Has the Alban state
 Determin'd? Is the time of combat fix'd?

Pub. Think not, my Lord, that filial reverence
 However due, had drawn me from the field,
 Where nobler duty calls; a patriot's soul
 Can feel no humbler ties, nor knows the voice
 Of kindred, when his country claims his aid.
 It was the King's command I should attend you,
 Else had I staid 'till wreaths immortal grac'd
 My brows, and made thee proud indeed to see
 Beneath thy roof, and bending for thy blessing,
 Not thine, Horatius, but the son of Rome!

Horatius. Oh, virtuous pride!—'tis bliss too exquisite
 For human sense!—thus, let me answer thee.

[*Embracing him again.*]

Where are my other boys?

Pub. They only wait
 'Till Alba's loit'ring chiefs declare her champions,
 Our future victims, Sir, and with the news
 Will greet their father's ear.

Horatius. It shall not need,
 Myself will to the field. Come, let us haste,
 My old blood boils, and my tumultuous spirits
 Pant for the onset. O, for one short hour
 Of vigorous youth, that I might share the toil
 Now with my boys, and be the next my last!

Horatia. My brother!

Pub. My Horatia! ere the dew
 Of evening fall thou shalt with transport see me;
 Shalt hold thy country's saviour in thy arms,
 Or bathe his honest bier with tears of joy.
 Thy lover greets thee, and complains of absence
 With many a sigh, and many a longing look
 Sent tow'rd the towers of Rome.

Horatia. Methinks, a lover
 Might take th' advantage of the truce, and bear

THE ROMAN FATHER.

11

His kind complaints himself, nor trust his vows
To other tongues, or be oblig'd to tell
The passing winds his passion.

Pub. Dearest sister,
He with impatience waits the lucky moment
That may with honour bear him to your arms.
Didst thou but hear how tenderly he talks,
How blames the dull delay of Alban councils,
And chides the ling'ring minutes as they pass,
'Till fate determines, and the tedious chiefs
Permit his absence, thou would'st pity him.
But soon, my sister, soon shall every bar
Which thwarts thy happiness be far away.
We are no longer enemies to Alba,
This day unites us, and to-morrow's sun
May hear thy vows, and make my friend my brother.

Horatius. [*Having talked apart with Valeria.*] 'Tis
truly Roman.—Here's a maid, Horatia,
Laments her brother lost the glorious proof
Of dying for his country.—Come, my son,
Her softness will infect thee; pr'ythee, leave her.

Horatia. [*Looking first on her father, and then tenderly on
her brother.*] Not 'till my soul has pour'd its
wishes for him.

Hear me, dread god of war, protect and save him!

[*Kneeling.*]

For thee, and thy immortal Rome, he fights!
Dash the proud spear from every hostile hand
That dares oppose him; may each Alban chief
Fly from his presence, or his vengeance feel!

And when in triumph he returns to Rome, [*Rising.*]
Hail him, ye maids, with grateful songs of praise,
And scatter all the blooming spring before him;
Curs'd be the envious brow that smiles not then,

the wretch that wears one mark of sorrow,
me to greet him.

Valerius, and Guards.
Lord, approaches.

mision?

messenger,

I would

I would have spar'd myself th' ungrateful task
Of this day's embassy, for much I fear
My news will want a welcome.

Horatius. Mighty King!

Forgive an old man's warmth — They have not sure
Made choice of other combatants! — My sons,
Must they not fight for Rome?

Tullus. Too sure they must.

Horatius. Then I am blest!

Tullus. But that they must engage
Will hurt thee most, when thou shalt know with whom.

Horatius. I care not whom.

Tullus. Suppose your nearest friends
The Curiatii were the Alban choice,
Could you bear that? Could you, young man, support
A conflict there?

Pub. I could perform my duty,
Great Sir, though even a brother should oppose me.

Tullus. Thou art a Roman! Let thy king embrace thee.

Horatius. And let thy father catch thee from his arms.

Tullus. [To Publius.] Know then that trial must be
thine. The Albans

With envy saw one family produce
Three chiefs, to whom their country dared entrust
The Roman cause, and scorn'd to be outdone.

Horatia. Then I am lost indeed; was it for this,
For this, I pray'd! [Swoons.]

Pub. My sister!

Valeria. My Horatia! Oh, support her!

Horatius. Oh, foolish girl, to shame thy father thus!
Here, bear her in.

Horatia is carried in, Valerius and Valeria follow.
I am concern'd, my sovereign,
That even the meanest part of me should blast
With impious grief a cause of so much glory.
But let the virtue of my boy excuse it.

Tullus. It does most amply. She has cause for sorrow.
The shock was sudden, and might well alarm
A firmer bosom. The weak sex demand
Our pity, not our anger; their soft breasts
Are nearer touch'd, and more expos'd to sorrows
Than man's experient sense. Nor let us blame

That

‘ That tenderness which smooths our rougher natures,
 ‘ And softens all the joys of social life.’

We leave her to her tears. For you, young soldier,
 You must prepare for combat. Some few hours
 Are all that are allow’d you. But I charge you
 * Try well your heart, and strengthen every thought
 Of patriot in you. Think how dreadful ’tis
 To plant a dagger in the breast you love ;
 To spurn the ties of nature, and forget
 In one short hour whole years of virtuous friendship,
 Think well on that.

Pub. I do, my gracious sovereign ;
 And think the more I dare subdue affection,
 The more my glory.

Tullus. True ; but yet consider,
 Is it an easy task to change affections ?
 In the dread onset can your meeting eyes
 Forget their usual intercourse, and wear
 At once the frown of war, and stern defiance ?
 Will not each look recall the fond remembrance
 Of childhood past, when the whole open soul
 Breath’d cordial love, and plighted many a vow
 Of tend’rest import ? Think on that, young soldier,
 And tell me if thy breast be still unmov’d ?

Pub. Think not, Oh, King, howe’er resolv’d on com-
 I sit so loosely to the bonds of nature, [bat,
 As not to feel their force. I feel it strongly.
 I love the *Curiatii*, and would serve them
 At life’s expence : but here a nobler cause
 Demands my sword : for all connections else,
 All private duties are subordinate
 To what we owe the public. Partial ties
 Of son and father, husband, friend or brother,
 Owe their enjoyments to the public safety,
 And without that were vain.—Nor need we, Sir,
 Cast off humanity, and to be heroes
 Cease to be men. As in our earliest days,
 While yet we learn’d the exercise of war,
 We strove together, not as enemies,
 Yet conscious each of his peculiar worth,
 And scorning each to yield ; so will we now

Engage

Engage with ardent, not with hostile minds,
Not fir'd with rage, but emulous of fame.

Tullus. Now I dare trust thee; go and reach thy bro-
To think like thee, and conquest is your own. [then
This is true courage, not the brutal force
Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve
Of virtue and of reason. He who thinks
Without their aid to shine in deeds of arms,
Builds on a sandy basis his renown;
A dream, a vapour, or an ague fit
May make a coward of him.—Come, Horatius,
Thy other sons shall meet thee at the camp,
For now I do bethink me 'tis not fit
They should behold their sister thus alarm'd.
Haste, soldier, and detain them. [To one of the Guards.

Horatius. Gracious Sir,
We'll follow on the instant.

Tullus. Then farewell.

When next we meet, 'tis Rome and liberty!

[Exit with Guards.

Horatius. Come, let me arm thee for the glorious toil.
I have a sword whose light'ning oft has blaz'd
Dreadfully fatal to my country's foes;
Whose temper'd edge has cleft their haughty crests,
And stain'd with life-blood many a reeking plain.
This shalt thou bear; myself will gird it on,
And lead thee forth to death or victory. [Going.
—And yet, my Publius, shall I own my weakness;
Though I detest the cause from whence they spring,
I feel thy sister's sorrows like a father.
She was my soul's delight.

Pub. And may remain so.
This sudden shock has but alarm'd her virtue,
Not quite subdued its force. At least, my father,
Time's lenient hand will teach her to endure
The ills of chance, and reason conquer love.

Horatius. Should we not see her?

Pub. By no means, my Lord;
You heard the King's commands about my brothers,
And we have hearts as tender sure as they.
Might I advise, you should confine her closely,
Lest she infect the matrons with her grief,

And

And bring a stain we should not wish to fix
On the Horatian name.

Horatius. It shall be so.
We'll think no more of her. 'Tis glory calls,
And humbler passions beat alarms in vain. [*Exit.*

[*As Horatius goes off, Horatia enters at another door.*

Horatia. Where is my brother?—Oh, my dearest Pub-
lius, If e'er you lov'd Horatia, ever felt
That tenderness which you have seem'd to feel,
Oh, hear her now!

Pub. What would'st thou, my Horatia?

Horatia. I know not what I would—I'm on the rack,
Despair and madness tear my lab'ring soul.
—And yet, my brother, sure you might relieve me.

Pub. How! by what means? By Heaven, I'll die to

Horatia. You might decline the combat. [*do it.*

Pub. Ha!

Horatia. I do not
Expect it from thee. Pr'ythee look more kindly.

—And yet, is the request so very hard?

I only ask thee not to plunge thy sword
Into the breast thou lov'st, not kill thy friend;
Is that so hard?—I might have said thy brother.

Pub. What can'st thou mean? Beware, beware, Hora-
Thou know'st I dearly love thee, nay, thou know'st [*tia;*
I love the man with whom I must engage.

Yet hast thou faintly read thy brother's soul,
If thou can'st think entreaties have the power,
Though urg'd with all the tenderness of tears,
To shake his settled purpose: they may make
My task more hard, and my soul bleed within me,
But cannot touch my virtue.

Horatia. 'Tis not virtue
Which contradicts our nature, 'tis the rage
Of over-weening pride. Has Rome no champions
She could oppose but you? Are there not thousands
As warm for glory, and as tried in arms,
Who might without a crime aspire to conquest,
Or die with honest fame?

Pub. Away, away!
—To thy lover thus. But 'tis not Caius
Thou would'st have infamous.

Hor. Oh, kill me not
With such unkind reproaches. Yes, I own
I love him, more—

Pub. Than a chaste Roman maid
Should dare confess.

Horatia. Should dare! What means my brother?
I had my father's sanction on my love,
And duty taught me first to feel its power.
—Should dare confess!—Is that the dreadful crime?
Alas, but spare him, spare thy friend, Horatius,
And I will cast him from my breast for ever.
Will that oblige thee?—'only let him die
'By other hands, and I will learn to hate him.'

Pub. Why wilt thou talk thus madly? Love him still!
And if we fall the victims of our country,
(Which Heav'n avert!) wed, and enjoy him freely.

Horatia. Oh, never, never. What, my country's bane!
The murderer of my brothers! may the gods
First 'tear me, blast me, scatter me on winds,
'And' pour out each unheard-of vengeance on me!

Pub. Do not torment thyself thus idly—Go,
Compose thyself, and be again my sister.

Re-enter Horatius, with the sword.

Horatius. This sword in Veii's field—What dost thou
here?

Leave him, I charge thee, girl—Come, come, my Publius,
Let's haste where duty calls.

Horatia. What! to the field?
He must not, shall not go; here will I hang—
Oh, if you have not quite cast off affection!
If you detest not your distracted sister—

Horatius. Shame of thy race, why dost thou hang upon
Would'st thou entail eternal infamy [him?
On him, on me, on all?

Horatia. Indeed I would not,
I know I ask impossibilities;
Yet pity me, my father!

Pub. Pity thee!
Begone, fond wretch, nor urge my temper thus.
By Heaven I love thee as a brother ought.
Then hear my last resolve; if Fate, averse
To Rome and us, determine my destruction,

I charge.

I charge thee wed thy lover; he will then
 Deserve thee nobly. Or, if kinder gods
 Propitious hear the prayers of suppliant Rome,
 And he should fall by me, I then expect
 No weak upbraidings for a lover's death,
 But such returns as shall become thy birth,
 A sister's thanks for having sav'd her country. [*Exit.*]

Horatia. Yet stay—Yet hear me, Publius—But one
 word.

Horatius. Forbear, rash girl, thou'lt tempt thy father
 To do an outrage might perhaps distract him.

Horatia. Alas, forgive me, Sir—I'm very wretched,
 Indeed I am—Yet I will strive to stop
 This swelling grief, and bear it like your daughter.
 Do but forgive me, Sir.

Horatius. I do, I do—
 So in, my child, the gods may find a way
 To make thee happy yet. But on thy duty—
 What'er reports may reach, or fears alarm thee,
 I charge thee come not to the field.

Horatia. I will not,
 If you command it, Sir. But will you then,
 As far as cruel honour may permit,
 Remember that your poor Horatia's life
 Hangs on this dreadful contest?

Horatius. 'Lead her in.' [*Exit Horatia.*]
 [*Looking after her.*] Spite of my boasted strength, her
 griefs unman me.

—But let her from my thoughts! The patriot's breast
 No hopes, no fears, but for his country knows,
 And in her danger loses private woes. [*Exit.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

*The SCENE continues.**Valerius and Valeria meeting.*

VALERIUS.

NOW, my Valeria, where's the charming she
That calls me to her? with a lover's haste
I fly to execute the dear command.

Valeria. 'Tis not the lover, but the friend she wants,
If thou dar'st own that name.

Valerius. The friend, my sister!
There's more than friendship in a lover's breast,
More warm, more tender is the flame he feels—

Valeria. Alas! these raptures suit not her distress:
She seeks th' indulgent friend, whose sober sense,
Free from the mists of passion, might direct
Her jarring thoughts, and plead her doubtful cause.

Valerius. Am I that friend? Oh, did she turn her thought
On me for that kind office?

Valeria. Yes, Valerius.
She chose you out to be her advocate
To Curiaius; 'tis the only hope
She now dares cherish; her relentless brother
With scorn rejects her tears, her father flies her,
And only you remain to sooth her cares,
And save her ere she sinks.

Valerius. Her advocate
To Curiaius!

Valeria. 'Tis to him she sends you,
To urge her suit, and win him from the field.
But come, her sorrows will more strongly plead
Than all my grief can utter.

Valerius. To my rival?
To Curiaius plead her cause, and teach
My tongue a lesson which my heart abhors!
Impossible! Valeria, pr'ythee say
Thou saw'st me not; the business of the camp
Confin'd me there. Farewel.

Valeria. What means my brother?

[*Going*]

You

You cannot leave her now; for shame, turn back;
Is this the virtue of a Roman youth?
Oh, by these tears!—

Valerius. They flow in vain, Valeria:
Nay, and thou know'st they do. Oh, earth and heaven!
This combat was the means my happier stars
Found out to save me from the brink of ruin;
And can I plead against it, turn assassin
On my own life?

Valeria. Yet thou can'st murder her
Thou dost pretend to love; away, deceiver!
I'll seek some worthier messenger to plead
In beauty's cause; but first inform Horatia,
How much Valerius is the friend she thought him.

[*Going.*

Valerius. Oh, heavens! stay, sister; 'tis an arduous task.
Valeria. I know the task is hard, and thought I knew
Thy virtue too.

