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The image shows the front cover of an antique book. The cover is decorated with a traditional marbled paper pattern, featuring large, irregular, organic shapes in shades of brown, tan, and cream, outlined with thin veins of dark blue and red. The overall effect is reminiscent of a stone or biological cell structure. In the center of the cover, the text "OXFORD UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH" is printed in a gold-tooled, serif font, arranged in three lines. The text is slightly raised and has a subtle shadow, giving it a three-dimensional appearance. The left edge of the image shows the spine of the book, which is bound in a dark, textured material, possibly leather or cloth, with a visible vertical crease and some wear. The lighting is somewhat uneven, with the center of the cover being brighter than the edges, highlighting the intricate details of the marbling and the gold-tooled text.

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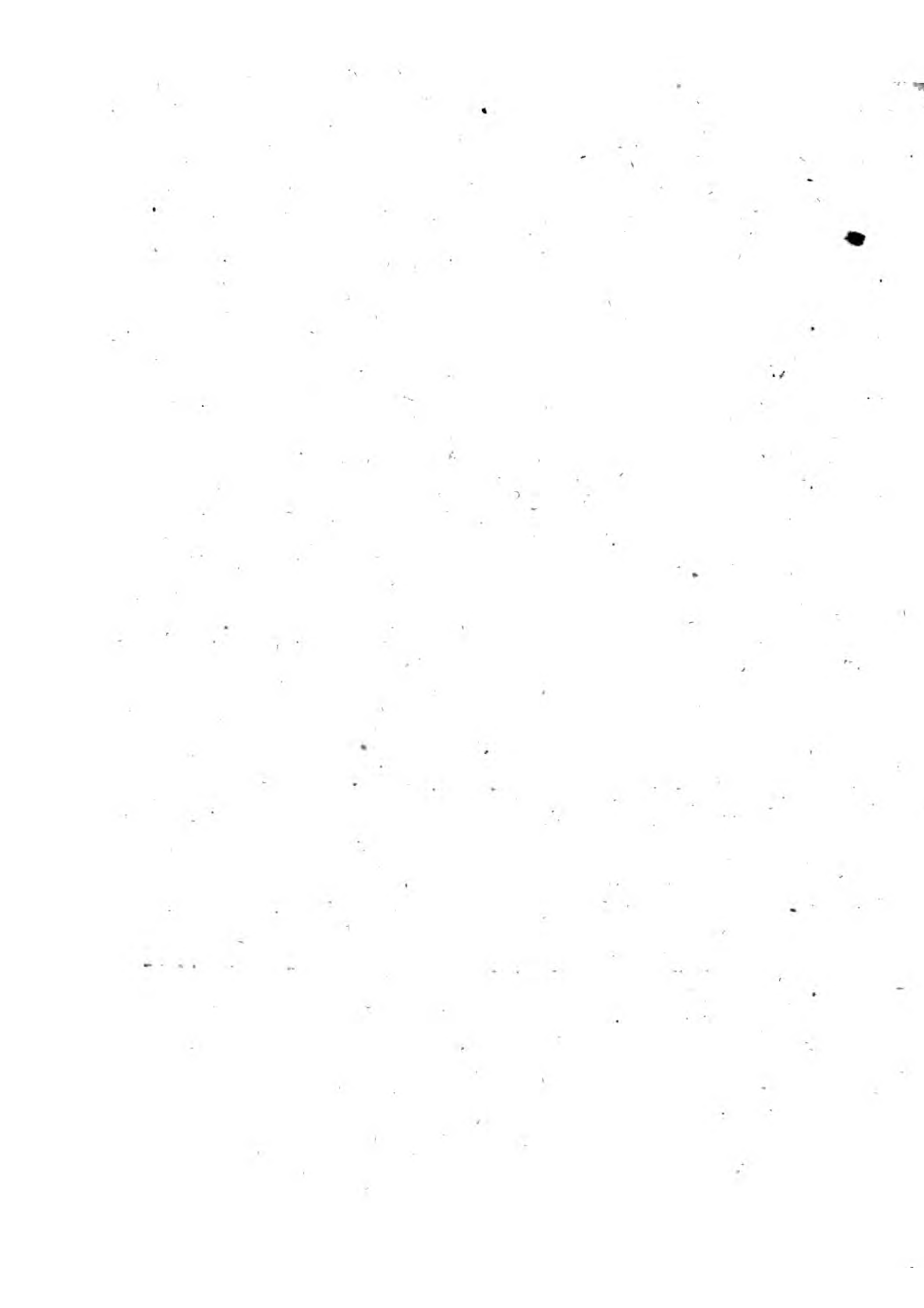
Rev. E 3



C A T O.

A

TRAGEDY.







*See with what Glorious Scorn the Cheife Disdains
 To Save his life and link his Country's Chaines
 Pent up in Utica and Remote from home
 atato's a Roman tho' Excluded Rome
 he hussch his Soul all Servile Acts Abhor'd*

*A Roman must not be a Romans Lord
 He's master of himself whilst master of his
 His Sword was allways Drawn for Libe
 Nor must be Sheath'd Untill Its Masters f
 He Conquers Falling and Triumphant Dy
 And Cesar Views his End with Envious I*

C A T O.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

BY

Her MAJESTY's Servants.

By Mr. *ADDISON*.

*Esce Spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo,
Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ
compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupi-
ter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quàm ut spectet
Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ru-
inas publicas erectum.* Sen. de Divin. Prov.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. TONSON, at *Shakespear's Head* over-
against *Catherine-Street* in the *Strand*. MDCCXIII.

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. *P O P E.*

Spoken by Mr. *Wilks.*

TO wake the Soul by tender Strokes of Art,
To raise the Genius, and to mend the Heart,
To make Mankind in conscious Virtue bold,
Live o'er each Scene, and Be what they behold:
For this the Tragic-Muse first trod the Stage,
Commanding Tears to stream thro' every Age;
Tyrants no more their Savage Nature kept,
And Foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our Author shuns by vulgar Springs^{ts} to move
The Hero's Glory, or the Virgin's Love;
In pitying Love we but our Weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its Woe.
Here Tears shall flow from a more gen'rous Cause,
Such Tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:

He

PROLOGUE.

*He bids your Breasts with Ancient Ardor rise,
And calls forth Roman Drops from British Eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human Shape he draws,
What Plato Thought, and God-like Cato Was:
No common Object to your Sight displays,
But what with Pleasure Heav'n it self surveys ;
A brave Man struggling in the Storms of Fate,
And greatly falling with a falling State!
While Cato gives his little Senate Laws,
What Bosom beats not in his Country's Cause ?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry Deed ?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal Cars,
The Spoils of Nations, and the Pomp of Wars,
Ignobly Vain, and impotently Great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's Figure drawn in State ;
As her dead Father's rev'rend Image past,
The Pomp was darken'd, and the Day o'ercast,
The Triumph ceas'd——Tears gush'd from ev'ry Eye ;
The World's great Victor past unheeded by ;
Her Last good Man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's Sword.*

*Britains attend : Be Worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the Virtue to be mov'd.
With honest Scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning Arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd ;*

PROLOGUE.

*Our Scene precariously subsists too long
On French Translation, and Italian Song.
Dare to have Sense your selves; Assert the Stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own Native Rage.
Such Plays alone should please a British Ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

CATO.

Lucius, *a Senator.*

Sempronius, *a Senator.*

Juba, *Prince of Numidia.*

Syphax, *General of the Numidians.*

Portius, }
Marcus, } *Sons of Cato.*

Decius, *Ambassador from Cæsar.*

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

Mr. Booth.

Mr. Keen.

Mr. Mills.

Mr. Wilks.

Mr. Cibber.

Mr. Powell.

Mr. Ryan.

Mr. Bowman.

W O M E N.

Marcia, *Daughter to Cato.*

Lucia, *Daughter to Lucius.*

Mrs. Oldfield.

Mrs. Porter.

SCENE a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica.

C A T O

C A T O .

ACT I. SCENE I.

Portius, Marcus.

Por. **T**HE Dawn is over-cast, the Morning low'rs,
 And heavily in Clouds brings on the Day,
 The great, th' important Day; big with the Fate
 Of *Cato* and of *Rome*.—Our Father's Death
 Would fill up all the Guilt of Civil War,
 And close the Scene of Blood. Already *Cæsar*
 Has ravaged more than half the Globe, and sees
 Mankind grown thin by his destructive Sword:
 Should he go further, Numbers would be wanting
 To form new Battels, and support his Crimes.
 Ye Gods, what Havock does Ambition make
 Among your Works!

Marc. Thy steddy Temper, *Portius*,
 Can look on Guilt, Rebellion, Fraud, and *Cæsar*,
 In the calm Lights of mild Philosophy;
 I'm tortured, ev'n to Madness, when I think
 On the proud Victor: ev'ry time he's named
Pharsalia rises to my View — I see

B

Th' In-

Th' Insulting Tyrant prancing o'er the Field
 Strow'd with *Rome's* Citizens, and drench'd in Slaughter,
 His Horse's Hoofs wet with Patrician Blood.
 Oh *Portius*, is there not some chosen Curse,
 Some hidden Thunder in the Stores of Heav'n,
 Red with uncommon Wrath, to blast the Man
 Who owes his Greatness to his Country's Ruin?

Por. Believe me, *Marcus*, 'tis an impious Greatness,
 And mixt with too much Horrour to be envy'd:
 How does the Lustre of our Father's Actions,
 Through the dark Cloud of Ills that cover him,
 Break out, and burn with more triumphant Brightness!
 His Suff'rings shine, and spread a Glory round him;
 Greatly unfortunate, he fights the Cause
 Of Honour, Virtue, Liberty, and *Rome*.
 His Sword ne'er fell but on the Guilty Head;
 Oppression, Tyranny, and Pow'r usurp'd,
 Draw all the Vengeance of his Arm upon 'em.

Marc. Who knows not this? But what can *Cato* do
 Against a World, a base degenerate World,
 That courts the Yoke, and bows the Neck to *Cæsar*?
 Pent up in *Utica* he vainly forms
 A poor Epitome of *Roman* Greatness,
 And, cover'd with *Numidian* Guards, directs
 A feeble Army, and an empty Senate,
 Remnants of mighty Battels fought in vain.
 By Heav'n's, such Virtues, join'd with such Success,
 Distract my very Soul: Our Father's Fortune
 Wou'd almost tempt us to renounce his Precepts.

Por. Remember what our Father oft has told us:
 The Ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,
 Puzzled in Mazes, and perplext with Errors;
 Our Understanding traces 'em in vain,
 Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless Search;
 Nor sees with how much Art the Windings run,
 Nor where the regular Confusion ends.

Marc.

Marc. These are Suggestions of a Mind at Ease:
 Oh *Portius*, didst thou taste but half the Grievs
 That wring my Soul, thou cou'dst not talk thus calmly.
 Passion unpity'd, and successless Love,
 Plant Daggers in my Heart, and aggravate
 My other Grievs. Were but my *Lucia* kind! —

Por. Thou see'st not that thy Brother is thy Rival:
 But I must hide it, for I know thy Temper. [Aside.]

Now, *Marcus*, now, thy Virtue's on the Proof:
 Put forth thy utmost Strength, work ev'ry Nerve,
 And call up all thy Father in thy Soul:
 To quell the Tyrant Love, and guard thy Heart
 On this weak Side, where most our Nature fails,
 Would be a Conquest worthy *Cato's* Son.

Marc. *Portius*, the Council which I cannot take,
 Instead of healing, but upbraids my Weakness.
 Bid me for Honour plunge into a War
 Of thickest Foes, and rush on certain Death,
 Then shalt thou see that *Marcus* is not slow
 To follow Glory, and confess his Father.
 Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
 In high Ambition, and a Thirst of Greatness:
 'Tis second Life, it grows into the Soul,
 Warms ev'ry Vein, and beats in ev'ry Pulse,
 I feel it here: My Resolution melts—

Por. Behold young *Juba*, the *Numidian* Prince!
 With how much Care he forms himself to Glory,
 And breaks the Fierceness of his Native Temper
 To copy out our Father's bright Example.
 He loves our Sister *Marcia*, greatly loves her,
 His Eyes, his Looks, his Actions all betray it:
 But still the smother'd Fondness burns within him.
 When most it swells and labours for a Vent,
 The Sense of Honour and Desire of Fame
 Drive the big Passion back into his Heart.
 What! shall an *African*, shall *Juba's* Heir
 Reproach great *Cato's* Son, and show the World

A Virtue wanting in a *Roman* Soul?

Marc. Portius, no more! your Words leave Stings behind 'em.
Whene're did *Juba*, or did *Portius*, show

A Virtue that has cast me at a Distance,
And thrown me out in the Pursuits of Honour?

Por. Marcus, I know thy generous Temper well;
Fling but the Appearance of Dishonour on it,
It streight takes Fire, and mounts into a Blaze.

Marc. A Brother's Suff'rings claim a Brother's Pity.

Por. Heav'n knows I pity thee: Behold my Eyes
Ev'n whilst I speak.—Do they not swim in Tears?

Were but my Heart as naked to thy View,

Marcus would see it bleed in his Behalf.

Marc. Why then dost treat me with Rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling Cares and friendly Sorrow?

Por. O *Marcus*, did I know the Way to ease
Thy troubled Heart, and mitigate thy Pains,

Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marc. Thou best of Brothers, and thou best of Friends!
Pardon a weak distemper'd Soul, that swells

With sudden Gusts, and sinks as soon in Calms,

The Sport of Passions——But *Sempronius* comes:

He must not find this Softness hanging on me.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Sempronius solus.

Conspiracies no sooner shou'd be form'd
Than executed. What means *Portius* here?
I like not that cold Youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a Language foreign to my Heart.

Sempronius, Portius.

Semp. Good Morrow *Portius*! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free.
To-Morrow shou'd we thus express our Friendship,
Each might receive a Slave into his Arms:

That

C A T O.

5

This Sun perhaps, this Morning Sun's the last
That e'er shall rise on *Roman Liberty*.

Por. My Father has this Morning call'd together
To this poor Hall his little *Roman Senate*,
(The Leavings of *Pharsalia*) to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty Torrent
That bears down *Rome*, and all her Gods, before it,
Or must at length give up the World to *Cesar*.

Semp. Not all the Pomp and Majesty of *Rome*
Can raise her Senate more than *Cato's* Presence.
His Virtues render our Assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious Fear,
And make ev'n *Cesar* tremble at the Head
Of Armies flush'd with Conquest: O my *Portius*,
Could I but call that wondrous Man my Father,
Wou'd but thy Sister *Marcia* be propitious
To thy Friend's Vows: I might be blest indeed!

Por. Alas! *Sempronius*, wou'dst thou talk of Love
To *Marcia*, whilst her Father's Life's in Danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling Vestal,
When she beholds the holy Flame expiring.

Semp. The more I see the Wonders of thy Race
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my *Portius*!
The World has all its Eyes on *Cato's* Son.
Thy Father's Merit sets thee up to View,
And shows thee in the fairest point of Light,
To make thy Virtues or thy Faults conspicuous.

Por. Well dost thou seem to check my Lingring here
On this important Hour——I'll straight away,
And while the Fathers of the Senate meet
In close Debate, to weigh th' Events of War,
I'll animate the Soldier's drooping Courage,
With Love of Freedom, and Contempt of Life.
I'll thunder in their Ears their Country's Cause,
And try to rouse up all that's *Roman* in 'em.
'Tis not in Mortals to command Success,
But we'll do more, *Sempronius*; we'll deserve it.

[Exit.
Sem-

Sempronius solus.

Curse on the Stripling ! how he Ape's his Sire ?
Ambitiously Tententious ! — But I wonder
Old *Syphax* comes not ; his *Numidian* Genius
Is well disposed to Mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it ; but he must be spurrd,
And ev'ry Moment quickned to the Course.
Cato has used me Ill : He has refused
His Daughter *Marcia* to my ardent Vows.
Besides, his baffled Arms and ruined Cause
Are Barrs to my Ambition. *Cesar's* Favour,
That show'rs down Greatness on his Friends, will raise me
To *Rome's* first Honours. If I give up *Cato*,
I claim in my Reward his Captive Daughter.
But *Syphax* comes ! —

S C E N E III.

Syphax, Sempronius.

Syph. — *Sempronius*, all is ready,
I've founded my *Numidians*, Man by Man,
And find 'em ripe for a Revolt : They all
Complain aloud of *Cato's* Discipline,
And wait but the Command to change their Master.
Semp. Believe me, *Syphax*, there's no Time to waste ;
Ev'n whilst we speak, our Conqueror comes on,
And gathers Ground upon us ev'ry Moment.
Alas ! thou know'st not *Cesar's* active Soul,
With what a dreadful Course he rushes on
From War to War : In vain has Nature form'd
Mountains and Oceans to oppose his Passage ;
He bound's o'er all, victorious in his March,
The *Alpes* and *Pyreneans* sink before him ;
Through Winds, and Waves, and Storms, he works his way,
Impa-

Impatient for the Battel: One Day more
Will fet the Victor thundring at our Gates.
But tell me, haft thou yet drawn o'er young *Juba*?
That ftill wou'd recommend thee more to *Cæfar*,
And challenge better Terms——

Syph. —— Alas! he's loft,
He's loft, *Sempronius*; all his Thoughts are full
Of *Cato's* Virtues——But I'll try once more
(For ev'ry Instant I expect him here)
If yet I can fubdue thofe ftubborn Principles
Of Faith, of Honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his *Numidian* Temper,
And ftuck th' Infection into all his Soul.

Semp. Be fure to prefs upon him ev'ry Motive.
Juba's Surrender, fince his Father's Death,
Would give up *Africk* into *Cæfar's* Hands,
And make him Lord of half the burning Zone.

Syph. But is it true, *Sempronius*, that your Senate
Is call'd together? Gods! Thou muft be cautious!
Cato has piercing Eyes, and will difcern
Our Frauds, unlefs they're cover'd thick with Art.

Semp. Let me alone, good *Syphax*, I'll conceal
My Thoughts in Paflion ('tis the fureft way;)
I'll bellow out for *Rome* and for my Country,
And mouth at *Cæfar* till I fhake the Senate.
Your cold Hypocrifie's a ftale Device,
A worn-out Trick: Wouldft thou be thought in Earneft?
Cloath thy feign'd Zeal in Rage, in Fire, in Fury!

Syph. In troth, thou'rt able to inftroct Grey-hairs,
And teach the wily *African* Deceit!

Semp. Once more, be fure to try thy Skill on *Juba*.
Mean while I'll haften to my *Roman* Soldiers,
Inflame the Mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their Difcontents, till they break out
Unlock'd for, and difcharge themfelves on *Cato*.
Remember, *Syphax*, we muft work in Hafte:
O think what anxious Moments pafs between

The Birth of Plots, and their last fatal Periods.
 Oh! 'tis a dreadful Interval of Time,
 Fill'd up with Horror all, and big with Death!
 Destruction hangs on ev'ry Word we speak,
 On ev'ry Thought, 'till the concluding Stroke
 Determines all, and closes our Design.

[Exit.

Syphax solus.

I'll try if yet I can reduce to Reason
 This head-strong Youth, and make him spurn at *Cato*.
 The Time is short, *Cesar* comes rushing on us—
 But hold! young *Juba* sees me, and approaches.

S C E N E IV.

Juba, Syphax.

Jub. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
 I have observed of late thy Looks are fall'n,
 O'ercast with gloomy Cares, and Discontent;
 Then tell me, *Syphax,* I conjure thee, tell me,
 What are the Thoughts that knit thy Brow in Frowns,
 And turn thine Eye thus coldly on thy Prince?

Syph. 'Tis not my Talent to conceal my Thoughts,
 Nor carry Smiles and Sun-shine in my Face,
 When Discontent sits heavy at my Heart.
 I have not yet so much the *Roman* in me.

Jub. Why do'st thou cast out such ungen'rous Terms
 Against the Lords and Sov'reigns of the World?
 Dost thou not see Mankind fall down before 'em,
 And own the Force of their Superior Virtue?
 Is there a Nation in the Wilds of *Affrick,*
 Amidst our barren Rocks and burning Sands,
 That does not tremble at the *Roman* Name?

Syph. Gods! where's the Worth that sets this
 Above your own *Numidia's* tawny Sons!

Do they with tougher Sinews bend the Bow?
 Or flies the Javelin swifter to its Mark,
 Launch'd from the Vigour of a *Roman* Arm?
 Who like our active *African* instructs
 The fiery Steed, and trains him to his Hand?
 Or guide's in Troops th' embattled Elephant,
 Loaden with War? These, these are Arts, my Prince,
 In which your *Zama* does not stoop to *Rome*.

Jub. These all are Virtues of a meaner Rank,
 Perfections that are placed in Bones and Nerves.

A *Roman* Soul is bent on higher Views:
 To civilize the rude unpolish'd World,
 And lay it under the Restraint of Laws;
 To make Man mild and sociable to Man;
 To cultivate the wild licentious Savage
 With Wisdom, Discipline, and lib'ral Arts;
 Th' Embellishments of Life: Virtues like these
 Make Human Nature shine, reform the Soul,
 And break our fierce Barbarians into Men.

Syph. Patience kind Heav'ns! — Excuse an old Man's warmth.
 What are these wond'rous civilizing Arts,
 This *Roman* Polish, and this smooth Behaviour,
 That render Man thus tractable and tame?
 Are they not only to disguise our Passions,
 To set our Looks at variance with our Thoughts,
 To check the Starts and Sallies of the Soul,
 And break off all its Commerce with the Tongue;
 In short, to change us into other Creatures
 Than what our Nature and the Gods design'd us?

Jub. To strike thee Dumb: Turn up thy Eyes to *Cato*!
 There may'st thou see to what a Godlike Height
 The *Roman* Virtues lift up mortal Man.
 While good, and just, and anxious for his Friends,
 He's still severely bent against himself;
 Renouncing Sleep, and Rest, and Food, and Ease,
 He strives with Thirst and Hunger, Toil and Heat;
 And when his Fortune sets before him all

The Poms and Pleasures that his Soul can wish,
His rigid Virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, there's not an *African*
That traverses our vast *Numidian* Desarts
In quest of Prey, and lives upon his Bow,
But better practises these boasted Virtues.

Coarse are his Meals, the Fortune of the Chase,
Amidst the running Stream he slakes his Thirst,
Toil's all the Day, and at th' approach of Night
On the first friendly Bank he throws him down,
Or rests his Head upon a Rock 'till Morn :
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted Game,
And if the following Day he chance to find
A new Repast, or an untasted Spring,
Blesses his Stars, and thinks it Luxury.

Jub. Thy Prejudices, *Syphax*, won't discern
What Virtues grow from Ignorance and Choice,
Nor how the Hero differs from the Brute.
But grant that others cou'd with equal Glory
Look down on Pleasures and the Baits of Sense;
Where shall we find the Man that bears Affliction,
Great and Majestick in his Grievs, like *Cato*?
Heav'n's, with what Strength, what Steadiness of Mind,
He Triumphs in the midst of all his Sufferings!
How does he rise against a Load of Woes,
And thank the Gods that throw the Weight upon him!

Syph. 'Tis Pride, rank Pride, and Haughtiness of Soul:
I think the *Romans* call it *Stoicism*.

Had not your Royal Father thought so highly
Of *Roman* Virtue, and of *Cato's* Cause,
He had not fall'n by a Slave's Hand inglorious :
Nor would his slaughter'd Army now have lain
On *Africk's* Sands, disfigur'd with their Wounds,
To gorge the Wolves and Vultures of *Numidia*.

Jub. Why do'st thou call my Sorrows up afresh?
My Father's Name brings Tears into my Eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your Father's ills!

Jub.

C A T O.

II

Jub. What wou'dst thou have me do?

Syph. Abandon *Cato*.

Jub. *Syphax*, I shou'd be more than twice an Orphan
By such a Loss.

Syph. Ay, there's the Tie that binds you!
You long to call him Father. *Marcia's* Charms
Work in your Heart unseen, and plead for *Cato*.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

Jub. *Syphax*, your Zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Least it should take more Freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Sir, your great Father never used me thus.
Alas, he's Dead! But can you e'er forget
The tender Sorrows, and the Pangs of Nature,
The fond Embraces, and repeated Blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last Farewel?
Still must I cherish the dear sad Remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my Soul.
The good old King, at parting, wrung my Hand,
(His Eyes brim-full of Tears) then sighing cry'd,
Prithee be careful of my Son! — his Grief
Swell'd up so high he cou'd not utter more.

Jub. Alas, thy Story melts away my Soul.
That best of Fathers! how shall I discharge
The Gratitude and Duty, which I owe him!

Syph. By laying up his Councils in your Heart.

Jub. His Councils bade me yield to thy Directions:
Then, *Syphax*, chide me in severest Terms,
Vent all thy Passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a Summer-Sea,
When not a Breath of Wind flie's o'er its Surface.

Syph. Alas, my Prince, I'd guide you to your Safety.

Jub. I do believe thou wou'dst; but tell me how?

Syph. Fly from the Fate that follows *Cæsar's* Foes.

Jub. My Father scorn'd to do't.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

C 2

Jub.

Jub. Better to die ten thousand thousand Deaths,
Than wound my Honour.

Syph. Rather say your Love.

Jub. *Syphax*, I've promis'd to preserve my Temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a Flame,
I long have stifled, and wou'd fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me, Prince, 'tis hard to conquer Love,
But easie to divert and break its Force:
Absence might cure it, or a second Mistress
Light up another Flame, and put out this.
The glowing Dames of *Zama's* Royal Court
Have Faces flusht with more exalted Charms.
The Sun, that rolls his Chariot o'er their Heads,
Works up more Fire and Colour in their Cheeks:
Were you with these, my Prince, you'd soon forget
The pale unripen'd Beauties of the *North*.

Jub. 'Tis not a Sett of Features, or Complexion,
The Tincture of a Skin, that I admire.
Beauty soon grows familiar to the Lover,
Fades in his Eye, and palls upon the Sense.
The virtuous *Marcia* tow'rs above her Sex:
True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely Maid improves her Charms
With inward Greatness, unaffected Wisdom,
And Sanctity of Manners. *Cato's* Soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning Mildness and attractive Smiles
Dwell in her Looks, and with becoming Grace
Softens the Rigour of her Father's Virtues.

Syph. How does your Tongue grow wanton in her Praise!
But on my Knees I beg you wou'd consider—

Enter Marcia and Lucia.

Jub. Hah! *Syphax*, is't not she!— She moves this Way:
And with her *Lucia*, *Lucius's* fair Daughter,
My Heart beats thick— I prithee *Syphax* leave me.

Syph.

Syph. Ten thousand Curses fasten on 'em both!
Now will this Woman with a single Glance
Undo, what I've been lab'ring all this while.

[Exit.]

Juba, Marcia, Lucia.

Jub. Hail charming Maid, how does thy Beauty smooth
The Face of War, and make ev'n Horror smile!
At Sight of thee my Heart shakes off its Sorrows;
I feel a Dawn of Joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' Approach of *Cesar*.

Mar. I shou'd be griev'd, young Prince, to think my Presence
Unbent your Thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to Arms,
While, warm with Slaughter, our victorious Foe,
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the Field.

Jub. O *Marcia*, let me hope thy kind Concerns
And gentle Wishes follow me to Battel!
The Thought will give new Vigour to my Arm,
Add Strength and Weight to my descending Sword,
And drive it in a Tempest on the Foe.

Marc. My Prayers and Wishes always shall attend
The Friends of *Rome*, the glorious Cause of Virtue,
And Men approv'd of by the Gods and *Cato*.

Jub. That *Juba* may deserve thy pious Cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy Godlike Father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my Life
His bright Perfections, 'till I shine like him.

Marc. My Father never at a Time like this
Wou'd lay out his great Soul in Words, and waste
Such precious Moments.

Jub. Thy Reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous Maid; I'll hasten to my Troops,
And fire their languid Souls with *Cato's* Virtue;
If e're I lead them to the Field, when all
The War shall stand ranged in its just Array,
And dreadful Pomp: Then will I think on thee!
O lovely Maid, Then will I think on Thee!

And, in the shock of charging Hosts, remember
 What glorious Deeds shou'd grace the Man, who hopes
 For *Marcia's* Love.

[*Exit.*

Luc. *Marcia*, you're too severe :
 How cou'd you chide the young good-natured Prince,
 And drive him from you with so stern an Air,
 A Prince that loves and dotes on you to Death ?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, *Lucia*, that I chide him from me.
 His Air, his Voice, his Looks, and honest Soul
 Speak all so movingly in his Behalf,
 I dare not trust my self to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a Passion,
 And steel your Heart to such a World of Charms ?

Mar. How, *Lucia*, wou'dst thou have me sink away
 In pleasing Dreams, and lose my self in Love,
 When ev'ry moment *Cato's* Life's at Stake ?
Cesar comes arm'd with Terror and Revenge,
 And aims his Thunder at my Father's Head :
 Shou'd not the sad Occasion swallow up
 My other Cares, and draw them all into it ?

Luc. Why have not I this Constancy of Mind,
 Who have so many Grievs to try its Force ?
 Sure, Nature form'd me of her softest Mould,
 Enfeebled all my Soul with tender Passions,
 And sunk me ev'n below my own weak Sex :
 Pity and Love, by turns, oppress my Heart.

Mar. *Lucia*, disburthen all thy Cares on me,
 And let me share thy most retired Distress ;
 Tell me who raises up this Conflict in thee ?

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
 They're *Marcia's* Brothers, and the Sons of *Cato*.

Mar. They both behold thee with their Sister's Eyes :
 And often have reveal'd their Passion to me.
 But tell me, whose Address thou favour'st most ?
 I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it *Marcia* wishes for ?

Mar. For neither—

And

And yet for both——The Youths have equal Share
In *Marcia's* Wishes, and divide their Sister:

But tell me which of them is *Lucia's* Choice?

Luc. *Marcia*, they both are high in my Esteem,
But in my Love——Why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish Passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what.

Mar. O *Lucia*, I'm perplex'd, O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy Brother?

Luc. Suppose 'twere *Portius*, cou'd you blame my Choice?
O *Portius*, thou hast stol'n away my Soul!
With what a graceful Tenderness he loves!
And breath's the softest, the sincerest Vows!
Complacency, and Truth, and manly Sweetness
Dwell ever on his Tongue, and smooth his Thoughts.

Marcus is over-warm, his fond Complaints
Have so much Earnestness and Passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of Dread,
And tremble at his Vehemence of Temper.

Mar. Alas poor Youth! how can'st thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'st not half the Love he bears thee;
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his Heart's in Flames,
He sends out all his Soul in ev'ry Word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.
Unhappy Youth! how will thy Coldness raise
Tempests and Storms in his afflicted Bosom!
I dread the Consequence——

Luc. You seem to plead
Against your Brother *Portius*——

Mar. Heav'n forbid!
Had *Portius* been the unsuccessful Lover,
The same Compassion wou'd have fall'n on him.

Luc. Was ever Virgin Love distress'd like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in Tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his Rival's ill Success.
Then bids me hide the Motions of my Heart,
Nor show which Way it turns. So much he fears

The sad Effects, that it would have on *Marcus*.

Mar. He knows too well how easily he's fired,
And wou'd not plunge his Brother in Despair,
But waits for happier Times, and kinder Moments?

Luc. Alas, too late I find my self involved
In endless Grievs and Labyrinths of Woe,
Born to afflict my *Marcia's* Family,
And sow Dissention in the Hearts of Brothers.
Tormenting Thought! it cuts into my Soul.

Mar. Let us not, *Lucia*, aggravate our Sorrows,
But to the Gods permit th' Event of Things.
Our Lives, discolour'd with our present Woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier Hours.

So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with Stains
Of rushing Torrents, and descending Rains,
Work's it self clear, and as it runs, refines;
'Till by Degrees, the floating Mirrour shines,
Reflects each Flow'r that on the Border grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair Bosom shows.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the First Act.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Senate.

Sem. **R**OME still survives in this assembled Senate !
 Let us remember we are *Cato's* Friends,
 And act like Men who claim that glorious Title.

Luc. *Cato* will soon be here, and open to us
 Th' Occasion of our Meeting. Hark ! he comes !
 May all the Guardian Gods of *Rome* direct him !

[*A Sound of
 Trumpets.*]

Enter Cato.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in Council.
Cæsar's Approach has summon'd us together,
 And *Rome* attends her Fate from our Resolves :
 How shall we treat this bold aspiring Man ?
 Success still follows him, and backs his Crimes :
Pharsalia gave him *Rome* ; *Egypt* has since
 Receiv'd his Yoke, and the whole *Nile* is *Cæsar's*.
 Why should I mention *Juba's* Overthrow,
 And *Scipio's* Death ? *Numidia's* burning Sands
 Still smook with Blood. 'Tis time we should decree
 What Course to take. Our Foe advances on us,
 And envies us ev'n *Libya's* sultry Defarts.
 Fathers, pronounce your Thoughts, are they still fixt
 To hold it out, and fight it to the last ?
 Or are your Hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
 By Time and ill Success to a Submission ?
Sempronius speak.

D

Semp.

Semp. My Voice is still for War.
 Gods, can a *Roman* Senate long debate
 Which of the two to chuse, Slav'ry or Death!
 No, let us rise at once, gird on our Swords,
 And, at the Head of our remaining Troops,
 Attack the Foe, break through the thick Array
 Of his throng'd Legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps some Arm, more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his Heart, and free the World from Bondage.
 Rise, Fathers, rise; 'tis *Rome* demands your Help;
 Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd Citizens,
 Or share their Fate: The Corps of half her Senate
 Manure the Fields of *Thessaly*, while we
 Sit here, deliberating in cold Debates,
 If we should sacrifice our Lives to Honour,
 Or wear them out in Servitude and Chains.
 Rouse up for Shame! our Brothers of *Pharsalia*
 Point at their Wounds, and cry aloud——To Battel!
 Great *Pompey's* Shade complain's that we are slow,
 And *Scipio's* Ghost walk's unrevenged amongst us.

Cato. Let not a Torrent of impetuous Zeal
 Transport thee thus beyond the Bounds of Reason:
 True Fortitude is seen in great Exploits
 That Justice warrant's, and that Wisdom guide's,
 All else is tow'ring Frenzy and Distraction.
 Are not the Lives of those, who draw the Sword
 In *Rome's* Defence, entrusted to our Care?
 Should we thus lead them to a Field of Slaughter,
 Might not th'impartial World with Reason say
 We lavisht at our Deaths the Blood of Thousands
 To grace our Fall, and make our Ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your Opinion.

Luc. My Thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on Peace.
 Already have our Quarrels fill'd the World
 With Widows and with Orphans: *Scythia* mourn's
 Our guilty Wars, and Earth's remotest Regions
 Lie half unpeopled by the Feuds of *Rome*:

'Tis time to sheath the Sword, and spare Mankind.
 It is not *Cæsar*, but the Gods, my Fathers,
 The Gods declare against us, and repell
 Our vain Attempts. To urge the Foe to Battel,
 (Prompted by blind Revenge and wild Despair)
 Were to refuse th' Awards of Providence,
 And not to rest in Heav'n's Determination.
 Already have we shown our Love to *Rome*,
 Now let us show Submission to the Gods.
 We took up Arms, not to revenge our selves,
 But free the Common-wealth; when this End fail's,
 Arms have no further Use : Our Country's Cause,
 That drew our Swords, now wrests 'em from our Hands,
 And bid's us not delight in *Roman* Blood,
 Unprofitably shed ; what Men could do
 Is done already : Heav'n and Earth will witness,
 If *Rome* must fall, that we are innocent.

Semp. This smooth Discourse and mild Behaviour oft
 Conceal a Traytor—— Something whispers me
 All is not right——*Cato*, beware of *Lucius*. [*Aside to Cato.*]

Cato. Let us appear nor Rash nor Diffident :
 Immod'rate Valour swell's into a Fault,
 And Fear, admitted into publick Councils,
 Betray's like Treason. Let us shun 'em both.
 Fathers, I cannot see that our Affairs,
 Are grown thus desp'rate. We have Bulwarks round us ;
 Within our Walls are Troops enur'd to Toil
 In *Africk's* Heats, and season'd to the Sun ;
Numidia's spacious Kingdom lie's behind us,
 Ready to rise at its young Prince's Call.
 While there is Hope, do not distrust the Gods ;
 But wait at least till *Cæsar's* near Approach
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
 To sue for Chains, and own a Conqueror.
 Why should *Rome* fall a Moment ere her time ?
 No, let us draw her Term of Freedom out
 In its full Length, and spin it to the last.

So shall we gain still one Day's Liberty ;
 And let me perish, but, in *Cato's* Judgment,
 A Day, an Hour of virtuous Liberty,
 Is worth a whole Eternity in Bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Fathers, this Moment as I watch'd the Gates,
 Lodg'd on my Post, a Herald is arrived
 From *Cæsar's* Camp, and with him comes old *Decius*,
 The *Roman* Knight ; he carry's in his Looks
 Impatience, and demands to speak with *Cato*.