Valerius. I must, I will obey thee.
Lead on—Yet prythee, for a moment leave me,
'Till I can recollect my scatter'd thoughts,
And dare to be unhappy.

Valeria. My Valerius!
I fly to tell her you but wait her pleasure. [Exit.

Valerius. Yes, I will undertake this hateful office;
It never can succeed.—Yet at this instant
It may be dangerous, while the people melt
With fond compassion.—No, it cannot be;
His resolution's fix'd, and virtuous pride
Forbids an alteration. To attempt it
Makes her my friend, and may afford hereafter
A thousand tender hours to move my suit.
That hope determines all.

[Exit.

SCENE, another Apartment.

Horatia and Valeria. Horatia with a Scarf in her Hand.

Horatia. Where is thy brother? Wherefore stays he
Did you conjure him? did he say he'd come? [thus?
I have no brothers now, and fly to him
As my last refuge. Did he seem averse
To thy intreaties? Are all brothers so?

' Alas, thou toldst me he spake kindly to thee !
 ' 'Tis me, 'tis me he shuns ; I am the wretch
 ' Whom virtue dares not make acquaintance with.
 ' Yet fly to him again, intreat him hither,
 ' Tell him for thy sake to have pity on me.
 ' Thou art no enemy to Rome, thou hast
 ' No Alban husband to claim half thy tears,
 ' And make humanity a crime.'

Valeria. Dear maid,
 Restrain your sorrows ; I've already told you
 My brother will with transport execute
 Whatever you command.

Horatio. Oh ! wherefore then
 Is he away ? Each moment now is precious ;
 If lost, 'tis lost for ever, and if gain'd,
 Long scenes of lasting peace, and smiling years
 Of happiness unhop'd-for wait upon it.

Valeria. I will again go seek him ; pray, be calm ;
 Success is thine if it depends on him. [Exit.

Horatia. Success ! alas, perhaps ev'n now too late
 I labour to preserve him ; the dread arm
 Of vengeance is already stretch'd against him,
 And he must fall. Yet let me strive to save him.
 Yes, thou dear pledge, design'd for happier hours, [To the
 The gift of nuptial love, thou shalt at least scarf.
 Essay thy power.

Oft as I fram'd the web,
 He sat beside me, and would say in sport,
 This present, which thy love designs for me,
 Shall be the future bond of peace betwixt us.
 By this we'll swear a lasting love, by this,
 Through the sweet round of all our days to come,
 Ask what thou wilt, and Curiaius grants it.
 O I shall try thee nearly now, dear youth ;
 Glory and I are rivals for thy heart,
 And one must conquer.

Enter Valerius and Valeria.

Valerius. Save you, gracious lady ;
 On the first message which my sister sent me
 I had been here, but was oblig'd by office,
 Ere to their champions each resign'd her charge,
 To ratify the league 'twixt Rome and Alba.

Horatia.

Horatia. Are they engag'd then ?

Valerius. No, not yet engag'd ;

Soft pity for a while suspends the onset ;
The light of near relations, arm'd in fight
Against each other, touch'd the gazers hearts ;
And senators on each side have propos'd
To change the combatants.

Horatia. My blessings on them !

Think you they will succeed ?

Valerius. The chiefs themselves
Are resolute to fight.

Horatia. Infatiate virtue !

I must not to the field ; I am confin'd
A prisoner here ; or sure these tears would move
Their flinty breasts.—Is Curiaius too
Resolv'd on death ? — O Sir, forgive a maid,
Who dares in spite of modesty confess
Too soft a passion. Will you pardon me,
If I intreat you to the field again
An humble suitor from the veriest wretch,
That ever knew distress.

Valerius. Dear lady, speak !
What would you I should do ?

Horatia. O bear this to him.

Valerius. To whom ?

Horatia. To Curiaius bear this scarf :
And tell him, if he ever truly lov'd ;
If all the vows he breath'd were not false lures
To catch th' unwary mind—and sure they were not !
O tell him how he may with honour cease
To urge his cruel right ; the senators
Of Rome and Alba will approve such mildness.
Tell him, his wife, if he will own that name,
Intreats him from the field ; his lost Horatia
Kneels on her trembling knees he would not tempt
A certain fate, and murder her he loves.
Tell him, if he consents, she fondly swears,
By every god the varying world adores,
By this dear pledge of vow'd affection, swears,
To know no brothers and no sire but him ;
With him, if honour's harsh commands require it,

She'll

She'll wander forth, and seek some distant home,
Nor ever think of Rome or Alba more.

* *Valeria.* Well, well, he will. Do not torment thyself.

* [*Horatia catches hold of the scarf, which she looked upon attentively while Valeria spoke.*]

* *Horatia.* Look here, Valeria, where my needle's art
Has drawn a Sabine virgin, drown'd in tears
For her lost country, and forsaken friends;
While by her side the youthful ravisher
Looks ardent love, and charms her griefs away.
I am that maid distress'd, divided so
'Twixt love and duty. But why rave I thus?
Haste, haste to Curiatius—and yet stay;
Sure I have something more to say to him:
I know not what it was.

Valerius. Could I, sweet Lady,
But paint your grief with half the force I feel it,
I need but tell it him, and he must yield.

Horatia. It may be so. Stay, stay; before you tell him,
If he rejects my suit, no power on earth
Shall force me to his arms. I will devise —
I'll die and be reveng'd!

Valeria. Away, my brother!
But, Oh, for pity, do your office justly! [*Aside to Val.*]
Let not your passion blind your reason now;
But urge your cause with ardor.

Valerius. By my soul,
I will, Valeria. Her distress alarms me;
And I have now no interest but hers. [*Exit.*]

* *Valeria.* Come, dearest maid, indulge not thus your
Hope smiles again, and the sad prospect clears. [*Sorrows:*]
Who knows th' effect your message may produce?
The milder senators ere this perhaps
Have mov'd your lover's mind; and if he doubts,
He's yours.

Horatia. He's gone—I had a thousand things—
And yet I'm glad he's gone. Think you, Valeria,
Your brother will delay?—They may engage
Before he reaches them.

Valeria. The field's so near,
That a few minutes brings him to the place.

And

' And 'tis not probable the senators
 ' So soon should yield a cause of so much justice.
 ' *Horatia*. Alas! they should have thought on that be-
 ' 'Tis now too late. The lion when he's rous'd [fore,
 ' Must have his prey, whose den we might have pass'd
 ' In safety while he slept. To draw the sword,
 ' And fire the youthful warrior's breast to arms
 ' With awful visions of immortal fame,
 ' And then to bid him sheath it, and forget
 ' He ever hop'd for conquest and renown—
 ' Vain, vain attempt!

' *Valeria*. Yet when that just attempt
 ' Is seconded by love, and beauty's tears
 ' Lend their soft aid to melt the hero down,
 ' What may we not expect?

' *Horatia*. My dear *Valeria*!
 ' Fain would I hope I had the power to move him.'

Valeria. My dear *Horatia*, success is yours already.

Horatia. And yet, should I succeed, the hard-gain'd
 May chance to rob me of my future peace. [trife
 He may not always with the eyes of love
 Look on that fondness which has stabb'd his fame.
 He may regret too late the sacrifice
 He made to love, and a fond woman's weakness;
 And think the milder joys of social life
 But ill repay him for the mighty loss
 Of patriot-reputation!

Valeria. Pray, forbear;
 And search not thus into eventful time
 For ills to come. ' This fatal temper, friend,
 ' Alive to feel, and curious to explore
 ' Each distant object of refin'd distress,
 ' Shuts out all means of happiness, nor leaves it
 ' In fortune's power to save you from destruction.'
 Like some disemper'd wretch, your wayward mind
 Rejects all nourishment, or turns to gall
 The very balm that should relieve its anguish.
 He will admire thy love, which could persuade him
 To give up glory for the milder triumph
 Of heart-felt ease and soft humanity.

Horatia. I fain would hope so. Yet we hear not of him.
 Your brother, much I fear, has su'd in vain.

Could

Could we not send to urge this slow express?—
This dread uncertainty! I long to know
My life or death at once.

Valeria. The wings of love
* Cannot fly faster than my brother's zeal
* Will bear him for your service.

Horatia. I believe it,
* Yet doubt it too. My sickly mind unites
* Strange contradictions.

Valeria. Shall I to the walls?
I may from thence with ease survey the field,
And can dispatch a messenger each moment,
To tell thee all goes well.

Horatia. My best Valeria!
Fly then; 'I know thy heart is there already.'
'Thou art a Roman maid; and tho' thy friendship
Detains thee here with one who scarce deserves
That sacred name, art anxious for thy country.
But yet for charity think kindly of me;
For thou shalt find by the event, Valeria,
I am a Roman too, however wretched. [*Exit Valeria.*
Am I a Roman then? Ye powers! I dare not
Resolve the fatal question I propose.
If dying would suffice, I were a Roman:
But to stand up against this storm of passions
Transcends a woman's weakness. Hark! what noise?—
'Tis news from Curiatius!—Love, I thank thee!

Enter a Servant.

Well, does he yield? Distract me not with silence.
Say, in one word——

Serv. Your father——

Horatia. What of him?
Would he not let him yield? Oh, cruel father!

Serv. Madam, he's here——

Horatia. Who?

Serv. Borne by his attendants.

Horatio. What mean'st thou?

Enter Horatius, led in by his Servants.

Horatius. Lead me yet a little onward;
I shall recover straight.

Horatia. My gracious fire!

Horatius. Lend me thy arm, Horatia—So—My child,

Be

Be not surpriz'd ; an old man must expect
These little shocks of nature ; they are hints
To warn us of our end.

Horatio. How are you, Sir ?

Horatius. Better, much better. My frail body could
Support the swelling tumult of my soul. [not

Horatia. No accident, I hope, alarm'd you, Sir !
My brothers —

Horatius. Here, go to the field again,
You, Cautus and Vindicius, and observe
Each circumstance. I shall be glad to hear
The manner of the fight.

Horatia. Are they engag'd ?

Horatius. They are, Horatia. But first let me thank
For staying from the field. I would have seen [thee
The fight myself ; but this unlucky illness
Has forc'd me to retire. Where is thy friend ?

Enter a Servant, who gives a paper to Horatia, and retires.
What paper's that ? Why dost thou tremble so ?
Here, let me open it. [Takes the paper and opens it.] From
Curiatius !

Horatia. Oh, keep me not in this suspense, my father !
Relieve me from the rack.

Horatius. He tells thee here,
He dare not do an action that would make him
Unworthy of thy love ; and therefore —

Horatia. Dies ! —
Well — I am satisfied.

Horatius. I see by this
Thou hast endeavour'd to persuade thy lover
To quit the combat. Couldst thou think, Horatia,
He'd sacrifice his country to a woman ?

Horatia. I know not what I thought. He proves too
Whate'er it was, I was deceiv'd in him [plainly,
Whom I applied to.

Horatius. Do not think so, daughter ;
Could he with honour have declin'd the fight,
I should myself have join'd in thy request,
And forc'd him from the field. But think, my child,
Had he consented, and had Alba's cause,
Supported by another arm, been baffled,

What

What then couldst thou expect ! Would he not curse
 His foolish love, and hate thee for thy fondness ?
 Nay, think, perhaps, 'twas artifice in thee
 To aggrandize thy race, and list their fame
 Triumphant o'er his ruin and his country's.
 Think well on that, and reason must convince thee.

Horatia. [*Wildly.*] Alas ! had reason ever yet the power
 To talk down grief, or bid the tortur'd wretch [wer
 Not feel his anguish ? 'Tis impossible.
 Could reason govern, I should now rejoice
 They were engag'd, and count the tedious moments
 Till conquest smil'd, and Rome again was free.
 Could reason govern, I should beg of Heaven
 To guide my brother's sword, and plunge it deep
 Ev'n in the bosom of the man I love :
 I should forget he ever won my soul,
 Forget 'twas your command that bade me love him,
 Nay, fly perhaps to yon detested field,
 And spurn with scorn his mangled body from me.

Horatius. Why wilt thou talk thus ? Pr'ythee, be more
 I can forgive thy tears ; they flow from nature ; [*calm.*
 And could have gladly wish'd the Alban state
 Had found us other enemies to vanquish.
 But Heaven has will'd it, and Heaven's will be done !
 The glorious expectation of success
 Bubys up my soul, nor lets a thought intrude
 To dash my promis'd joys ! What steady valour
 Beams from their eyes : just so, if fancy's power
 May form conjecture from his after-age,
 Rome's founder must have look'd, when, warm in youth,
 And flush'd with future conquest, forth he march'd
 Against proud Acron, with whose bleeding spoils
 He grac'd the altar of Feretrian Jove——
 Methinks I feel recover'd : I might venture
 Forth to the field again. What ho ! Volscinius !
 Attend me to the camp.

Horatia. My dearest father,
 Let me intreat you stay ; the tumult there
 Will discompose you, and a quick relapse
 May prove most dangerous. I'll restrain my tears,
 If they offend you.

Horatius. Well, I'll be advis'd.

'Twere

'Twere now too late; ere this they must have conquer'd.
And here's the happy messenger of glory.

Enter Valeria.

Valeria. All's lost, all's ruin'd! freedom is no more!

Horatius. What dost thou say?

Valeria. That Rome's subdu'd by Alba.

Horatius. It cannot be. Where are my sons? All dead?

Valeria. Publius is still alive—the other two
Have paid the fatal debt they ow'd their country.

Horatius. Publius alive! You must mistake, Valeria.
He knows his duty better.

He must be dead, or Rome victorious.

Valeria. Thousands as well as I beheld the combat.

After his brother's death he stood alone,

And acted wonders against three assailants;

'Till forc'd at last to save himself by flight—

Horatius. By flight! And did the soldiers let him pass?
Oh, I am ill again!—The coward villain!

[Throwing himself into his chair.]

Horatia. Alas, my brothers!

Horatius. Weep not for them, girl.

They've died a death which kings themselves might envy;
And whilst they liv'd they saw their country free.

Oh, had I perish'd with them!—But for him

Whose impious flight dishonours all his race,

Tears a fond father's heart, and tamely barter

For poor precarious life his country's glory,

Weep, weep for him, and let me join my tears!

Valeria. What could he do, my Lord, when three op-

Horatia. Die! *[pos'd him?]*

He might have died. Oh, villain, villain, villain!

And he shall die; this arm shall sacrifice

The life he dar'd preserve with infamy.

[Endeavouring to rise.]

What means this weakness? 'Tis untimely now,

When I should punish an ungrateful boy.

Was this his boasted virtue, which could charm

His cheated sovereign, and brought tears of joy

To my old eyes?—So young a hypocrite!

Oh, shame, shame, shame!

Valeria. Have patience, Sir; all Rome

D

Beheld

Beheld his valour, and approv'd his flight,
Against such opposition.

Horatius. Tell not me!

What's Rome to me? Rome may excuse her traitor;
But I'm the guardian of my house's honour,
And I will punish. Pray ye, lead me forth;
I would have air. But grant me strength, kind gods,
To do this act of justice, and I'll own,
Whate'er 'gainst Rome your awful wills decree,
You still are just and merciful to me. *[Exeunt.]*

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *a Room in Horatius's House.*

Enter Horatius, Valeria following.

HORATIUS.

AWAY, away!—I feel my strength renew'd,
And I will hunt the villain thro' the world;
No defarts shall conceal, nor darkness hide him.
He is well skill'd in flight; but he shall find
'Tis not so easy to elude the vengeance
Of a wrong'd father's arm, as to escape
His adversary's sword.

Valeria. Restrain your rage
But for a moment, Sir. When you shall hear
The whole unravell'd, you will find he's innocent.

Horatius. It cannot be.

Valeria. And see, my brother comes.
He may perhaps relate——

Horatius. I will not hear him;
I will not listen to my shame again.

Enter Valerius.

Valerius. I come with kind condolance from the King,
To sooth a father's grief, and to express——

Horatius. I've heard it all; I pray you spare my blushes.
I want

I want not consolation ; 'tis enough
They perish'd for their country. But the third——

Valerius. True, he indeed may well supply your loss,
And calls for all your fondness.

Horatius. All my vengeance :

And he shall have it, Sir.

Valerius. What means my Lord ?

Are you alone displeas'd with what he has done ?

Horatius. 'Tis I alone, I find, must punish it.

Valerius. Vengeance !

' Punish,' my Lord ! What fault has he committed ?

Horatius. Why will you double my confusion thus ?
Is flight no fault ?

Valerius. In such a cause as his

'Twas glorious.

Horatius. Glorious ! Oh, rare sophistry !

To find a way through infamy to glory !

Valerius. I scarce can trust my senses—Infamy !

What, was it infamous to save his country ?

Is art a crime ? Is it the name of flight

We can't forgive, though its ador'd effect

Restor'd us all to freedom, fame and empire ?

Horatius. What fame, what freedom ? Who has sav'd
his country ?

Valerius. Your son, my Lord, has done it.

Horatius. How, when, where ?

Valerius. Is't possible ? Did you not say you knew ?

Horatius. I care not what I knew—Oh, tell me all !

Is Rome still free ?—Has Alba ?—Has my son ?——

Tell me——

Valerius. Your son, my Lord, has slain her champions.

Horatius. What, Publius ?

Valerius. Ay, Publius.

Horatius. Oh, let me clasp thee to me !——

Were there not three remaining ?

Valerius. True, there were ;

But wounded all.

Horatius. Your sister here had told us

That Rome was vanquish'd, that my son was fled——

Valerius. And he did fly ; but 'twas that flight preserv'd
All Rome as well as she has been deceiv'd. [us.

Horatius. Let me again embrace thee—Come, relate it.

Did I not say, Valeria, that my boy
Must needs be dead, or Rome victorious?

I long to hear the manner——Well, Valerius——

Valerius. Your other sons, my Lord, had paid the debt
They ow'd to Rome, and he alone remain'd
'Gainst three opponents, whose united strength,
Tho' wounded each, and robb'd of half their force,
Was still too great for his. A while he stood
Their fierce assaults, and then pretended flight
Only to tire his wounded adversaries.

Horatius. Pretended flight, and this succeeded, ha!
Oh, glorious boy!

Valerius. 'Twas better still, my Lord;
For all pursued, but not with equal speed.
Each, eager for the conquest, press'd to reach him;
Nor did the first, till 'twas too late, perceive
His fainter brothers panting far behind.

Horatius. He took them singly then? An easy conquest;
'Twas boy's play only.

Valerius. Never did I see
Such universal joy, as when the last
Sunk on the ground beneath Horatius' sword;
Who seem'd a while to parley as a friend,
And would have given him life, but Caius scorn'd it.

Valeria. Caius! Oh, poor Horatia!

Horatius. Peace, I charge thee.
Go, dress thy face in smiles, and bid thy friend
Wake to new transports. Let ambition fire her.
What is a dowdost? There's not a youth
In Rome but will adore her. Kings will seek
For her alliance now, and mightiest chiefs
Be honour'd by her smiles. Will they not, youth?

[Exit Valeria.]

Valerius. Most sure, my Lord, this day has added worth
To her whose merit was before unequal'd.

Horatius. How could I doubt his virtue!—Mighty
This is true glory, to preserve his country, [Gods!
And bid by one brave act th' Horatian name
In fame's eternal volumes be enroll'd.

• Methinks already I behold his triumph,
• Rome gazes on him like a second founder;
• The wond'ring eye of childhood views with awe

The

' The new divinity ; and trembling age
 ' Crowds eager on to bless him ere it dies !
 ' Ere long, perhaps, they will raise altars to him,
 ' And even with hymns and sacrifice adore
 ' The virtue I suspected !—Gracious Heaven !
 ' Where is he ? Let me fly, and at his feet
 ' Forget the father, and implore a pardon
 ' For such injustice.

Valerius. ' You may soon, my Lord,
 ' In his embraces lose the fond remembrance
 ' Of your mistaken rage.' The King ere this
 ' Has from the field dispatch'd him ; ' he but staid
 ' Till he could send him home with some slight honours
 ' Of scatter'd wreaths, and grateful songs of praise.
 ' For till to-morrow he postpones the pomp
 ' Of solemn thanks, and sacrifice to Heaven
 ' For liberty restor'd.' But hark ! that shout
 ' Which sounds from far, and seems the mingled voice
 ' Of thousands, speaks him onward on his way.

Horatius. How my heart dances !—Yet I blush to meet
 ' But I will en. Come, come, Horatia ; leave [him
 [Calling at the door.

Thy sorrow far behind, and let us fly
 ' With open arms to greet our common glory. [Exit.

Enter Horatia and Valerius.

Horatia. Yes, I will go ; this father's hard command
 ' Shall be obey'd ; and I will meet the conqueror,
 ' But not in smiles.

Valerius. Oh, go not, gentle lady !
 ' Might I advise——

Valeria. Your griefs are yet too fresh,
 ' And may offend him. Do not, my Horatia.

Valerius. Indeed 'twere better to avoid his presence ;
 ' It will revive your sorrows, and recall——

Horatia. Sir, when I saw you last I was a woman,
 ' The fool of nature, a fond prey to grief,
 ' Made up of sighs and tears. But now my soul
 ' Disdains the very thought of what I was ;
 ' 'Tis grown too callous to be mov'd with toys.
 ' Observe me well ; am I not nobly chang'd ?
 ' Flow my sad eyes, or heaves my breast one groan ?

No; for I doubt no longer. 'Tis not grief,

'Tis resolution now, and fix'd despair.

Valeria. My dear Horatia, you strike terrors thro' me;
What dreadful purpose hast thou form'd? Oh, speak!

Valerius. 'Talk gently to her.'—Hear me yet, sw
You must not go; whatever you resolve,
There is a fight will pierce you to the soul.

Horatia. What fight?

Valerius. Alas, I should be glad to hide it;
But it is——

Horatia. What?

Valerius. Your brother wears in triumph
The very scarf I bore to Curiatius.

Horatia. [*Wildly.*] Ye gods, I thank ye! 'tis with joy
I hear it.

If I should falter now, that fight would rouse
My drooping rage, and swell the tempest louder.

—But soft; they may prevent me; my wild passion
Betray my purpose.—I'll dissemble with them.

[*She sits down.*]

Valerius. She softens now.

Valeria. How do you, my Horatia?

Horatia. Alas, my friend, 'tis madness which I utter—
Since you persuade me then, I will not go.

But leave me to myself; I would sit here;

Alone in silent sadness pour my tears,

And meditate on my unheard-of woes.

Valerius. [*To Valeria.*] 'Twere well to humour this.

But may she not,

If left alone, do outrage on herself.

Valeria. I have prevented that; she has not near her
One instrument of death.

Valerius. Retire we then.

* But, Oh, not far, for now I feel my soul

* Still more perplex'd with love. Who knows, Valeria,

* But when this storm of grief has blown its fill,

* She may grow calm, and listen to my vows.

[*Exeunt Valerius and Valeria.*]

After a short silence, Horatia rises, and comes forward.

Horatia. Yes, they are gone; and now be firm, my soul!
This way I can elude their search. The heart,

Which

Which doats like mine, must break to be at ease.
 Just now I thought, had Curiaius liv'd,
 I could have driven him from my breast for ever.
 But death has cancell'd all my wrongs at once.
 —They were not wrongs: 'twas virtue which undid us,
 And virtue shall unite us in the grave.
 I heard them say, as they departed hence,
 'That they had robb'd me of all means of death.
 'Tis vain thought! they knew not half Horatia's purpose.
 Be resolute, my brother; let no weak
 Unmanly fondness mingle with thy virtue,
 And I will touch thee nearly. Oh, come on,
 'Tis thou alone can'st give Horatia peace. [Exit.

END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, a Street of Rome.

Chorus of Youths and Virgins singing and scattering Branches of Oak, Flowers, &c. Then enters Horatius leaning on the Arm of Publius Horatius.

CHORUS.

THUS, for freedom nobly won,
 Rome her hasty tribute pours;
 And on one victorious son
 Half exhausts her blooming stores.

A YOUTH.

Scatter here the laurel crown,
 Emblem of immortal praise!
 Wond'rous youth! to thy renown
 Future times shall altars raise.

A VIR-

THE ROMAN FATHER.

A VIRGIN.

Scatter here the myrtle wreath,
 Though the bloodless victor's due;
 Grateful thousands sav'd from death
 Shall devote that wreath to you.

A YOUTH.

Scatter here the oaken bough;
 Ev'n for one averted fate
 We that civic meed bestow—
 He sav'd all who sav'd the state.

CHORUS.

Thus, for freedom, &c.

Horatius. Thou dost forgive me then, my dearest boy,
 I cannot tell thee half my ecstasy.

The day which gave thee first to my glad hopes
 Was misery to this—I'm mad with transport!
 Why are ye silent there? Again renew
 Your songs of praise, and in a louder strain
 Pour forth your joy, and tell the list'ning spheres
 That Rome is freed by my Horatius' hand.

Publius. No more, my friends.—You must permit me,
 To contradict you here. Not but my soul, [Sir,
 Like yours, is open to the charms of praise:
 There is no joy beyond it, when the mind
 Of him who hears it can with honest pride
 Confess it just, and listen to its music.

But now the toils I have sustain'd require
 This interval of rest, and every sense
 Is shut to pleasure.—Let me leave you, friends;

* Still near our home, and would be private now:

* But to-morrow we'll expect your kind attendance

* She are our joys, and waft our thanks to heaven.

[As they are going off *Horatia* rushes

Horatia. Where is this mighty chief?

Horatius. My daughter's voice!

I bade her come; she has forgot her sorrows,
 And is again my child.

Horatia.

And violate the first great law within us.
I scorn the impious passion.

Publius. Have a care;

Thou'lt touch'd a string which may awake my vengeance.

Horatia. [*Aside.*] Then it shall 'do it.'

Pub. Oh, if thou dar'st prophane

That sacred tie which winds about my heart,
By heaven I swear, by the great gods who rule
The fate of empires, 'tis not this fond weakness
Which hangs upon me, and retards my justice,
Nor even thy sex, which shall protect thee from me.

[*Clapping his hand on his sword.*]

Horatius. Drag her away—thou'lt make me curse thee,
girl—

Indeed she's mad.

[*To Publius.*]

Horatia. Stand off, I am not mad—

Nay, draw thy sword; I do defy thee, murderer,
Barbarian, Roman!—Mad! The name of Rome
Makes madmen of you all; my curses on it.

'I do detest its impious policy.'

Rise, rise, ye states (Oh, that my voice could fire
Your tardy wrath!) confound its selfish greatness,
Rase its proud walls, and lay its towers low.

Pub. I'll bear no more—

Horatius. Distraction!—Force her

Horatius. [*Struggling.*] Could I but
to destroy

This curs'd unsocial state, I'd die with transport
Gaze on the spreading fires—'till the last pile
Sunk in the blaze—then mingle with its ruins.

Pub. Thou shalt not live to that. [*Exit after her.*]

Thus perish all the enemies of Rome, [*Without.*]

Re-enter Valerius.

Valerius. Oh, horror! horror! execrable act;
If there be law in Rome; if there be justice,
By Rome, and all its gods, thou shalt not 'scape. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Publius, followed by Horatia, wounded.

Horatia. Now thou'lt indeed been kind, and I forgive
The death of Curiatius; this last blow [you
Has cancell'd all, and thou'rt again my brother.

Horatius. Heavens! what a sight!

A daughter

Now, I have none, for, Publius, thou must die:
Blood calls for blood—to expiate one parricide,
Justice demands another—Art thou ready?

Publius. Strike! 'tis the consummation of my wish
To die, and by your hand.

Horatius. Oh, blind old man!
Would'st thou lift up thy sacrilegious hand
Against the chief, the god that fav'd thy country?
There's something in that face, that awes my soul,
Like a divinity. Hence, thou vile weapon,
Disgrace my hand no more.

[*A cry without.* Justice! Justice!

What noise is that?

Enter Volscinius.

Vol. All Rome, my Lord, has taken the alarm, and
Of citizens enrag'd, are posting hither, [crowd]
To call for justice on the head of Publius.

Horatius. Ungrateful men! how dare they? Let them
come.

Enter Tullius, Valerius, and Citizens.

Valerius. See, fellow citizens, see where she lies,
The bleeding victim.

Tullus. Stop, unmanner'd youth!
Think'st thou we know not wherefore we are here?
Seest thou yon drooping fire?

Horatius. Permit them, Sir.

Tullus. What would you, Romans?

Valerius. We are come, dread Sir,
In the behalf of murder'd innocence;
Murder'd by him, the man——

Horatius. Whose conquering arm
Has sav'd you all from ruin. Oh, shame! shame!
Has Rome no gratitude? Do ye not blush
To think whom your insatiate rage pursues?
Down, down, and worship him.

1st Citizen. Does he plead for him?

2d Citizen. Does he forgive his daughter's death?

Horatius. He does,
And glories in it, glories in the thought
That there's one Roman left who dares be grateful;
If you are wrong'd, then what am I? Must I

Be taught my duty by th' affected tears
Of strangers to my blood? Had I been wrong'd,
I know a father's right, and had not ask'd
This ready-talking Sir, to bellow for me,
And mouth my wrongs in Rome.

Valerius. Friends, countrymen, regard not what he says;
Stop, stop your ears, nor hear a frantic father
Thus plead against his child.

Horatius. He does belie me.

What child have I? Alas! I have but one,
And him you would tear from me.

All Citizens. Hear him! hear him!

Pub. No; let me speak. Think'st thou, ungrateful
youth,

To hurt my quiet? I am hurt beyond
Thy power to harm me. Death's extremest tortures
Were happiness to what I feel. Yet know,
My injur'd honour bids me live; nay, more,
It bids me even descend to plead for life.
But wherefore waste I words? 'Tis not to him,
But you, my countrymen, to you, I speak;
He lov'd the maid.

1st Citizen. How! lov'd her!