Cato. By your Permission, Fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit Marcus.*

Decius was once my Friend, but other Prospects
 Have loos'd those Ties, and bound him fast to *Cæsar*.
 His Message may determine our Resolves.

Enter Decius.

Dec. *Cæsar* sends Health to *Cato*——

Cato. Could he send it

To *Cato's* slaughter'd Friends, it would be welcome.
 Are not your Orders to address the Senate ?

Dec. My Business is with *Cato* : *Cæsar* see's
 The Streights to which you're driv'n ; and as he know's
Cato's high Worth, is anxious for his Life.

Cato. My Life is grafted on the Fate of *Rome* :
 Would he save *Cato* ? Bid him spare his Country.
 Tell your Dictator this, and tell him *Cato*
 Disdain's a Life, which he has Pow'r to offer.

Dec. *Rome* and Her Senators submit to *Cæsar* ;
 Her Gen'als and her Consuls are no more,
 Who check'd his Conquests, and denied his Triumphs.
 Why will not *Cato* be this *Cæsar's* Friend ?

Cato. Those very Reasons, thou hast urged, forbid it.

Dec.

Dec. Cato, I've Orders to expostulate,
 And reason with you as from Friend to Friend :
 Think on the Storm that gather's o'er your Head,
 And threaten's ev'ry Hour to burst upon it ;
 Still may you stand high in your Country's Honours,
 Do but comply, and make your Peace with *Cæsar*.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its Eyes on *Cato*,
 As on the Second of Mankind.

Cato. No more !
 I must not think of Life on such Conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your Virtues,
 And therefore sets this Value on your Life :
 Let him but know the Price of *Cato's* Friendship,
 And name your Terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his Legions,
 Restore the Common-wealth to Liberty,
 Submit his Actions to the Publick Censure,
 And stand the Judgment of a *Roman* Senate.
 Bid him do this, and *Cato* is his Friend.

Dec. Cato, the World talk's loudly of your Wisdom—

Cato. Nay more, tho' *Cato's* Voice was ne'er employ'd
 To clear the Guilty, and to varnish Crimes,
 My self will mount the *Rostrum* in his Favour,
 And strive to gain his Pardon from the People.

Dec. A Stile like this become's a Conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a Stile like this become's a *Roman*.

Dec. What is a *Roman*, that is *Cæsar's* Foe ?

Cato. Greater than *Cæsar*, he's a Friend to Virtue.

Dec. Consider, *Cato*, you're in *Utica* ;
 And at the Head of your own little Senate ;
 You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
 With all the Mouths of *Rome* to second you.

Cato. Let him consider That who drives us hither :
 'Tis *Cæsar's* Sword has made *Rome's* Senate little,
 And thinn'd its Ranks. Alas, thy dazzled Eye
 Behold's this Man in a false glaring Light,
 Which Conquest and Success have thrown upon him ;

Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
 With Murder, Treason, Sacrilege, and Crimes,
 That strike my Soul with Horror but to name 'em.
 I know thou look'st on me, as on a Wretch
 Beset with Ills, and cover'd with Misfortunes ;
 But, by the Gods I swear, Millions of Worlds
 Shou'd never buy me to be like that *Cæsar*.

Dec. Do's *Cato* send this Answer back to *Cæsar*,
 For all his gen'rous Cares, and proffer'd Friendship?

Cato. His Cares for me are insolent and vain:
 Presumptuous Man! The Gods take Care of *Cato*.
 Wou'd *Cæsar* show the Greatness of his Soul,
 Bid him employ his Care for these my Friends,
 And make good use of his ill-gotten Pow'r,
 By sheltring Men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd Heart make's you forget
 That you're a Man. You rush on your Destruction.
 But I have done. When I relate hereafter
 The Tale of this unhappy Embassie
 All *Rome* will be in Tears. [*Exit Decius.*

Semp. *Cato*, we thank thee.

The mighty Genius of Immortal *Rome*
 Speak's in thy Voice, thy Soul breath's Liberty:
Cæsar will shrink to hear the Words thou utter'st,
 And shudder in the midst of all his Conquests.

Luc. The Senate own's its Gratitude to *Cato*,
 Who with so great a Soul consult's its Safety,
 And guard's our Lives, while he neglect's his own.

Semp. *Sempronius* give's no Thanks on this Account.

Lucius seem's fond of Life; but what is Life?
 'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh Air
 From time to time, or gaze upon the Sun;
 'Tis to be free. When Liberty is gone,
 Life grow's insipid, and has lost its Relish.
 O cou'd my dying Hand but lodge a Sword
 In *Cæsar*'s Bosom, and revenge my Country,

By Heav'n's I cou'd enjoy the Pangs of Death,
And Smile in Agony.

Luc. Others perhaps
May serve their Country with as warm a Zeal,
Tho' 'tis not kindled into so much Rage.

Semp. This sober Conduct is a mighty Vertue
In luke-warm Patriots.

Cato. Come! no more, *Sempronius*,
All here are Friends to *Rome*, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker Side,
By our Divisions.

Semp. *Cato*, my Resentments
Are sacrific'd to *Rome*——I stand reprov'd.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a Resolve.

Luc. *Cato*, we all go into your Opinion.
Cesar's Behaviour has convinc'd the Senate
We ought to hold it out till Terms arrive.

Semp. We ought to hold it out till Death; but, *Cato*,
My private Voice is drown'd amid the Senate's.

Cato. Then let us rise, my Friends, and strive to fill
This little Interval, this Pause of Life,
(While yet our Liberty and Fates are doubtful)
With Resolution, Friendship, *Roman* Brav'ry,
And all the Virtues we can crowd into it,
That Heav'n may say, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell——The young *Numidian* Prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our Councils.

[*Ex. Senators.*]

Enter Juba.

Cato. *Juba*, the *Roman* Senate has resolv'd,
Till Time give better Prospects, still to keep
The Sword unsheath'd, and turn its Edge on *Cesar*.

Jub. The Resolution fit's a *Roman* Senate.
But, *Cato*, lend me for a while thy Patience,
And condescend to hear a young Man speak.

My

My Father, when some Days before his Death
 He order'd me to march for *Utica*
 (Alas, I thought not then his Death so near!)
 Wep't o'er me, press'd me in his aged Arms,
 And, as his Griefs gave way, My Son, said he,
 Whatever Fortune shall befall thy Father,
 Be *Cato's* Friend; he'll train thee up to Great
 And Virtuous Deeds: Do but observe him well,
 Thou'lt shun Misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

Cato. *Juba*, thy Father was a worthy Prince,
 And merited, alas! a better Fate;
 But Heav'n thought otherwise.

Juba. My Father's Fate,
 In spite of all the Fortitude, that shine's
 Before my Face, in *Cato's* great Example,
 Subdue's my Soul, and fill's my Eyes with Tears.

Cato. It is an honest Sorrow, and becomes thee.

Juba. My Father drew Respect from foreign Climes:
 The Kings of *Africk* sought him for their Friend;
 Kings far remote, that rule, as Fame report's,
 Behind the hidden Sources of the *Nile*,
 In distant Worlds, on t'other side the Sun:
 Oft have their black Ambassadors appear'd,
 Loaden with Gifts, and fill'd the Courts of *Zama*.

Cato. I am no Stranger to thy Father's Greatness.

Juba. I would not boast the Greatness of my Father,
 But point out new Alliances to *Cato*.
 Had we not better leave this *Utica*,
 To arm *Numidia* in our Cause, and court
 Th' Assistance of my Father's pow'ful Friends?
 Did they know *Cato*, our remotest Kings
 Wou'd pour embattled Multitudes about him;
 Their swarthy Hosts would darken all our Plains,
 Doubling the native Horrour of the War,
 And making Death more grim.

Cato. And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the Sword of *Cæsar*?

Reduced, like *Hannibal*, to seek Relief
From Court to Court, and wander up and down,
A Vagabond in *Africk*!

Jub. *Cato*, perhaps.

I'm too officious, but my forward Cares
Wou'd fain preserve a Life of so much Value.
My Heart is wounded, when I see such Virtue
Afflicted by the Weight of such Misfortunes.

Cato. Thy Nobleness of Soul obliges me.

But know, young Prince, that Valour soar's above
What the World calls Misfortune and Affliction.
These are not Ills; else wou'd they never fall
On Heav'n's first Fav'rites, and the best of Men:
The Gods, in Bounty, work up Storms about us,
That give Mankind Occasion to exert
Their hidden Strength, and throw out into Practice
Virtues, that shun the Day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth Seasons, and the Calms of Life.

Jub. I'm charm'd when e'er thou talk'st! I pant for Virtue!
And all my Soul endeavours at Perfection.

Cato. Dost thou love Watchings, Abstinence, and Toil,
Laborious Virtues all? Learn them from *Cato*:
Success and Fortune must thou learn from *Cæsar*.

Jub. The best good Fortune that can fall on *Juba*,
The whole Success, at which my Heart aspires,
Depends on *Cato*.

Cato. What does *Juba* say?
Thy Words confound me.

Jub. I would fain retract them.
Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

Cato. Tell me thy Wish, young Prince; make not my Ear
A Stranger to thy Thoughts.

Jub. Oh, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

Cato. What can *Juba* ask
That *Cato* will refuse!

Jub. I fear to name it.

Marcia ——— inherits all her Father's Virtues.

Cato. What wou'dst thou say ?

Jub. *Cato*, thou hast a Daughter.

Cato. Adieu, young Prince: I wou'd not hear a Word
Shou'd lessen thee in my Esteem : Remember
The Hand of Fate is over us, and Heav'n
Exact's Severity from all our Thoughts :
It is not now a Time to talk of aught
But Chains, or Conquest; Liberty, or Death.

[*Exit*.

Enter Syphax.

Syph. How's this, my Prince! What, cover'd with Confusion?
You look as if yon stern Philosopher
Had just now chid you.

Jub. *Syphax*, I'm undone!

Syph. I know it well.

Jub. *Cato* thinks meanly of me.

Syph. And so will all Mankind.

Jub. I've open'd to him

The Weakness of my Soul, my Love for *Marcia*.

Syph. *Cato's* a proper Person to entrust
A Love-Tale with.

Jub. Oh, I could pierce my Heart,
My foolish Heart! Was ever Wretch like *Juba*?

Syph. Alas, my Prince how are you changed of late!
I've known young *Juba* rise, before the Sun,
To beat the Thicket where the Tyger slept,
Or seek the Lion in his dreadful Haunts :
How did the Colour mount into your Cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the Chace! I've seen you
Ev'n in the *Lybian* Dog-days hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the Rage
Of Fangs and Claws, and stooping from your Horse
Rivet the panting Savage to the Ground.

Jub. Prithee, no more!

Syph. How wou'd the old King smile

To

To see you weigh the Paws, when tipp'd with Gold,
And throw the shaggy Spoils about your Shoulders!

Jub. Syphax, this old Man's Talk (tho' Honey flow'd
In ev'ry Word) wou'd now lose all its Sweetness.

Cato's displeas'd, and *Marcia* lost for ever!

Syph. Young Prince, I yet cou'd give you good Advice.
Marcia might still be yours.

Jub. What say'st thou, *Syphax*?

By Heav'ns, thou turn'st me all into Attention.

Syph. *Marcia* might still be yours.

Jub. As how, Dear *Syphax*?

Syph. *Juba* command's *Numidia's* hardy Troops,
Mounted on Steeds, unused to the Restraint
Of Curbs or Bits, and fleetier than the Winds:
Give but the Word, we'll snatch this Damsel up,
And bear her off.

Jub. Can such dishonest Thoughts
Rise up in Man! wou'dst thou seduce my Youth
To do an Act that wou'd destroy my Honour?

Syph. Gods, I cou'd tear my Beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary Notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced Men
To real Mischiefs, while they hunt a Shadow.

Jub. Wou'dst thou degrade thy Prince into a Ruffian?

Syph. The boasted Ancestors of these great Men,
Whose Virtues you admire, were all such Ruffians.
This Dread of Nations, this Almighty *Rome*,
That comprehends in her wide Empire's Bounds
All 'under Heav'n, was founded on a Rape.
Your *Scipios*, *Cæsar's*, *Pompey's*, and your *Cato's*,
(These Gods on Earth) are all the spurious Brood
Of violated Maids, of ravish'd *Sabines*.

Jub. Syphax, I fear that hoary Head of thine
Abound's too much in our *Numidian* Wiles.

Syph. Indeed my Prince, you want to know the World,
You have not read Mankind, your Youth admire's
The Throws and Swellings of a *Roman* Soul,

Cato's bold Flights, th' Extravagance of Virtue.

Jub. If Knowledge of the World makes Man perfidious,
May *Juba* ever live in Ignorance!

Syph. Go, go, you're young.

Jub. Gods, must I tamely bear
This Arrogance unanswer'd! Thou'rt a Traitor,
A false old Traitor.

Syph. I have gone too far. [*Aside.*

Jub. *Cato* shall know the Baseness of thy Soul.

Syph. I must appease this Storm, or perish in it. [*Aside.*
Young Prince, behold these Locks, that are grown white
Beneath a Helmet in your Father's Battels.

Jub. Those Locks shall ne'er protect thy Insolence.

Syph. Must one rash Word, th' Infirmity of Age,
Throw down the Merit of my better Years?
This the Reward of a whole Life of Service!
Curse on the Boy! How steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*

Jub. Is it because the Throne of my Fore-fathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that *Numidia's* Crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose Head it shall enclose,
Thou thus presumest to treat thy Prince with Scorn?

Syph. Why will you rive my Heart with such Expressions?
Do's not old *Syphax* follow you to War?
What are his Aims? Why do's he load with Darts
His trembling Hand, and crush beneath a Cask
His wrinkled Brows? What is it he aspires to?
Is it not this? to shed the slow Remains,
His last poor Ebb of Blood in your Defence?

Jub. *Syphax*, no more! I wou'd not hear you talk.

Syph. Not hear me talk! What, when my Faith to *Juba*,
My royal Master's Son, is call'd in question?
My Prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But whilst I live I must not hold my Tongue,
And languish out old Age in his Displeasure.

Jub. Thou know'st the Way too well into my Heart,
I do believe thee loyal to thy Prince.

Syph.

Syph. What greater Instance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an Action which my Soul abhor's,
And gain you whom you love at any Price.

Jub. Was this thy Motive? I have been too hasty.

Syph. And 'tis for this my Prince has call'd me Traytor.

Jub. Sure thou mistakest, I did not call thee so.

Syph. You did indeed, my Prince, you call'd me Traytor:
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to *Cato*.
Of what, my Prince, wou'd you complain to *Cato*?
That *Syphax* loves you, and wou'd sacrifice
His Life, nay more, his Honour in your Service.

Jub. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me, but indeed:
Thy Zeal for *Juba* carried thee too far.
Honour's a sacred Tie, the Law of Kings,
The noble Mind's distinguishing Perfection,
That aid's and strengthens Virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her Actions, where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

Syph. By Heav'n's

I'm raviht when you talk thus, tho' you chide me,
Alas, I've hitherto been used to think
A blind officious Zeal to serve my King:
The ruling Principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a Subject's Heart.
Happy the People who preserve their Honour
By the same Duties that oblige their Prince!

Jub. Syphax, thou now begin'st to speak thy self:
Numidia's grown a Scorn among the Nations
For Breach of publick Vows. Our *Punick* Faith
Is infamous, and branded to a Proverb.

Syphax, we'll join our Cares, to purge away
Our Country's Crimes, and clear her Reputation.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, you make old *Syphax* weep:
To hear you talk——but 'tis with Tears of Joy.
If e're your Father's Crown adorn your Brows,
Numidia will be blest by *Cato's* Lectures.

Jub.

Jub. Syphax, thy Hand! we'll mutually forget
The Warmth of Youth, and Frowardness of Age:
Thy Prince esteems thy Worth, and loves thy Person:
If e're the Scepter comes into my Hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my Kingdom.

Syph. Why will you overwhelm my Age with Kindness?
My Joy grows burdensome, I sha'n't support it.

Jub. Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest Occasion that may set me right
In *Cato's* Thoughts. I'd rather have that Man
Approve my Deeds, than Worlds for my Admirers. [Exit.

Syphax solus.

Young Men soon give, and soon forget Affronts;
Old Age is slow in both——A false old Traytor!
Those Words, rash Boy, may chance to cost thee dear:
My Heart had still some foolish Fondness for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the Winds:——
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine——

Enter Sempronius.

Syph. All hail, *Sempronius*!
Well, *Cato's* Senate is resolv'd to wait
The Fury of a Siege, before it yields:

Semp. Syphax, we both were on the Verge of Fate:
Lucius declared for Peace, and Terms were offer'd
To *Cato* by a Messenger from *Cæsar*.

Shou'd they submit, ere our Designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common Wreck,
Lost in a gen'ral undistinguisht Ruin.

Syph. But how stands *Cato*?

Semp. Thou hast seen Mount *Atlas*:
While Storms and Tempests thunder on its Brows,
And Oceans break their Billows at its Feet,
It stands unmoved, and glorie's in its Height.

Such

Such is that haughty Man ; his tow'ring Soul,
'Midst all the Shocks and Injuries of Fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on *Cæsar*.

Syph. But what's this Messenger ?

Semp. I've practis'd with him,
And found a Means to let the Victor know
That *Syphax* and *Sempronius* are his Friends.
But let me now examine in my Turn :
Is *Juba* fixt ?

Syph. Yes, but it is to *Cato*.

I've try'd the Force of ev'ry Reason on him,
Sooth'd and carress'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Lay'd Safety, Life, and Int'rest in his Sight,
But all are vain, he scorns them all for *Cato*.

Semp. Come, 'tis no Matter, we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty Figure in a Triumph,
And serve to trip before the Victor's Chariot.

Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy *Juba's* Cause, and wishest *Marcia* mine.

Syph. May she be thine as fast as thou wou'dst have her !

Semp. *Syphax*, I love that Woman; tho' I curse
Her and my self, yet spight of me, I love her.

Syph. Make *Cato* sure, and give up *Utica*,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a Trifle.
But are thy Troops prepared for a Revolt ?
Do's the Sedition catch from Man to Man,
And run among their Ranks ?

Semp. All, all is ready.

The factious Leaders are our Friends, that spread
Murmurs and Discontents among the Soldiers.
They count their toilsome Marches, long Fatigues,
Unusual Fastings, and will bear no more
This Medly of Philosophy and War.

Within an Hour they'll storm the Senate-House.

Syph. Mean while I'll draw up my *Numidian* Troops
Within the Square, to exercise their Arms,
And, as I see Occasion, favour thee.

I laugh to think how your unshaken *Cato*
 Will look aghast, while unforeseen Destruction
 Pou'rs in upon him thus from every Side.
 So, where our wide *Numidian* Wafts extend,
 Sudden, th' impetuous Hurricanes descend,
 Wheel through the Air, in circling Eddies play,
 Tear up the Sands, and sweep whole Plains away.
 The helpless Traveller, with wild Surprize,
 Sees the dry Defart all around him rise,
 And, smother 'd in the dusty Whirlwind Dies.

}

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Marcus *and* Portius.

Marc. **T**Hanks to my Stars, I have not ranged about
The Wilds of Life, 'ere I cou'd find a Friend;
Nature first pointed out my *Portius* to me,
And early taught me, by her secret Force,
To love thy Person, 'ere I knew thy Merit;
Till, what was Instinct, grew up into Friendship.

Port. *Marcus*, the Friendships of the World are oft
Confed'racies in Vice, or Leagues of Pleasure;
Ours has severest Virtue for its Basis,
And such a Friendship end's not but with Life.

Marc. *Portius*, thou know'st my Soul in all its Weakness;
Then prithee spare me on its tender Side,
Indulge me but in Love, my other Passions
Shall rise and fall by Virtue's nicest Rules.

Port. When Love's well timed, 'tis not a Fault to love.
The Strong, the Brave, the Virtuous, and the Wise,
Sink in the soft Captivity together.
I wou'd not urge thee to dismiss thy Passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its Force,
Till better Times may make it look more graceful.

Marc. Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient Throbb's and Longings of a Soul,
That pant's, and reach's after distant Good.
A Lover do's not live by vulgar Time:
Believe me, *Portius*, in my *Lucia's* Absence
Life hang's upon me, and become's a Burden;
And yet when I behold the charming Maid

I'm ten-times more undone; while Hope, and Fear,
And Grief, and Rage, and Love, rise up at once,
And with Variety of Pain distract me.

Port. What can thy *Portius* do to give thee Help?

Marc. *Portius*, thou oft enjoy'st the Fair One's Prefence:
Then undertake my Cause, and plead it to her
With all the Strength and Heats of Eloquence
Fraternal Love and Friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy Brother languish's to Death,
And fade's away, and wither's in his Bloom;
That he forgets his Sleep, and loath's his Food,
That Youth, and Health, and War are joyless to him:
Describe his anxious Days, and restless Nights,
And all the Torments that thou see'st me suffer.

Port. *Marcus*, I beg thee give me not an Office
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my Temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my Woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly Arm,
To raise me from amidst this Plunge of Sorrows?

Port. *Marcus*, thou can'st not ask what I'd refuse.
But here believe me I've a thousand Reasons——

Marc. I know thou'lt say my Passion's out of Season,
That *Cato's* great Example and Misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my Thoughts,
But what's all this to one who loves like me!
Oh *Portius*, *Portius*, from my Soul I wish
Thou didst but know thy self what 'tis to love!
Then wou'dst thou pity and assist thy Brother.

Port. What shou'd I do! If I disclose my Passion
Our Friendship's at an end: If I conceal it,
The World will call me false to a Friend and Brother. [*Aside.*]

Marc. But see where *Lucia* at her wonted Hour,
Amid the cool of yon high Marble Arch,
Enjoys the Noon-day Breeze! Observe her, *Portius*!
That Face, that Shape, those Eyes, that Heav'n of Beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me if thou can'st.

Port. She sees us, and advances——

Marc.

Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, *Portius*,
Thy Brother's Life depends upon thy Tongue.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Did not I see your Brother *Marcus* here?
Why did he fly the Place, and shun my Presence?

Port. Oh, *Lucia*, Language is too faint to show
His Rage of Love; it prey's upon his Life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His Passions and his Virtues lie confused,
And mixt together in so wild a Tumult,
That the whole Man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heav'ns! wou'd one think 'twere possible for Love
To make such Ravage in a noble Soul!

Oh, *Lucia*, I'm distress'd! my Heart bleeds for him;
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy Presence,
A secret Damp of Grief comes o'er my Thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smilest upon me.

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy Honour, in the Shock
Of Love and Friendship! think betimes, my *Portius*,
Think how the Nuptial Tie, that might ensure
Our mutual Bliss, wou'd raise to such a Height
Thy Brother's Grievs, as might perhaps destroy him.

Port. Alas, poor Youth! what dost thou think, my *Lucia*?
His gen'rous, open, undefining Heart
Has beg'd his Rival to solicit for him.
Then do not strike him dead with a Denial,
But hold him up in Life, and cheer his Soul
With the faint glimm'ring of a doubtful Hope:
Perhaps, when we have pass'd these gloomy Hours,
And weather'd out the Storm that beats upon us —

Luc. No, *Portius*, no! I see thy Sister's Tears,
Thy Father's Anguish, and thy Brother's Death,
In the Pursuit of our ill-fated Loves.

And, *Portius*, here I swear, to Heav'n I swear,

To Heav'n, and all the Pow'rs that judge Mankind,
 Never to mix my plighted Hands with thine,
 While such a Cloud of Mischiefs hang's about us.
 But to forget our Loves, and drive thee out
 From all my Thoughts, as far----as I am able

Port. What hast thou said! I'm thunder-struck!-----Recall
 Those hasty Words, or I am lost for ever.

Luc. Has not the Vow already pass'd my Lips?
 The Gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in Heav'n.
 May all the Vengeance, that was ever pour'd
 On perjur'd Heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

[*After a Pause,*

Port. Fixt in Astonishment, I gaze upon thee;
 Like one just blasted by a Stroak from Heav'n,
 Who pant's for Breath, and stiffen's, yet alive,
 In dreadful Looks: A Monument of Wrath!

Luc. At length I've acted my severest Part,
 I feel the Woman breaking in upon me,
 And melt about my Heart! my Tears will flow.
 But oh I'll think no more! the Hand of Fate
 Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

Port. Hard-hearted, cruel Maid!

Luc. Oh stop those Sounds,
 Those killing Sounds! Why dost thou frown upon me?
 My Blood run's cold, my Heart forget's to heave,
 And Life its self goe's out at thy Displeasure.
 The Gods forbid us to indulge our Loves,
 But oh! I cannot bear thy Hate and live!

Port. Talk not of Love, thou never knew'st its Force.
 I've been deluded, led into a Dream
 Of fancied Blifs. O *Lucia*, cruel Maid!
 Thy dreadful Vow, loaden with Death, still sound's
 In my stunn'd Ears. What shall I say or do?
 Quick, let us part! Perdition's in thy Presence,
 And Horror dwells about thee!-----Hah, she faints!
 Wretch that I am! what has my Rashness done!
Lucia, thou injur'd Innocence! thou best
 And lovely'st of thy Sex! awake, my *Lucia*,

Or

Or *Portius* rushe's on his Sword to join thee.

—— Her Imprecations reach not to the Tomb,
They shut not out Society in Death.——

But Hah! She moves! Life wander's up and down
Through all her Face, and light's up ev'ry Charm.

Luc. O *Portius*, was this well! — to frown on her
That lives upon thy Smiles! to call in Doubt
The Faith of one expiring at thy Feet,

That love's thee more than ever Woman lov'd!

—— What do I say? My half-recover'd Sense
Forget's the Vow in which my Soul is bound.
Destruction stand's betwixt us! We must part.

Port. Name not the Word, my frighted Thoughts run back,
And startle into Madnes at the Sound.

Luc. What wou'dst thou have me do? Consider well
The Train of Ills our Love wou'd draw behind it.

Think, *Portius*, think, thou see'st thy dying Brother
Stabb'd at his Heart, and all besmear'd with Blood,

Storming at Heav'n and thee! Thy awful Sire
Sternly demand's the Cause, th' accursed Cause,

That robb's him of his Son! poor *Marcia* tremble's,

Then teares her Hair, and frantick in her Griefs

Call's out on *Lucia*! What cou'd *Lucia* answer?

Or how stand up in such a Scene of Sorrow!

Port. To my Confusion, and Eternal Grief,
I must approve the Sentence that destroys me.

The Mist that hung about my Mind clear's up,

And now, athwart the Terrors that thy Vow

Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,

More amiable, and risest in thy Charms.

Lovly'st of Women! Heav'n is in thy Soul,

Beauty and Virtue shine for ever round thee,

Bright'ning each other! Thou art all Divine!

Luc. *Portius*, no more! thy Words shoot thro' my Heart,
Melt my Resolves, and turn me all to Love.

Why are those Tears of Fondness in thy Eyes?

Why heaves thy Heart? Why swells thy Soul with Sorrow?

It softens me too much — Farewell, my *Portius*,
Farewell, tho' Death is in the Word, For-ever!

Port. Stay, *Lucia*, stay! What do'st thou say? For-ever?

Luc. Have I not sworn? If, *Portius*, thy Success
Must throw thy Brother on his Fate, Farewell,
Oh, how shall I repeat the Word! For-ever!

Port. Thus o'er the dying Lamp th' unsteady Flame
Hang's quiv'ring on a Point, leap's off by Fits,
And fall's again, as loath to quit its Hold

— Thou must not go, my Soul still hover's o'er thee
And can't get loose.

Luc. If the firm *Portius* shake
To hear of Parting, think what *Lucia* suffer's!

Port. 'Tis true; unruffled and serene I've met
The common Accidents of Life, but here
Such an unlook'd for Storm of Ills fall's on me,
It beat's down all my Strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

Luc. What do'st thou say? Not part?
Hast thou forgot the Vow that I have made?
Are there not Heav'ns and Gods and Thunder o'er us!
— But see thy Brother *Marcus* bend's this way!
I sicken at the Sight. Once more, Farewell,
Farewell, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st
Ever was Love, or ever Grief, like mine. [Exit.]

Enter Marcus.

Marc. *Portius*, what Hopes? how stands She? Am I doom'd
To Life or Death?

Port. What wou'dst thou have me say?

Marc. What mean's this pensive Posture? thou appear'st
Like one amazed and terrified.

Port. I've Reason.

Marc. Thy down-cast Looks, and thy disorder'd Thoughts
Tell me my Fate. I ask not the Success
My Cause has found.

Port.

Port. I'm griev'd I undertook it.

Mar. What? do's the barb'rous Maid insult my Heart,
My akeing Heart! and triumph in my Pains?
That I cou'd cast her from my Thoughts for ever!

Port. Away! you're too suspicious in your Griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of Love,
Compassionate's your Pains, and pitie's you.

Marc. Compassionate's my Pains, and pitie's me!
What is Compassion when 'tis void of Love!
Fool that I was to chuse so cold a Friend
To urge my Cause! Compassionate's my Pains!
Prithee what Art, what Rhet'rick did'ft thou use
To gain this mighty Boon? She pitie's me!
To one that ask's the warm Returns of Love,
Compassion's Cruelty, 'tis Scorn, 'tis Death——

Port. *Marcus*, no more! have I deserv'd this Treatment?

Marc. What have I said! O *Portius*, O forgive me!
A Soul exasp'rated in Ills falls out
With ev'ry thing, its Friend, its self — But hah!
What means that Shout, big with the Sounds of War?
What new Alarm?

Port. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the Winds, and comes more full upon us.

Marc. Oh, for some glorious Cause to fall in Battel!
Lucia, thou hast undone me! thy Disdain
Has broke my Heart: 'tis Death must give me Ease.

Port. Quick, let us hence, who knows if *Cato's* Life
Stand sure? O *Marcus*, I am warm'd, my Heart
Leaps at the Trumpet's Voice, and burns for Glory. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sempronius with the Leaders of the Mutiny.

Semp. At length the Winds are rais'd, the Storm blow's high,
Be it your Care, my Friends, to keep it up
In it's full Fury, and direct it right,
'Till it has spent it self on *Cato's* Head.
Mean while I'll herd among his Friends, and seem

One:

One of the Number, that whate'er arrive,
My Friends and Fellow-Soldiers may be safe.

I *Lead.* We all are safe, *Sempronius* is our Friend,
Sempronius is as brave a Man as *Cato*.
But heark! he Enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast:
This Day will end our Toils, and give us Rest;
Fear nothing, for *Sempronius* is our Friend.

Enter Cato, Sempronius, Lucius, Portius, and Marcus.

Cato. Where are these bold intrepid Sons of War,
That greatly turn their Backs upon the Foe,
And to their General send a brave Defiance?

Semp. Curse on their Dastard Souls, they stand astonish'd!
[*Aside.*]

Cato. Perfidious Men! and will you thus dishonour
Your past Exploits, and sully all your Wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a Zeal for *Rome*,
Nor Love of Liberty, nor Thirst of Honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the Spoil
Of conquer'd Towns, and plunder'd Provinces?
Fired with such Motives you do well to join
With *Cato's* Foes, and follow *Cesar's* Banners.
Why did I 'scape the invenom'd Aspic's Rage,
And all the fiery Monsters of the Desert,
To see this Day? Why cou'd not *Cato* fall
Without your Guilt? Behold, ungrateful Men,
Behold my Bosom naked to your Swords,
And let the Man that's injured strike the Blow.
Which of you all suspect's that he is wrong'd,
Or think's he suffer's greater Ills than *Cato*?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by Toils,
Superior Toils, and heavier Weight of Cares!
Painful Pre-eminence!

Semp. By Heav'ns they droop!
Confusion to the Villains! All is lost.

[*Aside.*
Cato.]

Cato. Have you forgotten *Lybia's* burning Wast,
Its barren Rocks, parch'd Earth, and Hills of Sand,
Its tainted Air, and all its Broods of Poison?
Who was the first to explore th' untrodden Path,
When Life was hazarded in ev'ry Step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious March,
When on the Banks of an unlook'd-for Stream
You sunk the River with repeated Draughts,
Who was the last in all your Host that thirsted?

Semp. If some penurious Source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of Waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full Helmet up to *Cato*,
Did not he dash th' untasted Moisture from him?
Did not he lead you through the Mid-day Sun,
And Clouds of Dust? Did not his Temples glow
In the same sultry Winds, and scorching Heats?

Cato. Hence worthless Men! Hence! and complaint to *Cesar*
You could not undergo the Toils of War,
Nor bear the Hardships that your Leader bore.

Luc. See, *Cato*, see th' unhappy Men! they weep!
Fear, and Remorse, and Sorrow for their Crime,
Appear in ev'ry Look, and plead for Mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest Men, give up your Leaders,
And Pardon shall descend on all the rest.

Semp. *Cato*, commit these Wretches to my Care.
First let 'em each be broken on the Rack,
Then, with what Life remain's, impaled, and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody Stake.
There let 'em hang, and taint the Southern Wind.
The Partners of their Crime will learn Obedience,
When they look up and see their Fellow-Traitors
Stuck on a Fork, and black'ning in the Sun.

Luc. *Simpronius*, why, why wilt thou urge the Fate
Of wretched Men?

Semp. How! wou'dst thou clear Rebellion!
Lucius, (good Man) pitie's the poor Offenders
That wou'd imbrue their Hands in *Cato's* Blood.

Cato. Forbear, *Sempronius!* — See they suffer Death,
But in their Deaths remember they are Men.
Strain not the Laws to make their Tortures grievous.

Lucius, the base degenerate Age requires
Severity and Justice in its Rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending World,
Command's Obedience, and give's Force to Laws.
When by just Vengeance guilty Mortals perish,
The Gods behold their Punishment with Pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted Thunder-Bolt aside.

Semp. Cato, I execute thy Will with Pleasure.

Cato. Mean-while we'll sacrifice to Liberty.
Remember, O my Friends, the Laws, the Rights,
The gen'rous Plan of Power deliver'd down,
From Age to Age, by your renown'd Forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the Price of so much Blood)
O let it never perish in your Hands!
But piously transmit it to your Children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our Souls,
And make our Lives in thy Possession happy,
Or our Deaths glorious in thy just Defence. [*Exe. Cato, &c.*]

Sempronius and the Leaders of the Mutiny.

1 Lead. Sempronius, you have acted like your Self,
One wou'd have thought you had been half in Earnest.

Semp. Villain, stand off! base grov'ling worthless Wretches,
Mongrils in Faction, poor faint-hearted Traitors!

2 Lead. Nay, now you carry it too far, *Sempronius:*
Throw off the Mask, there are none here but Friends.

Semp. Know, Villains, when such paltry Slaves presume
To mix in Treason, if the Plot succeed's,
They're thrown neglected by: But if it fail's,
They're sure to die like Dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious Monsters, dragg 'em forth
To sudden Death.

Enter

Enter Guards.

I Lead. Nay, since it comes to this—
Semp. Dispatch 'em quick, but first pluck out their Tongues,
 Least with their dying Breath they sow Sedition.
 [*Exeunt Guards with the Leaders.*]

Enter Syphax.

Syph. Our first Design, my Friend, has proved abortive;
 Still there remains an After-game to play:
 My Troops are mounted; their *Numidian* Steeds
 Snuff up the Wind, and long to scow'r the Desert:
 Let but *Sempronius* head us in our Flight,
 We'll force the Gate where *Marcus* keeps his Guard,
 And hew down all that would oppose our Passage.
 A Day will bring us into *Cæsar's* Camp.

Semp. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my Purpose.
Marcia, the charming *Marcia's* left behind!

Syph. How? will *Sempronius* turn a Woman's Slave!

Semp. Think not thy Friend can ever feel the soft
 Unmanly Warmth, and Tenderness of Love.

Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty Maid,
 And bend her stubborn Virtue to my Passion:
 When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

Syph. Well said! that's spoken like thy self, *Sempronius*.
 What hinder's then, but that thou find her out,
 And hurry her away by manly Force?

Semp. But how to gain Admission? for Access
 Is giv'n to none but *Juba*, and her Brothers.

Syph. Thou shal't have *Juba's* Dress, and *Juba's* Guards:
 The Doors will open, when *Numidia's* Prince
 Seem's to appear before the Slaves, that watch them.

Semp. Heav'ns, what a Thought is there! *Marcia's* my own!
 How will my Bosom swell with anxious Joy,

When I behold her strugling in my Arms,
With glowing Beauty, and disorder'd Charms,
While Fear and Anger, with alternate Grace,
Pant in her Breast, and vary in her Face!
So *Pluto*, seiz'd of *Proserpine*, convey'd
To Hell's tremendous Gloom th' affrighted Maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous Prize,
Nor envy'd *Jove* his Sun-shine and his Skies.

End of the Third Act.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. **N**OW tell me, *Marcia*, tell me from thy Soul,
If thou believ'st it possible for Woman
To suffer greater Ills than *Lucia* suffers?

Marc. O *Lucia*, *Lucia*, might my big swoln Heart
Vent all its Griefs, and give a Loose to Sorrow:

Marcia cou'd answer thee in Sighs, keep Pace
With all thy Woes, and count out Tear for Tear.