2nd Citizen. How! lov'd her;

Valerius. How! lov'd her; public justice, screens

and a mean revenge.

Think you I lov'd her not? High heaven's my witness,
How tenderly I lov'd her; and the pangs
I feel this moment, could you see my heart,
I would prove too plainly, I am still her brother.

1st Citizen. He shall be sav'd.

Valerius has misled us.

All Citizens. Save him! save him!

Tullus. If yet a doubt remains,

Behold that virtuous father, who could boast
This very morn, a numerous progeny,
The dear supports of his declining age;
Then read the sad reverse with pitying eyes,
And tell your conscious hearts they fell for you.

Horatius. I am o'erpaid by that, nor claim I ought
In their accounts; by high heaven, I swear,

EPILOGUE.

But a mere sister, whom he lov'd—to take
Her life away,—and for his country's sake!
Faith, ladies, you may pardon him; indeed
There's very little fear the crime should spread.
True patriots are but rare among the men,
And really might be useful now and then.
Then do not check, by your disapprobation,
A spirit which might rule the British nation,
And still might rule—would you but set the fashion.

JE



BELL'S EDITION.



D O U G L A S:

A TRAGEDY.

As written by Mr. HUME.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE

VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

Non ego sum vates, sed priscus conscius avi.



L O N D O N:

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

MDCCLXXVIII.

P R O L O G U E.

*In ancient times, when Britain's trade was arms,
And the lov'd music of her youth, alarms;
Like race sustains the British fame:
Not heard of gallant PERCY's name?
Oh, and of DOUGLAS! Such illustrious foes
As rival Rome and Carthage never rose!
From age to age bright shone the British fire,
And every hero was a hero's fire.*

*When powerful fate decreed one warrior's doom,
Up sprung the phoenix from his parent's tomb.
But whilst these generous rivals fought and fell,
Those generous rivals lov'd each other well:
Tho' many a bloody field was lost and won,
Nothing in hate, in honour all was done.*

*When PERCY wrong'd defy'd his prince or peers,
Fast came the DOUGLAS, with his Scottish spears;
And, when proud DOUGLAS made his King his foe,
For DOUGLAS, PERCY bent his English bow.
Expell'd their native home by adverse fate,
They knock'd alternate at each other's gate:
Then blaz'd the castle, at the midnight hour,
For him whose arms had shook its firmest tow'r.*

*This night a DOUGLAS your protection claims;
Wife! a mother! Pity's softest names;
The story of her woes indulgent hear,
And grant your suppliant all she begs, a tear.
Confidence she begs; and hopes to find
An English breast, like noble PERCY's, kind!*

Dramatis Personæ, 1784.

M E N.		<i>At Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>At Covent-Garden.</i>
Douglas,	—	Mr. BREWTON.	Mr. LEWIS.
Lord Randolph,	—	Mr. FARREN.	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Glenalvon,	—	Mr. PALMER.	Mr. AICKIN.
Norval,	—	Mr. BENSLEY.	Mr. HENDERSON.
Stranger,	—	Mr. PACKER.	Mr. CLARKE.
Servant,	—	Mr. PHILLIMORE.	Mr. DAVIS.
W O M E N.			
Lady Randolph,		Mrs. SIDDONS.	Mrs. CRAWFORD.
Ann,	—	Miss WHEELER.	Mrs. MORTON.

D O U G L A S.

A

T R A G E D Y.

A C T I.

The Court of a Castle surrounded with Woods.

Enter Lady Randolph.

THE woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,
Farewel a while; I will not leave you long;
For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
Who from the chiding stream, or groaning oak,
Still hears, and answers to Matilda's moan.
O Douglas! Douglas! if departed ghosts
Are e'er permitted to review this world,
Within the circle of that wood thou art,
And with the passion of immortals hear'st
My lamentation: hear'st thy wretched wife
Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.

A 3

My

My brother's timeleſs death I ſeem to mourn;
 Who perished with thee on this fatal day.
 To thee I liſt my voice; to thee addreſs
 The plaint which mortal ear has never heard.
 O diſregard me not; tho' I am call'd
 Another's now, my heart is wholly mine.
 Intapable of change, affection lies
 Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.
 But Randolph comes, whom fate has made my Lord;
 To chide my anguiſh, and defraud the dead.

Enter Lord Randolph.

Lord Rand. Again theſe weeds of woe! Ay, doſt
 thou well

To feed a paſſion which conſumes thy life?
 The living claim ſome duty: vainly thou
 Beſtow'ſt thy cares upon the ſilent dead.

Lady Rand. Silent, alas! is he for whom I mourn:
 Childleſs, without memorial of his name,
 He only now in my remembrance lives.

* This fatal day ſirs my time-ſettled ſorrow,
 * Troubles aſreſh the fountain of my heart.

Lord Rand. * When was it pure of ſadneſs! Theſe
 * black weeds

* Expresſe the wonted colour of thy mind,
 * For ever dark and diſmal. Seven long years
 * Are paſs'd, ſince we were join'd by ſacred ties;
 * Clouds all the while have hung upon thy brow,
 * Nor broke nor parted by one gleam of joy.
 Time, that wears out the trace of deepeſt anguiſh,
 * As the ſea ſmooths the prints made in the ſand,
 Has paſt o'er thee in vain.

* Lady Rand. If time to come

* Should prove as ineffectual, yet, my Lord,
 * Thou canſt not blame me. When our Scottish youth
 * Vy'd with each other for my luckleſs love,
 * Oft I beſought them, I impior'd them all
 * Not to aſſail me with my father's rid,
 * Nor blend their better deſtiny with mine.
 * For melancholy had congeal'd my blood,
 * And froze affection in my chilly breaſt.

At last my Sire, rous'd with the base attempt
 To force me from him, which thou rend'red'st vain,
 To his own daughter bow'd his hoary head,
 Besought me to commiserate his age,
 And vow'd he should not, could not die in peace,
 Unless he saw me wedded and secur'd
 From violence and outrage. Then, my Lord!
 In my extreme distress I call'd on thee,
 Thee I bespake, profess'd my strong desire
 To lead a single, solitary life,
 And begg'd thy Nobleness not to demand
 Her for a wife whose heart was dead to love.
 How thou persisted'st after this, thou know'st,
 And must confess that I am not unjust,
 Nor more to thee than to myself injurious.
 'Lord Rand.' That I confess; yet ever must regret
 The grief I cannot cure. Would thou wert not
 Compos'd of grief and tenderness alone,
 But hadst a spark of other passions in thee,
 Pride, anger, vanity, the strong desire
 Of admiration, dear to woman-kind;
 These might contend with, and allay thy grief,
 As meeting tides and currents smooth our firth.
 'Lady Rand.' To such a cause the human mind oft owes
 Its transient calm, a calm I envy not.
 'Lord Rand.' Sure thou art not the daughter of Sir
 Malcolm?

Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment;
 For when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear
 That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.

'Lady Rand.' Oh! rake not up the ashes of my fathers:
 Implacable resentment was their crime,
 And grievous has the expiation been.
 Contending with the Douglas, gallant lives
 Of either house were lost; my ancestors
 Compell'd, at last, to leave their ancient seat
 On Tiviot's pleasant banks; and now, of them
 No heir is left. Had they not been so stern,
 Had not been the last of all my race.

'Lord Rand.' Thy grief wrests to its purposes my words.
 I never ask'd of thee that ardent love,

Which in the breasts of fancy's children burns.
 Decent affection, and complacent kindness
 Were all I wish'd for;
 Hence with the less regret I should
 The storm of war that is about to burst;
 If I should perish by the hand of fate,
 Matilda would not shed a single tear.

Lady Rand. Thou art not talking to : woeful as I am,
 I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.
 But whither go'st thou now ?

Lord Rand. Strait to the camp,
 Where every warrior on the tip-toe stands
 Of expectation, and impatient asks
 Each who arrives, if he is come to tell
 The Danes are landed.

Lady Rand. O, may adverse winds,
 Far from the coast of Scotland, drive their fleet !
 And every foldier of both hosts return
 In peace and safety to his pleasant home !

Lord Rand. Thou speak'st a woman's, hear a warrior's
 wish ;

Right from their native land, the stormy north,
 May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd
 Immoveable in Caledonia's strand !
 Then shall our woes repent their bold invasion,
 And roving armies shun the fatal shore.

* *Lady Rand.* War I detest : but war with foreign foes ;
 * Whose manners, language, and whose looks are strange ;
 * Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,
 * As that which with our neighbours oft we wage.
 * A river here, there an ideal line,
 * By fancy drawn, divides the sister kingdoms.
 * On each side dwells a people similar,
 * As twins are to each other, valiant both ;
 * Both for their valour famous through the world.
 * Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,
 * And, if they must have war, wage distant war,
 * But with each other fight in cruel conflict.
 * Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
 * The battle is their pastime. They go forth
 * Gay in the morning, as to summer sport ;

* When

When ev'ning comes, the glory of the morn,
 The youthful warrior is a clod of clay.
 Thus fall the prime of either hapless land;
 And such the fruit of Scotch and English wars.
Lord Rand. I'll hear no more: this melody would make
 A soldier drop his sword and doff his arms,
 Sit down and weep the conquests he has made;
 Yea, (like a monk,) sing rest and peace in heaven
 To souls of warriors in his battles slain.
 Lady, farewell: I leave thee not alone;
 Yonder comes one whose love makes duty light. [*Exit.*]

Enter Anna.

Anna. Forgive the rashness of your Anna's love:
 Urg'd by affection, I have thus presum'd
 To interrupt your solitary thoughts;
 And warn you of the hours that you neglect,
 And lose in sadness.

Lady Rand. So to lose my hours
 Is all the use I wish to make of time.

Anna. To blame thee, Lady, suits not with my state;
 But sure I am, since death first prey'd on man,
 Never did sister thus a brother mourn,
 What had your sorrows been if you had lost,
 In early youth, the husband of your heart?

Lady Rand. Oh!

Anna. Have I distress'd you with officious love,
 And ill-tim'd mention of your brother's fate?

Forgive me, Lady: humble tho' I am,
 The mind I bear partakes not of my fortune:

So fervently I love you, that to dry
 These piteous tears, I'd throw my life away.

Lady Rand. What power directed thy unconscious
 tongue

To speak as thou hast done? to name—

Anna. I know not:

But since my words have made my mistress tremble,
 I will speak no more; but silent mix
 My tears with her's.

Lady Rand. No, thou shalt not be silent.
 I'll trust thy faithful love, and thou shalt be

Henceforth th' instructed partner of my woes,
 But what avails it? Can thy feeble pity
 Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time?
 Compel the earth and ocean to give
 Their dead alive?

Anna. What means n

Lady Rand. Didst thou follow
 been?

If I in early youth had lost a husband—
 In the cold bosom of the earth is lodg'd,
 Mangled with wounds, the husband of my youth;
 And in some cavern of the ocean lies
 My child and his.—

Anna. O! Lady, most rever'd!

The tale wrapt up in your amazing words
 Deign to unfold.

Lady Rand. Alas, an ancient feud,
 Hereditary evil, was the source
 Of my misfortunes. Ruling fate decreed,
 That my brave brother should in battle save
 The life of Douglas' son, our house's foe:
 The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendship.
 To see the vaunted sister of his friend
 Impatient Douglas to Balarmo came,
 Under a borrow'd name.—My heart he gain'd;
 Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd:
 My brother's presence authoriz'd our marriage.
 Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings of down
 Had o'er us flown, when my lov'd Lord was call'd
 To fight his father's battles; and with him,
 In spite of all my tears, did Malcolm go.
 Scarce were they gone, when my stern Sire was told
 That the false stranger was Lord Douglas' son.
 Frantic with rage, the Baron drew his sword,
 And question'd me. Alone, forsaken, faint,
 Kneeling beneath his sword, fault'ring I took
 An oath equivocal, that I ne'er would
 Wed one of Douglas' name. Sincerity
 Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
 Thy onward path! altho' the earth shall gape,

And

And from the gulph of hell destruction cry
To take dissimulation's winding way.

Anna. Alas! how few of woman's fearful kind
Durst own a truth so hardy?

Lady Rand. The first truth

Is easiest to avow. This moral learn

This precious moral—from my tragic tale——

In a few days the dreadful tidings came

That Douglas and my brother both were slain.

My lord! my life! my husband!—Mighty heaven!

What had I done to merit such affliction?

Anna. My dearest Lady! many a tale of tears

I've listen'd to; but never did I hear

A tale so sad as this.

Lady Rand. In the first days

Of my distracting grief, I found myself——

As women wish to be who love their lords.

But who durst tell my father? The good priest

Who join'd our hands, my brother's ancient tutor,

With his lov'd Malcolm, in the battle fell:

They too alone were privy to the marriage.

On silence and concealment I resolv'd,

Till time should make my father's fortune mine.

That very night on which my son was born,

My nurse, the only confidant I had,

Set out with him to reach her sister's house:

But nurse, nor infant, have I ever seen

Or heard of, Anna, since that fatal hour.

My murder'd child! had thy fond mother fear'd

The loss of thee, she had loud fame defy'd,

Despis'd her father's rage, her father's grief,

And wander'd with thee thro' the scorning world.

Anna. Not seen nor heard of! then perhaps he lives.

Lady Rand. No. It was dark December; wind and

rain

Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay

The destin'd road; and in its swelling flood

My faithful servant perish'd with my child.

O hapless son! of a most hapless sire!——

But they are both at rest; and I alone

Dwell in this world of woe, condemn'd to walk.

' Like a guilt-troubl'd ghost, my painful rounds:
Nor has despiteful fate permitted me
The comfort of a solitary sorrow.

Tho' dead to love, I was con- 'd to we-
Randolph, who snatch'd me from his arms;
And Randolph now possesses
That by Sir Malcolm's death was invol'd;
Domains, that should to Douglas' son have giv'n.
A Baron's title, and a Baron's power.

' Such were my soothing thoughts, while I bewail'd
' The slaughter'd father of a son unborn.
' And when that son came, like a ray from heav'n,
' Which shines and disappears! alas! my child!
' How long did thy fond mother grasp the hope
' Of having thee, she knew not how, restor'd.
' Year after year hath worn her hope away;
' But left still undiminish'd her desire.'

' *Anna.* The hand, that spins th' uneven thread of
life,

' May smooth the length that's yet to come of your's.

' *Lady Rand.* Not in this world: I have consider'd
well

' Its various evils, and on whom they fall.
' Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself?
' And sweet affection prove the spring of woe.
O! had I died when my lov'd husband fell!
Had some good angel op'd to me the book
Of providence, and let me read my life,
My heart had brok'n when I beheld the sum
Of ills, which one by one I have endur'd.

Anna. That power, whose ministers good angels are,
Hath shut the book in mercy to mankind.

But we must leave this theme: Glenalvon comes:

I saw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes

And hitherwards he slowly stalks his way.

Lady Rand. I will avoid him. An ungracious person
Is doubly irksome in an hour like this.

Anna. Why speaks my Lady thus of Randolph's heir?

Lady Rand. Because he's not the heir of Randolph's
virtues.

Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind

An

An artificial image of himself :

And he with ease can vary to the taste

Of different eyes its features. ' Self-deny'd,

And master of his appetites he seems :

But his fiercer passions are a fox chain'd up,

Watches to break loose, and wish'd-for prey.

Néver were the artful pois'd so ill,

As in Glenalvon's unrelenting mind.

Yet is he brave and potent in war,

And stands aloft in these unruly times.

Why I describe him thus I'll tell hereafter ;

Stay and detain him till I reach the castle. [Exit.

Anna. O happiness ! where art thou to be found ?

I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,

Tho' grac'd with grandeur, and in wealth array'd :

Nor dost thou, it would seem, with virtue dwell ;

Else had this gentle lady mis'd thee not.

Enter Glenalvon.

Glen. What dost thou muse on, meditating maid ?

Like some entranc'd and visionary seer

On earth thou stand'st, thy thoughts ascend to heav'n.

Anna. Wou'd that I were, e'en as thou say'st, a seer,

To have my doubts by heav'nly vision clear'd !

Glen. What dost thou doubt of ? what hast thou to do

With subjects intricate ? Thy youth, thy beauty,

Cannot be question'd : think of these good gifts,

And then thy contemplations will be pleasing.

Let women view yon monument of woe,

Then boast of beauty, who so fair as she ?

But I must follow ; this revolving day

Awakes the memory of her antient woes. [Exit.

Glen. So !—Lady Randolph shuns me ! by and by

I'll woo her as the lion woos his brides.

The deed's a-doing now, that makes me lord

Of these rich valleys, and a chief of power,

The season is most apt ; my sounding steps

Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.

Randolph has liv'd too long : his better fate

Had the ascendant once, and kept me down :

When I had seiz'd the dame, by chance he came,

Rescu'd,

Rescu'd, and had the Lady for his labour;
I 'scap'd unknown: a slender consolation!
Heaven is my witness that I do not love
To sow in peril, and let others reap
The jocund harvest. Yet I am not safe;
By love, or something like it, stung, inflam'd,
Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,
And she has threaten'd to acquaint him of it.
The way of woman's will I do not know:
But well I know the Baron's wrath is deadly.
I will not live in fear; ' the man I dread
' Is as a Dane to me;' he is the man
Who stands betwixt me and my chief desire.
No bar but he; she has no kinsman near;
No brother in his sister's quarrel bold;
And for the righteous cause, a stranger's cause,
I know no chief that will defy Glenalvon. [Exit.

ACT II.

A Court, &c.

You, *Stranger within.*—Oh Mercy! Mercy!

My Servants, and a Stranger at one door, and Lady Randolph and Anna at another.

Lady Randolph.

WHAT means this clamour? Stranger! speak
secure;

hast thou been wrong'd? have these rude men presum'd
to vex the weary traveller on his way?

First Serv. By us no stranger ever suffer'd wrong,
The man with outcry wild has call'd us forth;
More afraid he cannot speak his fears.

*Lord Randolph and Norval, with their swords
drawn and bloody.*

Lady Rand. Not vain the Stranger's fears! how fares
my Lord?

Lord Rand. That it fares well, thanks to this gallant
youth,

whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death;

down the winding dale I walk'd alone,

the cross way four armed men attack'd me:

others, I judge, from the licentious camp,

would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,

not this brave and generous Stranger come,

my good angel in the hour of fate,

and, mocking danger, made my foes his own.

They turn'd upon him; but his active arm

struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,

the fiercest two; the others fled amain,

left him master of the bloody field.

Thank Lady Randolph: upon Beauty's tongue

well accents pleasing to the brave and bold,

thank, noble Dame, and thank him for thy Lord.

Lady

Lady Rand. My Lord, I cannot speak what now I feel,
My heart o'erflows with gratitude to heav'n,
And to this noble youth, who, all unknown
To you and yours, deliberated not,
Nor paus'd at peril, but, humanely brave,
Fought on your side, against such fearful odds.
Have you yet learn'd of him, whom we should thank
Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's life?

Lord Rand. I ask'd that question, and he answer'd not.
But I must know who my deliverer is. [*To the Stranger.*]

Norw. A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
Who nought can boast but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord Rand. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobled
By the great King of Kings! thou art ordain'd
And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand
Of Nature! blush not, flower of modesty
As well as valour, to declare thy birth.

Norw. My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike Lord;
And heaven soon granted what my Sire deny'd,
This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce Barbarians from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took, then hasten'd to my friends;
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd

The shepherd's slothful life : and having heard
 That our good King had summon'd his bold Peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 Next my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps ; —
 You trembling coward, who forsook his master.
 Journeying with this intent, I pass these towers,
 And, heaven directed, came this day to do
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Lord Rand. He is as wise as brave. Was ever tale
 With such a gallant modesty rehears'd ?
 My brave deliverer ! thou shalt enter now
 A nobler list, and in a monarch's fight
 Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
 I will present thee to our Scottish King,
 Whose valiant spirit ever valour lov'd.
 Ha ! my Matilda ! wherefore starts that tear ?

Lady Rand. I cannot say ; for various affections,
 And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell ;
 Yet each of them may well command a tear.
 I joy that thou art safe, and I admire
 Him and his fortunes who hath wrought thy safety ;
 Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.
 Obscure and friendless, he the army sought,
 Bent upon peril, in the range of death
 Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
 To gain distinction which his birth deny'd.
 In this attempt unknown he might have perish'd,
 And gain'd, with all his valour, but oblivion.
 Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more
 Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope
 He stands conspicuous ; fame and great renown
 Are brought within the compass of his sword.
 On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,
 And bless'd the wonder-working hand of heaven.

Lord Rand. Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts !
 My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.
 Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,
 In honour and command shall Norval be.

Norval. I know not how to thank you. Rude I am
 In speech and manners : never till this hour

Stood

Stood I in such a presence: yet my Lord,
There's something in my breast which makes me bold
To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favour.

Lady Rand. I will be sworn thou wilt not. Thou shalt
My knight; and ever, as thou didst to-day,
With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.

Lord Rand. Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid
reply. [To Norval.]

We are thy debtors still; thy high desert
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp.
Some of my train, I see, are speeding hither,
Impatient, doubtless, of their Lord's delay.
Go with me, Norval, and thine eyes shall see
The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
With brandish'd swords.

Norv. Let us be gone, my Lord.

Lord Rand. [To *Lady Randolph*.] About the time
that the declining sun

Shall his broad orbit o'er yon hills suspend,
Expect us to return. This night once more
Within these walls I rest: my tent I pitch
To-morrow in the field. Prepare the feast.
Free is his heart who for his country fights;
He in the eve of battle may resign
Himself to social pleasure; sweetest then,
When danger to a soldier's soul endears
The human joy that never may return.

[*Exeunt Lord Randolph and Norval.*]

Lady Rand. His parting words have struck a fatal
truth.

* O Douglas! Douglas! tender was the time
When we two parted, ne'er to meet again!
How many years of anguish and despair
Has heav'n annex'd to those swift-passing hours
Of love and fondness! * Then my bosom's flame
* Oft, as blown back by the rude breath of fear,
* Return'd, and with redoubled ardour blaz'd.*

Anna. May gracious heav'n pour the sweet balm of
peace

Into

Into thy wounds that fester in your breast !

For earthly consolation cannot cure them.

Lady Rand. One only cure can heaven itself bestow ;
A grave—that bed in which the weary rest.

Wretch that I am ! Alas ! why am I so ?

At every happy parent I repine !

How blest the mother of yon gallant Norval !

She for a living husband bore her pains,

And heard him bless her when a man was born :

She nurs'd her smiling infant on her breast ;

Nursed the child, and rear'd the pleasing boy :

She, with affection's triumph, saw the youth

In grace and comeliness surpass his peers :

Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,

And to the roaring waters gave my child.

Anna. Alas ! alas ! why will you thus resume

Your grief afresh ? I thought that gallant youth

Would for a while have won you from your woe.

On him intent you gaz'd, with a look

Much more delighted, than your pensive eye

Has deign'd on other objects to bestow.

Lady Rand. Delighted, say'st thou ? Oh ! even there
mine eye

Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow.

I thought that, had the son of Douglas liv'd,

He might have been like this young gallant stranger,

And pair'd with him in features and in shape ;

In all endowments, as in years, I deem,

My boy with blooming Norval might have number'd.

Whilst thus I mus'd, a spark from fancy fell

On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness

For this young stranger, wand'ring from his home,

And like an orphan cast upon my care.

I will protect thee (said I to myself)

With all my power, and grace with all my favour.

Anna. Sure heav'n will bless so generous a resolve.

You must, my noble Dame, exert your power :

You must awake : devices will be fram'd,

And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval.

Lady Rand. Glenalvon's false and crafty head will
work

Against

Against a rival in his kinsman's love,
 If I deter him not: I only can.
 Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware
 How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.
 I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.
 'Tis pleasing to admire! most apt was I
 To this affection in my better days;
 Tho' now I seem to you thrunk up, retir'd
 Within the narrow compass of my woe.
 Have you not sometimes seen an early flower
 Open its bud, and spread its silken leaves,
 To catch sweet airs, and odours to bestow;
 Then, by the keen blast nipt, pull in its leaves,
 And, tho' still living, die to scent and beauty!
 Emblem of me: affliction, like a storm,
 Hath kill'd the forward blossom of my heart.'

Enter Glenalvon.

Glen. Where is my dearest kinsman, noble Randolph?

Lady Rand. Have you not heard, Glenalvon, of the base——

Glen. I have: and that the villains may not 'scape,
 With a strong band I have begirt the wood.
 If they lurk there, alive they shall be taken,
 And torture force from them th' important secret,
 Whether some foe of Randolph hir'd their swords,
 Or if——

Lady Rand. That care becomes a kinsman's love.
 I have a counsel for Glenalvon's ear. [*Exit Anna.*]

Glen. To him your counsels always are commands.

Lady Rand. I have not found so: thou art known to me.

Glen. Known!

Lady Rand. And most certain is my cause of knowledge.

Glen. What do you know? By Heav'n
 You much amaze me. No created being,
 Yourself except, durst thus accost Glenalvon.

Lady

Lady Rand. Is guilt so bold ! and dost thou make a merit

thy pretended meekness ! This to me,
 with a gentleness which duty blames,
 have hitherto conceal'd what, if divulg'd,
 would make thee nothing ; or, what's worse than that,
 an outcast beggar, and unpity'd too !
 For mortals shudder at a crime like thine.

Glen. Thy virtue awes me. First of womankind !
 permit me yet to say, that the fond man,
 from love transports beyond strict virtue's bounds,
 if he is brought by love to misery,
 in fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,
 unpity'd cannot be. Pity's the alms
 which on such beggars freely is bestow'd :
 for mortals know that love is still their lord,
 and o'er their vain resolves advances still :
 as fire, when kindled by our shepherds, moves
 'till the dry heath against the fanning wind.

Lady Rand. Reserve these accents for some other ear.
 To love's apology I listen not.

Mark thou my words ; for it is meet thou should'st.
 His brave deliverer Randolph here retains.

Perhaps his presence may not please thee well ;
 but, at thy peril, practise ought against him :
 let not thy jealousy attempt to shake
 and loosen the good root he has in Randolph ;
 whose favourites, I know, thou hast supplanted.
 Thou look'st at me, as if thou fain would'st pry
 into my heart. 'Tis open as my speech.

Give this early caution, and put on
 the curb, before thy temper breaks away.
 The friendless stranger my protection claims :

His friend I am, and be not thou his foe. *[Exit.]*

Glen. Child that I was, to start at my own shadow,
 And be the shallow fool of coward conscience !

I am not what I have been ; what I should be.

The darts of destiny have almost pierc'd
 My marble heart. Had I one grain of faith

In holy legends, and religious tales,
 I should conclude there was an arm above,

That

That fought against me, and malignant turn'd
To catch myself, the subtle snare I set.
Why, rape and murder are not simple means !
Th' imperfect rape to Randolph gave a spouse ;
And the intended murder introduc'd
A favourite to hide the sun from me ;
And, worst of all, a rival. Burning hell !
This were thy centre, if I thought she lov'd him ;
'Tis certain she contemns me ; nay, commands
And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er me,
In his behalf. And shall I thus be brav'd ?
Curb'd, as she calls it, by dame chastity ?
Infernal fiends, if any fiends there are
More fierce than hate, ambition, and revenge,
Rise up and fill my bosom with your fires,
' And policy remorseless ! Chance may spoil
' A single aim ; but perseverance must
' Prosper at last. For chance and fate are words
' Perseverive wisdom is the fate of man.'
Darkly a project peers upon my mind,
Like the red moon when rising in the east,
Cross'd and divided by strange-colour'd clouds.
I'll seek the slave who came with Norval hither,
And for his cowardice was spurned from him.
I've known a follower's rankled bosom breed
Venom most fatal to his heedless Lord.

ACT III.

*A Court, &c. as before.**Enter Anna.*

THY vaults, Grief! great Nature's order break,
 And change the noon-tide to the midnight hour,
 Whilst Lady Randolph sleeps, I will walk forth,
 And taste the air that breathes on yonder bank.
 Sweet may her slumbers be! Ye ministers
 Of gracious heaven who love the human race,
 Angels and seraphs who delight in goodness!
 Forake your skies, and to her couch descend!
 There from her fancy chase those dismal forms
 That haunt her waking; her sad spirit charm
 With images celestial, such as please
 The blest above upon their golden beds.

Enter Servant.

Serv. One of the vile assassins is secured.
 We found the villain lurking in the wood:
 With dreadful imprecations he denies
 All knowledge of the crime. But this is not
 His first essay; these jewels were conceal'd
 In the most secret places of his garment;
 Belike the spoils of some that he has murder'd.

Anna. Let me look on them. Ha! here is a heart,
 The chosen crest of Douglas' valiant name!
 These are no vulgar jewels. Guard the wretch.

*[Exit Anna.]**Enter Servants with the Prisoner.*

Pris. I know no more than does the child unborn
 Of what you charge me with.

First Serv. You say so, Sir!
 But torture soon shall make you speak the truth.

Behold the Lady of Lord Randolph comes :
Prepare yourself to meet her just revenge.

Enter Lady Randolph and Anna.

Anna. Summon your utmost fortitude, before
You speak with him. Your dignity, your fame,
Are now at stake. Think of the fatal secret,
Which in a moment from your lips may fly.

Lady Rand. Thou shalt behold me, with a desp'rate
heart,
Hear how my infant perish'd. See, he kneels.

[The prisoner kneels.]

Pris. Heav'n bless that countenance, so sweet and
mild !

A judge like thee makes innocence more bold.
O save me, Lady, from these cruel men
Who have attack'd and seiz'd me ; who accuse
Me of intended murder. As I hope
For mercy at the judgment-seat of Heav'n,
The tender lamb, that never nipt the grass,
Is not more innocent than I of murder.

Lady Rand. Of this man's guilt what proof can you
produce ?

First Serv. We found him lurking in the hollow,
Glynn.