Luc. I know thou'rt doom'd alike, to be belov'd
By *Juba*, and thy Father's Friend *Sempronius*;
But which of these has Pow'r to charm like *Portius*!

Marc. Still must I beg thee not to name *Sempronius*?
Lucia, I like not that loud boist'rous Man:

Juba to all the Brav'ry of a Heroe
Adds softest Love, and more than Female Sweetness;
Juba might make the proudest of our Sex,
Any of Woman-kind, but *Marcia*, happy.

Luc. And why not *Marcia*? Come, you strive in vain
To hide your Thoughts from one, who know's too well
The inward Glowings of a Heart in Love.

Marc. While *Cato* live's, his Daughter has no Right
To love or hate, but as his Choice directs.

Luc. But shou'd this Father give you to *Sempronius*?

Marc. I dare not think he will: but if he shou'd—
Why wilt thou add to all the Griefs I suffer
Imaginary Ills, and fancy'd Tortures?

I hear the Sound of Feet ! they march this Way !
 Let us retire, and try if we can drown
 Each softer Thought in Sense of present Danger.
 When Love once plead's Admission to our Hearts
 (In spite of all the Virtue we can boast)
 The Woman that Deliberates is lost.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sempronius, dress'd like Juba, with Numidian Guards.

Semp. The Deer is lodg'd. I've trackt her to her Covert.
 Be sure you mind the Word, and when I give it,
 Rush in at once, and seize upon your Prey.
 Let not her Cries or Tears have Force to move you.
 —How will the young *Numidian* rave, to see
 His Mistress lost ? If aught cou'd glad my Soul,
 Beyond th' Enjoyment of so bright a Prize,
 'Twou'd be to torture that young, gay, Barbarian.
 —But hark, what Noise ! Death to my Hopes ! 'tis he,
 'Tis *Juba's* self ! there is but one Way left—
 He must be murder'd, and a Passage cut
 Through those his Guards.—Hah, Dastards, do you tremble !
 Or act like Men, or by yon azure Heav'n—

Enter Juba.

Jub. What do I see ? Who's this that dares usurp
 The Guards and Habits of *Numidia's* Prince ?

Semp. One that was born to scourge thy Arrogance,
 Presumptuous Youth !

Jub. What can this mean ? *Sempronius* !

Semp. My Sword shall answer thee. Have at thy Heart.

Jub. Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbrous Man !

[*Semp. falls. His Guards surrender.*]

Semp. Curse on my Stars ! Am I then doom'd to fall
 By a Boy's Hand ? disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian Dress, and for a worthless Woman ?
 Gods, I'm Distracted ! This my Close of Life !

O for a Peal of Thunder that wou'd make
Earth, Sea, and Air, and Heav'n, and *Cato* tremble! [*Dies.*

Juba. With what a Spring his furious Soul broke loose,
And left the Limbs still quiv'ring on the Ground!
Hence let us carry off those Slaves to *Cato*,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark Design, this Mystery of Fate.

[*Exit Juba with Prisoners, &c.*

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. Sure 'twas the Clash of Swords; my troubled Heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its Sorrows,
It throbs with Fear, and ake's at ev'ry Sound.
O *Marcia*, shou'd thy Brothers for my Sake! —
I die away with Horror at the Thought.

Marc. See, *Lucia*, see! here's Blood! here's Blood and
Murder!

Hah! a *Numidian*! Heav'ns preserve the Prince:
The Face lie's muffled up within the Garment.
But hah! Death to my Sight! a Diadem,
And Purple Robes! O Gods! 'tis he, 'tis he;
Juba, the loveliest Youth that ever warm'd
A Virgin's Heart, *Juba* lie's dead before us!

Luc. Now *Marcia*, now call up to thy Assistance
Thy wonted Strength, and Constancy of Mind;
Thou can'st not put it to a greater Tryal.

Marc. *Lucia*, look there, and wonder at my Patience.
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my Breast,
To rend my Heart with Grief, and run distracted!

Luc. What can I think or say to give thee Comfort?

Mar. Talk not of Comfort, 'tis for lighter Ills:
Behold a Sight, that strike's all Comfort dead.

Enter Juba listning.

I will indulge my Sorrows, and give way
To all the Pangs and Fury of Despair,
That Man, that best of Men, deserv'd it from me.

Juba

Juba. What do I hear? and was the false *Sempronius*
That best of Men? O had I fall'n like him,
And cou'd have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy!

Luc. Here will I stand, Companion in thy Woes,
And help thee with my Tears; when I behold
A Loss like thine, I half forget my own.

Marc. 'Tis not in Fate to ease my tortured Breast.
This empty World, to me a joyless Defart,
Has nothing left to make poor *Marcia* happy.

Juba. I'm on the Rack! Was he so near her Heart?

Marc. Oh he was all made up of Love and Charms,
Whatever Maid cou'd wish, or Man admire:
Delight of ev'ry Eye! When he appear'd,
A secret Pleasure gladned all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest *Roman* blush'd
To hear his Virtues, and old Age grew wise.

Juba. I shall run Mad——

Marc. O *Juba!* *Juba!* *Juba!*

Juba. What means that Voice? did she not call on *Juba?*

Marc. Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.

Lucia, who know's but his poor bleeding Heart
Amidst its Agonies, remember'd *Marcia,*
And the last Words he utter'd call'd me Cruel!
Alas, he knew not, hapless Youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole Soul was full of Love and *Juba!*

Juba. Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What *Marcia* think's! all is *Elisum* round me!

Marc. Ye dear Remains of the most lov'd of Men!
Nor Modesty nor Virtue here forbid
A last Embrace, while thus——

Juba. See, *Marcia,* see,
The happy *Juba* live's! he live's to catch
That dear Embrace, and to return it too
With mutual Warmth and Eagerness of Love.

Marc. With Pleasure and Amaze, I stand transported!

Sure 'tis a Dream! Dead and Alive at once!
If thou art *Juba*, who lies there?

Jub. A Wretch,
Disguis'd like *Juba* on a curs'd Design.
The Tale is long, nor have I heard it out,
Thy Father know's it all. I cou'd not bear
To leave thee in the Neighbourhood of Death,
But flew, in all the haste of Love, to find thee.
I found thee weeping, and confests this once,
Am wrap'd with Joy to see my *Marcia's* Tears.

Marc. I've been surpriz'd in an unguarded Hour,
But must not now go back: The Love, that lay
Half smother'd in my Breast, has broke through all
Its weak Restraints, and burn's in its full Lustre,
I cannot, if I wou'd, conceal it from thee.

Jub. I'm lost in Extasie! and do'st thou love,
Thou charming Maid?

Marc. And do'st thou live to ask it?

Jub. This, this is Life indeed! Life worth preserving!
Such Life as *Juba* never felt till now!

Marc. Believe me, Prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know my self how much I lov'd thee.

Jub. O fortunate Mistake!

Marc. O happy *Marcia*!

Jub. My Joy! my best Beloved! my only Wish!
How shall I speak the Transport of my Soul!

Marc. *Lucia*, thy Arm! Oh let me rest upon it!-----
The Vital Blood, that had forsook my Heart,
Return's again in such tumultuous Tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my Apartment.
O Prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But Fate has wrested the Confession from me,
Go on, and prosper in the Paths of Honour,
Thy Virtue will excuse my Passion for thee,
And make the Gods propitious to our Love. [*Ex. Marc. and Luc.*]

Jub. I am so bless'd, I fear 'tis all a Dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all

Thy past Unkindness. I absolve my Stars.
 What tho' *Numidia* add her conquer'd Towns
 And Provinces to swell the Victor's Triumph?
Juba will never at his Fate repine,
 Let *Cesar* have the World, if *Marcia's* mine.

[Exit.

A March at a Distance.

Enter Cato and Lucius.

Luc. I stand astonish't! What, the bold *Sempronius!*
 That still broke foremost through the Croud of Patriots,
 As with a Hurricane of Zeal transported,
 And virtuous ev'n to Madness——

Cato. Trust me, *Lucius,*
 Our civil Discords have produced such Crimes,
 Such monstrous Crimes, I am surprized at nothing.
 — O *Lucius,* I am sick of this bad World!
 The Day-light and the Sun grow painful to me.

Enter Portius.

But see where *Portius* come's! What mean's this Haste?
 Why are thy Looks thus changed?

Port. My Heart is griev'd.
 I bring such News as will afflict my Father.

Cato. Has *Cesar* shed more *Roman* Blood?

Port. Not so.
 The Traytor *Syphax*, as within the Square
 He exercised his Troops, the Signal giv'n,
 Flew off at once with his *Numidian* Horse
 To the South Gate, where *Marcus* holds the Watch.
 I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain,
 He toss'd his Arm aloft, and proudly told me,
 He wou'd not stay and perish like *Sempronius.*

Cato. Perfidious Men! But haste my Son, and see

Thy

Thy Brother *Marcus* act's a *Roman's* Part. [Exit *Portius*.

—*Lucius*, the Torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice give's Way to Force: the conquer'd World
Is *Cesar's*: *Cato* has no Business in it.

Luc. While Pride, Oppression, and Injustice reign,
The World will still demand her *Cato's* Presence:
In Pity to Mankind, submit to *Cesar*,
And reconcile thy Mighty Soul to Life.

Cato. Wou'd *Lucius* have me live to swell the Number
Of *Cesar's* Slaves, or by a base Submission
Give up the Cause of *Rome*, and own a Tyrant?

Luc. The Victor never will impose on *Cato*
Ungen'rous Terms. His Enemies confess
The Virtues of Humanity are *Cesar's*.

Cato. Curse on his Virtues! They've undone his Country.
Such Popular Humanity is Treason—
But see young *Juba*! the good Youth appears
Full of the Guilt of his perfidious Subjects.

Luc. Alas, poor Prince! his Fate deserves Compassion.

Enter *Juba*.

Jub. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy Presence, *Cato*.

Cato. What's thy Crime?

Jub. I'm a *Numidian*.

Cato. And a brave one too,
Thou hast a *Roman* Soul.

Jub. Hast thou not heard
Of my false Countrymen?

Cato. Alas, young Prince,
Falshood and Fraud shoot up in ev'ry Soil,
The Product of all Climes—*Rome* has its *Cesars*.

Jub. 'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the Distress'd.

Cato. 'Tis just to give Applause where 'tis deserv'd;
Thy Virtue, Prince, has stood the Test of Fortune,
Like purest Gold, that, tortur'd in the Furnace,

Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its Weight.

Juba. What shall I answer thee? my ravish'd Heart
O'erflows with secret Joy: I'd rather gain
Thy Praise, O *Cato*, than *Numidia's* Empire.

Enter Portius hastily.

Port. Misfortune on Misfortune! Grief on Grief!
My Brother *Marcus*——

Cato. Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his Post? has he giv'n way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

Port. Scarce had I left my Father, but I met him
Born on the Shields of his surviving Soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with Wounds.
Long, at the Head of his few faithful Friends,
He stood the Shock of a whole Host of Foes,
Till obstinately Brave, and bent on Death,
Opprest with Multitudes, he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfy'd.

Port. Nor did he fall before
His Sword had pierc'd through the false Heart of *Syphax*:
Yonder he lie's. I saw the hoary Traytor
Grin in the Pangs of Death, and bite the Ground.

Cato. Thanks to the Gods! my Boy has done his Duty.
——*Portius*, when I am dead, before thou place
His Urne near mine.

Port. Long may they keep asunder!

Luc. O *Cato*, arm thy Soul with all its Patience;
See where the Corps of thy dead Son approaches!
The Citizens and Senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato meeting the Corps.

Cato. Welcome my Son! Here lay him down, my Friends,
Full in my Sight, that I may view at leisure

The

The bloody Coarse, and count those glorious Wounds.
 How beautiful is Death, when earn'd by Virtue!
 Who wou'd not be that Youth? what Pity is it
 That we can die but once to serve our Country!
 Why fit's this Sadness on your Brows, my Friends?
 I shou'd have blush'd if *Cato's* House had stood
 Secure, and flourish'd in a Civil War.

—*Portius*, behold thy Brother, and remember
 Thy Life is not thy own, when *Rome* demands it.

Juba. Was ever Man like this!

[*Aside.*

Cato. Alas my Friends!

Why mourn you thus? Let not a private Loss
 Afflict your Hearts. 'Tis *Rome* requires our Tears.
 The Mistress of the World, the Seat of Empire,
 The Nurse of Heroes, the Delight of Gods,
 That humbled the proud Tyrants of the Earth,
 And set the Nations free, *Rome* is no more.
 O Liberty! O Virtue! O my Country!

Juba. Behold that upright Man! *Rome* fills his Eyes
 With Tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead Son.

[*Aside.*

Cato. Whate'er the *Roman* Virtue has subdu'd,
 The Sun's whole Course, the Day and Year, are *Cæsar's*.
 For him the self-devoted *Decii* dy'd,
 The *Fabii* fell, and the great *Scipio's* conquer'd:
 Ev'n *Pompey* fought for *Cæsar*. Oh my Friends!
 How is the Toil of Fate, the Work of Ages,
 The *Roman* Empire fall'n! O curst Ambition!
 Fall'n into *Cæsar's* Hands! Our great Fore-Fathers
 Had left him nought to Conquer but his Country.

Juba. While *Cato* lives, *Cæsar* will blush to see
 Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of Empire.

Cato. *Cæsar* ashamed! Has not he seen *Pharsalia*!

Luc. Cato, 'tis Time thou save thy self and us.

Cato. Lose not a Thought on me. I'm out of Danger.
 Heav'n will not leave me in the Victor's Hand.
Cæsar shall never say I've conquer'd *Cato*.

But oh! my Friends, your Safety fills my Heart

With

With anxious Thoughts: A thousand secret Terrors,
Rise in my Soul: How shall I save my Friends!
'Tis now, O *Cesar*, I begin to fear thee.

Luc. Cesar has Mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, *Cato* did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
That I my self, with Tears, request it of him,
The Virtue of my Friends may pass unpunish'd.

Juba, my Heart is troubled for thy Sake.
Shou'd I advise thee to regain *Numidia*,
Or seek the Conqueror? —

Jub. If I forsake thee
Whilst I have Life, may Heav'n abandon *Juba*!

Cato. Thy Virtues, Prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one Day make thee Great; at *Rome*, hereafter,
'Twill be no Crime to have been *Cato's* Friend.

Portius, draw near! My Son, thou oft hast seen
Thy Sire engaged in a corrupted State,
Wrestling with Vice and Faction: Now thou see'st me
Spent, overpow'r'd, despairing of Success;
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy Paternal Seat, the *Sabine* Field,
Where the great *Censor* toil'd with his own Hands,
And all our frugal Ancestors were bless'd
In humble Virtues, and a Rural Life.
There live retired, pray for the Peace of *Rome*,
Content thy self to be Obscurely good.
When Vice prevails, and impious Men bear Sway,
The Post of Honour is a private Station.

Port. I hope, my Father does not recommend
A Life to *Portius*, that he scorns himself.

Cato. Farewel, my Friends! if there be any of you
That dares not trust the Victor's Clemency,
Know there are Ships prepared by my Command,
(Their Sails already op'ning to the Winds)
That shall convey you to the wisht-for Port.

Is there aught else, my Friends, I can do for you?
The Conqueror draws near. Once more Farewel!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier Climes, and on a safer Shore,
Where *Cæsar* never shall approach us more.
There the brave Youth, with Love of Virtue fired,
Who greatly in his Country's Cause expired,
Shall know he Conquer'd. The firm Patriot there
(Who made the Welfare of Mankind his Care)
Tho' still, by Faction, Vice, and Fortune, cross,
Shall find the gen'rous Labour was not lost.

[Pointing to
the Body of his
dead Son.]

End of the Fourth Act.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cato solus, *sitting in a thoughtful Posture: In his Hand
Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn
Sword on the Table by him.*

IT must be so—*Plato*, thou reason'st well! —
 Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond Desire,
 This Longing after Immortality?
 Or whence this secret Dread, and inward Horror,
 Of falling into Nought? Why shrinks the Soul
 Back on her self, and startles at Destruction?
 'Tis the Divinity that stir's within us;
 'Tis Heav'n its self, that point's out an Hereafter,
 And intimate's Eternity to Man.
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful, Thought!
 Through what Variety of untry'd Being,
 Through what new Scenes and Changes must we pass!
 The wide, th' unbounded Prospect, lie's before me;
 But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness, rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
 (And that there is all Nature cries aloud
 Through all her Works) He must delight in Virtue;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when! or where!-- This World was made for *Cæsar*.
 I'm weary of Conjectures— This must end 'em.
 [*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*]

Thus

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my Death and Life,
 My Bane and Antidote are both before me:
 This in a Moment brings me to an End:
 But this inform's me I shall never die.
 The Soul, secur'd in her Existence, smile's
 At the drawn Dagger, and defie's its Point.
 The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
 Grow dim with Age, and Nature sink in Years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal Youth,
 Unhurt amidst the War of Elements,
 The Wrecks of Matter, and the Crush of Worlds.

What means this Heaviness that hangs upon me?
 This Lethargy that creeps through all my Senses?
 Nature oppress'd, and harras'd out with Care,
 Sinks down to Rest. This once I'll favour her.
 That my awaken'd Soul may take her Flight,
 Renew'd in all her Strength, and fresh with Life,
 An Off'ring fit for Heav'n. Let Guilt or Fear
 Disturb Man's Rest: *Cato* knows neither of 'em,
 Indifferent in his Choice to sleep or die.

Enter Portius.

But hah! how's this, my Son? Why this Intrusion?
 Were not my Orders that I wou'd be private?
 Why am I disobey'd?

Port. Alas, my Father!

What means this Sword? this Instrument of Death?
 Let me convey it hence!

Cato. Rash Youth, forbear!

Port. O let the Pray'rs, th' Entreaties of your Friends,
 Their Tears, their common Danger wrest it from you.

Cato. Wou'd'st thou betray me? Wou'd'st thou give me up
 A Slave, a Captive, into *Cæsar's* Hands?
 Retire, and learn Obedience to a Father,
 Or know, young Man! —

I

Port.

Port. O Sir, forgive your Son,
Whose Grief hangs heavy on him! O my Father!
How am I sure it is not the last Time
I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeas'd,
O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the Anguish of my Heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful Purpose of your Soul.

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful. [*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my Son. All will be well again.
The righteous Gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour *Cato*, and preserve his Children.

Port. Your Words give Comfort to my drooping Heart.

Cato. *Portius*, thou may'st rely upon my Conduct.
Thy Father will not act what misbecome's him.
But go, my Son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy Father's Friends; see them imbarqued;
And tell me if the Winds and Seas befriend them.
My Soul is quite weigh'd down with Care, and asks
The soft Refreshment of a Moment's Sleep.

[*Exit.*

Port. My Thoughts are more at Ease, my Heart revives.

Enter Marcia.

O *Marcia*, O my Sister, still there's Hope!
Our Father will not cast away a Life
So needful to us all, and to his Country.
He is retired to Rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of Peace. He has dispatcht me hence
With Orders, that bespeak a Mind compos'd,
And studious for the Safety of his Friends.

Marcia, take care that none disturb his Slumbers.

[*Exit.*

Marc. O ye immortal Powers, that guard the Good,
Watch round his Couch, and soften his Repose,
Banish his Sorrows, and becalm his Soul
With easie Dreams; remember all his Virtues!
And show Mankind that Goodness is your Care.

Enter

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Where is your Father, *Marcia*, where is *Cato*?

Marc. *Lucia*, speak low, he is retired to Rest.

Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning Hope
Rise in my Soul. We shall be happy still.

Luc. Alas, I tremble when I think on *Cato*,
In every View, in every Thought I tremble!
Cato is stern, and awful as a God;
He knows not how to wink at humane Frailty,
Or pardon Weakness, that he never felt.

Marc. Though stern and awful to the Foes of *Rome*,
He is all Goodness, *Lucia*, always mild,
Compassionate, and gentle to his Friends.
Fill'd with Domestick Tenderness, the best,
The kindest Father! I have ever found him
Easie, and good, and bounteous to my Wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his Consent alone can make us blest'd.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplex'd, Distress.
The cruel Hand of Fate, that has destroy'd
Thy Brother *Marcus*, whom we both lament——

Marc. And ever shall lament, unhappy Youth!

Luc. Has set my Soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my Vow. But who knows *Cato's* Thoughts?
Who know's how yet he may dispose of *Portius*,
Or how he has determin'd of thy self?

Marc. Let him but live! commit the rest to Heav'n.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sweet are the Slumbers of the virtuous Man!
O *Marcia*, I have seen thy Godlike Father:
Some Pow'r invisible support's his Soul,
And bear's it up in all its wonted Greatness.
A kind refreshing Sleep is fall'n upon him:

I saw him stretcht at Ease, his Fancy lost
 In pleasing Dreams ; as I drew near his Couch,
 He smiled, and cry'd, *Cæsar* thou canst not hurt me.

Marc. His Mind still labour's with some dreadful Thought.

Luc. Lucia, why all this Grief, these Floods of Sorrow ?
 Dry up thy Tears, my Child, we all are safe
 While *Cato* lives——His Presence will protect us.

Enter Juba.

Juba. Lucius, the Horsemen are return'd from viewing
 The Number, Strength, and Posture of our Foes,
 Who now encamp within a short Hour's March.
 On the high Point of yon bright Western Tower
 We kenn them from afar, the setting Sun
 Plays on their shining Arms and burnish'd Helmets,
 And cover's all the Field with Gleams of Fire.

Luc. Marcia, 'tis time we shou'd awake thy Father.
Cæsar is still disposed to give us Terms,
 And waits at Distance 'till he hears from *Cato*.

Enter Portius.

Portius, thy Looks speak somewhat of Importance.
 What Tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see
 Unusual Gladness sparkling in thy Eyes.

Port. As I was hasting to the Port, where now
 My Father's Friends, impatient for a Passage,
 Accuse the ling'ring Winds, a Sail arrived
 From *Pompey's* Son, who through the Realms of *Spain*
 Call's out for Vengeance on his Father's Death,
 And rouse's the whole Nation up to Arms.
 Were *Cato* at their Head, once more might *Rome*
 Assert her Rights, and claim her Liberty.
 But heark! What mean's that Groan! O give me way,
 And let me fly into my Father's Presence.

Luc. Cato, amidst his Slumbers, thinks on *Rome*,
 And in the wild Disorder of his Soul

Mourn's

Mourn's o'er his Country ; Hah ! a second Groan!—
Heav'n guard us all—

Marc. Alas, 'tis not the Voice
Of one who sleep's! 'tis agonizing Pain,
'Tis Death is in that Sound—

Re-enter Portius.

Port. O Sight of Woe!
O *Marcia*, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fall'n upon his Sword—

Luc. O *Portius*,
Hide all the Horrors of thy mournful Tale,
And let us guess the rest

Port. I've rais'd him up,
And placed him in his Chair, where pale, and faint,
He gasp's for Breath, and, as his Life flow's from him,
Demand's to see his Friends.

His weeping Servants,
Obsequious to his Orders, bear him hither.

[*The Back Scene opens, and discovers Cato.*

Marc. O Heav'n assist me in this dreadful Hour
To pay the last sad Duties to my Father.

Juba. These are thy Triumphs, thy Exploits, O *Cæsar*!

Luc. Now is *Rome* fall'n indeed ! -----

[*Cato brought forward in his Chair.*

Cato. Here set me down---

Portius come near me—are my Friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their Service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

—O *Lucius*, art thou here?—Thou art too good!—

Let this our Friendship live between our Children;

Make *Portius* happy in thy Daughter *Lucia*.

Alas poor Man, he weeps! —*Marcia*, my Daughter—

—O bend me forward! —*Juba* loves thee, *Marcia*.

A Senator of *Rome*, while *Rome* survived,

Wou'd

Wou'd not have match'd his Daughter with a King,
 But *Cæsar's* Arms have thrown down all Distinction;
 Whoe'er is Brave and Virtuous, is a *Roman*——
 ——I'm sick to Death——O when shall I get loose
 From this vain World, th' Abode of Guilt and Sorrow!——
 ——And yet methinks a Beam of Light breaks in
 On my departing Soul. Alas, I fear
 I've been too hasty. O ye Pow'rs, that search
 The Heart of Man, and weigh his inmost Thoughts,
 If I have done amiss, impute it not!——
 The best may Erre, but you are Good, and----oh!

[Dies.]

Luc. There fled the greatest Soul that ever warm'd
 A *Roman* Breast. O *Cato!* O my Friend!
 Thy Will shall be religiously observ'd.
 But let us bear this awful Corps to *Cæsar*,
 And lay it in his Sight, that it may stand
 A Fence betwixt us and the Victor's Wrath;
Cato, tho' dead, shall still protect his Friends.

From hence, let fierce contending Nations know
 What dire Effects from Civil Discord flow.
 'Tis this that shakes our Country with Alarms,
 And gives up *Rome* a Prey to *Roman* Arms,
 Produces Fraud, and Cruelty, and Strife,
 And robb's the Guilty World of *Cato's* Life.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

End of the Fifth Act.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

By Dr. GARTH.

Spoken by Mrs. Porter.

WHAT odd fantastick Things we Women do!
Who wou'd not listen when young Lovers woo?
But die a Maid, yet have the Choice of Two!
Ladies are often cruel to their Cost;
To give you Pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of Virginitie shou'd well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in Convents made.
Wou'd you revenge such rash Resolves — you may:
Be spiteful — and believe the thing we say,
We hate you when you're easily said Nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your Fears?
Let Love have Eyes, and Beauty will have Ears.
Our Hearts are form'd, as you your selves wou'd chuse,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
We give to Merit, and to Wealth we sell;
He sighs with most Success that settles well.
The Woes of Wedlock with the Joys we mix;
'Tis best repenting in a Coach and six.

Blame not our Conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively Lessons we have learn'd from you:
Your Breasts no more the Fire of Beauty warms,
But wicked Wealth usurps the Power of Charms;

What

EPILOGUE.

*What Pains to get the Gaudy Thing you hate,
To swell in Show, and be a Wretch in State!
At Plays you ogle, at the Ring you bow;
Even Churches are no Sanctuaries now.
There, golden Idols all your Vows receive;
She is no Goddess that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy Age appear,
When Words were artless, and the Thoughts sincere;
When Gold and Grandeur were unenvy'd Things,
And Courts less coveted than Groves and Springs.
Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Constancy feel Transport in its Chains.
Sighs with Success their own soft Anguish tell,
And Eyes shall utter what the Lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright Station climb,
And Beauty fear no Enemy but Time.
The Fair shall listen to Desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's Son.*

F I N I S.

THE
L I F E
AND
CHARACTER
OF

Marcus Portius Cato Uticensis:

COLLECTED

From *PLUTARCH* in the *Greek*, and from *LU-
CAN, SALUST, LUCIUS FLO-
RUS*, and other Authors in the *Latin* Tongue.

Design'd for the

R E A D E R S
OF
CATO, a TRAGEDY.

*Quid ergo Libertas sine Catone? Non magis quàm Cato
sine Libertate. Valer. Max.*

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THE
LIFE *and* CHARACTER
OF
M. CATO of Utica.

THIS Gentleman was the Great-Grandson of *M. Portius Cato Major*, who by his Virtue and Excellence gain'd a wonderful Reputation and Authority amongst the *Romans*, and transmitted a Grandeur and Nobility to his Family, which to that Time it wanted; and which his famous Descendant, of whom I am here treating, by the signal Probity of his Life, and Glory of his Death, as it were studied to preserve and keep alive to all Posterity.

This *Cato Uticensis* was born in the 659th Year from the Building of Rome, when *C. Calvus* and *L. Domitius Ahenobarbus* were *Consuls*; for he kill'd himself in the 48th Year of his Age, which was the 707th Year from the Building of the City, when the Great *Julius Caesar* was the third Time *Consul*, with *Marcus Emilius Lepidus*.

Our young *Cato* was, by the Loss of both his Parents, left an Orphan, and was bred up in the House of *Livius Drusus*, his Uncle by the Mother's side. He from his very Infancy discover'd those Seeds of Virtue in his Disposition, which naturally produce the Harvest of his After-Sentiments and Actions: The Accent and Delivery of his Words, the Frame of his Countenance, and even the very Diversions of his Childhood, were concurring Testimonies of a firm and inflexible Temper, that could neither easily be carried away with youthful Levities, or sway'd by more ungentle Passions. I shall not here trace him thro' all his growing Years, but only give an Instance from *Plutarch*, how early those Principles, and that Love of Liberty for his Country, were rooted in his Breast; to which he Religiously adhered thro' all his Life, and to which he set the Seal of his Approbation in his memorable Death: Being now almost Fourteen Years old, and carried by his Tutor *Sarpedo* to *Sylla's* House, who was then *Dictator*, and who had formerly had a Friendship with *Cato's* Father, the young Gentleman saw the Heads of Great Men brought thither, who had fell under the *Dictator's* Displeasure, and observing that all the Standers-by sigh'd in secret at the Repetitions of Cruelty, he turns to his Master, and with an Air of indignant Resolution asks him, *Why does nobody kill this Man?* The Master replying, *Because they all fear him, Child, more than they hate him:* *Why then* (says *Cato* again) *do you not give me a Sword that I may stab him, and free my Country from this Slavery?*

He seem'd indeed design'd by Fate a Pattern of Integrity, in Opposition to the general Corruption of the Times; for he thought the only Way to be honest, was to run counter to the Age, and not be ashamed of his own Singularities, but his Contemporaries Vices: *He was a Man* (says *Velleius Paterculus*) *that was the very Picture of Virtue, and in all his Faculties more allied to the Purity of the Gods than the Frailties of Man; who never did a good*
Action,

lection, in an Ostentation of Honesty, but because he could not recede from the Sentiments of Honour which were ingrained in his Breast, and only thought such Proceedings had Reason on their Side which were founded on Justice.

Being now one and twenty Years Old, the *Gladiator's* War broke out in *Italy*, which was rais'd and fomented by one *Sparticus a Thracian*, who had perswaded seventy of his Fellow Swordsmen, it would be much more Honourable for them to fight for their own Liberty, than the Diversion of *Rome*: *Lucius Gellius*, the *Consul*, was chosen *Prætor* of the Army to subdue the Rebels, and *Cato* entered himself a *Voluntier* under that General, for the love that he bore to his Brother *Cæpio*, who had the Command of a thousand Foot under the *Consul*. *Cato* soon met the Advancement he had so good a Title to; and was himself sent a *Tribune* into *Macedon*, to *Rubrius*, *Prætor* there; at whose Camp he no sooner arrived, but he was honoured with the Charge of one of the *Roman Legions*; where he endeared himself extreamly to the Soldiers, by always taking a part in what he commanded them; and by being in his Apparel, Diet, and Labour, more like a *Common Soldier* than their Officer: And when the time of his Service in the Army was expired, he received at his Departure not only the Prayers and Praises, but the Tears and Embraces of the Soldiers, who spread their Garments at his Feet, and kissed his Hands as he pass'd; which was an Honour rarely confer'd by the *Romans* on any of their *Generals*.

Cato, ere he would return Home, resolving to travel over *Asia*, and observe the Customs and Strength of the several *Provinces*, was met by *Pompey* at *Ephesus*, who would not receive him sitting, but rose to Embrace and Welcome him as one of the noblest Persons of *Rome*, and said many Things in Commendation of his Virtue both in his Presence and after he was gone away: Thence proceeding to
pay

pay his Respects to Old *Deiotarus*, King of *Galatia*, he had the Offers of immense Presents from that Monarch, which he could neither be persuaded himself to receive, nor suffer a Distribution of them to be made amongst his Followers.

On his Return to *Rome*, he spent much time in Philosophical Arguments with *Athenodorus*, sometimes at his own House, and othertimes in publick Disputations at the *Forum* to oblige his Friends: And when it came to his Turn to make suit for the *Questorship*, he would not be prevailed on to make his Applications, 'till he had fully informed himself in all the Ordinances belonging to the Duty and Authority of the Office: Thus instructed, he entered on this first Step to *Civil* Preferment, and fill'd the Place with such Sufficiency, and deserv'd Applause, that 'twas universally said, *Cato had made the Office of a Questor equal to the Dignity of a Consul.*

Cato, after he had laid down his Power, yet did not throw off his Care of the *Treasury*, but at the Expence of five *Talents*, had the Books containing Accounts of the Revenues, from *Sylla's* time to his own, transcrib'd for him, and kept the same always by him: Nay, so diligent and laborious was he for the Good of the Commonwealth, that he was generally observed to be the *first Man* that came to, and *the last* that retired from the *Senate House*.

Being now in the One and Thirtieth Year of his Age, he was sollicitated by his Friends to stand up for a *Tribuneship of the People*; which he resolutely declined, till he found *Metellus Nepos* was pushing for that Office, who was an Instrument employ'd by *Pompey* to get a *Decree* to pass in the *Senate*, that that General should presently be call'd into *Italy* with all his Forces for the Preservation of the *City*. *Cato*, who was apprised of the Measures this rash Agent meant to take, thought it was

no time of Retirement for him ; but that he must go and prevent *Metellus* in his Designs, or bravely die in Defence of his *Country's Liberty*: He was back'd with the Interest of Persons of the best Quality, who perceived that he exposed himself to this dangerous Honour only for the Service of *Rome*, and was declared one of the *Tribunes*.

The beginning of this Year (which was the 69th from the Building of the City) threatned *Rome* with the most dangerous Conspiracy that ever was formed against the Safety of so potent a State, to wit, that of *Cataline* and his profligate Accomplices: In the detecting of which most horrid Combination, our *Cato* was not only Serviceable to the *Consul Cicero*, but when detected, the principal Instrument and Promoter of the Malefactor's Punishments: For when this Subject came under the Debate of the Senate, *Julius Caesar* (who with *Marcus Crassus* was suspected as private Abettors of *Cataline's* black Purpose) in a plausible and elegant Oration perswaded Mercy, and disapprov'd that the Criminals should die: He told the Senators, "That in
 " Affairs of Moment, where Men are ask'd their Sentence,
 " they ought to be free from the Influences of Passion, for
 " that the Mind must err in its Judgment that was either
 " prejudiced by Hate or Anger, or byass'd by Affection or
 " Pity: That the foul Fact of the Conspirators should not
 " weigh more with the Senate than their own Dignity,
 " or they be more Indulgent to their Resentments than
 " their Honours: That if Punishments could be found to
 " equal the Crimes of the Conspirators, he should Approve
 " the utmost Severities; but if the Greatness of their Guilt
 " exceeded all Invention, he thought it fit they should so
 " proceed, as their Laws in such Cases provided: That no
 " Sentence could be Cruel against such Delinquents, but that
 " it was abhorring from their State, since to a Citizen of
 " Rome, offending, their Laws gave Exile, and not
 " Death: That *Syllanus* (the designed Consul, and who
 " spoke

“ spoke before Cæsar) could not advise Execution, for fear
 “ of the Traytors, when the Diligence of the worthy
 “ Cicero had detected and prevented Danger; and if he
 “ meant it for a Punishment; Cæsar thought Death was
 “ the End of Evils, and rather a Release from Pain,
 “ than a Torment; as it dissolved all Grievs, and beyond
 “ it were neither Care nor Joy. That therefore his Opi-
 “ nion was, that the Criminals should have their Estates
 “ confiscated to the publick Treasury, and their Persons
 “ confined in the Free Towns distant from Rome, and di-
 “ vided from each other; that they should have no Pri-
 “ vilege of Appealing either to the Senate or People to
 “ have their Doom reversed or mitigated, and that who-
 “ ever should presume to move it, the Senate should deter-
 “ mine of them as Enemies to the Peace and Safety of
 “ the Roman State.

When Cæsar had harangued the House in a long Ora-
 tion to this Effect, won over Syllanus to a more candid
 Interpretation of his Sentence, and inclined the Majority
 of the Senators to Votes of Clemency: Cato with much
 Warmth rose up and reply'd to Cæsar's Arguments. “ Owned
 “ his Sentence was far different from the precedent One;
 “ that they disputed on the Kinds of Punishments, and
 “ sate consulting what they should decree against those, of
 “ whom they rather should beware: That such a Conspi-
 “ racy was not like those Common Facts, which the
 “ Laws may Prosecute when they are Committed; but
 “ that if it was not provided against and prevented ere
 “ it happen'd, it would not wait their Judgment when it
 “ was happen'd; but when a City was taken, the van-
 “ quished Party had no Redress left: That they were
 “ not debating now on the Subject of Tribute and Cu-
 “ stoms, or the Injuries of their Allies, but on no less
 “ important a Theme than the hazard of their Lives
 “ and Liberties: That he had often been heard there, com-
 plaining

“ plaining either of the Licentiousness or Avarice of
 “ his Fellow-Citizens; and had procured himself many
 “ Enemies thereby; for that as he could not indulge him-
 “ self in the committing of any Enormities, so he did
 “ not easily pardon a vicious Liberty in others; which
 “ seasonable Invectives of his, if they had Slighted, it
 “ was because Plenty and Prosperity made ’em Negli-
 “ gent; but now it was not the Case in Dispute, whether
 “ their Lives and Manners were conformable to the Rules
 “ of Honour, or how the Empire might be Enlarg’d;
 “ but whether their Properties should continue their own,
 “ or become the Spoil of Invaders: That they had now
 “ even forgot the True Names of Things: That to give
 “ away Another’s Effects, was esteem’d Liberality, and
 “ an Hardiness in Ill Actions, was term’d Fortitude; to
 “ such a low Ebb of Virtue was the Common-Wealth
 “ reduc’d: That Caius Cæsar had very well and subtil-
 “ ly discours’d of Life and Death, as if he thought those
 “ Things a Fable, which were deliver’d them of Hell and
 “ Furies; and of ill Men going separate from Good to fil-
 “ thy dark and ugly Places: That therefore Cæsar would
 “ have the Parricides live, but far from Rome, and im-
 “ prison’d in the small Free Towns, lest there they might
 “ have Rescue. As if Men fit for such Attempts, were
 “ only to be found in the City, and not dispers’d through-
 “ out Italy? or that their audacious Proceedings would
 “ not have most Scope, where it found least Resistance?
 “ That Cæsar’s Counsel was vain if he thought them
 “ dangerous; which if he did not, but alone reman’d
 “ unfrighted, where all others were terrified, it should
 “ give Cato and the Senate cause more to fear him:
 “ That the Fathers lock’d about one at another, doubt-
 “ ing what to do; with Faces, as they trusted to the Gods
 “ to save them; but that they are not Wishings and wo-
 “ manish Prayers can draw the Immortal’s Aid; but Vi-

“ *gillance, Counsel, Action, which they never forsake :*
 “ *That they had the Traytors in their Houses, yet stood*
 “ *fearing what to do with them : He thought, if they*
 “ *were so inclin'd to Softness, they should e'en let the*
 “ *Conspirators loose and furnish 'em with Arms ; that*
 “ *their Mercy might turn their Misery ! That as their*
 “ *Crimes had already been qualified by some, who plead-*
 “ *ed, that they were great Men and had offended but*
 “ *through Ambition : He thought also, the Senate*
 “ *should spare the Honour of the Criminals, if they*
 “ *themselves had ever spar'd it, or their Fame, or Mo-*
 “ *desty, or the Gods, or Men ; but that as Things then*
 “ *stood, Necessity and the Preservation of the City call'd*
 “ *aloud for speedy Punishment which ought to be in-*
 “ *flicted, More Majorum. This Speech of Cato's, de-*
 delivered and received with all the Authority of so Great a
 Man, turn'd the House again, and it was decreed the Con-
 spirators should be put to Death. I doubt not but the
 Readers will Pardon me for transcribing the Orator's
 Sentiments so fully, since therein is seen the *Strength*
 of his *Reasoning* and *Austerity* of his *Manner's* ; since
 therein are painted the most *lively Strokes* of his *Tem-*
per, and the *true Image* of his *honest Mind.*

Soon as the Traitors were disposed of at home, and *Cataline* worsted by *Petreius* abroad, and that *Rome* began
 to breath again, the Oppressions of such Imminent Dan-
 ger being removed : *Cato* made use of the Power of his
Tribuneship to secure the Health of the *City*, and prevent
 the poisonous Effects of *Metellus's* Designs, in calling
Pompey home with an Army, which he was sure would
 Strike at the *Liberty* of his *Country*, and Invest the Ab-
 solute Power of the State in that Victorious and Experi-
 enc'd General ; wherefore after a warm Debate with *Me-*
tellus in the *Senate* on that Head, he concluded boldly,
That while he liv'd, Pompey should never come arm'd into
the

the City. But tho' *Cato* set all his Power against the Interests of *Pompey*, and stood up for the Maintaining the Laws, and Defending the Properties of *Rome*, yet Force prevailed over honest but impotent Opposition, and the City embroil'd with continual Heats and Factions, lay expos'd to the sinister Designs of those Ambitious Citizens, who were forming Combinations against her *Liberty*: Yet however the Party of *Tyranny* strengthened it self, *Cato's* undaunted Spirit resisted their Proceedings even to the hazard of his Life, being one time paulted with Sticks and Stones by the Faction, and afterwards imprisoned by *Cesar*; but the Groans of the *Senate*, and the Universal Sadnefs of the People made *Cesar* asham'd of the Action; and he privately sent one of the *Tribunes* to take *Cato* out of the *Prison*. So zealously did this worthy *Patriot* labour to Prop the Ruins of his sinking *City*, and divert that Slavery which now like a Deluge began to overflow and swallow up all the Rights and very *Being* of a Free State: for *Rome* had tasted but four Years Respite from *Cataline's* Invasion, when *Cesar*, *Pompey*, and *Crassus* entered into a firm but fatal Combination, ratify'd with mutual Oaths and Promises, *That nothing should be done in the Common-wealth against any of their Interests or Approbations.* But this *Union*, which they Disguis'd under the Name of Friendship, was in Effect no other thing than each Man's *Private Ambition*; and the Consequences prov'd, that as this League, according to the Opinion of *Cato*, ruined the *Foundations* of the *Roman Liberty*, so their Proceedings were but *Preludes* to a *Civil War*.

Now was *Rome* either Aw'd or Debauch'd to a Compliance with these powerful *Triumvirs*; Offices, Provinces, and Governments were Engrossed between them; and each to heighten his own Power, contributed to strengthen and establish his *Candidate's* Interest. *Cato*, when a Law was Propos'd, concerning the *Provinces* and *Legions* for

Cæsar, apply'd to *Pompey*, and told him, *He did not consider now that he took Cæsar upon his own Shoulders, who would shortly grow too weighty for him: and at length, when he would neither be able to lay down the Burthen, nor yet to bear it any longer, he would fall with it upon the Commonwealth; and then he would remember Cato's Advice, which was no less Advantageous to Pompey than it was just and honest in it self.*

While thus for near eight Years all Matters were carried in the Commonwealth by the compacted Artifice and Grandure of three Men, and even the meanest *Elections* in the *Civil Power* obtained with *Canvassing* and *Intreague*, with *Struglings* and *Hostilities*, *Crassus* at length was cut off, with a mighty Slaughter of his Forces, in the *Parthian Wars*; and the Death of this *Triumvir*, who, while he liv'd, was as a Check upon the other two, left them now an open Field for their *Ambition* and *Emulation* to work in: 'Twas now *Cæsar* and *Pompey* began to grow *Jealous* of each others *Growth* and *Designs*, and *Cæsar's* *Exploits* and *Victories* over the fierce *Gauls* and *Germans*, made his *Conquering Powers* formidable to *Rome*: *Cæsar's* *Immense Riches* were an *Eye-sore* to *Pompey*, says *Lucius Florus*, and *Pompey's* *Dignity* grated *Cæsar*. One could not bear an *Equal*, the other a *Superior*; and they both laboured for the *Mastery*, as if so great an *Empire* could not satisfy the *Ambition* of Two such *Grandees* at once. When News was brought that *Cæsar* had pass'd the *Rubicon*, taken *Ariminum*, and was coming on with his *Army* towards *Rome*; *Pompey* and all Men cast their *Eyes* on *Cato*, who had alone foreseen *Cæsar's* *Intentions*: *Cato* then told them, *If you had believed me, or regarded my Advice, you would not now have been reduced to stand in fear of one Man, and also to put all your Hopes in one Man alone. Pompey too late confessed, that Cato indeed had spoke most like a Prophet, and that himself had acted*

too much like a Friend to Cæsar. Disturbances and Diffentions daily encreas'd in Rome, and the City was fill'd with Murthers and Quarrels; Pompey was look'd upon as the fittest Person to redress all, and Cato advised the Senate to put all into his Hands, saying, *That those who could raise up great Evils, could best allay them;* and thereupon Marcellus the Consul took a Sword, which he carried publicly to Pompey, accosting him in these Terms, *I Command you in the Name of the Senate, that you Assist the Republick with the Troops now under your Command, and speedily Levy more.* Pompey, finding he had not sufficient Forces, and that those he could Raise were not very Resolute, forsook the City; and Cato followed him.

For tho' he had an equal Aversion for the Heads of both Parties, as being jealous, where-ever the Fate of the Civil War confer'd the Conquest, the Victor would be likely to invade the Republick; yet being the greatest Assertor of Liberty the Roman State had now left, and Pompey being invested with a Command by the Senate in Defence of the City, Cato imbarc'd with him; *thinking it the highest Dishonour, says Lucan, to live in Ease and Security while his Labouring Country was in Danger; and professing that he would stick by Rome and her Cause to its last Gasp, as a Parent follows the Corpse of a Deceas'd Child.* And from the Time of the Civil War's breaking out, 'tis said he never cut his Hair or shaved his Beard, never wore a Garland, or was seen to smile, but wore a constant Sadness, Grief, and Dejection on his Looks and Gesture for the Calamities of his Country, and he continually bore the same Habit to the last, which-ever Party had Misfortune or Success. No body that reads the Eloquent Description of this Great Man's Behaviour in *Lucan*, can be sufficiently enamour'd of his Virtues, or sufficiently admire him who was engaged in a War, yet not prompted to Action by any private Piques, or byass'd by a Favourite-Faction; but
study-

Studying the rigid Precepts of his Philosophy, labouring to know himself, and grieving for the Calamities of his Fellow-Creatures. To find him believing that he owed his Life to his Country, and that he was not born for himself but the Publick: To behold his Temperance, that accounted every thing a Banquet that but appeas'd his Hunger, every House a Palace that secured him from the Inclemencies of Weather, and every Vesture a Robe of State that was Proof against the Inconveniences of Cold and Rain; that thought the Increase of Kind, was the chief End of Marriage; that was a Father and Husband to his City, a Courter of Justice. and Maintainer of severe Honesty; good to All, and in All; and one that never let Pleasure and Levity creep into the Annals of his Nobler and more Elevated Actions.

Cicero for some Time stood Neuter in this War; and when at last he came to find *Pompey* in his Camp, *Cato* remonstrated to him, *That he ought to have preserved the Neutrality, which he at first made Profession of; and that the Inconstancy of his Proceeding was unworthy of a Man that was so well acquainted with the Maxims of true Philosophy: Cicero* was so confounded with the Authority of this Reprimand, that he took the first Opportunity of Retiring, and never came up to the *Battel of Pharsalia*. *Cato* had the Government of *Sicily* allotted to him, and pass'd over to *Syracuse*: And when Advice was brought him of *Pompey's* unhappy Conduct, and quitting of *Italy*, he broke out into this pathetick Exclamation, *How dark and uncertain is the Will of Heaven! Pompey, when he did nothing wisely nor honestly, was always successful, and now that he would preserve his Country, and defend her Liberty, he is altogether unfortunate.* He counsell'd *Pompey* to delay the War to a Treaty, and no way hazard an utter Overthrow: His gentle Laws, that no *Roman* City should

should be sack'd, nor Citizen kill'd in cold Blood, won Pompey all Italy, and his Courtesie at Rhodes, all Asia.

When Pompey had obtained a signal Advantage over Caesar's Men, in a Conflict at *Dyrrachium*, and all were rejoic'd, and magnified the Success, Cato bewail'd his Country, and curs'd that Fatal Ambition, which made so many brave Romans murther one another.

When Pompey followed Caesar into *Thessaly*, he durst not Trust Cato with the Command at Sea; because he knew he fought not against one Tyrant, but against Tyranny it self; that if he succeeded not, Cato would be faithful to his Misfortunes; but if he conquer'd, then Cato would be too faithful to the Interest of the Republick.

After the *Pharsalian* Defeat, Cato went into the Island of *Corſira*, where he found Cicero who had not been in the Battel; and many Senators who had escaped thither from it, amongst whom was the Eldest Son of Pompey. Cato, who always was for governing himself according to the Prescription of the Law, offered the Command of his Forces to Cicero, who had been Consul; but he refusing the Charge, incens'd Pompey's Son and all the young Gentlemen of his Party to such a Degree, that drawing their Swords upon him, they call'd him Traytor; and had not Cato's Authority interpos'd to appease their unruly Anger, they had certainly slain him: Cicero escapes immediately to *Brundusium*, excuses the Choice he had made of an Unfortunate Party, and reconciles himself to Caesar: But Cato, understanding that Pompey was fled towards *Egypt*, resolv'd to hasten after him; and having taken all his Men aboard set sail; but first to those that were not willing to accompany him, he gave free Liberty to depart. Coming to the Coast of *Africk*, they met with *Sextus Pompey's* Younger Son, who saluted 'em with the disagreeable News of his Father's Murther in *Egypt*: The Soldiers were all excessively griev'd for the Loss of their admir'd General,
and

and unanimously declared, that after *Pompey* they would follow no other Leader but *Cato*: *Cato*, in Compassion to the worth of Persons, who had given many Testimonies of their Fidelity, and whom he could not for shame leave in a Desert Country, amidst so many Difficulties, took upon him the Command of the Forces, which amounted to the Number of near ten thousand Men, and march'd towards the City of *Cyrene*, which presently received him: And here he design'd to have Winter'd; but being inform'd that *Scipio* (*Pompey's* Father-in-Law) was received by *King Juba*, and that *Appius Varus*, whom *Pompey* had left Governor of *Lybia*, had joyned them with his Forces, *Cato* resolv'd to march towards them by Land. From *Cyrene* therefore he goes forward towards the Deserts of *Lybia*; after having furnished himself with Provisions, and got together a great many Asses to carry Water, and also some of those sort of Men, who by Sucking cure the Wounds made by the Bites of Serpents, who very much abound in those Deserts: They journied on for seven Days together; and here the Constancy of *Cato* is not a little to be admired, who marched always on Foot at the Head of his Troops; always drinking the last, nor that neither, till all the rest of his Army had undergone the extreme Thirst, and were running to quench it at the Wells which they found in those Deserts: And ever after the *Battel* of *Pharsalia* he us'd to sit at Table, and added this to his other Ways of Mourning, that he never lay down (as it was the Custom of the *Romans*) but to Sleep. At last he arriv'd at *Scipio* and *Juba's* Camp, where the Insolence of that *King* of the *Barbarians* was very disgustful to him, and where the Affairs of *Scipio* and *Varus* went very ill, by reason of their Dissentions and Quarrels among themselves, and their Submissions and Flatteries to *King Juba*: But *Cato* in his Wisdom found means to pull down

down the haughty Spirit of that *Monarch*, and reconcile him and the jarring *Generals* to one another.

All the Army were ambitious of having *Cato* to be their Leader; and *Scipio* and *Varus* giving Way to the Soldiers Desires, offer'd him the Command: But *Cato* declined it absolutely, saying, *He would not infringe those Laws, for the Defence whereof he had involv'd himself in Civil War, that he being but Pro-prætor ought not to Command in the Presence of a Pro-consul; besides that, the People would take it as a good Omen to see a Scipio Command in Africk, and that the very Name would give Courage to the Soldiers.*

Scipio then taking upon him the Command of the Army, resolv'd to put the Inhabitants of *Utica* to the Sword, and to raze the City, for having taken part with *Cæsar*; but *Cato* exclaim'd and protested against this Hostile Reprisal, and with much difficulty delivered that City, of which he afterwards took upon himself the Government, least it should fall into *Cæsar's* Hands.

Cato knowing it was a strong Place, and would be of great Consequence to either Party, improved the Fortifications, brought in great Stores of Corn, repaired the Walls, erected Towers, and made deep Trenches and Outworks round the Town; and was so Indulgent to the Inhabitants, that he took care no Injury should be done, nor Affront offer'd them by the *Romans*: *Cato*, who from this City sent great Quantities of Arms to the Camp; with mighty Tenderness advised *Scipio*, *By no means to hazard a Battel with Cæsar, who was a Man not only experienc'd in War, but encourag'd with his Successes: that 'twere better to tire him out with Delays, and as his Passions cool'd his Strength would lessen: Scipio, whose fierce Rashness would misconstrue Cato's Cautions for Cowardice retorted, That as Cato was safe himself within Trenches, so he ought not to hinder them from making use*

of their Courage when Occasion offer'd: This ungrateful Reply of Scipio's made Cato repent he had yielded the Command of the Forces to him, and he told his Friends, That if contrary to his Expectations Cæsar should be o'erthrown, for his part he would not stay at Rome, but retire from the Cruelty and Inhumanity of Scipio, who had already given out fierce and proud Threats against many.

And here permit me, for a while to leave our Hero employed in the strict Care of his Government, making the City a Magazine for the Camp, studying the best Arts of Defence all Day, and groaning for the Miseries of his Country by Night; while I take a View of Cæsar's Measures after his *Pharsalian Conquest*, and the Celerity and Vastness of those Successes that forced Cato to shut his Eyes against the Victor, and make his Retreat to the friendly Arms of Death, *nè Tyrannum Videret*, lest those sacred Opticks which were only blest'd with Scenes of *Roman Liberty* should be blasted with the Sight of *Rome's Inslaver*.

Cæsar, who had made this Remark on Pompey's Conduct at *Dyrrachium*, that he had been lost without redress could Pompey have known how to have made use of the Victory, took care not to slip into the same Error himself upon Pompey's Overthrow, but cry'd out to his Soldiers, *That they ought to pursue their Advantage, make themselves Masters of the Enemies Camp, and not amuse themselves with the Plunder, but compleat the Conquest.* Pompey, whose Forces were entirely cut off, or surrendered to the Victor, accompanied with a small Number of Friends, retired from *Larissa* to the Sea-side, and was reduced to seek for a Retreat in a poor Fisherman's Cabbin. Cæsar, who made a close Pursuit, obliged Pompey to go on Board a small Bark, who was so infatuated with his Misfortune that he could not think of laying hold of those Advantages which he had by Sea, where he had a Powerful and Victorious Army;

Army; but hearing that *Cæsar* was upon his March, he stay'd for no Body, but set Sail towards *Lesbos*: After many Deliberations with his Friends, he resolv'd to retire into *Egypt*, where the Young King *Ptolomy's* Council advise, that they ought to invite him to shore and kill him; as the sure means to obtain *Cæsar's* Friendship, and never hereafter to be afraid of *Pompey*. Thus this great Man lost his Life miserably by the Instigation and Hands of three or four Villains. *Cæsar*, who knew all his Enemies Hopes were wrapped up in the Person of *Pompey*, with his usual Diligence embarks his Forces, soon lands at *Alexandria*, where he was entertain'd with the News of *Pompey's* Death, and presented with his Head: The mournful Spectacle drew Tears from his Eyes, and perswaded him to revenge *Pompey's* Death. *Cæsar*, who found fresh Marks every Day of the *Egyptians* untoward Intentions to him from the Insolence of the King's Eunuchs, was provok'd to take his Revenge; and being likewise caught by the admirable Charms of *Cleopatra*, declared, That he being the first Magistrate of Rome, was resolv'd to enquire into the Difference between the King and his Sister: Not to trace the Grounds of these Proceedings, which are obvious to all Knowers of the Roman History, let it suffice, that a short War ensued: *Cæsar* with the Assistance of *Mithridates* of *Pergama* defeated the *Egyptians*, and establish'd *Cleopatra* Queen of *Egypt* jointly with her younger Brother *Ptolemy*: Thus every where Victorious, *Cæsar* departed with his Sixth Legion from *Egypt* to go into *Syria*; But that Province being at Peace, he leaves his Kinsman *Sex-tus Cæsar* there with one Legion, embarks for *Cilicia*, pursues *Pharnaces* to *Cappadocia*, and defeats him at *Ziella*, a City of *Pontus*, with a great Slaughter. Thence, giving some necessary Orders to the Neighbouring Provinces, he embarks and goes into *Italy* with a Diligence that put all the World in Admiration. *Cæsar* made but a short

Stay at *Rome*, received many of *Pompey's* Party, who came to meet him, with wonderful Moderation; appeas'd the Mutinous Insolence of the Tenth Legion; re-establish'd Quiet in the City, and leaving *Mark Antony* to Command there, march'd by great Journies into *Sicily*; and thence, even when the Winds were contrary, set Sail for *Afric*, so Impatient was he to root up the last Reliques of the *Civil War*. *Scipio* and *Juba* were Entrench'd in two several Camps near the City of *Thapsus*, whither *Cesar* March'd directly to attack them, and after a bloody Engagement totally overthrew their Powers, and oblig'd *Scipio* to fall on his own Sword, and *Juba* to seek a Death from the Hand of one of his Slaves: The Consequences of this Battel were so great, that all that Part of *Afric* submitted to *Cesar*, except the City of *Utica*; the Reduction whereof was the only Task now remained for his Arms, and the Attempt whereof naturally brings me back to the Connection of *Cato's* Story.

It was not long before *Cato* was inform'd of *Scipio's* Defeat, by some of the Cavalry that had escap'd the dreadful Slaughter, and who offer'd him their Service, if he would retreat with them from the hot Pursuit of the Enemy; but *Cato* then told them, he design'd to hold out the Siege of *Utica*. But the Faintness and Irresolution of the Townsmen, who were aw'd with the Apprehensions of *Cesar's* vast Fortune, made him forego that Resolution; and he in vain attempted to pacifie their Frights, by telling them, *That Scipio's Loss was nothing near so great as it was represented, and that it was common to have Disasters enlarg'd by Report, that listen'd to Fear more than Truth.* *Cato* had establish'd a kind of Senate in *Utica*, which he had compos'd of 300 *Romans* of good Quality; these Gentlemen he summon'd upon this threatening Juncture, and address'd himself to them with a wonderful Calmness and Resolution, in the following Manner: *He*
advis'd

advis'd'em principally neither to divide their Numbers nor Counsels; for that while they continued their Union, Cæsar would be afraid of their Opposition, and would the sooner pardon them, if they were reduc'd to the Misfortune of submitting themselves to his Mercy: Begg'd them to fix on what Measures they meant to take, and that for his part he should not mislike whatever they determined; that if they were intirely dishearten'd by the ill Success of their Cause, he would impute their Change to the Necessity of the Times; but if they had Resolutions to brave Misfortunes, and Lives to hazard in the Defence of Liberty, he should stand in Admiration of their noble Courage, and would be himself their Captain and Companion, to push the Fortune of their Cause and Country to the uttermost. Much more he said to them in the most animating Terms that the Hope of prevailing and hearty Sincerity of his Soul for the Interest of *Rome* could dictate: And while he was present, his Auditors were fill'd with a Noble Fire, that seem'd to inspire them to the Daring even of Impossibilities; but that Courageous Heat soon relax'd, and gave Way to the viler Counsels of preserving their Persons with their Effects. *Cato* at length finding his Authority was too weak to subdue their Cowardice, chang'd his Thoughts of Defence for others more agreeable to his Character, and those *Opinions* of *Philosophy* he had all along profess'd. News being brought that *Cæsar* was in his March with all his Army towards *Utica*, he gave out his Orders with admirable Prudence and Resolution, and assisted many of his Friends to save themselves by Sea, others he advis'd to rely on *Cæsar's* Goodness, and gave this Charge and Exhortation to his Children, never to intermeddle with the Affairs of the *Republick*, telling them, *the Corruptions of the Times would not permit them to act therein uprightly, as Cato's Sons ought; and that for them to grow servile Observers of the Time, they could not act like honest Men.*

At Night several of his particular Friends were at Supper with him, and amongst the rest some Philosophers: After Supper the Company fell into grave and learned Discourse, and it running mostly upon Philosophy, *Cato* advanced that *Stoical Maxim*, *That the Virtuous only were happy and free, but wicked Men always miserable and in Slavery*: *Demetrius* the *Peripatetick*, who made one of the Guests, would not easily allow this *Paradox*, and *Cato* defended the Subject with so much Warmth and Passion, that his Friends could not but suspect he had something more than ordinary in his Mind; and their Fears were increased by this Circumstance, that when *Lucius Caesar* proffer'd to fall on his Knees before his *victorious Kinsman* to beg *Cato's* Life, *Cato* would not be brought to permit it, saying, *He would not owe his Life to the Power of a Tyrant*. Soon after *Cato* retir'd to Bed, and embraced his Sons and the whole Company with such unusual Tenderness, that their Suspicions were redoubled by it, and they caused his Sword to be privately convey'd away, which at other Time he was used to have by him.

He took up *Plato's* Book of the *Soul*, and having read a little while, look'd for his Sword; missing it he call'd for one of his Slaves, and without the least Disorder, bid him fetch it; but not being obey'd, he grew in Anger, and struck the Slave with such force that he hurt his own Hand, crying out, *He was betray'd, and should be delivered to the Enemy naked and unarmed*.

The Noise immediately brought his Sons and Friends into the Chamber, on whom looking sternly, he ask'd them, *If they had observ'd him to have lost his common Sense? And why they did not try to perswade him by Reasons, without obliging him by Force to follow other Opinions than those he had already learnt? That a Man Resolv'd, had no need of the help of a Sword, nor could miss of a way to Death; but might stifle himself, or beat out his Brains against*

gainst the Walls. At this Discourse his Sons wept, and left the Room, but the Friends and Philosophers staying behind, he renew'd his Discourse, and ask'd them, *If they were ordered to stay and stare on him like Mutes, and wait upon him for his Guard; That if they had good Reasons to convince him, that having nothing else to rely on, it would not be unworthy of him to beg his Life of the Enemy; to make him renounce all those Maxims which he had hitherto maintain'd, why did they not proceed to their Proofs? If they were not thus prepared, he bid them be gone, and tell his Sons they ought not to think of perswading him by Force, to a Thing which they could not pretend to convince him of by Reason.*

After this the Company retir'd, and his Sword was sent him back by a Young Slave; he examining the Point, and finding it for his Purpose, laid it by, saying, *Now I am Master of my self.* He betook him again to the same *Treatise of Plato*, and having read it over twice, fell into so profound a Sleep that he was heard into his *Anti-chamber*. As soon as the Day appear'd, *Cato* snatch'd up his Sword, and thrust himself thro' the Breast; but the Hurt of his Hand had so weaken'd the Blow, that he did not Dye immediately; but, staggering, fell upon his Bed, and threw down a Table, on which he had drawn some Figures of *Geometry*; the Noise whereof made his Slaves rush in, who with their Cries alarm'd all his Sons and Friends.

They found him with his Bowels out of his Body, and were so confounded with their Grief, that they beheld him without being able to assist him: His Eyes were yet open, and his *Physician* laying him upon his Bed, put up his Bowels which were not hurt, and clos'd up the Wound. But *Cato*, recovering his Spirits, and transported with Fury, thrust back the *Physician*, rent open the Wound, and tearing his Bowels expired before their Eyes.

Thus

Thus died this *great* Man in the eight and fortieth Year of his Age, and was honourably buried near the *Sea-side* by the *Uticans*; and there, in *Plutarch's* Time, was to be seen an Image of him, holding a drawn Sword in his Hand: *Utica* was presently surrendered to *Caesar*, who being informed how *Cato* had slain himself, cry'd out, *That Cato had envied him the Glory of saving his Life; and it is for that Reason, says he, that I envy his Death.*

E I N I S.

C A T O

E X A M I N ' D :

O R ;

ANIMADVERSIONS

O N T H E

F A B L E or *P L O T*,
Manners, Sentiments, and Diction

O F T H E

New Tragedy of *Cato*.

W I T H A

Comparison of the C H A R A C T E R S of the
Dramatical and *Historical* H E R O.

Necessary for the Perusal of not only the Readers of C A T O,
but of all other Tragedies.

Dedicated to JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN PEMBERTON, at the *Buck and Sun*
against *St. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet.* M D C C X I I I.

THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES

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L O N D O N

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IT

T O

Joseph Addison, Esq;

S I R,

TH E great Success of your Play has drawn this Dedication upon you, as well as the Trouble of the following Reflections, if you shall think fit to give them a Perusal. If the general Applause of the Audience can give a sincere Merit, yours is beyond Controversy in the Writing of *Cato*; since it is so great, that it may look like a sort of singular Assurance to bring it to a nicer Examination. But I assure my self, that Mr. Addison is too sensible of the frail Foundation of a Fame built on the Voice of the Million, to be satisfied with that alone which has been equally indulgent even to *Dursey* and *Settle*, and some others of no higher Desert. The *Quixots* and the *Empress of Morocco*, are mortifying Instances how little real Value there is in Success on the Stage, which cannot preserve the Author from After Neglect and Infamy, if his Performance will not stand the Censure of the Learned in that Art of the Drama.

The EPISTLE Dedicatory.

The Month's Run of the Empress of Morocco will not now prevail with an Audience to see it one Night with Patience, tho' it was once thought worthy the Labour of Three Poets to expose and condemn it.

No Play in France ever met with a more General, and Violent Applause than the Cid ; so that it past into a Proverb---More Beautiful than the Cid--- when the French wou'd give an Hyperbolical Praise to any thing they admir'd. Yet we find Corneille was not protected by this from the Censure of the Academy, whose Members enquir'd into his Absurdities and Errors against the Rules of Art ; which has ever since put that Play in a very low Class among the Men of Judgment and Art. Tho' we have had a Player of ours, and one of the Directors of the House, to shew the Fineness of his Judgment and Taste, presume to give us a wretched and lame Imitation of it in his Heroic Daughter ; which with all his Interest and good Assurance, he has not been able to Impose on the Town.

I am very sensible, that Criticism lies under a very hard Name among our ignorant Poetasters, as the Effect of Ill Nature ; but that can have no manner of Influence on me at this time, since I write to and on a Person, that is too well acquainted with the Antients, and their Beauty and Excellence, not to allow them our Masters in Poetry and Oratory ; and that whoever cannot be tryed by their Rules, has no just Claim to the Titles of Poets. The Praise of the Ignorant is but a Reproach, if inconsistent with the Approbation of the Knowing. Lucian shews his Resentment against such a false Applause in his Zeuxis,

The EPISTLE Dedicatory.

Zeuxis ; and Horace advises his Pupil not to labour to please the Many. The Chance of that in Works of this Nature, is like making the Wapping Picture-Sellers and Daubers Judges of Titian and Raphael : For none in reality can judge of the Excellence of a Performance in any Art but such as are perfectly skilled in that Art. The Million happen sometimes to be in the Right, but it is by Accident alone, and therefore they are not to be depended upon.

Suffer your self therefore, Sir, to be brought to that Examination, which can only determine your Fate. If you have performed like an Artist, your Glory will be as Great as Sincere ; if you have not, you lose only the Vanity of a Day, in the Artless Applauses you have met with in the Representation.

But it will be said, that you have met with Success with all Degrees, with the Quality as well as People, and therefore it may with Justice be depended on. By no means, Sir ; Arts are not conveyed by Titles ; nor are Dignities and Estates capable of raising Ignorance above the Vulgar. There is the Great Vulgar as well as the Small, as Cowly has distinguished them :

Begon ; Prophanes ! I hate you all ;
Both the Great Vulgar, and the Small.

The little Encouragement Men of Art meet with among our Great Men, is a certain Proof, that they are but ill Judges of Merit, and have no fine Taste in the Politer Studies ; their Applause will not therefore secure

The EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

care your Fame if not confirm'd by the Knowing. Dacier discoursing of which Play is best, that which pleases the Few, or that which transports the Many; the First he justly prefers to the last, yet allows that the Best which pleases Both. It is plain from your Success that you have pleased the M A N Y; we shall examine in the following Pages whether you have gained the same Point with the F E W.

CATO

C A T O Examined, &c.

THERE is nothing so discouraging to the Progress of any Art, as to have its Performances submitted to the Judgment of the *Ignorant*; which daily revives the Censure of *Midas*, giving the *Laurel* to *Pan*, tho' *Apollo* were a Candidate. This deters the fine Spirits from applying to such Arts, who only can carry them up to Perfection; and gives Assurance to impudent Pretenders to invade a Province; which however they are incapable of cultivating, they have a double Probability of obtaining, since the Gift is in such Hands as are determined by Fancy and Chance.

The *Art* of Poetry has hitherto, in this Nation, lain under this Disadvantage: But no Part of Poetry more, than *Tragedy*, which is the Noblest and most Useful to Human Society. For the Stage being generally in the Hands of Persons most commonly Strangers to all manner of Literature, they chuse, and encourage by mere Caprice and Fancy; and by their Management, the best Performance has always the worst Luck; either by the negligent Performance, the ill Dress, or the ill Name they give it. From this ignorant Management, the Noblest Performance of Human Wit is sunk into Disgrace, and with many (not without some Reason) into Infamy.

From hence proceeds the Frailty of that transitory Reputation, which any Gentleman derives from the Success of his *Tragedy*: And many Plays, that have had a prodigious Run on their first Appearance, have scarce been born with Patience on their Revival. And yet there is that natural Vanity, in Poetical Persons especially, that cannot but receive a Satisfaction
from

from this Applause, which he would persuade himself to be the just Effect of his Merit. And the most self-denying of them all, are unwilling to have this favourable Verdict of the *Million* call'd in Question, and examin'd into; unless they are perfectly assur'd in themselves, that there is a *Sterling* Merit in their Performances, that will turn that Scrutiny to their Advantage, either in the Ignorance of the *Critic*, or his Justice.

This was Mr. *Philips's* Case, in the *Distress'd Mother*. The great Success of his *Play* alarm'd an old Writer of *K. Charles's* Reign, by finding a Tragedy of so different a Cast from the Minions of the Town in his Juvenile Days, so well receiv'd by our Audience; which produc'd a Criticism upon it, that at the same time discover'd the Ignorance of the *Critic*, and the Excellence of the *Poet*. But his Fate cannot deter me from my present Attempt: But to avoid his Fate, I shall lay down such Rules of my Censure, as are founded on Reason and Nature, and have been establish'd above these 2000 Years; and which I am confident, that the Gentleman, whose *Play* I shall Examine by them, will allow unexceptionable. Yes, Mr. *Addison* will confess, that Poetry is an Art: And if so; that, as an Art, it has certain Rules, or Means of arriving at some End that it proposes; which is the Instruction of Men by Pleasure.

This Gentleman will farther own, as the Consequence of the Premises, that the Means or Rules of Obtaining this End, are known; or it would else be the same thing as if there were no Rules at all. I believe he will further grant, that it is impossible to succeed without them. The certain Consequence of this is, that the *Rules*, and *What pleases*, are never contrary to each other; and that you can never please without the Rules. For where there is a *Right*, and a *Wrong*, there must be some Rules to avoid the last, and arrive at the first.

From hence it is plain, that there are Rules of just Writing in the *Drama*, that these Rules are known; and that they are never opposite to what pleases, since they were made to show us what will excite Pleasure in the Reader or Spectator.

' There would be nothing bad (says that admirable Critic
 ' *Dacier*) in the World, if all that *pleas'd* were *good*, since there
 ' is nothing so absurd but will meet with some Admirers. You
 ' may say indeed, that it is not true that *what is good pleases*, be-
 ' cause we daily see Disputes about the *GOOD* and *PLEA-*
 ' *SANT*: the same thing pleases some, and displeases others,
 ' nay it pleases and displeases the very same Man at different
 ' Times. From whence then proceeds this Difference? It
 ' comes either from an absolute Ignorance of the Rules, or that
 ' the Passions alter it. Rightly to clear this Truth, I believe
 ' I may lay down this Maxim; — *That all sensible Objects are of*
 ' *Two Sorts, some may be judged of by the Sense independently of Rea-*
 ' *son (I call Sense that Impression which the Animal Spirits make on*
 ' *the Soul) and others cannot be judged of but by Reason exercised*
 ' *in Science or Knowledge.* Things simply agreeable or disagree-
 ' able are of the first Sort, all the World may judge alike of
 ' these: — For Example, — The most ignorant of Music per-
 ' ceives very well when a Lutinist strikes one String for ano-
 ' ther, because he judges by his Sense, and his Sense is the
 ' Rule. On such Occasions we may say, *that all that pleases is*
 ' *good*, because that which is good does please, or that which is
 ' ill never fails to displease; for neither Passion nor Ignorance
 ' dull the Senses, but sharpen them. It is not thus in Things
 ' that spring from Reason; Passion and Ignorance work very
 ' strongly in them and check the Judgment; and for this Cause
 ' we ordinarily judge so ill, and differently in those Things of
 ' which Reason is the Rule and Cause. Why what is *Bad* of-
 ' ten pleases, and that which is *Good* does not always do so, is
 ' not the Fault of the Object but the Judgment. What is *Good*
 ' will infallibly please those, who *can* judge, and that is sufficient.
 ' By this we may see, that a Play, that shall bring those Things
 ' which are to be judged by Reason within the Rules, and also
 ' that, which is to be judged by Sense, shall never fail to please
 ' both the Learned and Ignorant. Now this Conformity of
 ' Suffrages is the most sure, or, according to *Aristotle*, the only
 ' Mark of the *Good* and the *Pleasant*. But these Suffrages are
 ' not to be obtained but by observing the Rules, and conse-

requently these Rules are the only Cause of the *Good* and the *Pleasant*, whether they are followed Methodically and with Design, or only by Chance. For it is certain, there are many Persons, who are entirely ignorant of these Rules, but yet do not miss of Success in many Things; but this is far from destroying the Rules, since it only serves to shew their Beauty, and proves how far they are conformable to Nature, since those often follow them, who know nothing of them.