When view'd and call'd upon, amaz'd, he fled.
We overtook him, and inquir'd from whence
And what he was ; he said, he came from far,
And was upon his journey to the camp.
Not satisfy'd with this, we search'd his cloaths,
And found these jewels, whose rich value plead
Most powerfully against him. Hard he seems,
And old in villainy. Permit us try
His stubbornness against the torture's force.

Pris. O gentle Lady ! by your Lord's dear life !
Which these weak hands, I swear, did ne'er assail ;
And by your childrens welfare, spare my age !
Let not the iron tear my antient joints,
And my grey hairs bring to the grave with pain.

Lady

Lady Rand. Account for these: thine own they cannot be:

these, I say; be steadfast to the truth;
 Detected falsehood is most certain death.

Anna removes the Servants, and returns.

Pris. Alas! I'm fore beset! let never man,
 For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
 Eternal justice is in this most just!

guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

Lady Rand. O! Anna hear! once more, I charge
 thee, speak

The truth direct: for these to me foretell
 And certify a part of thy narration;
 With which if the remainder tallies not,
 An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.

Pris. Then, thus adjur'd, I'll speak to thee as just
 if you were the minister of heaven,

Let down to search the secret sins of men.

Some eighteen years ago, I rented land
 Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's Lord;
 But falling to decay, his servants seiz'd
 All that I had, and then turn'd me and mine,
 Four helpless infants, and their weeping mother)
 Out to the mercy of the winter winds.

A little hovel by the river's side

Receiv'd us; there hard labour, and the skill

In fishing, which was formerly my sport,

Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly liv'd,

One stormy night, as I remember well,

The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof;

Red came the river down, and loud and oft

The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.

At the dead hour of night was heard the cry

Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran

To where the circling eddy of a pool,

Beneath the ford, us'd oft to bring within

My reach whatever floating thing the dream

Had caught. The voice was ceas'd; the person lost:

But looking sad and earnest on the waters,

By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and round,

B

A basket:

A basket : soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant lay.

Lady Rand. Was he alive ?

Pris. He was.

Lady Rand. Inhuman that thou art !
How could'st thou kill what waves and tempests spar'd ?

Pris. I am not so inhuman.

Lady Rand. Didst thou not ?

Anna. My noble mistress, you are mov'd too much :
This man has not the aspect of stern murder :
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.

Pris. The needy man, who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do such deeds, as make the prosperous men
Lift up their hands and wonder who could do them.
And such a man was I ; a man declin'd,
Who saw no end of black adversity ;
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
Have touch'd that infant with a hand of harm.

Lady Rand. Ha ! dost thou say so ? Then perhaps he
lives !

Pris. Not many days ago he was alive.

Lady Rand. O ! heav'nly Pow'r ! did he then die so
lately ?

Pris. I did not say he died : I hope he lives.
Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.

Lady Rand. Where is he now ?

Pris. Alas ! I know not where.

Lady Rand. Oh ! fate, I fear thee still. Thou ri-
dler, speak

Direct and clear : else I will search thy soul.

Anna. Permit me, ever honour'd ! keen impatient
Tho' hard to be restrain'd, defeats itself.—

Lady Rand. Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.

Pris. Fear not my faith, tho' I must speak my tale
Within the cradle where the infant lay,
Was stow'd a mighty store of gold and jewels :

by which, we did resolve to hide,
 To all the world, this wonderful event,
 Like a peasant breed the noble child.
 None might mark the change of our estate,
 We left the country, travell'd to the North,
 Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth
 Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye
 Did our avarice, and smote us sore.

Or, ere by one, all our own children dy'd,
 And he, the Stranger, sole remain'd the heir
 Of what, indeed, was his. Fain then, would I,
 Who with a father's fondness lov'd the boy,
 Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,
 With his own secret : but my anxious wife,
 Foreboding evil, never would consent.

Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty ;
 And, as we oft observ'd, he bore himself
 As the offspring of our cottage blood ;
 For nature will break out : mild with the mild,
 But with the forward he was fierce as fire,
 And night and day he talk'd of war and arms.
 I set myself against his warlike bent ;
 But all in vain : for when a desperate band
 Of robbers from the savage mountains came——

Lady Rand. Eternal Providence ! What is thy name ?

Pris. My name is Norval : and my name he bears.

Lady Rand. 'Tis he ! 'tis he himself ! it is my son !

O ! sovereign mercy ! 'Twas my child I saw !

No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burn'd.

Anna. Just are your transports : ' ne'er was woman's
 ' heart

Prov'd with such fierce extremes. High fated Dame !

But yet remember that you are beheld

By servile eyes ; your gestures may be seen

Impassion'd strange ; perhaps your words o'erheard.

Lady Rand. Well dost thou counsel, Anna : heav'n's
 bestow

On me that wisdom which my state requires !

Anna. The moments of deliberation pass,

And soon you must resolve. This useful man

' Must be dismiss'd in safety, ere my Lord
' Shall with his brave deliverer return.'

Pris. If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
Have of your words and gestures rightly judg'd,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;
The child I rescu'd from the flood is thine.

Lady Rand. With thee dissimulation now were vain,
I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm;
The child thou rescu'dst from the flood is mine.

Pris. Bless'd be the hour that made me a poor man!
My poverty hath sav'd my master's house!

Lady Rand. Thy words surprize me: sure thou dost
not feign:

The tear stands in thine eye: Much love from thee
Sir Malcolm's house deserv'd not; if aught
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.

Pris. Sir Malcolm of our Barons was the flower;
The fastest friend, the best, the kindest master:
But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.

After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old Lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world;
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.

By them I was thrust out, and them I blame:
May heav'n so judge me, as I judg'd my master!
And God so love me as I love his race.

Lady Rand. His race shall yet reward thee. On thy
faith

Depends the fate of thy lov'd master's house.
Remembrest thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron?

Pris. I remember
The cottage of the cliffs.

Lady Rand. 'Tis that I mean:
There dwells a man, of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth:
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
Before the King and Nobles, what thou now

To, he hath told. No more but this, and thou shalt live in honour all thy future days:

For so long shall call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man who sav'd
The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.

Remember well my words: if thou should'st meet
Him whom thou call'st thy son, still call him so,
And mention nothing of his nobler father.

Pris. Fear not that I should mar so fair an harvest,
By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe.
Why did I leave my home, and ancient dame?
To find the youth to tell him all I knew
And make him wear these jewels in his arms;
Which might, I thought, be challeng'd, and so bring
To light the secret of his noble birth.

[Lady Randolph goes towards the Servants.]

Lady Rand. This man is not th' ass, if you suspected,
Tho' chance combin'd some likelihoods against him.

He is the faithful bearer of the jewels
To their right owner, whom in haste he seeks.

'Tis meet that you should put him on his way,
Since your mistaken zeal hath dragg'd him hither.

[Exeunt Stranger and Servants.]

My faithful Anna dost thou share my joy?

I know thou dost. Unparallel'd event!

Reaching from heav'n to earth, Jehovah's arm
Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my son!

Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father;

Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks

For such a gift! What does my Anna think

Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest?

How soon he gaz'd on bright and burning arms,

Spurn'd the low dunghill where his fate had thrown him,

And tower'd up to the region of his fire!

Anna. How fondly did your eyes devour the boy!

Mysterious nature, with the unseen cord

Of powerful instinct, drew you to your own.

Lady Rand. The ready story of his birth believ'd

Suppress'd my fancy quite; nor did he owe

To any likeness my so sudden favour:

But now I long to see his face again,

Examine every feature, and find out
The lineaments of Douglas, or my own;
But most of all I long to let him know
Who his true parents are, to class him
And tell him all the story of his father.

Anna. With wary caution you must bear yourself
In public, lest your tenderness break forth,
And in observers stir conjectures strange.

‘ For, if a cherub in the shape of woman
Should walk this world, yet defamation would,
‘ Like a vile cur, bark at the angel’s train——
‘ To-day the Baron started at your tears.

Lady Rand. He did so, Anna! well thy Mother
knows,

If the least circumstance, mote of offence,
Should touch the Baron’s eye, his sight would be
With jealousy disorder’d. But the more
It does behove me instant to declare
The birth of Douglas, and assert his rights.
This night I purpose with my son to meet,
Reveal the secret, and consult with him:
For wise he is, or my fond judgment errs,
As he does now, so look’d his noble father,
Array’d in nature’s ease: his mien, his speech,
Were sweetly simple, and full oft deceiv’d
Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.
But, when the matter match’d his mighty mind,
Up rose the Hero: on his piercing eye
Sat observation: on each glance of thought
Decision follow’d, as the thunder-bolt
Pursues the flash.

Anna. That demon haunts you still:
Behold Glenalvon.

Lady Rand. Now I shun him not.
This day I brav’d him in behalf of Norval:
Perhaps too far: at least my nicer fears
For Douglas thus interpret.

Enter Glenalvon.

Glen. Noble Dame!
The hov’ring Dane at last his men hath landed:

To band of pirates ; but a mighty host,
 That come to settle where their valour conquers ;
 To win a country, or to lose themselves.

Lady Rand. But whence comes this intelligence,
 Glenalvon ?

Glen. A nimble courier sent from yonder camp,
 To hasten up the chieftains of the north,
 Inform'd me, as he past, that the fierce Dane
 Had on the eastern coast of Lothian landed,
 Near to that place where the sea rock immense,
 Amazing Bais, looks o'er a fertile land.

Lady Rand. Then must this western army-march
 To join

The warlike troops that guard Edina's tow'ns.

Glen. Beyond all question. If impairing time
 Has not effac'd the image of a place

Once perfect in my breast, there is a wild

Which lies to westward of that mighty rock,

And seems by nature formed for the camp,

Of water-watted armies, whose chief strength

Lies in firm foot, unflank'd with warlike horse :

If martial skill directs the Danish lords,

There inaccessible their army lies

To our swift-scow'ring horse, the bloody field

Must man to man, and foot to foot, be fought.

Lady Rand. How many mothers shall bewail their
 sons !

How many widows weep their husbands slain !

Ye dames of Denmark ! ev'n for you I feel,

Who sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,

Long look for lords that never shall return.

Glen. Oft has th' unconquer'd Caledonian sword

Widow'd the north. The children of the slain

Come, as I hope, to meet their father's fate.

The monster war, with her infernal brood,

Loud yelling-fury, and life-ending pain,

Are objects suited to Glenalvon's soul !

Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death :

Reproach more piercing than the pointed sword.

Lady Rand. I scorn thee not, but when I ought to
 scorn ;.

Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted virtue
 Against audacious vice asserts herself.
 I own thy worth, Glenalvon; none more
 Than I to praise thine eminence in arms,
 And be the echo of thy martial fame.
 No longer vainly feed a guilty passion:
 Go and pursue a lawful mistress, - Glory.
 Upon the Danish crests redeem thy fault,
 And let thy valour be the shield of Randolph.

Glen. One instant stay, and hear an alter'd man.
 When beauty pleads for virtue, vice abash'd
 Flies its own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.
 I am your convert; time will shew how truly:
 Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.
 'That youth, for whom your ardent zeal to-day
 Somewhat too haughtily defy'd your slave,
 Amidst the shock of armies I'll defend,
 And turn death from him with a guardian arm.
 'Sedate by use, my bosom maddens not
 'At the tumultuous uproar of the field.'

Lady Rand. Act thus, Glenalvon, and I am thy
 friend;

But that's thy least reward. Believe me, Sir,
 'The truly generous is the truly wise;
 And he who loves not others, lives unblest.

[*Exit Lady Randolph and Anna.*]

Glen. Amen! and virtue is its own reward! —
 I think that I have hit the very tone
 In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent,
 How pleasant art thou to the taste of man,
 And woman also! flattery direct
 Rarely disgusts. They little know mankind
 Who doubt its operation: 'tis my key,
 And opens the wicket of the human heart.
 How far I have succeeded now I know not,
 Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue
 Is lull'd awhile: 'Tis her alone I fear:
 While she in Randolph live, and live in faith
 And amity, uncertain is my tenure.
 'Fate o'er my head suspends disgrace and death,
 'By that weak hair, a peevish female's will,

is not idle: but the ebbs and flows
Fortune's tide cannot be calculated.
I have of Norval's I have found most apt.
In pawn'd his gold, and he has pawn'd his soul
And I wear whatever I suggest.
As I'm told, has that alluring look,
Next man and woman, which I have observ'd
To charm the nicer and fantastic dames,
Are, like Lady Randolph, full of virtue.
Sling Randolph's jealousy I may
Point him to the truth. He seldom errs
To think the worst he can of womankind.

[Exit.]

B5

ACT

DOUGLAS.

ACT IV.

Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter Lord Randolph.

Lord Randolph.

SUMMON an hundred horse, by break of day
To wait our pleasure at the castle-gate.

Enter Lady Randolph.

Lady Rand. Alas! my Lord! I've heard unwelcome news:

The Danes are landed.

Lord Rand. Ay, no inroad this
Of the Northumbrian bent to take a spoil:
No sportive war, no tournament essay
Of some young knight resolv'd to break a spear,
And stain with hostile blood his maiden arms.
The Danes are landed; we must beat them back,
Or live the slaves of Denmark.

Lady Rand. Dreadful times!

Lord Rand. The fenceless villages are all forsaken
The trembling mothers and their children lodg'd
In wall-girt towers and castles; whilst the men
Retire indignant. Yet, like broken waves,
They but retire more awful to return.

Lady Rand. Immense, as fame reports, the Danish host—

Lord Rand. Were it as numerous as loud fame reports,
An army knit like ours would pierce it thro':

Brot

Others, that shrink not from each other's side,
 And companions, fill our warlike files :
 On the dear offspring, and the wife he loves,
 And the fearless father arm.
 Vulgar breasts heroic ardour burns,
 And the poor peasant mates his daring lord.
 Lady *Rand*. Men's minds are temper'd, like their
 Swords, for war ;
 Lovers of danger, on destruction's brink
 They joy to rear erect their daring forms.
 Hence, early graves ; hence, the lone widow's life ;
 And the sad mother's grief-embitter'd age.
 Where is our gallant guest ?
 Lord *Rand*. Down in the vale
 I met him, managing a fiery steed,
 Whose stubbornness had foil'd the strength and skill
 Of every rider, But behold he comes,
 In earnest conversation with Glenalvon.

Enter Norval and Glenalvon.

Glenalvon ! with the lark arise : go forth,
 And lead my troops that lie in yonder vale :
 I will attend thee to the royal camp :
 Norval, thou goest with me. But say, young man !
 Where didst thou learn so to discourse of war,
 And in such terms as I o'erheard to-day ?
 'Tis no village science, nor its phrase
 Language taught amongst the shepherd swains.
 Norval. Small is the skill my Lord delights to praise
 Whom he favours—Hear from whence it came.
 Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
 And inaccessible, by shepherds trod,
 A deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
 A hermit liv'd ; a melancholy man,
 Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
 There and lonely, cruel to himself,
 They report him : the cold earth his bed,
 Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
 I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
 With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake,

And, ent'ring on discourse, such stories told
 As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
 For he had been a foldier in his youth;
 And fought in famous battles, when the Pope
 Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led
 Against th' usurping Infidel display'd
 The blessed Crose, and won the Holy Land.
 Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
 His speech struck from me, the old man would
 His years away, and act his young encounters;
 Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down
 And all the live-long day discourse of war.
 To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
 He cut the figures of the marshal'd hosts;
 Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
 Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
 The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm
 For all that Saracen or Christian knew
 Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

Lord Rand. Why did this foldier in a desert lodge
 Those qualities that should have grac'd a camp?