Our *Shakespear* is an undeniable Proof of the Truth of the latter End of this Quotation, who is exactly conformable to the Rules in all that pleases the Judicious, and never disgusts but for want of his Knowledge of them. This, I hope, is sufficient to satisfy any Man of Reason, that the Rules are absolutely necessary for judging and writing well. I shall therefore proceed to lay down as briefly as the Matter will permit, the Rules which determine the Goodness or Badness of a Tragedy: With the Definition of which I shall begin.

TRAGEDY is the Imitation of one grave and entire Action of a just Length, and which without the Assistance of Narration, by the Means of Terror and Compassion, perfectly refines in us all Sorts of Passions, and whatever is like to them.

We may explain this by a Piece of History Painting, where the Painter takes one entire and grave Action to express by Figures and Colours, without mingling any thing else with it. *Raphael* in his Battel of *Constantine*, brings not all the Actions of the Life of that Prince, which would have been absurd and confounding, but only what concerns that one Action alone. Thus Tragedy is the Imitation of one grave Action, not of all the Actions of a Man's whole Life.

As the Action imitated by Tragedy must be grave, so it must be entire; that is, it must have a *Beginning*, *Middle*, and *End*. The excluding Narration, and confining it to *Terror* and *Compassion*, distinguishes it from the *Epic Poem*, which employs chiefly *Admiration*, in which *Cornielle* transgressed in almost all his Plays.

All *Tragedies* have these Four chief Parts : The *Fable*, which we call the *Plot* ; the *Manners*, what we call the *Characters* ; the *Sentiments*, and the *Diction*. The *Fable*, or Composition of the Incidents, which form the Subject of the *Tragedy*, is the Principal and most Valuable Part ; for that is the Imitation in the Definition. For *Tragedy* being the Imitation of an Action, it plainly appears, that Action constitutes the *Tragedy*, and must therefore be the Chief Part ; since there can be no *Tragedy*, where there is no Action. The Good and Evil Fortune of Men depends on their Actions ; and the End propos'd by every Man to himself, is an *Action*, not a *Quality* ; and what Qualities Men pursue, are only as *Mediums* to some *Action*. Thus the General End that Mankind propose, is to live happily : But to live happily, is an *Action*, not a *Quality*. Man being therefore Happy or Miserable by his *Actions*, not *Manners* or *Qualities* ; *Tragedy* proposes not to imitate the *Manners*, but adds them for the Production of *Action* : So that the End in all Things being of the greatest Importance, the *Fable* must be so in *Tragedy*.

I have urg'd this the more (but not by much so far as I might) because our Pretenders to the Tragic Muse make the *Diction* their chief Care and Study, without much Regard to the *Plot* or *Fable*, tho' that be in Reason, and according to *Aristotle*, the least Valuable Part of a *Tragedy*, but what indeed they are more capable of arriving at. The former requires a great Genius, and a great Judgment ; the latter only a Mastery of a Language, and a little Address in Expression.

The *Manners* are the next in Excellence to the *Fable*. For as *Tragedy* is the Imitation of an Action, so there are no *Actions* without the *Manners*, since they are the Cause of *Actions*. The Inclinations of the *Dramatic* Person are discover'd by the *Manners* ; by them we see what he will pursue, what Course or Part he will take on any Emergence of Importance. Thus from the *Manners* of *Achilles*, we are prepar'd for his Answer to the Messengers of *Agamemnon* : Thus we know the Obedience of *Aeneas* to *Mercury*, from his *Manners* of Piety ; which must induce him to submit to the Will of the Gods, to the Prejudice

dice of his Love. The Violence of the Character of *Oedipus*, prepares us to expect extravagant Passions, and the Excess, which his Obstinacy will prompt him to be guilty of. Whatever Discourse in Tragedy does not this, wants the Manners, and cannot be *Dramatic*.

The *Sentiments* obtain the Third Place in *Tragedy*; being the Same for the *Manners*, that the *Manners* are for the *Fable*; the *Action* can't be justly imitated without the *Manners*, nor the *Manners* express'd without the *Sentiments*. In these we must regard Truth, or Verisimilitude; that is, take care that every *Sentiment* proceeds from the Nature of the *Manners*, or Characters of the Persons.

The *Diction* or Language gains but the Fourth Place in the Essential Parts of *Tragedy*, tho' made the most important Care of our Modern Poetafters.

Having thus run over the Chief Parts of this Poem, I shall now come to the Rules of each.

Every Tragic Action must have a just Length; it must have a *Beginning*, *Middle*, and *End*. The Cause or Design of Undertaking an *Action*, is the *Beginning*; The Effects of those Causes, and the Difficulties we find in the Execution, are the *Middle*; The Unravelling and Dissolving these Difficulties, the *End*.

The Anger of *Achilles* is the Action propos'd by *Homer*: The Quarrel between him and *Agamemnon*, is the *Beginning*; The Evils this Quarrel produc'd, is the *Middle*; The Death of *Hector*, and the Appeasing *Achilles* by the Prayers and Tears of *Priam*, is the *End*.

The true *Beginning* of an Action, is that, which does not necessarily require or suppose any thing before it, as Part of that *Action*. But the *Beginning* of an *Epic* or *Dramatic* Poem, may be the Sequel of another Action. *Agamemnon's* Injustice is the *Beginning* of the Quarrel between him and *Achilles*, the *Action* of the *Ilias*, all Things being before quiet in the Camp. Thus we may suppose this the Sequel of, but not depending necessarily on any thing precedent, tho' it came not to pass without it, and requires something else to follow depending on it, present

sent or remote. The present Effects of the Anger of *Achilles* was his Retreat to the Ships, and the Success of the *Trojans*, and Slaughter and Rout of the *Greeks* upon it, and the Death of *Patroclus*, and *Hector*; and the Reconcilement of *Achilles* and *Agamemnon* were the remote. Thus the End is just the Opposite to the Beginning, necessarily supposing something to go before, but nothing to follow it; as the Anger of *Achilles* naturally supposes a *Beginning* of it, but nothing to follow it, for then the Action is compleat.

The *Middle* necessarily supposes something gone before, and something to follow. Thus all the Evils, that the Anger of *Achilles* produced, necessarily suppose that Anger as their *Cause* and *Beginning*, from whence they did proceed; so these Evils (which make the *Middle*) producing the Satisfaction and Revenge of *Achilles* in the Death of *Hector* furnish'd the *End* in his relenting at the Misery of *Priam*. This is the most perfect Example of an *Epic* and *Dramatic* Action, and which demonstrates, that a Poet cannot begin and end it when he pleases, if he would manage his Subject with true Oeconomy and Beauty. Yet this is what has been known to very few of our *Tragic* Writers.

A *Tragic* Action ought to take up just so much Time as is necessary, or probable, for the introducing the Incidents with the just Preparation. If the Action will not come into the Time of Representation, then some of the Incidents must be brought into the Intervals of the Acts.

There must be a *Unity* of the *Dramatic* Action; that is, it must be but one Action, not many, of one Man; for that breaks the *Unity*. In which Point all our Old Authors are generally faulty, and *Shakespear* might as well have brought his Play of *Julius Cæsar* down to *Nero's* Time, as to the Death of *Brutus* and *Cassius*.

But this *Unity* of Action does not exclude various *Under-Actions* or *Episodes*, which are dependent on and contribute to the Principal, and without that are nothing. For this *Action*, with its *Episodes* or *Under-Actions*, ought to be so link'd together, that to take any Part away, or to endeavour to transpose the

the Parts, destroys the *Whole*; for these *Under-Actions* ought either necessarily or probably to be produced by the *Main Action*, as the Death of *Patroclus* by the Anger of *Achilles*. This Rule will, it is confess'd, condemn most of our *English Tragedies*; in some of which, the very Principal Character, that names the Play may be left out, and the Play not at all injur'd.

This Dramatic *Action* ought to be General and Allegoric, not Particular; because Particular Actions can't have a General Influence. Thus the Action of *Achilles* is to show what Violence and Anger wou'd make all Men of that Character say or do. To make a just Hero of a Tragedy, he must always be as General and Allegoric as *Achilles*, acting necessarily or probably, as all Men of such a Character wou'd. Tragedy differs from History in this, the *Drama* consults not the Truth of what any one Person did say or do, but only the General Nature of such *Qualities* or *Manners*, to produce such Words and Actions. This Poem indeed makes use of true Names; but that is to give a Credibility to the Action, the Person still remaining *General* and *Allegoric*. I therefore approve more of the Poet's rather inventing his own *Fable*; there being very few Historical Persons, that can be made *General*, and *Allegoric*. Not but a Poet may make use of such Incidents as History and Matter of Fact may afford him; but then these Incidents must have that Probability and Verisimilitude, which Art requires.

There remains yet another *Quality* of the *Dramatic Action*; it must be capable of Exciting *Terror*, or *Compassion*, or both; but not *Admiration* alone, which is too cold a Passion for Tragicall Effects.

These *Actions* which *Tragedy* imitates, and the *Fables* or *Plots* composed of them, are called either *Simple* or *Implex*. The *Simple* has no Change of the Condition or Fortune of the Principal Person or Persons, nor *Discovery*, the Play ending only in a single Passage of Agitation, or Trouble, or Repose, and Tranquillity. The *Implex Fable*, or *Plot*, is that, which has a Change of Fortune, or a *Discovery*, or both, which is the most beautiful and least common. This Change is either from *Bad* to *Good* Fortune, or from *Good* to *Bad*, as even in our *Oedipus* may be seen;

seen; and it is still the more beautiful in that this Change is made by the *Discovery*, and contrary to his Expectation, by which *Oedipus* comes to know, that *Jocasta*, his Wife, is his Mother, and that *Laius*, whom he had killed, was his Father. This Change ought to be either *necessarily* or *probably* produced, as in the *Oedipus* before quoted; for *Ægeon* who comes to bring him agreeable News, which should put an end to his Fears of *Incest* and *Parricide*, proves him on the quite contrary, evidently guilty of both.

The Characters, that are to compose a Tragic Fable or Plot, may neither be *Sovereignly Virtuous* and *Innocent*, nor *scandalously Wicked*. For to make a Perfect, Vertuous and Innocent Character unhappy excites *Horror*, not *Pity*, nor *Terror*. 'Tis true, there is a sort of Satisfaction in the Punishment of the Wicked; but it is neither Terror nor Pity, and not therefore *Tragical*. For we cannot pity what we think our selves incapable of committing. The Medium between Both, but rather *Good than Bad*, makes a true *Tragic* Character; and this Character should draw his Misfortunes upon him by Frailties proceeding from the Excess of Passion, Involuntary Faults which have been committed by Ignorance or Imprudence, against the Natural Temper of the Man, when he was transported by a violent Passion; which he could not suppress; or in the Execution of Orders he could not but obey, as *Orestes* in the killing of his Mother. But such scandalous Villanies, as are brought on our Stage, are fitter for the Hangman's Correction, than that of the Muse.

A Fable with a single *Catastrophe* is better than a Plot with a double one; and the unhappy *End* is better, than the happy, provided the Unhappiness be the Effects of such Frailties and Faults as I have mentioned, and not of gross and remarkable Crimes. Next to this, we may prefer a Fable with a double Ending; one *Happy* for the *Good*, and another *Unhappy* for the *Bad*.

Pity and *Terror* being the principal End or Aim of *Tragedy*, and those being only to be moved by the Plot or Fable, it must, to obtain this End, be composed of the following Incidents. *Incidents* are Events happening between somebody; those
which

which are Terrible, and Pitiful only between Friends or Relations or the like; for what happens between Enemies can have no Tragical Effects. But when a Brother is going to kill his Brother, the Father the Son, the Son the Father, the Mother the Son, or Son the Mother, the whole Soul is alarmed, and Fear and Pity make their Way to the Soul with irresistible Force. All these Incidents may be divided into those, which the Actor performs with an entire Knowledge of what he does or is going to do; or those, whose Guilt the Actor does not know till the Fact is committed, when they, that did it, come to discover the Relation they have to the Persons they have destroyed. The Third and most beautiful Sort of Incidents, is when a Person is going to kill a Relation unknown to him, and is prevented by a Discovery of the Friendship and Relation between them. The first is the worst, the last the best, and the second next to the third; having nothing flagitious or inhuman in it, but as a Sin of Ignorance, the Discovery is extremely Pathetic. The Poet must artfully (in the second and third Sorts) bring the Relation of the Dramatic Persons to the Audience, without destroying their Ignorance of each other.

The next thing, in a *Tragedy*, to the Fable, are the *Manners*. Those distinguish the Characters, and lead us to the Action by the visible Inclinations of the *Dramatic Persons*. The *Manners* should have four Qualities; they must be *Good*, *Like*, *Convenient*, and *Equal*. *Good* is when the Discourse of the Persons make us clearly and distinctly see their Inclinations, and what Good or Evil Resolutions they will be certain to take. *Like* has only to do with known Characters in History, with which the Dramatic Person must agree, at least not have any Quality contrary to what History has given them. *Convenient* is that the Manners be agreeable to the Age, Sex, Climate, Rank and Condition of the Person represented; that is, a Prince must not have the Manners of a Porter, a Princess those of a Prostitute, like *Normahal* in *Aurengzebe*, and many of *Fletcher's* Queens and Ladies of Quality. *Equal* is Constant and Consistent; the *Brave* must not be Fearful, nor the *Avaritious* Generous.

The *Manners*, therefore, of the Principal Persons at least, ought to be so clearly and fully mark'd, as to distinguish them from all other Men. In this *Shakespear* has excell'd; but Few of our Poets since him, except *Otway* and one or two more, have any other Distinction of their Characters, but the Names.

Besides these Four Qualities, there is another Essential to the Beauty of the *Manners*; and that is, that they be *Necessary*: That is, No Vicious, or Base Quality or Inclination, ought to be given to any *Dramatic Person*, but what is absolutely necessary, and requisite to the Carrying on of the Action. Every *Hero* has Three Sorts of Qualities. *First*, Such as are absolutely necessary to the *Fable* or *Action*: And these are to appear most, and evidently prevailing above the rest; so that the Hero is to be known and distinguish'd by them. The Second are to embellish the First; and the Third to sustain both. The First in *Aeneas*, is a transcendent *Goodness* of his Nature; the Second, an entire Resignation of his Will to the Gods; the Third, sustaining Both, is an *Heroic Fortitude*. In *Ulysses*, Dissimulation is set off by Prudence, and sustain'd by Courage. In *Achilles*, Rage is embellish'd by a Noble Vehemence, and sustain'd by a Wonderful Valour. Thus the first Quality, *Goodness*, is to appear thro' all the Character of *Aeneas*, Rage thro' that of *Achilles*, and Dissimulation thro' that of *Ulysses*.

Omitting what might be said of *Discoveries*, as being of no Use in our present Enquiry; I shall only add a few Words of the *Sentiments*, and not many more of the *Diction*; and then proceed to see, how far Mr. *Addison's* *CATO* will come up to these Rules; that is, how far his Play merits, or falls short of, its Publick Applause.

The *Sentiments* are such Thoughts, as naturally proceed from such *Manners*, in such a *Circumstance*, on such an *Occasion*, *Passion*, or the like. For all these are essentially concern'd, in the Forming the *Sentiments*. And whatever any *Dramatic Person* says, that either flows not naturally from these, or are inconsistent with them, are Sins against the *Sentiments*. Which at

once will condemn almost all our Rhiming Plays, and the greatest Part of the rest ; since our Poets have employ'd their Study, to bring in Fine Things, (as the Ladies and Beaux call them) more than to consider, what a Person so qualify'd, would think in such a Case.

The *Diction*, or Language, is the last of the Parts of *Tragedy*, which I before enumerated ; which, tho' by *Aristotle* and the Ancients thought the most inconsiderable, has been most study'd and applauded by our Modern Poets. But as we generally err as much in this Part, as in the other Three, I shall only say, That Propriety and Elegance are to be learn'd from *Grammar* and *Rhetoric*, adding Two or Three Rules, which are absolutely necessary to give a true Beauty to *Dramatic Diction*.

Some have thought *Milton's Epic Style* proper for *Tragedy* ; but falsely : And *Milton* himself has, in his *Samson Agonistes*, vary'd extremely from that of his *Paradise Lost*. *Segrais* and *Bossu* tell us, That the Style of an Heroick Poem, ought to be more Lofty than that of the DRAMA. And Mr. *Dryden*, on this, says, " — The Critic is in the Right, for the Reason already urg'd. The Work of *Tragedy* is on the Passions, and in Dialogue : Both of them abhor strong Metaphors, in which the *Epic* delights. A Poet cannot speak too plainly on the Stage, &c." Another great Critic tells us, " That to deserve the Applause of the People, you must diversify your Style perpetually : For too equal and uniform a Manner, shines to no Purpose, and inclines us to Sleep, &c. Every Passion has its proper way of Speaking ; which a Man of Genius will easily derive, from the very Nature of the Passion he writes. *Anger* is proud, and utters haughty Words ; but speaks in Words less fierce and fiery, when it abates. *Grief* is more humble, and speaks a Language like it self, dejected, plain, and sorrowful.

From these few Observations on the *Diction*, it is evident, how far from *Fine Language* some of our Poets are, who have deriv'd their Success even from that alone, in Spite of all their Defects

Defects in all the other more Important Parts of the Drama.

Having laid down these Certain and Undoubted Rules of Writing, and Judging of a Tragedy, in a very narrow Compass, for the Variety of the Matter, and the Shortness of the Time that my Affairs allow me; I shall now venture to examine, how far the Author of *CATO* has comply'd with them, and where he has been guilty of any Offence against *Art*. For let the ignorant *Million* exclaim as they please against the Rules, and *Art*, and make a senseless Clamour about *Nature*, without giving us any Account what they mean by the Word; the Judicious of all Ages and Nations, where the Politer Studies have made any Progress, have allow'd not much more to an Uncultivated Genius, than to mere *Art*. *Horace*, who is own'd a Competent Judge, even by these Noisy Favourers of Confusion, tells us, That to make a Great and Just Poet, *Nature* must be instructed, or guided by *Art*. Indeed, without the Rules, there is no Standard of Excellence. And the most wretched Poetaster, that has ever met with Success, has as just a Claim to Merit, as the most Consummate Writer that ever ennobled the Scene.

I shall therefore begin with the Plot, or Fable, of the Tragedy of *CATO*.

We have seen, that the *Action* to be imitated in a *Tragedy* must be One and not Many, it must be Grave and Serious, not Merry or Ridiculous; it must be entire and of a just Length, that is, have a *Beginning*, *Middle*, and *End*. The Time ought not to exceed the Representation, or at least what Incidents extend farther ought to fall between the Acts, and the Place for that Reason must be confined to a narrow Compass; Lastly, it ought to be General or Allegoric, and the Incidents that compose this *Action* ought to be fitted for the moving of *Terror* and *Compassion*.

The *Fable* or *Action* of CATO is plainly *simple*, for there is no Discovery producing a Change of Fortune in any of the principal Characters from their knowing one another. If we make the *Action* of this Play to be the Death of Cato, it may seem to be with more difficulty preserved from a Breach of *UNITY*, which by the Rules of Art we have shewn to be essential to a *Dramatic Action*. But if we make the *Action* of the Play to be expressed in the *Moral* from the Mouth of *Lucius* :

*From hence let fierce contending Nations know
What dire Effects from Civil Discord flow, &c.*

then the *Unity* will be most manifest, from every Character in the Play, from Cato himself even to *Syphax* and *Sempronius*. To this, Cato owes his Misery and his Death ; to this *Marcus* his Slaughter, and to this *Syphax* his Destruction as well as *Sempronius*. It was the *Civil Discord* that cooped them all up in *Utica* together ; that set *Syphax* and *Sempronius* to work in forming new Divisions and *Civil Discord* among that Remnant of *Romans*, which produced the Death of *Marcus* and *Syphax* directly, and that of *Sempronius* circumstantially, and hastened on that of Cato himself.

But not to strain where there is no Necessity, we will make the *Action* of this Tragedy what, I believe, the Poet meant it, and that is the Death of Cato ; by which means its *Unity* will be yet more clear. Thus the *Fable* is still of the *Simple* not *Implex* Kind : It is first entire and of a just Length, has a *Beginning*, *Middle* and *End* ; the *Unity* of Time is preserved by the express Words of the Play ; for Page 1.

Portius : *The Dawn is over-cast ; the Morning lowers :
And heavily in Clouds brings on the Day, &c.*

which shews the *Beginning* of the Play to open with the Day, and how it concludes with the *Setting Sun* is as evident from these Words in the last Act :

*Juba: Lucius our Horsemen are return'd from viewing
The Number, Strength, and Posture of our Foes,
Who now encamp within a short Hours March.
On the High Point of yon bright Western Tower
We kenn them from afar: The Setting Sun
Plays on their shining Arms, the burnish'd Helmets,
And covers all the Field with Gleams of Fire.*

This is but Eighteen Lines before the Groans of dying *Cato* are heard. So that it is plain, that the Time of this Play is within the allowed Compass of a Day; and it is as plain, that all that is represented exceeds not the Time of the Representation, the Overplus of Time being artfully thrown into the Intervals according to the Rules already laid down.

The Unity of Place, tho' much less considerable, is observed to the greatest Nicety, it being confined to a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of *Utica*.

Sure after this, our Enemies to Regularity will no more object, that a Play written according to the Rules can never please; they must at last own, that if such have ever miscarry'd where the Rules have been justly followed (which I can never grant) it has been the faulty Management of a little *Genius* in the Author, not of the Rules.

That the *Action* is of a just Length, that is, has a *Beginning*, *Middle*, and *End*, we shall shew by the following Examination. The Cause or Design of undertaking an *Action*, we said, is the *Beginning*; the Effects of those Causes, or that Cause, and the Difficulty we find in the Execution, are the *Middle*; and the unravelling or dissolving those Difficulties the *End*. Thus we have shewn, that the Anger of *Achilles* is the *Action* of the *Ilias*; the Quarrel betwixt him and *Agamemnon* is the *Beginning*; the Evils this Quarrel produced is the *Middle*; and the Death of *Hector* reconciling *Achilles* by the Tears and Prayers of *Priam*, the *End*.

The *Action* of this *Tragedy* is the Death of *CATO*, the Cause is the Extremity of his and the Roman Affairs in his being besie'd in the City of *Utica*, which is the Beginning; the Delays of his Death were his Hopes of Success, and the Care of his Friends embark'd with him, are the Middle; the utter Disappointment of all in the Treachery of *Sempronius* and *Syphax*, and the Inclinations of *Lucius* and others to try the Clemency of *Cæsar*, produc'd his Death, which was the *End*.

The *Beginning*, I have said, is supposed to be the Sequel of something going before, but not dependent on it. Thus *Cato's* being confin'd to *Utica* was the Consequence of the Civil War, but not depending upon it, since *Cato* might have been elsewhere, as in *Numidia* or any other Place; but being there, the Place and Circumstances were the Cause of his Resolution of dying with the Liberty of his Country, when he had no farther Means of supporting it.

As the Confinement to this City was the Cause of *Cato's* Fatal Resolution, so it produc'd the Necessities of his Friends, and their Struggle to win him to listen to *Cæsar*, and the Conspiracy of *Sempronius* and *Syphax*, and the Death of *Marcus*, which produc'd the *End*, in *Cato's* Death; for after that we have nothing to expect, the *Action* is at a full Period; and to have gone farther, had been to have begun a new Action, a Defect that our Poet had too much Judgment to be guilty of.

Lastly, The Action ought to be *Allegorical*, not *Particular*. Thus it is with *Cato*; for it not only shews what *Cato* did, but what any other Hero with his *Manners*, and Qualifications, in the same Circumstances, Notions, and Passions, wou'd have done: Which will appear plainer, when we come to examine the *Manners*.

The Incidents which compose this *Fable*, are such as are fitted to move Terror and Compassion. For what nearer Relation can there be, than that of a Man to himself? It is true, this grand Incident is of the first Sort of those Incidents enumerated, that is, it is done with a perfect Knowledge of the Fact he commits; yet the Pity is heightned when we find it free from
Inhumanity

Inhumanity or Malice to any one, and purely the Effect of an Heroic Frailty of Temper, that wou'd not think of surviving the Loss of his Country's Liberty, or of meanly craving the Clemency of the Destroyer of the *Roman* Liberty.

As for the other *Episodical* Incidents of this Play, we must look back to the Cause of *Action*, the Confinement to *Utica*; this brought all his Family, Children, with *Juba*, *Sempronius*, *Syphax*, *Lucius*, and the rest, to the same Place; and every one of them are one way or other concern'd in the Main *Action*, the Death of *Cato*: So that the several *Episodes* of Love, and its Effects, plainly proceed from the Cause or *Beginning*, and had a Hand in delaying or farthering the End, according to their several Inclinations and Interests.

Thus I have as briefly as possible, gone through the most important Part of the Tragedy of *Cato*, the Plot or *FABLE*; and shewn by the Rules themselves, how justly they have been observ'd by our Author; which alone is a sufficient Justification of the Applause the Town has given it; since in that is the Supreme Mastery of a *Tragic* Writer, and in which so many of our *Taking* Poets have so very much fail'd. I confess, that this Tragedy has not that Wonderful *Perepetie* or Change of Fortune, and Discovery, which we find in the *Oedipus* of *Sophocles*. But then it must be said, that no other Poet but *Sophocles* had them so perfect; and that the Noble Design of shewing us, at this time, the fatal Effects of Faction, and Domestic Feuds, which are at so great and desperate a Height in our Days, is a Balance for it. Besides, taking his Fable from so known a History, it was impossible to furnish it either with a just *Perepetie*, or *Discovery*, which is an Advantage that the *Greek* Poets had, in building on the Fabulous Part of *Grecian* Story; of which, through the various Accounts of their blind and uncertain Tradition, they were entirely Masters of their *Fables*, and might form them according to their Pleasure, or the Skill of the Poet, to render them delightful.

Thus the Common Fable of *Helena* was, that she was taken away to *Troy* by *Paris*; yet *Euripides* has made a very Beautiful

ful *Discovery* and *Perepetie*, by asserting that *Paris* carry'd only away a *Phantom*, form'd by *Venus*, to impose on him, while the true *Helena* was conveyed to *Pharos*, and shelter'd there in the Temple from the Love of *Theoclymenes*, till the Arrival of *Menelaus* on that Coast, with his Followers, and the Phantom of *Helena*, which vanishes away, and he finds the real *Helena*, and makes his Escape with her for *Greece*.

I have often thought, that if our Poets wou'd study the Nature and true Beauties of Tragedy something more, the uncertain Part of our own History wou'd be as advantageous to them; and *Milton* seems of the same Mind in the Writing of his *English* History. Besides, the Nation being the same, the Customs and Manners wou'd have a more Natural Influence on the Audience, and the Poet wou'd avoid some Absurdities in the *Manners*, which many have been guilty of, by placing their Scenes in Foreign Countries; for tho' the Scene be at *Indostan*, or *Constantinople*, the *Manners* are all Northern, *English*, &c. But of all Foreign Stories those of *Greece* and *Rome* are the most valuable; because our common Liberty has given us Sentiments, in many things, common with them. I know not but if we shou'd ever out-live our *Liberties*, but then the *Seraglio* may afford us as useful Examples; but as long as *Cato* pleases, it does not appear that we are much in Love with Slavery.

I come next to the *Manners*, which has the second Place in Eminence to the *Plot* or *Fable*. I know it has been objected, and I my self was once of that Opinion, that *Cato* was by no means a proper Hero for Tragedy; a Stoic by Profession, and therefore supposed to be without Passions, whereas Passion is the very Characteristic of that Poem, *Violenta Tragedia*.

But in reviewing the Life of that *Roman*, I found that his Love for his Country was not without Passion, and that of great Violence, as his bursting into Tears in going over the Field where the Conflict of *Dyrrachium* was; and his doing the same whenever Mention was made of the Battle of *Pharsalia*. His Sword being conveyed away privately the Night of his Death by the Order of his Friends, on missing it he called one of his

Slaves

Slaves and bid him fetch it, but not being obeyed he grew so angry, that he struck his Slave with such Force that he hurt his own Hand, crying out he was betray'd, and should be deliver'd to the Enemy Naked and Unarmed. And his after-Words to his Sons and Friends shew plainly, that he was not so much a Stoic as to be void of Passion, especially in the Cause of his Friends and his Country.

This being thus plain, let us examine his *Manners* as a Dramatic Person, for as such only we have to do with him here.

The *Manners*, as we have shewn, should have Four Qualities, which all meet in *Cato*. They must be *good*, that is, well mark'd ; they must be *like*, they must be *convenient* and *equal*. Thus the *Manners* of *Cato* are poetically *good*, that is, well marked ; for his Discourse makes us clearly see his Inclinations, and what Resolutions he will be certain to take. The *Manners* of the Poetical *Cato* are *like* ; that is, they are conformable to those, which true History gives this *Roman*.

In History, he was of a Sedate, but Stern Inflexible Temper, a constant Lover of his Country and its Laws ; he was of singular Integrity, and thought no Cause good, that was not founded on Justice ; incapable of Corruption ; and an irreconcilable Enemy to those, he thought Enemies to his Country ; and of unquestionable Courage both in the Field and the Senate. Now there is not one of these Qualities but are visible in our Poetic *Cato*, even in the First Scene of his Appearance. As his Conduct between *Sempronius* and *Lucius*, and to *Decius*, on his Message from *Cæsar*, make it evident.

The *Manners* of our *CATO* are likewise *Convenient*, that is, every where consistent : As they begin, so they end ; and He is always the Same, which makes Them also *Equal*.

Thus we have seen the *Manners* of our Tragic Hero to be *Good*, *Like*, *Convenient* and *Equal* ; and we shall soon find that they are also *Necessary*, for the Carrying on the Action. I have laid it down as a Rule, that there are Three Sorts of Qualities, that compose the Character of a Hero. First, Such as are absolutely *Necessary* for the *Fable* or *Action* ; and those are most to appear, and prevail above the rest, since the

Hero is to be known by them : The Second are to Embellish the First ; and the Third, to Sustain Both.

The First of these in our *CATO*, is, the *Love of his Country*, which appears wherever he is seen : And this is set off by an invincible *Resolution* ; and Both are sustain'd by a very uncommon *Fortitude*.

Thus I have likewise gone thro' my Examination of the *Manners of CATO*, by the Just Rules of *Aristotle* himself ; and shown, beyond Contradiction, that Mr. *Addison* has arriv'd at a Perfection in this Particular ; in which he is also almost singular among his Contemporary Tragic Writers, (if we add those of King *Charles II.*'s Reign to them) except *Otway*, some of *Lee's* Plays, and One or Two of Mr. *Dryden's*.

It may perhaps be expected, that having gone thro' the *Plot*, and the Principal Character, I should likewise say something of the other *Dramatick Persons*, that fill up this Play : But having already shown, that they are all dependent on the Main *Action*, and produc'd by the Beginning of it ; I shall only say, that they are perfectly distinguish'd : The Sedateness of *Portius*, is sufficiently distinct from the Fiery Temper of *Marcus*. The Two Characters of *Sempronius* and *Syphax*, are distinguish'd in themselves, tho' Carrying on the same Treacherous Cause, nor are they furnish'd with *Manners*, that are not necessary to the Business they are engag'd in. They are not made more wicked, than they shou'd be, merely to introduce a *Villain* ; but as Love or Lust, and a Fear below a Friend of *Cato's*, engag'd *Sempronius* in his Treachery, so overcome by such Passions, in this Age, they wou'd almost be pity'd. More may be said for *Syphax*, no Subject of *Rome*, nor indu'd with those Principles, that were worn out then in the *Romans* themselves ; a *Numidian*, an *African*, that was not willing to perish in a Cause, in the Success of which he cou'd expect to be no Gainer.

Gainer. In short, he is what we may call Wicked, but not guilty of such Breaches of common Honesty or confirm'd Villany, as are too frequent on our Stage, and have nothing Dramatic in them. The Character of *Womanhood* is every where preserv'd in the Ladies, in whom Modesty shines, and Virtue is always conspicuous. *Juba* is every where honourable, and a true Pupil of *Cato*, and promising that Man, that he afterwards was in Reality; he does nothing unworthy a Prince, nor indeed of a *Roman*.

All I have to say of the *Sentiments* is, that I cannot find any, but what are the Natural Product of the *Manners*, the *Occasion*, and *Passion*. And I am satisfy'd, that every one will excuse my saying nothing of the Diction, since that is what every one will allow to be Just and Dramatic, vary'd according to the Subject. The Passions are not clogg'd with insipid sounding Epithets, that make the Passion languish, that is, when they have any Passions to express.

I shall here conclude, That as this Celebrated Tragedy of *Cato* has receiv'd the general Applause of the Town; the Reader may judge, by the Examination I have made, by the known and allow'd Rules of the *Drama*, how much Justice there was in that Applause.

Est ubi recte judicat est ubi peccat.

Hor.

F I N I S.

OBSERVATIONS

UPON

CATO,

A

TRAGEDY.

By Mr. ADDISON.

In a Letter to * * *

— CUNCTA Terrarum Subacta,
Præter atrocem Animum CATONIS.

Hor.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. BALDWIN in *Warwick-Lane.* M. DCC. XIII.
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OBSERVATIONS

C. A. M. C.

T. J. B. A. M.

BY M. N. D. M.

M. N. D. M.

Printed by M. N. D. M.

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4 OBSERVATIONS upon CATO.

nerous *Roman Principles*, abounding with Plots and Conspiracies against the present Model of their Government, divided into Parties, headed by violent and ambitious Spirits, and carried on with all the Arts of Design, Hypocrisy, and Dissimulation; and in short, such an Age wherein as CICE-RO describes it, it was as dangerous for a good Man to hazard himself in Business, and act in publick Offices, as it was disgraceful and mean to retire from them. In this Age the great CATO appear'd, acting meerly upon the Principles of Honour and Justice, neither aw'd nor seduc'd by Parties, with the truest Notions for the ancient Republic Form, and a hearty Zeal for it, publickly opposing both its disguis'd and open Enemies. When the *Civil War* broke out he sided indeed with POMPEY, as most of the Senators and Lovers of their Country did, not thinking him so dangerous an Enemy as CÆSAR; and CATO particularly hoping by the Influence he had over him to bring him to resettle the State upon its old Bottom, if he happen'd to prove the Conqueror. Upon these Motives he engag'd in the *Civil War*, the Event of which you very well know, so that I shall pass that over, and come to the *Scene* of the Play, when he and the Remnant of his Followers were inclos'd by CÆSAR in *Utica*.

But I know you will not forgive me, unless I touch upon CATO's Character, as drawn by Poets as well as Historians; and therefore I shall give you both his publick and private one out of LUCAN, who in this Description had as strict a Regard to Truth as any Historian, his private Life, the Simplicity of his Manners, and Habit, his Notions of Philosophy, and his Manner of Behaviour, are excellently painted in the second Book which I shall venture to translate.

—————*Hi mores, hac duri immota Catonis
Secta fuit.*—————

These CATO's Morals were, and this the kind,
Of His rough Sect, and His severer Mind,
A due proportion'd Medium to attend,
And think while living to respect his End;
To follow Nature, and observe her Laws,
To pour His Life out in his Country's Cause;
From mean Idea's to enlarge His Mind,
Nor think his Actions to himself confin'd,
Nor CATO born for One, but *All Mankind*.
He eat for Hunger, not to please the Sense,
A happy *Epicure* in Abstinence,
His House to keep out Cold alone did seem,
Convenience was *Magnificence* to Him;
Upon his Back a Hairy Gown he bore,
Such as His *Sabine* great Forefathers wore;
Such as the Face of Antique Garbs express,
This was his *Pomp* and *Gaiety* of Dress;

He

He fought the Pleasure of a chaste Embrace,
 For One great End, to propagate his Race:
 Severely honest, just without Allay,
 Studious, the Common Good alone to weigh.
 At once discreet, and fond in ev'ry view,
 His Country's *Husband*, and Her *Father* too.

His Zeal and Heartiness for the State, and the Anxiety
 of his Spirit for the Calamities that were likely to befall it,
 His generous Concern for his Fellow Sufferers, and his Neg-
 lect of himself, are farther display'd, when BRUTUS is de-
 scrib'd coming to him in the Dead of Night, to ask his
 Opinion of the Condition of Affairs, in order to follow his
 Resolution.

Him BRUTUS found with wakeful Care oppress'd,
 The Public Good revolving in his Breast:
 Big with the Fate and Destiny of Rome,
 Her Children's Fortune, and His Country's Doom;
 Fearful what each might Act, and each Endure,
 But unconcern'd, and for *Himself* secure.

And since I have gone thus far in shewing his Character,
 as drawn by this Poet, I will attempt to translate that Part
 of

OBSERVATIONS upon CATO 7

of his Speech to BRUTUS, wherein He offers himself a voluntary Sacrifice for his Country, only wishing that it may in some Manner represent the Beauties of the excellent Original.

O ! would the Gods above, and those below,
 In Mercy harken to their CATO's Vow,
 And on This willingly devoted Head
 All their collected Stores of Vengeance shed !
 For Rome of old her *Decii* could fall,
 In one Illustrious Ruin saving all :
 That thus I might this single Life expose,
 To stop her Plagues, and expiate her Woes !
 O ! against Me may both their Hosts engage ;
 Set up the happy Mark of Public Rage :
 Hither fly every Dart, launch ev'ry Spear,
 And ev'ry vile *Barbarian Arm* strike Here.
 I would sustain each Individual's Share ;
 Be pierc'd, be gor'd, by ev'ry Murd'rer there, }
 And all their Wounds in *bleeding Transport* bear. }
 Could but this Blood, for her Preservance spilt,
 Redeem the Nation; and atone her Guilt :

Could

Could this one Sacrifice prevent Her Doom,

And quit the Score between her Gods and Rome.

And now, Sir, you will easily perceive how agreeable to this the Character of CATO is sustained through the whole Play; how exactly he Acts and Talks as CATO should; the dear Impression and Image of his Country always rising up in his Thoughts, and being express in such a Manner as is answerable to the Idea of that Great Man. How easy the Private Concerns of Life sit upon him! and how full he is of Rome! In the *Second* ACT, you find him besieg'd and encompass'd by CÆSAR at *Utica*, in Conference with a few Senators who had stuck to the Cause of *Liberty*, in this utmost Exigence, not dropping a Word unbecoming his *Roman* Spirit, regulating their Debates, and returning an Answer to CÆSAR with an Air superiour to his Fortune. And tho' in this Debate CATO utters many *Sentences* which would not be graceful for another to speak, yet according to QUINTILIAN'S Rule, they are very proper and just in him: for, says the Orator, *Sentences are most properly put in the Mouth of Men of Authority, that the Person may give a Confirmation to the Weight and Importance of the Subject.* Consider, Sir, then what an Idea they must needs have of CATO before, and you will plainly perceive what an Influence his Resolution, deliver'd in that solemn Manner, must naturally have over them.

A second Instance of the Greatness and Intrepidity of his Soul, you will observe in the *Third* ACT, where he ventures himself unarmed amidst a Band of Conspirators, who, by the single Awe of his Virtue, are so abash'd, that they dar'd not execute their Purpose when it was most in their Power, which puts me in mind of a Passage in VIRGIL that seems

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seems to bear a near Allusion to this Action. The Poet is there describing the sudden Fall of the Waves, and the Ceasing of the Winds, at the Appearance of NEPTUNE, and makes a Similitude drawn from a popular Tumult compos'd at once by the Sight and Words of a grave and good Man: take it in Mr. DRYDEN's Translation.

As when in Tumults rise th'ignoble Crowd,
Mad are their Motions, and their Tongues are loud,
And Stones and Brands in rattling Vollies fly,
And all the rustic Arms that Fury can supply :
If then some grave and pious Man appear,
They hush their Noise, and lend a list'ning Ear ;
He sooths with sober Words their angry Mood,
And quenches their innate Desire of Blood.

By this it appears that there is nothing unnatural attributed to the Power and Influence of CATO's Virtue in this Instance. After he has delivered the Mutineers up to Justice, he wisely takes an Opportunity from thence to recommend their Darling *Liberty* to his Friends, and goes off as calm and sedate as if no such thing had happened.

In the *Fourth* ACT you will see a greater Trial of his Constancy, where when the Relation of his Son MARCUS's Death is brought to Him by his Brother PORTIUS, before the Narration is finished, he thinks not of the Loss of his Son, but only of his Behaviour ; and when he finds That
B Glorious,

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Glorious, cries out—— *I am satisfied!*—— One of the Noblest Instances of Roman Fortitude and Patience, and not unlike that in CORNEILLE'S *Tragedy* of HORACE; which because perhaps you have not read it, I will give you the Passage as I find it quoted by Monsieur BOILEAU in his Preface to LONGINUS. *A Woman who had been present at the Combat of the Three Horatii with the Three Curiatii, but went away from the Place too soon, and had not seen the End of it, came over hastily to old HORACE, their Father, and told him, Two of his Sons were killed, and that the Third, finding he was not able to make any Resistance, fled away; upon which, the old Roman, full of Love to his Country, without Mourning for the Loss of his Two Sons, who had died so Gloriously, grieves only for the shameful Flight of the last, who, says he, by so base an Action has fix'd an eternal Stain on the Name of HORACE: And their Sister, who was present, saying to him, What would you have had him done against Three? he replies briskly, —DIE.*

But now look at this Great Man under another View; his Friendship, Generous Concern, and Tendernefs for the *Numidian* Prince JUBA, whose Father, by following the Fortunes of an unsuccessful Cause, had ruin'd Himself, and involv'd his Son in the same Condition. CATO, in return, to make Amends for his Misfortunes, is in one Place seasoning his Soul with Virtuous Principles, and forming him to true Greatness; in another, compassionating his Loss, both of his Father and Empire, with the greatest Tendernefs; and at last, with a sort of Prophecy, raising his Hopes on future Prospects of a Dignity that would be the Reward of his Virtues, not of his Birth.

After this, we come to view him under the Light of his *Philosophy*, which he makes use of to form his Resolutions upon, how best to disengage himself, from the World and CÆSAR. PLATO'S *Book on the Immortality of the Soul* lying before

O B S E R V A T I O N S *upon* C A T O. II

before him, and his Sword, the designed Instrument of his Relief, He settles his Resolution for Death, and argues from the Philosopher, upon the Certainty of a *Future State*. I should wrong the Strength and Beauty of the Argument; by putting it in any Words different from those of the Poet, therefore I will leave it wholly to your Reading and Admiration. Observe only the great Variety in that excellent SPEECH; his Resolution, his Comfort from the Helps of Philosophy, the Prospect of Eternity, the Uncertainty of the *Where* and *When!* Observe how his Soul seems to stumble, and be shockt at that; and upon a View of the *Book* and *Sword*, resumes its Resolution, and shaking off the Natural Abhorrence of Death, takes a noble Flight into *Immortality*. Again, how the Infirmities of Nature begin to overcome him, and make him defer the Execution to a fitter Time. TULLY, upon this Book of PLATO's, has an excellent Passage, which seems to warrant the Uncertainty of CATO's Conduct in this Place; as well as I can remember, it is to this Purpose; "While I am reading (*says he*) PLATO's "Book, I am allur'd and charm'd into a Conviction of the " *Immortality of the Soul*, and its *Existence* in a *Future State*; "but as soon as I have laid down the Book I relapse into "Uncertainty, and all my former Conviction slides away "from me.

But to return to the Play: CATO, after a sound Sleep, (the Blessing of a good and compos'd Mind) executes his Purpose, and is brought in Wounded before his Son, Daughter and Friends; and even in the Agonies of Death shews a kind Concern for them All, and makes them as happy as they could be without him; and then with an Abhorrence of the World, and a seeming Distrust of his Conduct, expires in a Prayer to the Gods.

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And now, *Sir*, you have seen *CATO* under all these *Views*, excellently diversified; that the Poet might shew every Part of his Character in the fairest and truest Light; I cannot question but that as you will be much affected with the Sentiments of the Hero, so you will be exceedingly pleased with the Judgment of the Poet.

The next Thing that I promis'd you was the Distinction of the remaining Characters from each other, this being a particular Happiness in the present Performance, and having been so little observ'd by others, insomuch that in many of our Famous Plays, they are so confounded, that if we were to shut our Eyes, it were hardly possible to tell by the Manner the Poets make their Persons speak, whom the Character suited; and the Speech might very often do as well for one or two other Persons as him who speaks it.

To begin with the Two Sons of *CATO*, *PORTIUS* and *MARCUS*, whose Complexion, Manners and Tempers, are nicely distinguish'd; and this Difference of Souls runs visibly through the whole Play into a friendly Disparity of Sentiments, the one sedate and calm, the other warm and passionate: They both act upon the same Principles of Honour and Virtue, and the Example of their Father: The Elder considers him as a Lover of Liberty, and his Country; the Younger meerly in Opposition to *CÆSAR*: The One copies his Morality and Philosophy, the Other shews his Zeal for *Rome*. They are both in Love with the same Lady; the Man of sanguine Temper is free and open, discovers his Love with Fire and Vehemence; the Other Rivals him in all but his Rage; and knowing himself Master of the Prize, endeavours to divert him by Shows of other Objects, and always compassionates him.

The

The next part that comes under View is the Character of JUBA, which is entirely new. We must suppose this young Prince had observed many Instances of CATO's Virtue in his Father's Court, and fired with Admiration of Human Nature, carried to a Pitch which he never saw before, to have endeavoured to form himself to something like it, from the great Original which was before his Eyes. Nor must you think this strange in a Barbarous *Numidian*, since the Seeds of Genius and Nature are the same in all Persons and Places; and want only proper Objects, and good Direction, to cultivate and exalt them into virtuous Principles, and the Arts of civiliz'd Life. Thus the same Spirit that exercis'd its Courage against Beasts by an easie Turn, is made to exert the same against Tyranny; and he who from a natural Ingenuity could despise the Fraud of an *African*, might soon grow an Admirer of *Roman* Truth and Fidelity. And there is one particular Assistance to This which may be well supposed to produce more Wonders than appear in his Character, and that is his Love to CATO's Daughter. His Confusion at the Discovery of his Love to MARCIA; His Submission to the Authority of CATO; His Discourse with SYPHAX on the Preference of the Arts of the Mind to those of the Body; and in short, every Incident of his Character is admirable.

Nor is there a less Difference in the Vicious than the Virtuous Parts introduc'd: SEMPRONIUS and SYPHAX are both Villains, Traytors and Hypocrites: SEMPRONIUS under the Disguise of a pretended Zeal for his Country, covers his Design of going over to CESAR, and enjoying MARCIA. SYPHAX, by a dissembled Affection to his Prince, endeavours first to corrupt him, afterwards to leave him: The Villany of the one is rash and impetuous, hid in a Torrent of Words; that of the other close and cautious; in short, the *Roman*
and

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and the *African* differ as much in their Treachery as their Complexion.

Again, LUCIUS, the Opposite to SEMPRONIUS, tho' a Friend to CATO, yet is so much affected by the Desperateness of his Circumstances, that he always advises Peace and Reconciliation; a calm, merciful Disposition, full of Tenderness for Sufferers of all Sorts, is his Part: It is not so much of Weakness, as from the Review of the Calamities that afflicted his Country, that he inclines to the gentler Method, in which he is still over-ruled by his Friendship to CATO; and so continues with him to the last.

The two Women inherit the different Spirits of their *Fathers*. The Daughter of CATO concerned deeply for her Father, and the Cause of Virtue, checks an untimely Passion, with the Reflection of the Relation she bears to the dear Head of that Cause, and by a great Artifice of the Poet, upon the Supposition of the Death of her Lover, discovers her Value for him: This Incident is natural as well as necessary, so that it takes away all Indecency unfit for the Daughter of CATO to fall into. On the other side, LUCIA, of a soft and compassionate Temper, cannot disguise her Thoughts, but after she has revealed them, fearful of the Consequences, resolves to wait the Event of things before she makes her Lover happy: Here is the Timidity and the Pity of her Father; and at the same time her Kindness to MARCIA engages Her as far as his Friendship to CATO did Him.

Now, Sir, I have run through the Parts of the whole *Drama*, and I desire you to observe how justly the Plot is work'd up from these Characters; and how, in the *Catastrophe*, which is of a mixed Nature, unfortunate Goodness is left upon Conjecture and to the *Gods*, and the other virtuous Characters all rewarded.

I should now proceed to the Observations I promis'd you upon the Third Head, but PHARSALIA being so often mentioned through the Play, to raise a just *Idea* of that Victory, I can't omit translating * LUCAN's Description of the Field of Battle after CÆSAR was Conqueror,

Then dire PHARSALIA's Plain all breathing Blood,
 Call'd forth the Wolves, and Tygers, from the
 Wood,
 And gorg'd the Lyons with her horrid Food.
 Each left his common Prey his Fellow Beast,
 To riot on a more Luxurious Feast;
 The Bears forfook their Caves for this Repast,
 And Dogs obscene ran Howling o'er the Wast;
 All Animals that scent the Tainted Air,
 Of Smell sagacious, came exulting there.
 The Birds that wont at Battles to appear,
 Move with the Camp, and hover in the Rear,

* Book the VII

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Came numberless, the Kinds that us'd of old
 To change for milder *Nile* the *Thracian* Cold;
 Forgot the Season in the Prey's Delight,
 And wing'd their *Western* Way with later Flight.
 Never such Flocks of Vulturs heretofore
 Obscur'd the Sky, and feather'd all Heav'n o'er,
 Nor such uncommon Weight the loaded ÆTHER
 bore.

Each desolated Wood sent forth her Kind,
 The Wood now lab'ring *only* with the Wind;
 All Places round the mighty Numbers fill'd,
 And *Roman* Blood from ev'ry Tree distill'd.
 Oft on the impious Standards which they bore,
 Trickl'd in frequent Drops the Putrid Gore ;
 Oft as the Vultur wearied out with Toil,
 Her Talon's weaken'd and o'er-charg'd with Spoil,
 Shook her wet Pinions in the Airy Space,
 The scatter'd Blood his *Triumph* to Disgrace,
 Fell from on high, and stain'd the *Victor's* Face.

Nor

Nor yet could all the Number of the Slain,
 This Sepulcher, this living Grave obtain,
 And by the Beasts converted into Food,
 Or harden into Bone, or flow in Blood ;
 The Beasts themselves their inner Bowels spare,
 Nor think the vital Marrow worth their Care ;
 Nicely the Limbs they Taste, reject and chuse,
 And more than half the *Roman* Host refuse.
 Whatever Courses in the Field they find,
 Touch'd by the Sun, or tainted by the Wind
 They careless pass, and leave disdainfully behind.

Now, *Sir*, it is time that I make good my Intentions of pointing out some of the most remarkable Beauties in this *PLAY*, but indeed they are so numerous, that I must refer most of 'em to your own Judgment; however I hope you will be satisfied with a few.

The Passions which the Character of *CATO* is most apt to raise, are Indignation, Admiration, and I can't tell if I mayn't add Pity; Indignation to see so much Virtue under such a Cloud of Affliction, the greatest Patriot of his Country born down by successful Tyranny, and reduc'd to the Extremity either of a Submission to an ill-got Power, or freeing himself from it by his own Hands. Admiration in observing him even in the midst of all these Calamities, Great,

C

Good,

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Good, and Intrepid. Pity for his ill Success in the Public Cause, and his Domestic Misfortunes, which are apt so much the more to move others, as they affected him less. If I say in all these the Poet has done him justice, it is the least that can be said, a dangerous and difficult Task it is to manage so great a Subject, so as to make the Audience interested in ev'ry Speech and Action. For as *HORACE says,

That Poet ventures on a bold Design,
 Walks on a Ridge, and dances on a Line;
 Who at his Will with all my Passions plays,
 By Turns excites 'em, and by Turns allays,
 Who makes my Soul with borrow'd Anguish groan,
 Fills me with Foreign Fears, and Sorrows not my
 own.

QUINTILIAN observes that he had often seen *Actors* after they had been personating some more deep and solemn Character than ordinary, go off of the Stage with Tears, and thinks no Shame to confess that he himself has not only melted into Tears, but trembled, look'd pale, been flush'd with Anger, at Representations adapted to produce those different Effects. What the *Actors* may do I can't tell, but I am sure I should have a mean Opinion of the Humanity of the Audience, if they were not mov'd by Instances of the like Nature in this PLAY. I pretend not to direct you where to be mov'd, but

* Epist. 1. lib. 2.

leave that to Nature, let me only suggest some things to you, which perhaps you might not have observ'd: Most of CATO's Speeches are fill'd with Indignation against CÆSAR, now QUINTILIAN remarks that Interrogations agree best with Indignation, and heighten the Sentiments. Of this you may see several beautiful Instances in the *Second* ACT, between DECIUS and CATO, I shall mention but one of 'em: DECIUS is there telling him how CÆSAR was ANXIOUS for his Life, CATO replies,

Would he save CATO? Bid him spare his Country.

But the finest and most beautiful Instance of this Nature is where JUBA says in the *Fourth* ACT,

*While CATO lives, CÆSAR will blush to see
Mankind enslav'd, and be asham'd of Empire.*

And he returns,

CÆSAR asham'd! has he not seen PHARSALIA?

An Answer the fullest of Indignation that I ever read, the very mention of PHARSALIA is enough, without any other Exaggeration; for as the same Orator observes, there are some things (as Murder) which raise our Indignation by the very naming of them. But farther, this is not an Instance of a Single but a Complicated Beauty, for according to the above-cited Author, sometimes the same Words, meerly by altering the Pronunciation, not only *Indicate, Affirm, Interrogate,*

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Reproach, Deny, Admire, but are Marks of *Contempt, Disdain*, and *Diminution*. Consider these Words carefully, try them, you'll find the Truth of the *Observation*.

Give me leave only to mention one thing more, (tho I could never have done with this Subject) and I will then release you. It is upon a common Topic which all our Poets have occasion for some time or another, an *Impossibility*. What a Work do they make here? Sometimes *you might as well move OLYMPUS*; at others, *Stars must be grasp'd at*, and the more moderate are contented with making *Rivers flow backward to the Fountain Head*. But here observe the Judgment of the Poet in the First ACT, where SEMPRONIUS is telling PORTIUS what a Happiness he should enjoy, if CATO his *Father* would give him his Sister MARCIA; to which he replies,

*Alas! SEMPRONIUS, wouldst thou talk of Love
To MARCIA, while her FATHER's Life's in Danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling Vestal
When she beholds the Holy Flame expiring.*

You perceive that this is new, beautiful, and suited to the Circumstances with Judgment; and that nothing could be more agreeable to the Notions of a *Roman*, than such an Impossibility. Besides that the Glance at *Religion* improves and exalts the Idea to the highest Pitch.

You will wonder, perhaps, that this Subject of CATO's Death, so fit for a *Tragedy*, and so frequently applauded in the *Latin Poets* and *Historians*, has never been touched up-
on

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on before. I find in a *Dialogue* attributed by some to TACITUS, by others to QUINTILIAN, that one CURIATIUS MATERNUS had compos'd a *Tragedy* upon this Subject; and it is probable, by the Hint which HORACE gives in his First Ode of the Second *Book* to POLLIO, that CATO had a considerable Part in his *Tragedy*, which he advis'd him to defer Publishing, till Matters were better compos'd, and forbear a Subject which could not but be ungrateful to many at that Time.

I think my self oblig'd to take Notice of one Thing more to you, lest you should be lead into any Error to the Prejudice of this Admirable Performance, and that is, that you would not think it a *State* or *Party Play*. Nothing can be more ridiculous than to imagine that either the Design of the Author, or any Hints from the Subject, tend that way. CATO's is drawn as he truly was; and as no body fate for the Picture but Him, so it is really like no body beside Him. He stands up for the Constitution of his Country, and the Course of its Laws; for Justice and Liberty, the old *Roman* Principles; and had He been represented otherwise, his Character had been ill drawn, and unlike the Idea all Men of Sense had fram'd of him. What does the Constitution of *Rome* relate to us? or how does his Opposition to CÆSAR affect our Government? But the false Notions of the *Zea- lous* will often make Vindications of the plainest things necessary, when indeed an Apology for their own Ignorance were more just and proper.

I shall conclude this long Letter, Sir, with a Copy of Verses to the Author of the *Tragedy*, which I hope you will not the less approve of, because you did not request them, as you did these *Observations*, from,

Your Humble Servant, &c.



Upon Mr. ADDISON'S CATO.



LONG had the *Tragic Muse* forgot to Weep,
By modern *Operas* quite lull'd a-sleep :
No Matter what the Lines, the Voice was
(clear,
Thus Sense was sacrific'd to please the Ear.
At last, † *One Wit* stood up in our Defence,
And dar'd (O Impudence!) to publish—— Sense.
Soon then as next the just *Tragædian* spoke,
The *Ladies* sigh'd again, the *Beaux* awoke.
Those Heads that us'd most indolent to move
To *Sing-song*, *Ballad*, and *Sonata* Love,
Began their buried Senses to explore,
And found they now had Passions as before :
The Power of *Nature* in their Bosoms felt,
In spite of Prejudice compell'd to melt.

† *The Spectator*.

Upon Mr. ADDISON'S CATO.

When CATO's firm, all Hope of Succour past,
Holding his stubborn Virtue to the last,
I view, with Joy and conscious Transport fir'd,
The *Soul of Rome* in One Great Man retir'd :
In Him, as if She by Confinement gain'd
Her Pow'rs and Energy are higher strain'd
Than when in Crowds of *Senators* she reign'd !
CATO well scorn'd the Life that CÆSAR gave,
When *Fear* and *Weakness* only bid him save :
But when a Virtue like his own revives
The *Hero's* Constancy—— with Joy he lives.

Observe the Justness of the Poet's Thoughts
Whose smallest Excellence is want of Faults :
Without affected Pomp and Noise he warms ;
Without the gaudy Dress of Beauty charms.
Love, the old Subject of the Buskin'd Muse,
Returns, but such as *Roman Virgins* use.
A *Virtuous Love*, chastis'd by purest Thought,
Not from the Fancy, but from Nature wrought.

Britons,

Upon Mr. ADDISON'S CATO.

Britons, with lessen'd Wonder, now behold
Your former Wits, and all your Bards of old ;
JOHNSON out-vy'd in his own Way confes ;
And own that SHAKESPEAR's self now pleases less.
While PHÆBUS binds the Laurel on his Brow,
Rise up, ye *Muses*, and ye *Poets* bow :
Superiour Worth with Admiration greet
And place him nearest to his PHÆBUS Seat.

F I N I S.

REMARKS
UPON
CATO,
A
TRAGEDY.

Cur in Theatrum Cato severe venisti. Mart.

*En vain il a reçu l'Encens de mille Auteurs
Son Livre en paroissant dement tous ses Flateurs.*
Boileau.

By Mr. DENNIS.

LONDON:

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INTRODUCTION.

'T IS now for some Weeks that my Friends have been urging me to make some Remarks upon the Tragedy of *CATO*, and 'tis for some Weeks that I have deliberated, whether Prudence would allow me to take such a Step as that is. I have maturely consider'd both the general and the violent Applause with which that Tragedy has been receiv'd ; That it was acted Twenty Days together ; That Ten thousand of 'em have been sold since the Time it was printed ; That ev'n Authors have publish'd their Approbation of it, who never before lik'd any thing but themselves ; That Squire *Ironside*, that grave Offspring of ludicrous Ancestors, has appear'd at the Head of them ; and, That things have been carry'd to that amazing Height, either by *French* Extravagance, or by *English* Industry, that a *Frenchman* is now actually translating this Play into *French*, which is a thing beyond Example ; That a great deal of Deference is to be paid to a general Applause ; That a Writer can expect nothing by attacking so successful a Piece, but the Character of an envious and an ill-natur'd Man, and perhaps of an arrogant, an insolent and presumptuous one ; That it would look with a worse Grace in me than in most People, in me, who have all my Life-time been an Assertor of Liberty, to endeavour to ruin the Reputation of a Play, which seems writ with a Design to augment the Love of Liberty ; That what would make it look still worse is, that it has been my Misfortune more than once to have been engag'd in Disputes of this Nature formerly, by which, tho' I had Reason still on my Side, I have made my self numerous Enemies ; That Truth now a-days is but a very feeble Defence against Passion and Prejudice ; That I pass for a Man, who is conceitedly resolv'd to

like nothing which others like, and that I have still endeavour'd to undeceive others at too cruel an Expence of my own.

To all which my Friends have reply'd, That they are willing to own that a Deference is to be paid to a general Applause, when it appears that that Applause is natural and spontaneous, but that little Regard is to be had to it when it is affected and artificial; That they have a long time made this unlucky Remark, that of all the Tragedies which in their Memory have had vast and violent Runs, not one has been excellent, few have been tolerable, most have been scandalous; That there is a Reason to be given for this in the Nature of the thing; That when a Poet writes a Tragedy, who knows he has Judgment, and who feels he has Genius, that Poet presumes upon his own Merit, and scorns to make a Cabal; That People come coolly to the Representation of such a Tragedy, without any violent Expectation, or delusive Imagination, or invincible Prepossession; That such an Audience is liable to receive the Impressions which the Poem shall naturally make in them, and to judge by their own Reason and their own Judgments, and that Reason and Judgment are calm and serene, not form'd by Nature to make Profelytes, and to controul and lord it o'er the Imaginations of others: But that when an Author writes a Tragedy, who knows he has neither Genius nor Judgment, he has Recourse to the making a Party, and endeavours to make up in Industry what is wanting in Talent, and to supply by Poetical Craft the Absence of Poetical Art; That such an Author is humbly contented to raise Mens Passions by a Plot without Doors, since he despairs of doing it by that which he brings upon the Stage; That Party, and Passion and Prepossession are clamorous and tumultuous things, and so much the more clamorous and tumultuous, by how much the more erroneous; That they domineer and tyrannize over the Imaginations of Persons who want Judgment, and sometimes too of those who have it, and like a fierce outrageous Torrent, bear down all Opposition before them; That a Man of Judgment is
calm

calm and patient under Contradiction, because he knows he is in the right, while Passion, Prejudice and Prepossession grow violent and furious by being oppos'd, because then they begin to doubt that they are in the wrong ; That Audiences are often pack'd as well as Juries, and that therefore it sometimes happens, that while the Innocent are condemn'd, the Guilty are acquitted by a Verdict of *Ignoramus*.

That as for the Authors who have publish'd their Encomiums of *Cato*, which they nickname Criticisms, those Authors appear to have been retain'd ; and, so like conscientious Lawyers, believe it their Duty to say all that they can for their Client, and not one Word against him, that they may honestly earn their Fees ; but that the Author of *CATO Examind* has behav'd himself like an errant Wag, and at the same time that he has prais'd him expressly, has implicitly damn'd him to the Pit of Hell, and has acted the Part of *Sempronius*, who while he openly bullies for *Cato*, is his mortal Enemy in his Heart.

That as for Squire *Ironside*, he comes of a Race that has been most unfortunate in their Talents for Criticism ; That his Grand-Father, Squire *Bickerstaff*, who was sometimes entertaining in other things, was almost never in the right when he pretended to judge of Poetry ; That his Father, Mr. *Spectator*, had been so merrily in the wrong, as to take Pains to reconcile us to the old Doggrel of *Chevy-Chase* and the *Three Children*, and to put Impotence and Imbecillity upon us for Simplicity ; That he had publish'd a certain Criticism upon *Milton*, in which the Reverse of almost every thing that he has affirm'd is true ; That he has had the Assurance to say in it, That *The Paradise Lost* of *Milton* has an Unity of Action, whereas in that Poem there are most apparently two Actions, the War of the Angels being an Action by it self, and having a just Beginning, a Middle and an End ; That he has affirm'd with still greater Assurance, That the *Ilias* of *Homer* has a Duplicity of Action, and has cited the Authority of *Aristotle* as a Proof of that Assertion ; whereas *Homer* in that Poem has given the World a Pattern, which for Unity and Simplicity of *Epick* Action never had

had any Parallel, and that *Aristotle* has commended him for it no less than three times in his little Treatise of Poetry; That the said Mr. *Spectator* had arraign'd and condemn'd the Poetical Justice of the Stage, and had publish'd a great deal of false and abominable Criticism, in order to poison his gentle Reader, and prepare the way for *Cato*.

That the Attempt of that undertaking *Frenchman*, who is at present translating *Cato*, has made the writing of a Criticism upon it necessary, which before was highly reasonable, because the translating this Play into *French* being without Precedent or Example, will, together with the violent and general Applause it has met with, make it pass for our Nonparello among foreign Nations; which will expose our own to the Gallery of all *Europe*, unless we shew, at the same time, that we are not all so ignorant or mistaken.

That as for the Objection of ill Nature, if I am in the right in my Criticisms, I may laugh at those who make it; That right Reason can never pass for ill Nature, unless with those who are destitute of right Reason; That 'tis a senseless thing to cherish Libellers and Lampooners, who defame the Virtues of others to the publick Detriment, and at the same time to brand those with the Character of ill Nature, who discover the Errors of an Author's Understanding, only in order to that Author's Improvement, and the Advancement of a noble Art; That those fulsome Panegyrist's are rather to be esteem'd envious and ill-natur'd, who by nauseously flattering a very defective Author, and soothing him in his Errors and in his Ignorance, do, as it were, politickly fix him in his Follies, and render him proud and incorrigible.

That *Cato's* being writ with a Design to support Liberty, is an Objection of no manner of Force; That let the Design be what it will, the Effect is sure to be contrary; That the shewing a Man of consummate Virtue unfortunate only for supporting Liberty, must of Necessity in a free Nation be of pernicious Consequence, and must justly raise the highest Indignation in all true Lovers of Liberty.

That

That my having made a great many Enemies by former Disputes of this Nature, is a certain Proof that I have been in the right in those Disputes, and that they who hate me for asserting Truth are resolv'd to remain in the wrong; That I enter'd into those Disputes, partly to advance the publick Good by advancing a noble Art, and partly to redress private Injuries; That either Cause in it self is good and just, and that both together are strong and powerful, and that I shall have both together to apologize for my present Undertaking.

That if I have made numerous Enemies, I have made a few Friends, of which each singly will outweigh all those numerous Enemies; That all reasonable Men, who by others Artifices, and their own Indolence, have been surpriz'd into an Approbation of this Play, will be glad to be undeceiv'd, as knowing well that tis their own Reason and their own Discernment that makes another Man's take Place with them; That the very Tragick Stage appears to be sinking, since the great Success of one very faulty Play prognosticates its Ruin more than the Miscarriage of twenty good ones; That a good Tragedy may miscarry by the ill Performance of the Actors, by Prejudice, by Malice, by Squeamishness, but that a very faulty one can have great Success from almost nothing but the general Interest of the People; That this general ill Taste is partly the Effect of the *Italian* Opera; that a People accusom'd for so many Years to that, are as ill-prepar'd to judge of a good Tragedy, as Children that are eating Sugar-plumbs are to taste *Champaign* and *Burgundy*; That nothing but a wholesome Criticism can have Power to retrieve our Taste; and, That the Errors of *Cato* must be set in a true Light by me or some other Person, or the Tragick Muse must be banish'd from this Island; That it is set up for a Pattern, and extoll'd by some Authors, who are famous for their want of Judgment, not only before all our own, but above all ancient Tragedies; That the Interest of the Common-wealth of Learning lies at Stake, and the Reputation of *Great-Britain*; and, That he must be a pleasant Lover of his Country, and a worthy Member of the Common-wealth of Learning, who
is

is afraid to assert the Interest of the one, and to defend the Reputation of the other, lest he should make some mistaken Men his Enemies.

That as to my Resolution to approve of nothing which is lik'd by others, 'tis a Falshood which carries its own Evidence with it; that I have writ whole Volumes which may shew the contrary, and that the contrary may easily be made to appear in the Remarks which I may make upon *Cato*.

Remarks

Remarks upon C A T O.

TH E 'fore said Remonstrances of my Friends have at length so far prevail'd with me, that I have taken a resolution to make some Remarks upon this Tragedy in the following Method.

First, I shall endeavour to shew the Faults and Absurdities which are to be found in this Tragedy.

Secondly, I shall attempt to expose the Artifices which made way for its great Success.

First, I shall endeavour to shew its Faults and Absurdities, and here I design to do Three Things.

1. I shall shew what perfections are wanting to it, thro' the not observing several of the Rules of *Aristotle*.

2. I shall shew with what Absurdities it abounds, thro' the observing several of the Rules without any manner of Judgment or Discretion.

3. I shall shew some Faults and Absurdities, which are such in Themselves, without any relation to the Rules.

Among the perfections which are wanting to this Tragedy, thro' the not observing the Rules, is first and chiefly the Fable, there being no Fable to this Tragedy. The Action of it which is the Death of *Cato*, is a particular Historical Action, a relation of something which *Cato* did and suffered, and not an action Allegorical and Universal. That it is not Allegorical, appears from hence, that it carries no moral Instruction with it. For the Moral which is foist'd in at the latter end of this Play, is wholly Foreign to it, and is not deriv'd from the Action of it, which is the Death of *Cato*.

*From hence let Fierce contending Nations know,
 What dire effects from civil Discord flow,
 'Tis this that shakes our Country with Alarms,
 And gives up Rome a Prey to Roman Arms,
 Produces Fraud, and Cruelty, and Strife,
 And Robs the guilty World of Cato's Life.*

Let us suppose for once, that the Action of this Tragedy is the whole Civil War it self; yet I cannot discern what knowledge Moral or Intellectual can be drawn from the foregoing Lines. The dire effects of Civil discord were known to all Mankind, long before *Cato* was writ; and the only instruction that can be drawn from them, since in this Tragedy, the Invaders of Liberty are seen to Triumph, and the Defenders of it to Perish, must be this, That Fools and Knaves should have a care how they invade the Liberties of their Country, lest Good and Wise Men suffer by it, or that Good and Wise Men should have a care how they defend those Liberties, lest Fools and Knaves should Triumph.

As the Action of this Play is the Death of *Cato*, no Instruction but one of these Three can be possibly drawn from it. That a Man of consummate Virtue, must expect to end unfortunately: Or that if a Man of an accomplish'd virtue, happens to be unfortunate, 'tis his duty to put an end to his Misfortunes by a Dose or a Dagger, or that if such a one presumes to resist the Invaders of his Country's Liberties, he must expect to fall in the Attempt.

Thus, the Action of this Play is so far from carrying a Moral, that it carries a pernicious instruction with it. Now I appeal to the Reader, which is most commendable, to make a Poetical Person of consummate Virtue end unfortunately, and by that means to discourage People from aiming at Perfection; or to shew a Man of accomplish'd Virtue driven to lay violent Hands upon himself, only for supporting Liberty, which must needs be a notable Lesson to People in a free Country, or to an Island so notorious as ours for the frequency of self Murder.

As the Action of this Tragedy cannot be Allegorical, because it is not Moral; so is it neither General or Poetical, but

but Particular and Historical. A general thing, says *Aristotle*, is what ev'ry Man of such and such a Character, would do upon such and such an occasion; as a particular thing is what such a particular Person, as for Example *Alcibiades*, did and suffer'd. Now that a Tragical Action ought at the Bottom to be thus general, ev'n after the Poet has nam'd his Characters, is the Doctrine of the same Philosopher. The principal quality of *Cato's* Character, is the Love of his Country, as has been observ'd by others. Now the question is, Whether 'tis necessary or probable, that a Man, the predominant quality of whose Character is the Love of his Countrey, should fall by his own Hand, as long as his Life is necessary to the good of his Countrey. Now that this was the Case of *Cato*, may be prov'd from what the Poet has put into the Mouths of the other Dramatick Persons. For says *Portius* to his Sister in the Fifth Act.

*O Marcia, O my Sister, still there's hope
Our Father will not cast away a Life
So needful to us all and to his Countrey.* P. 58.

Nay, if we believe what *Lucius* says in the Fourth Act, the Life of *Cato*, nay, not only his Life, but his submitting to *Cæsar* was necessary, not only for the good of his Country, but for the welfare of Mankind.

*While Pride, Oppression, and Injustice reign
The World will still demand her Cato's presence,
In pitty to Mankind submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty Soul to Life.*

So that *Cato*, the Predominant quality of whose Character, was the Love of his Country, killing himself at a time, when his Life was necessary to the good of his Country, and to the welfare of Mankind, did not do, what any Man of the same Character would necessarily or probably, do upon the like occasion, and therefore *Cato's* killing himself, is not a general and Tragical Action, but a particular thing which *Cato* did and suffer'd.

Now since 'tis undoubtedly the Fable, which is of the greatest importance in Tragedy, for as some body has well observ'd, 'tis the making of the Fable alone, which belongs

peculiarly to the Art of the Poet; for 'tis History and Philosophy which teaches him to form his Characters, and Rhetorick and Grammer, his Sentiments and Expressions; and since there can be no Fable, where the Action is neither Allegorical nor Universal; and the Action in this Tragedy of *Cato*, is neither Allegorical nor Universal; I appeal to the Impartial Reader, whether this Tragedy of *Cato* having no Fable, can justly be said to be a fine Tragedy.

As the Action of this Tragedy is neither Allegorical nor Universal, so neither can it be said to be one. The Action of this Play is the Death of *Cato*; and the Time of that Action is a natural Day, during which Day the Sons of *Cato* knew very well, that their Father's Life and the Liberty of *Rome*, were in the utmost Danger, as appears by the first four Lines of the Play, where *Portius* says to *Marcus* :

*The Dawn is overcast, the Morning low'rs,
And heavily in Clouds brings on the Day,
The great, the important Day, big with the Fate
Of Cato and of Rome.*

Now the Question is, whether the Amorous Passions of Two such noble *Romans* and such dutiful Sons, as *Marcus* and *Portius* are describ'd to be, upon that very Day, which in their own Opinions is like to be the last both of *Rome's* Liberty and of their Father's Life, are either necessary or probable Parts of the Action of the Play, which is the Death of their Father, and whether if they are neither necessary nor probable Parts of it, they do not corrupt the Unity of that Action, and not only corrupt its Unity, but render it improbable, Romantick and incredible.