Nerv. That too at last I learn'd. Unhappy man
 Returning homewards by Messina's port,
 Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
 A rude and hoist'rous captain of the sea
 Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought
 The stranger fell, and with his dying breath
 Declar'd his name and lineage! Mighty Power!
 The foldier cried, my brother! Oh! my brother!

Lady Rand. His brother!

Nerv. Yes; of the same parents born;
 His only brother. They exchange'd forgiveness
 And happy, in my mind, was he that died:
 For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
 In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
 Or on some nameless stream's untrodden bank:
 And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
 At times, alas! not in his perfect mind!
 Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost:
 And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
 To make sad orisons for him he slew.

Lady Rand. To what mysterious woes are mortals born!

In this dire tragedy were there no more unhappy persons? did the parents live?

Nerv. No; they were dead: kind heav'n had clos'd their eyes

Before their son had shed his brother's blood.

Lord Rand. Hard is his fate; for he was not to blame!

There is a destiny in this strange world,

Which oft decrees an undeserved doom:

Let schoolmen tell us why.—From whence these sounds?

[Trumpets at a distance,

Enter an Officer.

Off. My Lord, the trumpets of the troops of Lorn: The valiant leader hails the noble Randolph.

Lord Rand. Mine antient 'guest! does he the warriors lead?

Has Denmark rous'd the brave old Knight to arms?

Off. No: worn with warfare, he resigns the sword. His eldest hope, the valiant John of Lorn, Now leads his kindred bands.

Lord Rand. Glenalvon, go.

With hospitality's most strong request

Intreat the chief.

[Exit Glenalvon.

Off. My Lord, requests are vain.

He urges on, impatient of delay,

stung with the tidings of the foe's approach. *[Exit.]*

Lord Rand. May victory sit on the warrior's plume!

Bravest of men! his flocks and herds are safe;

Remote from war's alarms his pasture lie,

By mountains inaccessible secur'd;

Yet foremost he into the plain descends,

Eager to bleed in battles not his own.

Such were the heroes of the antient world;

Contemners they of indolence and gain;

But still for love of glory, and of arms,

'rone to encounter peril, and to lift

Against each strong antagonist the spear.

'll go and press the hero to my breast.

[Exit.

Lady

Lady Rand. The soldier's loftiness, the pride and pomp
Investing awful war, Norval, I see,
Transport thy youthful mind.

Norv. Ah! should they not?
Blest be the hour I left my father's house!
I might have been a shepherd all my days,
And stole obscurely to a peasant's grave.
Now, if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand;
And, if I fall, with noble dust I lie.

Lady Rand. There is a generous spirit in thy breast,
That could have well sustain'd a prouder fortune.
'Tis this way with me, under you spreading beech,
Since lucky chance has left us here alone,
Unseen, unheard, by human eye or ear,
I will amaze thee with a wondrous tale.

Norv. Let there be danger, Lady, with the secret,
That I may hug it to my grateful heart,
And prove my faith. Command my sword, my life,
These are the sole possessions of poor Norval.

Lady Rand. Know'st thou these gems?

Norv. Durst I believe mine eyes,
I'd say I knew them, and they were my father's.

Lady Rand. Thy father's, say'st thou! ah! they were
thy father's!

Norv. I saw them once, and curiously inquir'd
Of both my parents, whence such splendor came?
But I was check'd, and more could never learn.

Lady Rand. Then learn of me, thou art not Norval's
son.

Norv. Not Norval's son!

Lady Rand. Nor of a shepherd sprung.

Norv. Lady, who am I then?

Lady Rand. Noble thou art;
For noble was thy Sire!

Norv. I will believe——

O! tell me farther! Say who was my father?

Lady Rand. Douglas!

Norv. Lord Douglas, whom to-day I saw?

Lady Rand. His younger brother.

Norv. And in yonder camp?

Lady Rand. Alas!

Norv.

Norv. You make me tremble——Sighs and tears!
Lives my brave father?

Lady Rand. Ah! too brave indeed!
He fell in battle ere thyself was born.

Norv. Ah me unhappy! ere I saw the light?
But does my mother live? I may conclude,
From my own fate, her portion has been sorrow.

Lady Rand. She lives; but wastes her life in constant
woe,

Weeping her husband slain, her infant lost.

Norv. You that are skill'd so well in the sad story

Of my unhappy parents, and with tears
Bewail their destiny, now have compassion

Upon the offspring of the friends you lov'd!

O! tell me who, and where my mother is!

Oppress'd by a base world, perhaps she bends

Beneath the weight of other ills than grief;

And, desolate, implores of heav'n the aid

Her son should give. It is, it must be so—

Your countenance confesses that she's wretched.

O! tell me her condition! Can the sword—

Who shall resist me in a parent's cause?

Lady Rand. Thy virtue ends her woe! My son! my
son!

Norv. Art thou my mother?

Lady Rand. I am thy mother, and the wife of
Douglas! *[Falls upon his neck.]*

Norv. O heav'n and earth, how wondrous is my fate!

Art thou my mother? Ever let me kneel!

Lady Rand. Image of Douglas! Fruit of fatal love!

All that I owe thy Sire, I pay to thee.

Norv. Respect and admiration still possess me,

Checking the love and fondness of a son.

Yet I was filial to my humble parents.

But did my Sirē surpass the rest of men,

As thou excellest all of womankind?

Lady Rand. Arise, my son! In me thou dost behold!

The poor remains of beauty once admir'd;

The autumn of my days is come already;

For sorrow made my summer haste away.

Yet in my prime I equall'd not thy father;

His eyes were like the eagle's, yet sometimes
 Like the dove's; and, as he pleas'd, he won
 All hearts with softness, or with spirit aw'd.

Nerv. How did he fall? Sure 'twas a bloody field
 When Douglas died. O I have much to ask!

Lady Rand. Hereafter thou shalt hear the lengthen'd
 tale

Of all thy father's and thy mother's woes.
 At present this: thou art the rightful heir
 Of yonder castle, and the wide domains
 Which now Lord Randolph, as my husband, holds.
 But thou shalt not be wrong'd; I have the power
 To right thee still: before the King I'll kneel,
 And call Lord Douglas to protect his blood.

Nerv. The blood of Douglas will protect itself.

Lady Rand. But we shall need both friends and fa-
 vour, boy,

To wrest thy lands and lordship from the gripe
 Of Randolph and his kinsman. Yet I think
 My tale will move each gentle heart to pity,
 My life incline the virtuous to believe.

Nerv. To be the son of Douglas is to me
 Inheritance enough. Declare my birth,
 And in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune.

Lady Rand. Thou dost not know what perils and
 injustice

Await the poor man's valour. O! my son!
 The noblest blood of all the land's abash'd,
 Having no lacquey but pale poverty.
 Too long hast thou been thus attended, Douglas!
 Too long hast thou been deem'd a peasant's child.
 The wanton heir of some inglorious chief
 Perhaps has scorn'd thee, in the youthful sports;
 Whilst thy indignant spirit swell'd in vain!
 Such contumely thou no more shalt bear:
 But how I purpose to redress thy wrongs
 Must be hereafter told. Prudence directs
 That we should part before yon chiefs return.
 Retire, and from thy rustic follower's hand
 Receive a billet, which thy mother's care,
 Anxious to see thee, dictated before

This casual opportunity arose
 Of private conference. Its purport mark;
 For, as I there appoint, we meet again.
 Give me, my son! and frame thy manners still
 To Norval's, not to noble Douglas' state.
Norv. I will remember. Where is Norval now?
 That good old man.

Lady Rand. At hand conceal'd he lies,
 An useful witness. But beware, my son,
 Of yon Glenalvon; in his guilty breast
 Besides a villain's shrewdness, ever prone
 To false conjecture. He hath griev'd my heart.

Norv. Has he indeed? Then let yon false Glenalvon
 Beware of me. [Exit.]

Lady Rand. There burst the smother'd flame!
 O thou all righteous and eternal King!
 Who father of the fatherless art call'd,
 Protect my son!—Thy inspiration, Lord!
 Hath fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,
 Which in the breasts of his forefathers burn'd;
 Set him on high like them, that he may shine
 The star and glory of his native land!
 Then let the minister of death descend,
 And bear my willing spirit to its place.
 Wonder they come. How do bad women find
 Unchanging aspects to conceal their guilt?
 When I, by reason, and by justice urg'd,
 Full hardly can dissemble with these men
 In nature's pious cause.

Enter Lord Randolph and Glenalvon.

Lord Rand. Yon gallant chief,
 Of arms enamour'd, all repose disclaims.

Lady Rand. Be not, my Lord, by his example sway'd:
 Arrange the business of to-morrow now,
 And, when you enter, speak of war no more. [Exit.]

Lord Rand. 'Tis so, by heav'n! her mien, her voice,
 Her eye,
 And her impatience to be gone, confirm it.

Glen.

Glen. He parted from her now: behind the mound,
Amongst the trees, I saw him glide along.

Lord Rand. For sad, sequestered virtue she's renown'd.

Glen. Most true, my Lord.

Lord Rand. Yet this distinguish'd Dame
Invites a youth, the acquaintance of a day,
Alone to meet her at the midnight hour.
This assignation [*shows a letter*] the assassin-freed,
Her manifest affection for the youth,
Might breed suspicion in a husband's brain,
Whose gentle comfort all for love had wedded;
Much more in mine. Matilda never lov'd me.
Let no man, after me, a woman wed,
Whose heart he knows he has not; tho' she brings
A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry.
For let her seem, like the night's shadowy queen,
Cold and contemplative;—he cannot trust her:
She may, she will, bring shame and sorrow on him;
The worst of sorrows, and the worst of shames!

Glen. Yield not, my Lord, to such afflicting thoughts.
But let the spirit of an husband sleep,
Till your own senses made a sure conclusion.
This billet must to blooming Norval go:
At the next turn awaits my trusty spy;
I'll give it him refitted for his master.
In the close thicket take your secret stand;
The moon shines bright, and your own eyes may judge
Of their behaviour.

Lord Rand. Thou dost counsel well.

Glen. Permit me now to make one slight essay,
Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,
By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,
The first and fairest in a young man's eye,
Is woman's captive heart. Successful love
With glorious flames intoxicates the mind!
And the proud conqueror in triumph moves
Air-born, exalted above vulgar men.

Lord Rand. And what avails this maxim?

Glen. Much, my Lord!

Withdraw a little; I'll accost young Norval;
And with ironical derisive counsel

Explore his spirit. If he is no more
 Than humble Norval, by thy favour rais'd,
 Brave as he is, he'll shrink astonish'd from me:
 But if he be the fav'rite of the fair,
 Lov'd by the first of Caledonia's dames,
 He'll turn upon me, as the lion turns
 Upon the hunter's spear.

Lord Rand. 'Tis thus I thought.

Glen. When we grow loud, draw near. But let my
 Lord

His rising wrath restrain [Exit Randolph.]

'Tis strange, by heav'n!
 That she should run full tilt her fond career,
 To one so little known. She too that seem'd
 Pure as the winter stream, when ice emboss'd
 Whitens its course. Even I did think her chaste
 Whose charity exceeds not. Precious sex!
 Whose deeds lascivious pass Glenalvon's thoughts!

[Norval appears.]

His port I love; he's in a proper mood
 To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd.
 Has Norval seen the troops?

Norv. The setting sun,
 With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale,
 And as the warriors mov'd, each polish'd helm,
 Corset, or spear, glanc'd back his gilded beams.
 The hill they climb'd, and halting at its top,
 Of more than mortal size, tower'd, they seem'd,
 An host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our host,
 In sounds more lofty, speaks of glorious war.

Norv. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
 My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
 Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
 Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
 Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave Sir, your martial
 deeds
 Have rank'd you with the great: but mark me, Norval:
 Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
 Above his veterans of famous service.

Let

Let me, who know the soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honour; seem not to command;
Else they will scarcely brook your late sprung power,
Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.

Norv. Sir, I have been accustom'd all my day
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth:
And tho' I have been told, that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skill'd.
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth-obscure? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms?

Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Norv. My pride!

Glen. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper.
Your pride's excessive. Yet for Randolph's sake
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
Think you they will endure a shepherd's scorn?

Norv. A shepherd's scorn!

Glen. Yes, if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
What will become of you?

Norv. If this were told——
Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?

Glen. Ha! Dost thou threaten me?

Norv. Didst thou not hear?

Glen. Unwillingly I did; a noble foe
Had not been question'd thus. But such as thee——

Norv. Whom dost thou think me?

Glen. Norval.

Norv. So I am——
And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?

Glen. A peasant's son, a wand'ring beggar-boy.
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

Norv. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?

Glen. Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie; and false as
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

Norv. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bedrid old,
 I should revile: But as I am
 I've no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
 Is a race who thrives not but with deeds,
 I do not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,
 I make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
 Tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.
Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to com-
 mand
 A thousand slaves like thee?
Norv. Villain, no more:
 I'll law and defend thy life. I did design
 To have defy'd thee in another cause:
 But heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.
 For my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

Enter Lord Randolph.

Lord Rand. Hold, I command you both. The man
 that stirs
 Takes me his foe.

Norv. Another voice than thine
 That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

Glen. Hear him, my Lord; he's wond'rous con-
 descending!

Mark the humility of the shepherd Norval!

Norv. Now you may scoff in safety. [*Sheathes his sword.*]

Lord Rand. Speak not thus,
 Taunting each other; but unfold to me
 The cause of quarrel, then I judge betwixt you.

Norv. Nay, my good Lord, tho' I revere you
 much,

My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.

I blush to speak; I will not, cannot speak

Th' opprobrious words that I from him have borne.

To the liege-lord of my dear native land

I owe a subject's homage; but even him

And his high arbitration I'd reject.

Within my bosom reigns another lord;

Honour, sole judge and umpire of itself.

My free speech offend you, noble Randolph.

Revoke

Revoke your favours, and let Norval go
Hence as he came, alone, but not dishonour'd.

Lord Rand. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial
voice.

The antient foe of Caledonia's land
Now waves his banners o'er her frightened fields.
Suspend your purpose, till your country's arms
Repel the bold invader; then decide
The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this.

Norw. And I.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The banquet waits.

Lord Rand. We come. [*Exit Randolph and Servant.*]

Glen. Norval,

Let not our variance mar the social hour,
Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow;
Nor let our strife disturb the gentle Dame.

Norw. Think not so lightly, Sir, of my resentment;
When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

A C T V.