The Rivalship between the Two Brothers, has no manner of Influence upon the Action of the Play, and therefore corrupts its Unity, nor has it any Consequence in its self, but the Author to make way for one of the Rivals knocks the other on the Head, and kills Him not by any Effect of his Rivalship, but by the common Fortune of War. How gross a Copy of the celebrated Rivalship of *Polidor* and *Castalio*, which has such a fatal Influence upon the Action of the Play, and causes such a moving Distress, and such a Deplorable and truly Tragical Catastrophe.

Probability

Probability ought certainly to reign in every Tragical Action, but tho' it ought every where to predominate, it ought not to exclude the wonderful; as the wonderful which ought every where to predominate in *Epick* Poetry, ought not to exclude the probable. We shall then treat of the Improbabilities of this Tragedy, when we come to speak of the Absurdities with which it throughout abounds, from the indiscreet and injudicious Observance of some of the Rules of *Aristotle*. We are at present shewing what Beauties are wanting to it from the not observing others of those Rules. Here then are none of those beautiful Surprizes which are to be found in some of the *Grecian* Tragedies, and in some of our own; and consequently here is nothing wonderful, nothing terrible, or deplorable, which all three are caus'd by Surprize. Now as Tragedy is the Imitation of an Action which excites Compassion and Terror; and as that alone can be justly accounted a very fine Tragical Scene, which excites one of those two Passions, or both, in a very great Degree, and as it is impossible either of 'em can be excited in a very great Degree, without a very great Surprize, and there is in this Tragedy no very great Surprize, we find there is not in this Tragedy, no not so much as one very fine Tragical Scene, no not so much as one Scene with which we are extremely mov'd. I sit with Idolence from the opening of the Play to the very Catastrophe; and when at length the Catastrophe comes, instead of vehemently shaking with Terror, or dissolving with melting Pity, I rather burn with Indignation, and I shudder with Horror. When I beheld *Cato* expiring by his own Hand, 'tis difficult to tell at which Indecency and which Inconsistency I am shock'd the most, at a *Philosopher's* acting against the Light of Nature, or at a *Stoick's* yielding to ill Fortune without the last Necessity, or at the unjust and unfortunate End of a Man of accomplish'd Virtue, or at a Lover of Liberty and of his Country, deserting both by his Death.

That Esteem which we conceiv'd for *Cato* at the reading of the ancient Poets, immediately vanishes when we behold his Death, and I begin to wonder what those Poets meant: I begin to think that their *Encomiums* arose from want of considering

considering this Matter aright ; and I find, upon Reflection, that the greatest of them all, both for Genius and Judgment, tho' in his 8th *Aeneid* he places *Cato* at the Head of his Demi-Gods, in the *Elysian* Fields, yet he damns him in his 6th, in the Number of those who fall by their own Hands.

We are enclin'd to believe, that it was rather a Mixture of Pride and Ignorance, than any Degree of Heroick Virtue, that induc'd *Cato* to be his own Destroyer. We cannot understand the Suicide of one, who was under no Necessity to die ; for the Cause of Liberty was as yet not entirely lost, and it appears from the Beginning of the *Second Act*, that a Way lay open to him and his for their Escape by Land.

*Numidia's spacious Kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young Prince's Call.*

And 'tis manifest from the latter End of the *Fourth*, that the Sea lay open to his Passage ; 'tis *Cato* himself that tells us so.

*Farewell my Friends ; if there be any of you
That dare not trust the Victor's Clemency,
Know there are Ships prepar'd by my Command,
(Their Sails already opening to the Wind)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for Port.*

Who then can extremely pity a Man, who rashly dy'd by his own Hands, when there was no Necessity for Dying, and who deserted the Cause of Liberty and of his Country, thro' Stubborness and thro' Ignorance, or sacrific'd them to his Stoical Pride ? If the Sons of the Great *Pompey* had follow'd the Example of *Cato*, had there ever been that noble Contention that there was afterwards in *Spain* for Liberty, which was within an Ace of reducing *Cesar* to follow the Example of *Cato* ? And what might not have been the happy Event of that desperate Conflict, had *Cato* animated those Troops by his Presence, and sustain'd them by his Authority ? Even *Portius* takes Notice, in the *Fifth Act*, of the auspicious Influence that his Father's Presence might have o'er those Assertors of Liberty.

*Port. As I was hast'ing to the Port, where now
My Father's Friends, impatient for a Passage,
Accuse the lingring Winds, a Sail arriv'd*

From

From Pompey's Son, who thro' the Realms of Spain,
 Calls out for Vengeance on his Father's Death,
 And rouses the whole Nation up to Arms:
 Were Cato at their Head, once more might Rome
 Assert her Right, and claim her Liberty.

I am apt to think that *Brutus* and *Cassius* shew'd more Spirit and more Wisdom, by the unanimous Choice which they made to destroy *Cesar*, rather than kill themselves; and when those two last of the *Romans* were constrain'd to do at last what *Cato* had done before them, I find their Deaths to be much more excusable than his; for they were compell'd by dire Necessity to do what *Cato* had done by Choice; for they who were the principal Conspirators against *Cesar*, might expect to be us'd with Severity, if not with the utmost Cruelty, by *Anthony* and *Octavius*, who had sworn to revenge his Death. Besides, *Brutus* and *Cassius* did not fall, till the Cause of Liberty was utterly and entirely lost; whereas we have shewn that there were two noble Conflicts for it after the Death of *Cato*.

I am apt to think that this Action of *Cato* would not have had the Approbation even of those *Romans* themselves, who liv'd in the Vigour of the Common-wealth, and in the Height of the *Roman* Virtue, and who, after the deplorable Rout at *Cannæ*, caus'd publick Thanks to be return'd to *Terentius Varro*, for not despairing of the Common-wealth.

'Tis certainly the Duty of every Tragick Poet, by an exact Distribution of a Poetical Justice, to imitate the Divine Dispensation, and to inculcate a particular Providence. 'Tis true indeed upon the Stage of the World the Wicked sometimes prosper, and the Guiltless suffer. But that is permitted by the Governour of the World, to shew from the Attribute of his infinite Justice that there is a Compensation in Futurity, to prove the Immortality of the Human Soul, and the Certainty of future Rewards and Punishments. But the Poetical Persons in Tragedy exist no longer than the Reading or the Representation; the whole Extent of their Entity is circumscribed by those; and therefore during that Reading or Representation, according to their Merits or Demerits, they must be

be punish'd or rewarded. If this is not done, there is no impartial Distribution of Poetical Justice, no instructive Lecture of a particular Providence, and no Imitation of the Divine Dispensation, And yet the Author of this Tragedy does not only run-counter to this, in the Fate of his principal Character, but every where throughout it, makes Virtue suffer, and Vice triumph ; for not only *Cato* is vanquish'd by *Cæsar*, but the Treachery and Perfidiousness of *Syphax* prevails over the honest Simplicity and the Credulity of *Juba*, and the sly Subtlety and Dissimulation of *Portius* over the generous Frankness and Open-heartedness of *Marcus*.

But setting aside for a Moment the Rules of the *Drama*, which are the Rules of exact Reason, there is not with all its Improbability so much as any thing in this Tragedy of that Art and Contrivance, which is to be found in an entertaining Romance or agreeable Novel ; that Art and Contrivance, by which their Authors excite our Curiosities, and cause those eager Longings in their Readers to know the Events of things, those Longings, which by their pleasing Agitations, at once disturb and delight the Mind, and cause the prime Satisfaction of all those Readers who read only to be delighted. Instead of that this Author has found out the Secret, to make his Tragedy highly improbable, without making it wonderful, and to make some Parts of it highly incredible, without being in the least entertaining.

But now let us come to the Characters, and let us shew that they are not proper for Tragedy. *Cato* himself, who is the principal Person, is a *Stoick*, and therefore a very improper Heroe for Tragedy. The Author of *CATO Examind* says, “ That he was once of the same Opinion, because being a “ *Stoick* by Profession, he is suppos'd to be without Passion ; “ for Passion, says he, is the very Characteristick of that Poem, “ *violenta Tragedia* ; but, says he, in reviewing the Life of “ that *Roman*, I found that the Love for his Country was not “ without Passion, and that of great Violence, as his bursting “ into Tears, in going over the Field where the Conflict “ of *Dyrrachium* was, and in doing the same whenever Mention “ was made of the Battel of *Pharsalia*.

But

But here the Mistake of this Gentleman lies, *viz.* in affirming that therefore a *Stoick* is an improper Heroe for Tragedy, because he is suppos'd to be without Passion; for who ever doubted that a *Stoick* is a Man, and consequently that he has Passions; even Grace it self does not go so far as to divest a Man wholly even of worldly Passions, much less can any Philosophical Discipline pretend to reach that Length. A *Stoick* is therefore an improper Heroe for Tragedy, not because he is suppos'd to be actually without Passion, but because he is believ'd to do his utmost Endeavours to be without them; because he places his Pride, his Glory, his Excellence in subduing them; because his great and principal Aim is to make his Reason, not only the Ruler, but the very Tyrant of them; because his chief Design is not to regulate, but to extirpate and extinguish them. From which it is manifest, that an old *Stoick*, as *Cato* was, has by long Exercite got some Habits which make him a very improper Heroe for Tragedy. For his Philosophy has taught him to check his Passions, to conceal them, and to shorten them; so that a *Stoick*, if his Manners are made convenient, can never be shewn, as *Oedipus* and some other principal Characters of Tragedy are shewn, *viz.* agitated and tormented by various violent Passions, from the opening of the Scene to the very Catastrophe.

Besides, 'tis to no purpose to affirm, that *Cato* had Passions, and violent ones, because he is no where in this Tragedy drawn in a violent Passion, as this Author has himself observ'd, p. 19. where he tells us, " That he finds by History that *Cato* was of
 " a sedate Temper, and at the same time finds by the Tragedy that the Poet has every where drawn him so. So that here is another Reason why *Cato* is an improper Heroe for the Stage, because his natural Temper, as well as his Philosophy, was repugnant to Passion. And this Author, in his 9th Page, has given another Reason why *Cato* is an improper Heroe for Tragedy. " Because, says he, the Characters that are to
 " compose a Tragick Fable or Plot must not be sovereignly
 " virtuous or innocent; for to make a perfect virtuous and
 " innocent Character unhappy excites Horror, not Pity nor
 " Terror.

If this Author by these perfect Characters, means the principal Characters of such Tragedies, as end unfortunately with relation to those principal Characters, he is in the right of it, or *Aristotle* must be in the wrong. But then I appeal to the impartial Reader, what this Author would get by it, if I should allow that a *Stoick* may be a proper Heroe for Tragedy.

Besides this, there is an Inequality in the Manners of *Cato*, and therefore they are ill mark'd likewise ; for his Behaviour in the Fourth Act, is by no means answerable to that Character that is given of him, and that Expectation that is rais'd of him by *Portius* in the First.

*How does the Lustre of our Father's Actions,
Thro' the dark Clouds of Ills that cover him,
Break forth, and burn with more triumphant Brightness !
His Sufferings shine, and spread a Glory round him,
Greatly unfortunate he fights the Cause
Of Honour, Virtue, Liberty and Rome.*

And afterwards by *Juba* in the same Act.

*Where shall we find the Man that bears Affliction,
Great and Majestick in his Grievs like Cato ?
Heav'ns ! With what Strength, what Steddiness of Mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his Sufferings !
How does he rise against a Load of Woes,
And thank the Gods that threw the Weight upon him.*

And by what he says himself in the Second Act.

*Fathers, I cannot see that our Affairs
Are grown thus desperate. We have Bulwarks round us,
Within our Walls are Troops inur'd to Toil,
In Africk's Heats, and season'd to the Sun ;
Numidia's spacious Kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young Prince's Call.
While there is Hope, do not distrust the Gods,
But wait at least while Cæsar's near Approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for Chains, and own a Conqueror.
Why shou'd Rome fall a Moment e'er her Time ?
No, let us draw her Term of Freedom out
In its full Length, and spin it to the last ;
So shall we gain still one Day's Liberty :
And let me perish, but in Cato's Judgment,*

*A Day, an Hour of virtuous Liberty
Is worth a whole Eternity in Bondage.*

Let us now see whether his Behaviour in the Fourth Act is answerable to all this.

When the Conspiracy of *Syphax* and *Sempronius* broke out, by the Mutiny of those *Romans*, who had been seduced by *Sempronius*, tho' that part of the Conspiracy was quickly quell'd, by the general Repentance of those engag'd in it, by the Deaths of the Leaders, and of *Sempronius* himself; *Cato*, as soon as he hears of the Death of the latter, cries out, *Act 4. P. 50.*

*O Lucius, I am sick of this bad World,
The Day-light and the Sun grow painful to me.*

Now what Reason has a Man of his Character to exclaim thus, and to fall into Desperation, because Heaven has discover'd his secret Enemy, and Divine Vengeance has overtaken a Villain? His Affairs, as yet, are not in a jot worse Posture than when he shew'd so much Resolution in the Second Act.

And when he hears of the other part of the Conspiracy, which is the Attempt of *Syphax* to force his way with his *Numidians* thro' the Southern Gate; as soon as he hears of this Attempt, without expecting the Success, or in the least waiting for the Event, he cries out,

*Lucius, the Torrent bears too hard upon me,
Justice gives way to Force: The conquer'd World
Is Cæsar's, Cato has no Business in it.*

Is this, after all, his boasted Firmness? Is this the Courage of a valiant Soldier, or the Magnanimity of a *Roman* General, or the Impassiveness of an habitual *Stoick*, or the undaunted invincible Resolution of an admired Assertor of Liberty? Did ever weak Woman despair sooner, or yield more tamely to a threatening Accident, before she knew the Event of it.

There seems likewise to be an Inequality in the Manners of *Cato*, from the Advice which he gives to *Portius*, in the latter End of the Fourth Act.

*Portius, draw near, my Son, thou oft has seen
Thy Sire engag'd in a corrupted State,
Wrestling with Vice and Faction; now thou see'st me*

Spent, overpower'd, despairing of Success.

Let me advise thee to retreat betimes

To thy Paternal Seat; the Sabine Field,

Where the great Censor toil'd with his own Hand,

And all our frugal Ancestors were bless'd

In humble Virtues, and a Rural Life;

There live retir'd, pray for the Peace of Rome,

Content thy self to be obscurely good.

When Vice prevails, and impious Men bear Sway,

The Post of Honour is a private Station.

Does this look like the Advice of a Man, the predominant Quality of whose Character is the Love of his Country, and who in the preceding Page saw with Tranquility his other Son actually dead, and wept immediately afterwards at the bare Prospect of his Country's Ruin? Is such a Man consistent with himself, when he advises this Son to desert his Country while 'tis in the utmost Danger, and instead of joining the young Pompey, and the Remainder of the Republican Party, basely to retire to Solitude, and to submit to the Conqueror? Is there any Consistency between this Advice, and that which in the preceding Page he gives to this very Portius, upon viewing the Body of Marcus.

Portius, behold thy Brother, and remember

Thy Life is not thy own when Rome demands it.

When ever could Rome demand more loudly that Portius should venture his Life for her, than at this present Juncture? Portius himself is so sensible of his Duty in this Case, that he makes his Father a fitting Answer, which leaves no room for a Reply.

I hope my Father does not recommend

A Life to Portius which he scorns himself.

The Father actually dies rather than take that Advice which he gives to his Son; and he would have his Son so base as to take that Advice, rather than bravely venture his Life for his sinking Country.

Thus it is plain that there is an Inconsistency and an Inequality in the Manners of Cato: And for the same Reason too there is an Inconvenience; for the 'foresaid Advice is by no means becoming of a faithful Lover of his Country. Besides,

sides, as we observ'd above, if the Manners of *Cato* are unequal, they are for that Reason ill mark'd: And if the Manners in so known a Character are ill mark'd, it follows that they are not resembling. But if 'tis objected here, That there really was this Inconsistency and this Inequality in the Character of *Cato*, that he did actually give that Advice to his Son, and therefore that the Character is resembling. To that I answer, That the Poet either ought not to have brought that Character on the Stage, or to have sunk that Quality, or those Qualities in it which made the Manners inconvenient.

As the Character of *Cato* is too virtuous for perfect Tragedy, those of *Sempronius* and *Syphax* are too scandalous for any Tragedy, perfect or imperfect. The Author of *Cato Examind*, says after *Aristotle*, That there is a sort of Satisfaction in the Punishment of the Wicked; but, says he, it is neither Terror nor Pity, and therefore not Tragical. He complains that such scandalous Villanies are brought upon our Stage, as are fitter for the Hangman's Correction than that of the Muse. I would fain know whether the Villanies of *Sempronius* and *Syphax*, which are Mutiny, Desertion and Treason are not of that Number; and whether the Author of the Observations upon *Cato* is not of that Opinion, when Page 13. he calls them Traytors and Villains.

Besides, The Character of *Sempronius* is an Usurpation upon Comedy. For as Hypocrisy it self is by its Nature comical, and must be nicely manag'd at any Time to be otherwise, the Counterfeiting a great Passion after *Sempronius* his manner, viz. with Mouthing and Bellowing, Page 7, is undoubtedly very Ridiculous; and then for a Villain to charge the Treason which he is apparently guilty of himself, upon one whom he and every one knows to be Honest, as *Sempronius* in the second Act does his upon *Lucius*, is certainly the very Height of Impudence, and is therefore perfectly Comical.

Now that which aggravates the Faults of this Character is, that the gross Dissimulation, join'd to the gross Affectation that appears in *Sempronius*, is so far from being necessary to the carrying on the Action of the Play, that it has directly a Tendency to the producing an Effect quite contrary to that for which

which *Sempronius* designs it, which is to conceal himself from the *piercing Eyes of Cato*. For gross Diffimulation join'd to gross Affectation is enough to discover the Hypocrite, not only to *piercing Eyes*, but even to common Discernments.

Nor is the Transcendent Villany of his Behaviour in the third Act, towards the Leaders of the Mutiny, in the least necessary for carrying on the Action of the Play, but has so direct a Tendency to the discovering the Villany, that one would think it impossible it should have any other Effect; so that there are two gross Faults apparent in this one Character, the Manners of it being in some Places unnecessarily Villanous, and in others perfectly Comical.

As we have shewn above, that *Cato* is not the fittest Character for Tragedy, because he is an old *Stoick*, so I would fain know whether *Portius*, *Marcus*, *Juba*, and *Marcia*, are so very proper for it, because they are young ones, or at least are introduc'd as such. *Portius* and *Marcus* are represented as such in the very second Page of the Play, where *Marcus* says:

*By Heaven! such Virtues join'd with such Success
Distract my very Soul; our Father's Fortune
Would almost tempt us, to renounce His Precepts.*

And what is the Character that in the third Page *Portius* gives of *Juba*.

*Behold, young Juba, the Numidian Prince,
With how much Care he forms Himself to Glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native Temper,
To copy out our Father's bright Example.*

And the like Character does *Juba* give of *Marcia*, Page 12.

*The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her Sex,
True, She is Fair, (Oh how divinely Fair!)
But still the lovely Maid improves her Charms;
With inward Greatness, unaffected Wisdom,
And sanctity of Manners. Cato's Soul
Shines out in ev'ry Thing She acts or Speaks,
While winning Mildness and attractive Smiles,
Dwell in Her Looks, and with becoming Grace
Softens the Rigour of Her Father's Virtues.*

Now I should be apt to think, that a Nest of *Stoicks* could supply us, with no more proper Persons for an excellent Tragedy, than a Nest of Fools can do for an excellent Comedy. But here if any of the Author's Friends should urge in his Behalf, that tho' these Persons are introduc'd as *Stoicks*, yet the Poets has given them nothing but the Name, and that in the Sequel, they act more Termagantly, than any Persons in the World besides themselves, *Stoicks* or others, would do in their Circumstances, I must allow that they are in the Right, but then this Question is liable to be ask'd, Is there not upon this account, some Inequality, some Inconsistency, and some Poetical badness of the Manners in them? Is it convenient, is it consistent, or is it expected, that Persons who at first are introduc'd as Philosophers, as *Romans*, as Lovers of their Country, as dutiful and affectionate Children to the best of Fathers, should play the whining Amorous Milk-Sops, upon that very Day, when Reason is about to yeild to Force, Liberty to Tyranny, *Rome* to *Caesar*, and the sacred Life of their Father to that universal Tyrant, Death? when *Portius* in the first Act of this Play, gives *Sempronius* so good a Character of his Sister *Marcia's* Dutifulness, and her filial Affection and Tendernefs.

*Alas! Sempronius, wou'dst Thou talk of Love
To Marcia, while Her Father's Life's in Danger,
Thou might'st as well court the Pale Trembling Vestal,
When She beholds the Holy Flame expiring.*

Does he not at the same time give a very wretched one of his own and his Brother *Marcus's*? Was it not their Duty to shew as much Concern for their Father's Danger as their Sister *Marcia* did? Was it not their Duty at the same time to shew that they were still less than their Sister in the Pow'r of soft effeminate Passions; as being stronger both by Education and Nature, and far more capable both of *Roman* Resolution and of *Gracian* Philosophy.

There likewise appears to me to be a very great Inequality and Inconsistency in the Character of *Marcia*; who is certainly in the Right in what She says Act 1. p. 14. to *Lucia*.

*How Lucia, wouldst Thou have me sink away
In pleasing Dreams, and lose my self in Love,*

When

When ev'ry Moment Cato's Life's at Stake?

*Cæsar comes Arm'd with Terrour and Revenge,
And aims his Thunder at my Father's Head;
Should not the sad Occasion swallow up
My other Cares, and draw them all into it.*

Yes, certainly, The sad Occasion ought to do this. These are reasonable Sentiments, and becoming a dutiful and affectionate Daughter; Tho' She has chosen strange Words to express these Sentiments, of which in another Place: The Question here is, whether She is not more in the Wrong in her next Speech, than She is in the Right here.

*Lucia, Disburthen all Thy Cares on me,
And let me share Thy most retir'd Distress,
Tell me who raises up this Co'nflict in Thee.*

*Luc. I need not blush to name Them when I tell Thee;
They're Marcia's Brothers and the Sons of Cato.*

*Merc. They both behold Thee with their Sister's Eyes,
And often have reveal'd their Passion to me:
But tell me whose Address Thou favour'st most,
I long to know, and yet I Dread to hear it.*

Now here, as I said before, The Question is, whether She, who was so much in the Right in laying aside the Thoughts of her own Cares and Passions, when Her Fathers Life was ev'ry Moment in Danger, is not infinitely more in the Wrong than She was in the Right before, in enquiring and entering into another Person's Cares and Passions. For if She had yeilded at such a time to the Violence of her own Affections, there had been, according to Poetical Reckoning, a kind of Constraint upon her, and the Action had been Involuntary, but the entering in her Circumstances into another Person's Passions and Cares is most certainly choice, and a more extravagant and blameable Choice than hers could not possibly be made. If She had yeilded to a Passion for *Juba*, that Passion, tho' ill timed, had yet been natural, tho' it had not been reasonable. But the Concern which she shew'd for her Brother's Passion is affected and fantastical.

*But tell me whose Address thou favour'st most,
I long to know, and yet I Dread to hear it.*

Luc. Which is it Marcia wishes for?

Marc. *For neither.*

*And yet fr both, The Youths have equal Share
In Marcia's Wishes, and divide their Sister,
But tell me which of them is Lucia's Choice ?*

Luc. *Marcia, They both are High in my Esteem,
But in my Love — why wilt thou make me name Him ?
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish Passion,
Pleas'd and disgust'd with it knows not what.*

Marc. *O Lucia I'm perplex'd O tell me which
I must hereafter call my Happy Brother.*

Luc. *Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my Choice ;
O Portius ! Thou hast stol'n away my Soul —
Marcus is over-warm —*

Now, there is not One Lady in Twenty that would have found that Fault in a Lover, any more than in a Bed-fellow.

Marc. *Alas ! Poor Youth ! How can'st thou throw him from thee ?
Lucia, Thou know'st not half the love he bears thee.*

Luc. *You seem to plead
Against your Brother Portius.*

Marc. *Heav'n forbid !
Had Portius been the unsuccessful Lover,
The same Compassion would have fal'n on him.*

Now, is not this a very whimsical Distress for a Gentlewoman in her Circumstances, and are not these Sentiments very Different from what She utter'd in the foregoing Page ?

*How Lucia, would'st thou have me sink away
In pleasing Dreams, and lose my self in Love ?
When ev'ry Moment Cato's Life's at Stake ?
Should not the sad Occasion swallow up
My other Cares, and Draw them all into it.*

Could any thing have been more reasonable, or more natural, than to have applied the Sense of these five Lines to her Brothers as well as her self ?

But as *Marcia* is thus Different from her self, there is still another strange Inequality, and a whimsical Inconsistency in her lusty Lover *Sempronius*, which we forgot when we mention'd his Character before. The first time *Sempronius* appears he discovers himself to be a Traytor and a Lover. At his first Entrance he says, p. 4.

*Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed.*

In the next Page, he shews himself a Lover.

O my Portius !

*Could I but call that wond'rous Man my Father,
Would but thy Sister Marcia be propitious
To thy Friends Vows, I might be bless'd indeed.*

But Love appears to be his predominant Inclination. For when he is alone in the 6th Page, he declares that the chief Reason why he is a Traytor is, because he is a Lover.

*Cato has us'd me ill, he has refus'd
His Daughter Marcia to my ardent Vows.*

This Traytor in the second Act appears likewise very Amorous.

*Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's Cause, and wishest Marcia mine.*

Syph. May she be thine as fast as thou canst wish her.

*Semp. Juba, I love that Woman, tho' I curse
My self and her, yet spight of me I love her.*

And yet the poor Girl has given him not so much as an ungentle Word, or a mortifying Look, since he mention'd her with so much fondness. But what says *Syphax* to this?

*Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a Trifle.*

In the fourth Act, p. 43. We find *Sempronius* still prosecuting his Plot against *Cato*, and still harping upon his Daughter.

*Confusion ! I have fail'd of half my Purpose
Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind.*

By the way, what he means by behind is hard to imagine, for he says this in her own House. Perhaps by behind, he means behind the Scenes. But what says old *Syphax* to this?

How ? will Sempronius turn a Woman's Slave.

Methinks this is a different Language from what *Syphax* us'd in the second Act.

May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst wish her.

Could the Reader expect that he who talk'd at that rate in the second Act, should shew this Surprize that he now discovers ? But let us hear what *Sempronius* answers. *This*

*Think not thy Friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly Warmth, and Tenderness of Love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty Maid,
And bend her stubborn Virtue to my Passion ;
When I have gone thus far I'll cast her off.*

Thus we see to our great Surprize that *Sempronius* is no Lover at last, that he is and ever has been incapable of the Soft

Unmanly Warmth, and Tenderness of Love.

And 'tis very much for the Credit of the God of Love that he is so. But would any one have thought when he said to her Brother in the first Act,

O my Portius !

*Could I but call that wond'rous Man my Father,
Would but thy Sister Marcia be propitious
To thy Frinds Vows, I might be bless'd indeed.*

That he aim'd at nothing but a single Assignment with her. Would one have Thought that by being *bless'd indeed*, he meant nothing, as *Mrs. Frail* said to *Mrs. Foresight*, but the being happy in a Hackney-Coach with her. Is this the Blessing that *Cato*, as he tells us in the first Act, had refus'd to his ardent Vows ? Is it for the refusal of this Blessing that he turns Traytor to *Cato* and to his Country ? And is this the Trifle which *Syphax* tells him in the second Act, that *Cæsar* would not refuse him ? Is it not strange, since Bully *Sempronius* was so rampant, that nothing but *Cato's* Daughter would serve his Turn ? And that no less a Pimp would serve him than *Cæsar* and her own Father ? *Syphax* and *Sempronius* have worthy Sentiments of the great *Cæsar* indeed ; who expected that he should abandon the Daughter of *Cato*, to be ravish'd by the very Villain who had betray'd her Father ; that would have been wonderfully agreeable to that Popularity which *Cæsar* so much affected, and which was so much his Interest. *Lucius* it seems, and the rest of his Enemies, had more advantagious Opinions of *Cæsar*, than his two worthy Friends here. For see what he says to *Cato*.

*The Victor never will impose on Cato
Ungenerous Terms, his Enemies confess
The Virtues of Humanity are Cæsar's. Act 4. p. 51.*

Sem-

Sempronius and his Friend *Syphax* seem very inconsistent with themselves, and with the other Characters in what they say or do in relation to *Juba* in the several Parts of this Tragedy. In the third Scene of the first Act *Sempronius* says to *Syphax*,

*But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better Terms.*

To which *Syphax* answers,

*Alas! he's lost,
He's lost, Sempronius, all his Thoughts are full
Of Cato's Virtues, but I'll try once more.*

*Semp. Be sure to press upon him ev'ry Motive.
Juba's Surrender since his Father's Death
Would give up Africk into Cæsar's Hands,
And make him Lord of half the burning Zone.*

And *Cato* says in the second Act, in order to animate the assembled Senate,

*Numidia's spacious Kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young Prince's Call.
While there is Hope do not distrust the Gods.*

And *Syphax* likewise tells *Juba* in the same Act.

*Juba commands Numidia's hardy Troops,
Mounted on Steeds unus'd to the restraint
Of Curbs or Bits, and fleetier than the Winds.
Give but the Word we'll snatch this Damsel up,
And bear her off.*

By all this now would not one imagine that this *Juba* was a mighty Prince, of most formidable Interest, and able to raise up a very powerful Confederacy against *Cæsar*? And yet this very *Sempronius* in the second Act, p. 31. tho' nothing had happen'd since his high Opinion of *Juba's* Power, that could weaken his Interest, mentions him as one of no Significancy.

Sempr. Is Juba fix'd?

Syph. Yes, but it is to Cato.

Sempr. Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.

And *Syphax* in the 28th Page, treats him with the utmost Contempt, upon which *Juba* puts this Question to him:

*Is it because the Throne of my Fore-fathers
Still stands unfix'd, and that Numidia's Crown
Hangs doubtful yet whose Head it shall enclose ;
That thou presum'st to treat thy Prince with Scorn ?*

So that here not only *Syphax* considers him, but he regards himself as a King *de Jure* only, and of no manner of Power. How unlike to him, who was describ'd before in the First Act as the Prince.

*Juba's Surrender since his Father's Death
Would give up Africk into Cæsar's Hands,
And make him Lord of half the burning Zone.*

And I would fain know whether *Sempronius* does not treat him as a Wretch of no manner of Consequence, when in the Fourth Act he attempts to kill him with his own Guards, in the very Hall of the Governour; and yet in that very Place, when *Sempronius* lies dead in *Juba's* Garb, *Marcia* mistakes him for that young Prince, because of his Regal Ornaments.

*Ha! a Numidian ! Heav'n's preserve the Prince,
The Face lies muffled up within the Garment :
But, Ha ! Death to my Sight ! A Diadem
And purple Robes, O Gods ! 'tis he, 'tis he.*

And *Cato* expiring has the same Opinion of him that he had in the assembled Senate.

*A Senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have match'd his Daughter with a King,
But Cæsar's Arms have thrown down all Distinction.*

Nor is *Juba* more consistent with himself in the Scene between him and *Cato* in the Second Act, where he says to *Cato*,

*Jub. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st, I pant for Virtue,
And all my Soul endeavours at Perfection.*

By the way, *panting for Virtue* is a pretty brisk Metaphor. *Virtue*, they say, lies in the Middle; now the Question is, whether the *Virtue* for which *Juba* pants is not in the Middle of *Cato's* Daughter? But that we shall see immediately. *Cato* answers,

*Cat. Dost thou love Watching, Abstinence and Toil,
Laborious Vertues all, learn them from Cato,
Success and Fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.*

Now

Now let us see what this young *Numidian* replies,

Jub. *The best good Fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole Success at which my Heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.*

Cato, who does not in the least dream that *Marcia* is the Virtue that *Juba* pants for, immediately gives him *Charte Blanche*.

Cat. *What can Juba ask that Cato can refuse?*

Juba. *I fear to name it——*

Marcia inherits all her Father's Virtue.

Cat. *What wou'dst thou say?*

Jub. *Cato, thou hast a Daughter.*

Thus we see that *Juba* is for a Virtue that is not very consistent with Abstinence; some Watching, indeed, and Toil there may be in it: But *Cato*, in my Opinion, makes him a very reasonable Reply.

Cat. *Adieu, young Prince, I would not hear a Word
Shou'd lessen thee in my Esteem; Remember
The Hand of Fate is over us, and Heav'n
Exacts Severity from all our Thoughts;
It is not now a time to talk of ought
But Chains or Conquest, Liberty or Death.*

This *Numidian's* Desire to solace himself with the Daughter, at a Time when the Knife was at the Throat of the Father, is, methinks, something absurd; but the doing a thing that is something absurd is one certain Sign of a Lover.

Thus have we endeavour'd to shew, That the Characters in this Play are not proper for Tragedy; That the Manners of them are for the most part ill mark'd, inconvenient, inconsistent and unequal; and, That the Passions are sometimes not agreeable to the Characters. We now come to shew, That the Passions for the most part are not Tragical, and that they are sometimes false.

And first we shall shew, That the Passions in this Play, for the most part, are not Tragical. No Passion can be justly esteem'd a Tragical Passion, but what is the Cause or the Effect of a real Tragical Distress; that is, of something which is in it self terrible or deplorable. The Love therefore that reigns throughout the Tragedy of *Cato* is not a Tragical Passion,
because

because it produces no real Tragical Distress, but a Distress which proceeds only from the Whimfies or extravagant Caprices of the Lovers.

We have made it appear above, that *Sempronius* is no Lover; and the Death of *Marcus* is by no means to be imputed to Love, but to his Duty, to his Bravery, to his Thirst of Glory. We are prepar'd for it from this last Quality, in the first Scene of the Play, where he says to *Portius*;

*Bid me for Honour plunge into a War
Of thickest Foes, and rush on certain Death;
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
To follow Glory, and confess his Father.*

And in the Fourth Act, p. 51. when *Cato* hears that *Marcus* is engag'd with *Syphax*, he says to *Portius*,

*Haste, my Son, and see
Thy Brother Marcus acts a Roman's Part:*

That is, that he should conquer or die. And *Cato* says in very next Page, upon hearing that *Marcus* was kill'd without quitting his Post,

Thanks to the Gods, my Boy has done his Duty.

From all which 'tis plain, that Love had not the least Influence upon the Death of *Marcus*, nor is it mention'd, or suppos'd, or so much as suspected to have had, by any of the other Poetical Characters. If here it should be objected, That the Parting of Lovers is deplorable, and that consequently every thing that has a Tendency to that Parting must excite Compassion, and that therefore the Scene between *Portius* and *Lucia* in the Third Act is truly Tragical: To that I answer, That I own the Parting of Lovers to be deplorable, and that consequently every thing that has a Tendency to that Parting must excite Compassion; but then that Parting must have a real compulsive, or at least a reasonable Cause, and not proceed like *Lucia's* Resolution to part with *Portius*, from Whimsey and Fantasticalness; for in that Case we cannot believe that the Lovers will really part, but that they will come to their Senses again. Now we shall shew immediately, that not only *Lucia's* Resolution is fantastical, but that the Passion in the Scene between her and *Portius* in the Third Act, and that

that in the foregoing Scene between *Portius* and *Marcus*, has not the least Foundation in Nature.

Marcus, who is represented so warm and so violent a Lover, yet does not speak one Word to his Mistress thro' the whole Play; and in the Beginning of the Third Act, he who is by Nature bold and undertaking, applies himself to *Portius*, who is cool and modest, to speak for him.

*Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair One's Presence,
Then undertake my Cause, and plead it to her,
With all the Strength and Heat of Eloquence,
Fraternal Love and Friendship can inspire.*

How dull is this young *Stoick* to believe, that any one can plead for a Lover like himself, and not to know that one Glance of a Lover is more capable of going to the Heart of his Mistress, than all the Art and all the Genius of the most accomplish'd Orator, and that the little blind Boy-God is more eloquent and more persuasive than all the rest of Gods and Men together; for as to the Reason that he alledges for this Desire,

Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair One's Presence,

'Tis none of *Lucia's* Fault that he had not had the same Advantage, as appears by what she says immediately upon her Arrival.

*Luc. Did not I see your Brother Marcus here,
Why did he fly the Place, and shun my Presence?*

But this absurd Petition of *Marcus* is necessary to draw on the following fantastical Scene. The Answer of *Portius* to this Question of *Lucia* is very extraordinary, and shews a Lover recommending his Rival to his Mistress.