*The Wood.**Enter Douglas.*

HIS is the place, the centre of the grove.
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood,
Sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
O'er skies where I could count each little star.
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
The river, rushing o'er its pebble bed,
Imposes silence with a silly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
Ancestry can be in ought believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Enter Old Norval.

Norv. 'Tis he. But what if he should chide me
hence;

His just reproach I fear. [*Douglas turns and sees him.*
Forgive, forgive,
Canst thou forgive the man, the selfish man,
Who bred Sir Malcolm's heir a shepherd's son.

Doug. Kneel not to me: thou art my father still:
Thy wish'd-for presence now compleats my joy.
Welcome to me, my fortunes thou shalt share,
And ever honour'd with thy Douglas live.

Norv. And dost thou call me father? O my
son!

think that I could die to make amends.

For

For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime
Which in the wilderness so long conceal'd
The blossom of thy youth.

Doug. Not worse the fruit,
That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.
Amongst the shepherds, in the humble cot,
I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget
When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.

I, who was once a swain, will ever prove
The poor man's friend; and, when my vassals bow,
Norval shall smoothe the crested pride of Douglas.

Norv. Let me but live to see thine exaltation!
Yet grievous are my fears. O leave this place,
And those unfriendly towers.

Doug. Why should I leave them?

Norv. Lord Randolph and his kinsman seek your life.

Doug. How know'st thou that?

Norv. I will inform you how.

When evening came, I left the secret place
Appointed for me by your mother's care,
And fondly trod in each accustom'd path
That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I rang'd,
I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds
Of earnest voices. On the persons came;
Unseen I lurk'd, and overheard them name
Each other as they talk'd, Lord Randolph this,
And that Glenalvon: still of you they spoke,
And of the Lady: threat'ning was their speech,
Tho' but imperfectly my ear could hear it.
'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Doug. Revenge! for what?

Norv. For being what you are;
Sir Malcolm's heir: how else have you offended?
When they were gone, I hy'd me to my cottage,
And there sat musing how I best might find
Means to inform you of their wicked purpose.
But I could think of none: at last, perplex'd,
I issu'd forth, encompassing the tower
With many a weary step, and wishful look.
Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,

Let

Let not your too courageous spirit scorn
The caution which I give.

Doug. I scorn it not.

My mother warn'd me of Glenalvon's baseness :

I will not suspect the noble Randolph.

Your encounter with the vile assassins,

Mark'd his brave demeanor : him I'll trust.

Nerv. I fear you will too far.

Doug. Here in this place

Wait my mother's coming ; she shall know

What thou hast told : her counsel I will follow ;

And cautious ever are a mother's counsels.

You must depart ; your presence may prevent

Our interview.

Nerv. My blessing rest upon thee !

May heav'n's hand, which sav'd thee from the wave,

And from the sword of foes, be near thee still ;

Turning mischance, if ought hangs o'er thy head,

All upon mine !

[*Exit.*]

Doug. He loves me like a parent ;

And must not, shall not lose the son he loves,

Altho' his son has found a nobler father.

Eventful day ! how hast thou chang'd my state !

Once on the cold, and winter-shaded side

Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,

Never to thrive, child of another soil :

Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,

Like the green thorn of May my fortune flowers.

Ye glorious stars ! high heav'n's resplendent host !

To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,

Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish !

Deader alive, let me but be renown'd !

May heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane,

To give a bold defiance to our host !

Before he speaks it out I will accept :

Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

Enter Lady Randolph.

Lady Rand. My son ! I heard a voice —

Doug. The voice was mine.

C

Lady

Lady Rand. Didst thou complain aloud to nature's ear,
That thus in dusky shades, at midnight hours,
By stealth the mother and the son should meet?

[*Embracing him*
Doug. No; on this happy day, this better birth-day,
My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

Lady Rand. Sad fear and melancholy still divide
The empire of my breast with hope and joy.
Now hear what I advise.

Doug. First let me tell
What may the tenor of your counsel change.

Lady Rand. My heart forebodes some evil!

Doug. 'Tis not good.—

At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,
The good old Norval in the grove o'erheard
Their conversation: oft they mention'd me
With dreadful threatnings; you they sometimes nam'd.
'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discovery;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Lady Rand. Defend us, gracious God: we are be-
tray'd:

They have found out the secret of thy birth;
It must be so. That is the great discovery.
Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own;
And he will be reveng'd. Perhaps even now,
Arm'd and prepar'd for murder, they but wait
A darker and more silent hour, to break
Into the chamber where they think thou sleep'st.
This moment, this, heav'n hath ordain'd to save thee!
Fly to the camp, my son!

Doug. And leave you here?

No; to the castle let us go together,
Call up the ancient servants of your house,
Who in their youth did eat your father's bread.
Then tell them loudly that I am your son.
If in the breasts of men one spark remains
Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,
Some in your cause will arm. I ask but few
To drive those spoilers from my father's house.

Lady

Lady Rand. O Nature, Nature! what can check thy force?

Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas!
But rush not on destruction: save thyself,
And I am safe. To me they mean no harm.
Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.
That winding path conducts thee to the river.
Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten way,
Which running eastward leads thee to the camp.
Instant demand admittance to Lord Douglas.
Shew him these jewels, which his brother wore.
Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth,
Which I by certain proof will soon confirm.

Doug. I yield me and obey: but yet my heart
Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me stay
And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read
Of wondrous deeds by one bold arm achiev'd.

Our foes are two: no more: let me go forth,
And see if any shield can guard Glenalvon.

Lady Rand. If thou regard'st thy mother, or rever'st
Thy father's mem'ry, think of this no more.

One thing I have to say before we part;

Long wert thou lost; and thou art found, my child,
In a most fearful season. War and battle
I have great cause to dread. Too well I see

Which way the current of thy temper sets:

To-day I've found thee. Oh! my long lost hope!

If thou to giddy valour giv'st the rein,

To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.

The love of thee, before thou saw'st the light,

Sustain'd my life when thy brave father fell.

When thou shalt fall, I have ~~nor~~ love nor hope:

In this waste world! my son, remember me!

Doug. What shall I say? how can I give you comfort?

The God of battles of my life dispose

As may be best for you! for whose dear sake

I will not bear myself as I resolv'd.

But yet consider, as no vulgar name

That which I boast sounds amongst martial men,

How will inglorious caution suit my claim?

The post of fate unshrinking I maintain.

My country's foes must witness who I am.
 On the invaders heads I'll prove my birth,
 'Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.
 If in this strife I fall, blame not your son,
 Who, if he lives not honour'd, must not live.

Lady Rand. I will not utter what my bosom feels.
 Too well I love that valour which I warn.
 Farewel, my son! my councils are but vain.

And, as high heav'n hath will'd it, all must be.

Gaze not on me, thou wilt mistake the path;
 I'll point it out again.

*[Just as they are separating, enter from the side
 Randolph and Glenalvon.]*

Lord Rand. Not in her presence.
 Now——

Glen. I'm prepar'd.

Lord Rand. No: I command thee stay.
 I go alone; it never shall be said
 That I took odds to combat mortal men.
 The noblest vengeance is the most compleat.

[Exit Lord Randolph.]

*[Glenalvon makes some steps to the same side
 the stage, listens, and speaks.]*

Glen. Demons of death, come settle on my sword,
 And to a double slaughter guide it home!
 The lover and the husband both must die.

[Lord Randolph behind the stage.]

Lord Rand. Draw, villain! draw.

Doug. Assail me not, Lord Randolph;
 Not as thou lov'st thyself.

[Clashing of swords.]

[Glenalvon running out.]

Now is the time.

*Enter Lady Randolph at the opposite side of the stage,
 faint and breathless.]*

Lady Rand. Lord Randolph, hear me; all shall be
 thine own:
 But spare! Oh, spare my son!

Enter

Enter Douglas, with a sword in each hand.

Doug. My mother's voice !

I can protect thee still.

Lady Rand. He lives, he lives :

For this, for this to heav'n eternal praise !

But sure I saw thee fall.

Doug. It was Glenalvon.

Just as my arm had master'd Randolph's sword,

The villain came behind me ; but I slew him.

Lady Rand. Behind thee ! Ah, thou'rt wounded !

O my child,

How pale thou look'st ! and shall I lose thee now ?

Doug. Do not despair : I feel a little faintness ;

But it will not last. *[Leans upon his sword.]*

Lady Rand. There is no hope !

And we must part ! the hand of death is on thee !

O my beloved child ! O Douglas, Douglas !

Doug. Too soon we part ; I have not long been

Douglas.

O destiny ! hardly thou deal'st with me :

Clouded and hid, a stranger to myself,

In low and poor obscurity I liv'd.

Lady Rand. Has Heav'n preserv'd thee for an end

like this ?

Doug. O had I fall'n as my brave father fell,

Turning with great effort the tide of battle !

So them I should have smit'd and welcom'd death.

But thus to perish by a villain's hand !

Not off from nature's and from glory's course,

Which never mortal was so fond to run.

Lady Rand. Hear justice ! hear ! stretch thy aveng-

ing arm.

[Douglas falls.]

Doug. Unknown I die ; no tongue shall speak of me.

Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,

May yet conjecture what I might have prov'd,

And think life only wanting to my fame :

But who shall comfort thee ?

Lady Rand. Despair ! despair !

Doug. O had it pleas'd high heav'n to let me live
A little while!—My eyes that gaze on thee
Grow dim apace! my mother—Oh, my mother!

Enter Lord Randolph and Anna.

Lord Rand. Thy words, the words of truth,
pierc'd my heart.
I am the stain of knighthood and of arms.
Oh! if my brave deliverer survives
The traitor's sword——

Anna. Alas! look there, my Lord.

Lord Rand. The mother and her son! How can
I am!

Was I the cause? No: I was not the cause.
Yon matchless villain did seduce my soul
To frantic jealousy.

Anna. My Lady lives:
The agony of grief hath but suppress'd
Awhile her powers.

Lord Rand. But my deliverer's dead!
* The world did once esteem Lord Randolph well.
* Sincere of heart, for spotless honour fam'd:
* And, in my early days, glory I gain'd
* Beneath the holy banner of the cross.
* Now past the noon of life, shame comes upon
* Reproach, and infamy, and public hate,
* Are near at hand: for all mankind will think
* That Randolph basely stabb'd Sir Macolm's heir.

[*Lady Randolph recovers*]

Lady Rand. Where am I now? still in this wretched
world?

Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine.
* My youth was worn in anguish: but youth's stren-
* With hope's assistance, bore the brunt of sorrow;
* And train'd me on to be the object now,
* On which Omnipotence displays itself,
* Making a spectacle, a tale of me,
* To awe its vassal, man.

Which, timely known, had rais'd thee far above
The villain's snare! Oh! I am punish'd now;
These are the hairs that should have strewn the ground,
And not the locks of Douglas.

*[Tears his hair, and throws himself
upon the body of Douglas.]*

Lord Rand. I know thee now: thy boldness I to
give!

'My crest is fallen.' For thee I will appoint
A place of rest, if grief will let thee rest.
I will reward, although I cannot punish.
Curst, curst Glenalvon, he escap'd too well,
Tho' slain and baffled by the hand he hated.
Foaming with rage and fury to the last,
Cursing his conqueror, the felon died.

Enter Anna.

Anna. My Lord! my Lord!

Lord Rand. Speak: I can hear of horror.

Anna. Horror indeed!

Lord Rand. Matilda?

Anna. Is no more;

She ran, she flew like lightning up the hill,
Nor halted till the precipice she gain'd.
Beneath whose low'ring top the river falls
Ingulph'd in rifted rocks: thither she came,
As fearless as the eagle lights upon it,
And headlong down—

Lord Rand. 'Twas I! alas! 'twas I
That fill'd her breast with fury; drove her down
The precipice of death! Wretch that I am!

Anna. O had you seen her last despairing look!
Upon the brink she stood, and cast her eyes
Down on the deep: then lifting up her head,
And her white hands to heaven, seeming to say,
Why am I forc'd to this? she plung'd herself
Into the empty air.

Lord Rand. I will not vent,
In vain complaints, the passion of my soul.
Peace in this word I never can enjoy.

These

These wounds the gratitude of Randolph gave.
They speak aloud, and with the voice of fate
Denounce my doom. I am resolv'd. I'll go
Straight to the place, where the man that makes
Demands threaten worse than death.
I'll go to the mistress, take this ring,
And with my power. Let every rite
That pompish pompous funerals wait:
I hope he never shall return.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

E P I L O

*AN Epilogue I ask'd; but none was
 Our Bard will write. He says
 With comic wit to contradict the stern
 Of Tragedy, and make your sorrows vain.
 Sadly he says, that pity is the best,
 The noblest passion of the human breast:
 For when its sacred streams the heart o'ersflow,
 It gushes pleasure with the tide of woe:
 And when its waves retire, like those of Nile,
 They leave behind them such a golden soil,
 That there the virtues without culture grow,
 There the sweet blossoms of affection blow.
 These were his words:—void of delusive art
 I felt them; for he spoke them from his heart.
 Nor will I now attempt with witty folly,
 To chase away celestial melancholy.*

F I N I S.

AN

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_____ in Buziris.	Buziris.	
Booth Mr. in Lord Froth.	Lord Froth.	
Brereton Mr. in Don Alonzo.	Don Alonzo.	
Brown Miss in Polly.	Polly.	
Bulkley Mrs. in Angelina.	Angelina.	
_____ in Lady Dai.	Lady Dai.	
_____ in Mrs. Wilding.	Mrs. Wilding.	
Carley Miss in Euphrosyne.	Euphrosyne.	
Cibber Mrs. in Monimia.	Monimia.	
Clarke Mr. in Procles.	Procles.	
Dodd Mr. in Lord Foppington.	Lord Foppington.	
_____ in Tinsel.	Tinsel.	
Foote Mr. in Fondlewife.	Fondlewife.	
Garrick Mr. in Lusignan.	Lusignan.	
_____ in Sir John Brute.	Sir John Brute.	
_____ in Ranger.	Ranger.	
_____ in Tancred.	Tancred.	
_____ in Demetri.	Demetri.	
_____ in Alceste.	Alceste.	
Greville Mrs. in Selima.	Selima.	
Hartley Mrs. in Jane Shore.	Jane Shore.	
_____ in Cleopatra.	Cleopatra.	
_____ in Lady Jane Gray.	Lady Jane Gray.	
_____ in Imoinda.	Imoinda.	
_____ in Almeyda.	Almeyda.	
_____ in Mary Q. of Scots.	Mary Q. of Scots.	
_____ in Elvira.	Elvira.	
Henderfon Mr. in Bayes.	Bayes.	
_____ in Don John.	Don John.	
Hopkins Mrs. in Lady Brumpton.	Lady Brumpton.	
_____ Miss P. in Aura.	Aura.	
Hopkins Miss P. in Miss Notable.	Miss Notable.	
_____ Miss in Irene.	Irene.	
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The Two Gentlemen of Verona.	The Two Gentlemen of Verona.	
The Taming of the Shrew.	The Taming of the Shrew.	
The Beggar's Opera.	The Beggar's Opera.	
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