*Port: Oh, Lucia, Language is too faint to shew
His Rage of Love, it preys upon his Life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies,
His Virtues and his Passions lie confus'd,
And mixt together in so wild a Tumult,
That the whole Man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heav'n's! wou'd one think twere possible for Love
To make such Ravage in a noble Soul!
Oh, Lucia, I'm distress'd, my Heart bleeds for him;
Evn' now while thus I stand bless'd in thy Presence,
A secret Damp of Grief comes o'er my Thoughts,
And I'm unhappy tho' thou smil'st upon me.*

Now

Now what can be the Meaning of all this? to make his Mistress compassionate to his Rival? That for ought I know may be very Heroick, but of this I am sure that there is not one jot of Nature in it ; for Lovers are jealous, Women are inconstant, and Pity is often the Fore-runner of Love.

*La pietá messaggiera é de'l Amor,
Come il Lampo del tuon. Tasso.*

For Pity still foreruns approaching Love,
As Lightning does the Thunder.

As Mr. Dryden translates it in his *Spanish Fryar*. But what says the Lady to this? Why, she being pretty conceited of her Charms, immediately cries out to *Portius*,

*How wilt thou guard thy Honour in the Shock
Of Love and Friendship? Think betimes, my Portius ;
Think how the Nuptial Tie, that might ensure
Our mutual Bliss, would raise to such a Height
Thy Brother's Grievs, as might perhaps destroy him.*

Sweetly intimating, that the irresistible Power of her Beauty will force poor *Marcus* to dispose of his Person in such a manner, as may give a substantial unquestionable Proof of his Passion.

*For he who hangs or beats out's Brains,
The Devil's in him if he feigns.*

Upon which *Portius* comes to the Point, and makes an extraordinary Speech for him.

*Port. Alas poor Youth! What dost thou think, my Lucia?
His generous, open, undesigning Heart
Has beg'd his Rival to solicit for him ;
Then do not strike him dead with a Denial,
But hold him up in Life, and cheer his Soul
With the faint Glimmering of a doubtful Hope.*

The plain Meaning of this is, That *Portius* desires his Mistress to play the Jilt either with himself or his Brother. Upon which the Lady takes up an extraordinary Resolution, and says to *Portius*,

*Luc. I see thy Sister's Tears,
Thy Father's Anguish, and thy Brother's Death,*

In the Pursuit of our ill-fated Love.

*And, Portius, here I swear, to Heav'n I swear,
To Heav'n, and all the Pow'rs that judge Mankind,
Never to mix my plighted Hands with thine,
While such a Cloud of Mischiefs hangs about us;
But to forget our Loves, and drive thee out
From all my Thoughts, as far as I am able.*

Which is as much as to say, That she resolves to leave her Lover to hang himself, for fear his Rival should drown himself. *Portius* shews in his Answer that he is quick of Apprehension, and takes it so.

*Port. What hast thou said? I'm Thunderstruck. Recal
Those hasty Words, or I am lost for ever.*

*Luc. Has not the Vow already pass'd my Lips?
The Gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in Heaven,
May all the Vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd Heads, o'erwhelm me if I break it.*

Portius, after a Pause,

*Fix'd in Astonishment I gaze upon thee,
Like one just blasted by a Stroke from Heav'n,
Who pants for Breath, and stiffens yet alive,
In dreadful Looks a Monument of Wrath.*

But now here comes an unexpected Turn,

*Luc. At length I've acted my severest Part,
I feel the Woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my Heart! My Tears will flow.
But Oh! Ill think no more! The Hand of Fate
Has torn thee from thee, and I must forget thee.*

Port. Hard-hearted, cruel Maid!

Never Reproach was certainly more unreasonable, and she might very well answer him as *Warner* did *Sir Martin*.

Sir Mart. Adieu hard-hearted Warner.

Warn. Adieu soft-headed Sir Martin.

But *Lucia* makes *Portius* another sort of an Answer.

*Luc. Oh stop these Sounds,
These killing Sounds; why dost thou frown upon me?
My Blood runs cold, my Heart forgets to heave,
And Life it self goes out at thy Displeasure.*

*The Gods forbid us to indulge our Loves ;
But oh ! I cannot bear thy Hate, and live.*

Well ! let me die, if all this be not extremely whimsical ; what she means by the Hand of Fate in her last Speech but one, I cannot imagine ; and I can less conceive how she, who cannot bear the Frown of her Lover, can endure to think of parting with him. But let us see what Advantage *Portius* takes of her Ladyship's Weakness in the following Speech.

*Port. Talk not of Love, thou never knew'st its Force,
I've been deluded, led into a Dream
Of fancy'd Bliss. O Lucia ! cruel Maid !
Thy dreadful Vow, loaden with Death still sounds
In my stunn'd Ears ; What shall I say or do ?
Quick let us part ! Perdition's in thy Presence,
And Horror dwells about thee !—Ha ! she faints.*

And now I desire to ask the Reader, whether *Lucia's* Swooning upon *Portius's* resolving to comply with her Desire, does not shew more of an Histerical Fit, than of the magnanimous Spirit of a Roman Lady, and of a Mind that is constant and consistent with it self. For my part, I always thought that the Passions in Tragedy were to be produc'd by the Force of the Incidents, and not by the Weakness of the Dramatical Persons. But *Portius* does not come one jot behind her in Weakness.

Ha ! she faints.
*What has my Rashness done ? Wretch that I am !
Lucia, thou injur'd Incocence ! Thou best
And loveliest of thy Sex ! Awake my Lucia,
Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
Her Imprecations reach not to the Tomb,
They shut not out Society in Death.*

He fancies that she's gone for good, and resolves to overtake her, when her Ladyship luckily recovers.

*Luc. O Portius, was this well, to frown on her,
That lives upon thy Smiles, to call in doubt
The Faith of one expiring at thy Feet,
That loves thee more than ever Woman lov'd.*

But now she falls into a Relapse of her Histerical Passion.

*What do I say! my half recover'd Sense
Forgets the Vow in which my Soul is bound;
Destruction stands betwixt us, we must part.*

*Port. Name not the Word, my frighted Thoughts run back,
And startle into Madness at the Sound,*

And yet but a Moment pass'd he himself propos'd it.

*Luc. What wouldst thou have me do? consider well
The Train of Ills our Love would draw behind it.*

*Think, Portius, think, thou seest thy dying Brother
Stab'd at his Heart, and all besmear'd with Blood,
Storming at Heaven and thee.*

This visionary Conceit has taken strong Hold of her Fancy, and now it seizes upon the Imagination of Portius.

*Port. To my Confusion and eternal Grief,
I must approve the Sentence that destroys me.*

Well! This is the first time that ever I knew that a Fit of the Mother was catching. In the next Page her Ladyship is at it again.

Port. Stay, Lucia, stay, what do'st thou say? for ever!

*Luc. Have I not sworn? If Portius thy Success
Must throw thy Brother on his Fate, farewell?
Oh! How shall I repeat the Words for ever?*

*Port. Thou must not go, my Soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.*

*Luc. If the firm Portius shake
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers?*

*Port. 'Tis true, unruffled and serene I've met
The common Accidents of Life, but here
Such an unlook'd for Storm of Ills falls on me,
It beats down all my Strength, I cannot bear it,
We must not part.*

Now the common Accidents of Life, which we have seen him meet *unruffled and serene*, are, the Destruction of his Country, the Ruin of Liberty, and the probable Approach of his Father's Death. And the *Storm of ills that beats down all his Strength* is this Histerical Fancy of Lucia, that Marcus will be forc'd, by the resistless Power of her Beauty, to lay dead-doing Hands upon himself.

Thus

Thus do these two ingenious Persons contrive to torment and plague one another, upon an Event which a thousand to one is imaginary, and which, should it really happen, is most certainly at a distance, and that is the Self-Murder of *Marcus*; while they shew no Concern for the Death of *Cato*, which they know is likely to happen that very Day, and which they ought to be studying to prevent; nor for the Approach of *Cesar's* Army, which is expected at *Utica* that very Night, whose Arrival may not improbably be attended with the Death of *Portius* and *Lucius*; and upon whose Arrival likewise her whimsical Ladyship her self may, for any thing she knows, have a delicate green Gown given her, by some rampant Tribune, or some brawny Centurion.

Of the very few excellent Tragedies which we have upon our *English* Stage, the *Orphan* is that which the Author of *Cato* seems to have had most an Eye to. There is in the *Orphan* an old moralizing Gentleman, who has two Sons and a Daughter; there is likewise in the Family another Lady, who is not a Relation but in their Affections, to whom the Brothers, tho' Friends, are Rivals. So that there is a Resemblance we see between both the Subject and Characters of the *Orphan* and *Cato*. But now let us see the Difference that is to be found in the Conduct of them. The Passions of *Castalio* and *Polidor* for *Monimia*, a charming Maid, in the Flower of Youth and Beauty, and of *Monimia* for *Castalio*, an agreeable Youth; these Passions in the above-nam'd Persons, who are all of them in the same Family, in the Quiet and Retirement of a Country Life, and in full Ease and Prosperity, are very natural, and in high probability; whereas the Passions of *Marcus* and *Portius*, and of *Marcia* and *Lucia* are unseasonable, and highly improbable. The Rivalship in *Cato* produces nothing, whereas that in the *Orphan* is the Cause of a most deplorable Distress, and a most moving Catastrophe; for tho' *Castalio* and *Polidor* are represented to be as warm Friends as *Marcus* and *Portius* can be, yet each of them strives to succeed in his Love, to the Disadvantage of the other, which is acting according to Nature, for Love, like Ambition, can endure no equal; whereas in *Cato*, as we have seen above, a Lover pleads for his Rival. In

Cato,

Cato, Marcus knows nothing of his Brother's Passion, which is very improbable, since that *Portius* had been some time in Love with *Lucia* as well as *Marcus*; that they are all three, as far as we can see, in the same House; and that Love, tho' he is painted blind, yet has Eyes as sharp as an Eagle. Nor is it only improbable this Ignorance of *Marcus*, but it has likewise no manner of Consequence. In the *Orphan*, *Castalio* boasts of his Passion, and is resolv'd to maintain the Birth-Right of it; that which he conceals is his Intention of Marriage, which is a great deal more easy to be conceal'd than Love, and which it is highly probable that one in *Castalio's* Circumstances would conceal, least it should come to his Father's Ear by his Brother's Repentment; but that probable Concealment has a surprizing and dreadful Consequence, which plunges all three into an Abyss of Woe. The Characters in *Cato* are represented as Philosophers all; whereas in the *Orphan* they are in that Mediocrity which is requir'd by *Aristotle*, neither wicked and profligate, nor sovereignly Virtuous, but rather good than wicked. And the Calamities of all three are occasion'd by Faults which *Aristotle* terms involuntary, that is, by Faults occasion'd by the Force of an outrageous Passion. The Fault of *Castalio*, in dissembling with his Brother, and marrying *Monimia*, without the Knowledge or Consent of his Father; that of *Monimia* is the marrying *Castalio*, without the Knowledge and Consent of his Father, who was her Benefactor; that of *Polidor*, in dissembling with his Brother, and the debauching *Monimia* without her Consent, contrary to the Rights of Hospitality, and that Veneration that was due to his Father's Protection and Guardianship; which Faults in all of them proceed from the Violence of a Passion, which is admirably painted by the most ingenious Author. And the Moral, tho' not express'd at the End of the Play, yet most intelligibly implied, is a wholesome, but terrible Instruction to an Audience to beware of clandestine Marriages, which involv'd a Family so happy before in such fatal Disasters. I know very well that there are Faults in the Conduct of the *Orphan*, but its Faults are light in Comparison of its Justness and Beauties. And as there are few Tragedies upon any Stage,

ancient

ancient or modern, in which Compassion is mov'd to a greater Degree, 'tis a sure Sign that it has its Foundation for the most part in Nature.

Nor is the Grief of *Cato* in the fourth Act, one Jot more in Nature than that of his Son and *Lucia* in the Third: *Cato* receives the News of his Sons Death not only with dry Eyes, but with a sort of Satisfaction, and in the same Page sheds Tears for the Calamity of his Country, and does the same thing in the next Page, upon the bare Apprehension of the Danger of his Friends. Now, since the Love of one's Country is the Love of one's Countrymen, as I have shewn upon another Occasion, I desire leave to ask these Questions, Of all our Countrymen which do we love most, those whom we know, or those whom we know not? And of those whom we know, which do we cherish most, our Friends, or our Enemies? And of our Friends, which are the dearest to us, those who are related to us, or those who are not? And of all our Relations, for which have we most Tenderness, for those who are near to us, or for those who are remote? And of our near Relations which are the nearest and consequently the dearest to us, our Offspring or others? Our Offspring most certainly, as Nature, or in other Words, Providence has wisely contriv'd for the Preservation of Mankind? Now, does it not follow from what has been said, That for a Man to receive the News of his Son's Death with dry Eyes, and to weep at the same time for the Calamities of his Country, is a wretched Affectation and a miserable Inconsistency? Is not that in plain *English* to receive with dry Eyes the News of the Deaths of those, for whose Sake our Country is a Name so dear to us, and at the same time to shed Tears for those for whose Sakes our Country is not a Name so dear to us? Upon the Danger of a Man's Country or his Friends, Reason and Duty require that he should appear concern'd. Upon the untimely Death of a brave Son, Nature and Instinct require that he should shed Tears, or at least that he should feel a Grief great enough to produce that Effect. Now, is not this a pleasant Conduct, and a merry Philosophy, when a Man appears melting into Tears where only a bare Concern is requir'd; and appears with dry Eyes
and

and a calm Heart, where Nature requires a Flood of Tears, and the most moving Tenderness? If this were Nature in *Cato*, it would be Nature in other Men. For tho' we should grant that *Cato* had more Virtue than other Men, yet great Virtue is in no Men express'd and shewn by Passion, and in Philosophers less than others, and least of all in *Stoicks*. One Man indeed may have more Virtue than another, by the Rigour of his Discipline, or by the Excellence of his Nature; but the Springs of Passion are the same in all. Philosophy indeed may help to restrain our Passions, but it never pretended to make them rise. 'Tis only Nature that can do that, and Nature is the same in all.

But granting that 'tis commendable for a Man to shed Tears for the Danger of his Country, and to behold with dry Eyes a gallant Son lying dead before him of an untimely Fate, yet, why Tears for his Friends, and none for his Son? Tears for the bare Prospect of their Calamity, and none for the certain Destruction of a gallant Son. There may be Stoicism and Romantick Honour in this for ought I know, but is there Reason, is there Nature in it? Is not this a downright Rebellion against Reason, against Nature, against Providence? Is not this bringing an artificial Character upon the Stage, instead of a natural one? And is an artificial Character proper for Tragedy, which is an imitation of Nature, and whose chief Excellence consists in describing a natural Sorrow?

We have hitherto shewn the Faults that this Author has committed for want of observing the Rules. We shall now shew the Absurdities with which he abounds thro' a too nice observing some of them, without any manner of Judgment or Discretion. The Unities of Time and Place are mechanick Rules, which, if they are observ'd with Judgment, strengthen the reasonableness of the Incidents, heighten the probability of the Action, promote the agreeable Deceit of the Representation, and add Cleanliness, Grace, and Comeliness to it. But if they are practis'd without Discretion, they render the Action more improbable, and the Representation more absurd, as an unworthy Performance turns an Act of the highest Devotion into an Act of the greatest Sin.

I have already mention'd some Indecencies and Improbabilities which are in the Conduct of this Play, which, tho' I have mention'd them upon other Occasions, yet are chiefly deriv'd from the indiscreet Observance of the Unity of Time. 'Tis the Unity of Time that makes the Manners of the Dramatick Persons very indecent, and the Passions very improper and unbecoming. But this will appear more clearly, when we come to consider the Unity of Time and the Unity of Place together, and to give the Reader a View of the Scenery, as far as is consistent with the Compass which I have prescrib'd to my self.

Aristotle tells us, that a Tragick Poet ought to take care, that there be no Incident in his Tragedy which is without Reason: From whence it follows, that there ought to be a clear Reason for the Entrance or Exit of each Dramatick Person, at that particular Time when he enters upon, or leaves the Place of Action, which is so far from being observ'd in this Tragedy, that there are often the strongest Reasons why the Persons of it ought to be in another Place, than in that in which we behold them. In order to the making this appear, let us consider the Time and Place at which the Action of the Play begins. The Action of this Play is in the great Hall of the Governor of *Utica's* Palace, and it begins at the Point of Day.

*The Dawn is over-cast, the Morning low'rs,
And heavily in Clouds brings on the Day.*

Portius tells us this, who appears in this great Hall with his Brother *Marcus* at that early Hour; the Question is, what they came for? As I did not see the Play acted, I want to know in what Posture the Brother's appear'd first, and whether there was upon the Stage a Table with Candles on it, for as it was but just Dawn, and that Dawn was over-cast, it must be very Dark in the Hall, so dark, methinks, that it should be impossible for People within Doors, to tell whether it were Dawn or no; unless they talk'd to one another with their Heads out at the Window. For my part, if I had not seen the Governour of *Utica's* large Hall underneath the *Dra-*

matis Personæ, I should have imagin'd by the two first Lines of the Play that the Scene had lay'n without Doors ; but this is a Trifle in Comparifon of what follows. The two Persons who open this Play are the Sons of *Cato*, two young Men, who profess a great Love for their Country, and a high Esteem for their Father ; and who besides are by Birth *Romans*, and by Discipline *Stoicks* ; and who tell us in the very fourth Line of the Play, that that Day is like to be the last of their Father's Life, and of their Country's Liberty.

*The Dawn is over-cast, the Morning lowr's,
And heavily in Clouds brings on the Day ;
The great, th' important Day, big with the Fate
Of Cato and of Rome.*

The Question is, whether after they have begun the Play by declaring this, the Transition to Love is not very forc'd and unnatural. *No noble *Roman* who had been concern'd for his Country, would have thought of Love on that Day, on which he expected that his Country would lose its Liberty, much less ought two Persons to have done it, who at the same time that they were *Romans*, were the Sons and the Disciples of *Cato*. The Place was, as it were, a publick Place, the Hall of their Father's Palace, where they did not know but their Indecencies might be over-heard, especially when it was yet but Dusk, and they could hardly see one another ; and their Father us'd to be an earlier Man than his Children ; according to the Character which *Juba* gives of him, Act 1. p. 9.

*He's still sincerely bent against himself,
Renouncing Sleep and Rest, and Food and Ease.*

Now I appeal to the Reader, whether *Cato*, if he had over-heard them, would not have thought them fine *Romans*, fine *Stoicks*, and delicate dutiful Children ? *Marcus*, at the latter End of this first Scene, says to *Portius*.

*Marc. A Brother's Sufferings claim a Brother's Pity.
Port. Heav'n knows I pity thee ! Beheld my Eyes,
Evn whilst I speak--- Do they not swim in Tears ?
Were but my Heart as naked to thy View,
Marcus would see it bleed in his Behalf.*

Were

Were ever Tears so wrongly plac'd before? When he told us above, that that Day was like to be the last of his Father's Life, and his Country's Liberty, we then neither saw nor heard of his swimming Eyes, or his bleeding Heart; and yet that sure was a juster Occasion for them, than the untimely, unworthy effeminate Passion of *Marcus*. Are these *Romans*? Are these Philosophers? Are these the Sons and Disciples of *Cato*?

Nor is there a better Reason to be given, why *Marcus* leaves the Stage at present, than why he and his Brother enter'd upon it. For the Reason which he gives for it himself is much stronger, why *Portius*, who stays, should do the same.

Marc. Sempronius comes.

He must not find this Softness hanging on me.

Now *Marcus* had nothing to do to hide his Softness, but to hold his Tongue, whereas *Portius* had swimming Eyes, and a bleeding Heart. The true Reason why the Author makes *Marcus* leave the Stage here, is, that he wanted to be rid of him upon any frivolous Pretence.

Well! But what brings *Sempronius*, who now enters the Hall of the Governor's Palace, so early? why, he comes to meet old *Syphax*, as is plain from his Soliloquy, Page 6.

— *I wonder old Syphax comes not! his Numidean Genius
Is well dispos'd to Mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it, but he must be spur'd.*

Well! but for what does *Sempronius* come to meet old *Syphax*? Why to conspire, to plot! Against whom? Against the Governor and the Senate. Where? In the Governour's Hall. When? Just before the meeting of the Senate, because then there were sure to be People there. I appeal to the Reader now if these are not close politick Persons; and if an Author, who makes his Characters, carry on a Conspiracy against a Governour in his own Hall, had not need to be as dexterous as Mr. *Bays* is at the penning a Whisper.

Methinks *Portius* gives a very odd Reason for his leaving the Scene, at the Bottom of the 5th Page.

I'll frait away.

*And while the Fathers of the Senate meet
In close Debate, to weigh th' Event of War,
I'll animate the Soldiers drooping Courage
With Love of Freedom, and Contempt of Life.*

'Tis now but half an Hour after Day-break, and the Soldiers in all likelihood are not up yet, unless those who were upon their Duty. The true Reason for his going is, that the Author wanted to be rid of him, in order to bring on old *Syphax*, and so to carry on the Plot, I do not mean the Plot of the Play, but the Plot of *Sempronius* and *Syphax*.

Upon the Departure of *Portius*, *Sempronius* makes but one Soliloquy, and immediately in comes *Syphax*, and then the two Politicians are at it immediately. They lay their Heads together, with their Snuff-boxes in their Hands, as *Mr. Bays* has it, and fegue it away. But in the midst of that wise Scene, *Syphax* seems to give a seasonable Caution to *Sempronius*.

Syph. *But is it true, Sempronius, that your Senate
Is call'd together? Gods! Thou must be cautious,
Cato has piercing Eyes.*

There is great deal of Caution shewn indeed, in meeting in a Governour's own Hall to carry on their Plot against him. Whatever Opinion they have of his Eyes, I suppose they had none of his Ears, or they would never have talk'd at this foolish rate so near him.

Gods! Thou must be cautious.

Oh! Yes, very cautious; for if *Cato* should over-hear you, and turn you off for Politicians, *Cesar* would never take you, no, *Cesar* would never take you.

Thus have we laid before the Reader some of the Conduct, and some of the Sentiments in the first Act; which are relatively absurd, that is with Relation to Time and Place. There are Sentiments in it which are absolutely so, to which perhaps we may return, when we come to treat of the Sentiments. But let us now proceed to the second Act.

When *Cato* in the 23d p. Act 2. Turns the Senators out of the Hall, upon pretence of acquainting *Juba* with the Result of their Debates, he appears to me to do a thing which is neither

ther reasonable nor civil. *Juba* might certainly have better been made acquainted with the Result of that Debate in some private Apartment of the Palace. But the Poet was driven upon this Absurdity to make way for another, and that is to give *Juba* an Opportunity to demand *Marcia* of her Father. But the Quarrel and Rage of *Juba* and *Syphax*, in the same Act, the Invectives of *Syphax* against the *Romans* and *Cato*, the Advice that he gives *Juba*, in her Father's Hall, to bear away *Marcia* by Force; and his brutal and clamorous Rage upon his Refusal, and at a time when *Cato* was scarce out of Sight, and perhaps not out of hearing; at least some of his Guards or Domesticks must necessarily be suppos'd to be within hearing, is a Thing that is so far from being probable, that it is hardly possible.

But because the Quarrel and Reconcilement between *Juba* and *Syphax*, the Prince and the General, in this Scene of *Cato*, seems to be an Imitation of the Quarrel and Reconcilement in the Scene between *Anthony* and *Ventidius*, the Prince and the General, in the First Act of *All for Love*, I shall endeavour to shew how infinitely short the Copy comes of the Original. The Quarrel and Reconcilement between *Anthony* and *Ventidius* are pleasing for the following Reasons. *Ventidius* appears to be perfectly honest, and perfectly a Friend to *Anthony*; he begins the Scene with an unfeigned Declaration of his Affection and Tendernefs for *Anthony*, which is prepar'd to make the greater Impression, by the noble Character which even *Alexas*, *Ventidius*'s greatest Enemy, gives of him. *Ventidius* gives the greatest Proof of his Zeal for *Anthony*'s Service, and a Proof of the greatest Importance to him in his present Emergency, in the twelve Legions he brings to him. The naming of that Proof naturally brings him to the Mention of *Cleopatra*, and to the telling *Anthony* a little too roughly of his greatest Fault, which had brought him to the very Brink of Ruin, and would infallibly plunge him into the Abyss of it, if he persever'd in it. And yet the very Rudeness of this Remonstrance proceeds from the Zeal and Affection of *Ventidius*, and aims at the true Interest and the Honour of *Anthony*. But *Anthony*, too warm to make these Reflections,
wholly

wholly mistakes him, and calls him Traytor upon it, which gives the justest Occasion in the World for a Turn towards a Reconcilement; for upon that *Ventidius* gives an undeniable Proof of his Fidelity, by putting him in Mind, that had he been a Traytor, he had certainly carry'd his twelve Legions to *Octavius's* Camp. Upon this *Anthony* relents, and the Reconcilement is as warm as the Quarrel had been violent, and is upon this Account delightful, because 'tis entirely to both their Satisfactions, and for both their Interests. And as the Conduct thro' the whole Scene is very just, the whole Scene is writ with a Warmth and a Spirit, and with a Strength and a Dignity of Expression that are worthy of the noble Occasion.

The Scene between *Juba* and *Syphax* has in it the very counterpart of every thing which recommends the other. The Audience before it begins knows *Syphax* to be a Traytor to *Juba*, and a Villain. *Syphax* begins it like a Clown and a Brute, with Rallery too low and too gross for Comedy. The Advice that he gives to *Juba* tends to his Infamy, if it does not tend to his Ruin. Because *Juba* will not take that Advice, *Syphax*, like a true Villain, enrag'd at the Virtue and Integrity of his Master, affronts him in the grossest manner. *Juba* truly and justly calls him Traytor upon it; whereas *Anthony*, when he gave that Language to *Ventidius*, said in his Passion what he did not think. *Syphax*, upon hearing that terrible Reproach, is not concern'd as *Ventidius* was, for his own Honour, or for his Master's Unkindness; for *Syphax* knew himself to be ten times more a Villain than *Juba* believ'd him to be; but for the vile Safety of his superannuated Carcass, which obliges him to dissemble a Submission, which brings on the Appearance of a Reconcilement, that causes Indignation instead of Satisfaction to the sensible part of an Audience; which must know it to be perfidious on the part of *Syphax*, and like to prove fatal to the Imbecillity of *Juba*. Now add to all this, that Air of Affectation with which the whole Scene is writ, and that Absurdity of Sentiments with relation to Time and Place, which we mention'd above, and then let the Reader consider what an Imitation this is of the noble Scene between *Anthony* and *Ventidius*.

Sempronius, in the Second Act, comes back once more in the same Morning to the Governour's Hall, to carry on the Conspiracy with *Syphax* against the Governour, his Country and his Family ; which is so stupid, that 'tis below the Wisdom of the *O —'s*, the *Mac's*, and the *Teague's* ; even *Eustace Commins* himself would never have gone to Justice-Hall, to have conspir'd against the Government. If any Officers at *Portsmouth* should lay their Heads together, in order to the carrying of *J — G —'s* Niece or Daughter, would they meet in *J — G —'s* Hall to carry on that Conspiracy ? There would be no Necessity for their meeting there, at least till they came to the Execution of their Plot, because there would be other Places to meet in. There would be no Probability that they should meet there, because there would be Places more private and more commodious. Now there ought to be nothing in a Tragical Action but what is necessary or probable.

But Treason is not the only thing that is carried on in this Hall. That and Love and Philosophy take their Turns in it, without any manner of Necessity or Probability, occasion'd by the Action, as duly and as regularly without interrupting one another, as if there were a triple League between them, and a mutual Agreement, that each should give place to, and make way for the other in a due and orderly Succession.

We come now to the Third Act. *Sempronius* in this Act comes into the Governour's Hall with the Leaders of the Mutiny. I have already mention'd that the unparallel'd Villany of his Behaviour, while *Cato* is with them, is no way necessary for the carrying on the Action of the Play: But as soon as *Cato* is gone, *Sempronius*, who but just before had acted like an unparallel'd Knave, discovers himself like an egregious Fool to be an Accomplice in the Conspiracy.

*Semp. Know Villains, when such paltry Slaves presume
To mix in Treason, if the Plot succeeds
They're thrown neglected by; but if it fails,
They're sure to die like Dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious Monsters, drag them forth
To sudden Death.*

'Tis true, indeed, the second Leader says there are none there but Friends ; but is that possible at such a Juncture ? Can a Parcel of Rogues attempt to assassinate the Governour of a Town of War in his own House, in Mid-day, and after they are discover'd and defeated ? Can there be none near them but Friends ? Is it not plain from these Words of *Sempronius*,

*Here, take these factious Monsters, drag them forth
To sudden Death.*

And from the Entrance of the Guards upon the Word of Command, that those Guards were within Ear-shot. Behold *Sempronius* then palpably discover'd. How comes it to pass then, that instead of being hang'd up with the rest he remains secure in the Governour's Hall, and there carries on his Conspiracy against the Government, the third time in the same Day, with his old Comrage *Syphax* ? who enters at the same time that the Guards are carrying away the Leaders, big with the News of the Defeat of ~~Sempronius~~ ; tho' where he had his Intelligence so soon, is difficult to imagine. And now the Reader may expect a very extraordinary Scene: There is not abundance of Spirit indeed, nor a great deal of Passion, but there is Wisdom more than enough to supply all Defects.

*Syph. Our first Design, my Friend, has prov'd abortive,
Still there remains an After-game to play ;
My Troops are mounted, their Numidian Steeds
Snuff up the Winds, and long to scour the Desert ;
Let but Sempronius lead us in our Flight,
We'll force the Gate where Marcus keeps his Guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our Passage ;
A Day will bring us into Cæsar's Camp.*

*Semp. Confusion ! I have fail'd of half my Purpose
Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind.*

Well ! but tho' he tells us the half Purpose that he has fail'd of, he does not tell us the half that he has carried. But what does he mean by

Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind ?

He

He is now in her own House, and we have neither seen her, nor heard of her any where else since the Play began. But now let us hear *Syphax*.

Syph. How! will *Sempronius* turn a Woman's Slave?

Semp. Think not thy Friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly Warmth and Tenderness of Love.

Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty Maid,
And bend her stubborn Virtue to my Passion;
When I had gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

Syph. Well said! That's spoken like thy self, *Sempronius*.
What hinders then but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly Force.

But what does old *Syphax* mean by finding her out? They talk as if she were as hard to be found as a Hare in a frosty Morning.

Semp. But how to gain Admission?

Oh! She is found out then, it seems. She is at Home at last. The subtle Toad, it seems, has been in her Bed-chamber with her; and that makes him talk of his having left her behind. And now we have both Halves of his Purpose, both that which he has carried, and that which he has fail'd of. He has had *Marcia*, and he has left her behind. But I am afraid that *Sempronius* had not behav'd himself so vigorously as he ought to have done, and that makes him doubt of a second Admission.

But how to gain Admission? for Access

Is giv'n to none but *Juba* and her Brothers.

But raillery a part, why Access to *Juba*? for he was own'd and receiv'd as a Lover neither by the Father, nor by the Daughter. Well! but let that pass, *Syphax* puts *Sempronius* out of Pain immediately, and being a *Numidian*, abounding in Wiles, supplies him with a Stratagem for Admission, that I believe is a *non pareillo*:

Syph. Thou shalt have *Juba's* Dress, and *Juba's* Guards,
The Doors will open, when *Numidia's* Prince
Seems to appear before them.

Sempronius is, it seems, to pass for *Juba* in full Day, at *Cato's* House, where they were both so very well known, by having *Juba's* Dress and his Guards; as if one of the Marshals of *France* could pass for the Duke of *Bavaria* at Noon-Day at *Versailles*, by having his Dress and his Liveries. But

how does *Syphax* pretend to help *Sempronius* to young *Juba's* Dress? Does he serve him in a double Capacity, as General and Master of his Wardrobe? But why *Juba's* Guards? For the Devil of any Guards has *Juba* appear'd with yet. Well! Tho' this is a mighty politick Invention, yet methinks they might have done without it. For, since the Advice that *Syphax* gave to *Sempronius*, was

To hurry her away by manly Force.

In my Opinion the shortest and likeliest Way of coming at the Lady was by demolishing, instead of putting on an impertinent Disguise to circumvent two or three Slaves. But *Sempronius*, it seems, is of another Opinion. He extols to the Skies the Invention of old *Syphax*.

Sempr. Heavens! What a Thought was there?

Now I appeal to the Reader, if I have not been as good as my Word. Did not I tell him that I would lay before him a very wise Scene?

Dixi in his esse Elegantiam Atticam?

But I have one Remark more to make, before I take my leave, for the present, of this third Act, and that is, that I have not often met with, a more civil, officious, obliging Person to his Friend than old *Syphax*. He is for helping his Friends to Diversion, with as little Ceremony as may be. First he offers his Service to *Juba*; and now he is for obliging his Friend *Sempronius*. He appears to have an extraordinary regard for the Daughter of *Cato*, and is resolv'd that she shall have it one way or other, at any rate. And because he wisely considers, that Women are to be struggl'd with to bring them to what they desire, he, that he may lay a double Obligation upon her, is resolv'd, both to help her to pleasure, and to a just Apology for it.

But now let us lay before the Reader that part of the Scenery of the fourth Act, which may shew the Absurdities which the Author has run into, thro' the indiscreet Observance of the Unity of Place. I do not remember that *Aristotle* has said any thing expressly concerning the Unity of Place. 'Tis true, implicitly he has said enough in the Rules which he

has.

has laid down for the Chorus. For by making the *Chorus* an essential Part of Tragedy, and by bringing it upon the Stage immediately after the opening of the Scene, and retaining it there till the very Catastrophe, he has so determin'd and fix'd the Place of Action, that it was impossible for an Author upon the *Græcian* Stage to break thro' that Unity. I am of Opinion, that if a modern Tragick Poet can preserve the Unity of Place, without destroying the Probability of the Incidents, 'tis always best for him to do it, because by the Preservation of that Unity, as we have taken notice above, he adds Grace and Cleanness, and Comeliness to the Representation. But since there are no express Rules about it, and we are under no Compulsion to keep it, since we have no Chorus, as the *Græcian* Poet had; if it cannot be preserv'd without rendring the greater Part of the Incidents unreasonable and absurd, and perhaps sometimes monstrous; 'tis certainly better to break it.

But to come close to our Business, *Lucia* and *Marcia* are the two Persons who open the fourth Act; *Lucia*, with the Relicks of her Histerical Fit on her.

*Luc. Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy Soul,
If thou believ'st it possible for Women
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers.*

So that we see she is still possess'd with the Vision of what her Beauty will drive poor *Marcus* too. But while she is tormented with one Vision her self, she is resolv'd to Plague her Friend *Marcia* with another.

*Luc. I know thou'rt doom'd alike to be belov'd
By Juba, and thy Father's Friend Sempronius;
But shou'd this Father give you to Sempronius.*

Upon which *Marcia* uses a pertinent Expostulation with her.

*Marc. Why wilt thou add to all the Grievs I suffer
Imaginary Ills and fancy'd Tortures?
And afterwards makes her a very reasonable Proposal,
Let us retire, and see if we can drown
Each softer Thought in Sense of present Danger.*

Had she but made this Proposal to her, before *Lucia*'s meeting with *Portius* in the Third Act, it might have sav'd her a

dreadful Fit of the Vapours. But they depart, and now comes Bully *Sempronius*, comically accoutred, and equip'd with his *Numidian* Dress and his *Numidian* Guards. Let the Reader attend to him with all his Ears, for the Words of the Wife are precious.

Semp. The Deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to her Covert.

Now I would fain know, why this Deer is said to be lodg'd, since we have not heard one Word since the Play began of her being at all out of Harbour; and if we consider the Discourse with which she and *Lucia* begin the Act, we have Reason to believe that they had hardly been talking of such Matters in the Street. However, to pleasure *Sempronius*, let us suppose for once that the Deer is lodg'd.

The Deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to her Covert.

If he had seen her in the open Field, what Occasion had he to track her, when he had so many *Numidian* Dogs at his Heels, which with one Halloo he might have set upon her Haunches? If he did not see her in the open Field, how could he possibly track her? This Metaphor *track* is of the Number of those, that render a Discourse both obscure and ambiguous. But Rhetorick apart, if he had seen her in the Street, why did he not set upon her in the Street, since thro' the Street she must be carry'd at last? Now here instead of having his Thoughts upon his Business, and upon the present Danger, instead of meditating and contriving how he shall pass with his Mistress thro' the Southern Gate, where her Brother *Marcus* is upon the Guard, and where she would certainly prove an *Impediment* to him, which is the Roman Word for the Baggage; instead of doing this, *Sempronius* is entertaining himself with Whimsies.

*Semp. How will the young Numidian rave to see
His Mistress lost? I ought could glad my Soul
Beyond th' Enjoyment of so bright a Prize,
'T would be to torture that young gay Barbarian.
But heark! what Noise? Death to my Hopes, 'tis he,
'Tis Juba's sel, ! There is but one Way left,
He must be murder'd, and a Passage cut
Thro' those his Guards.*

Pray what are these his Guards? I thought at present, that *Juba's* Guards had been *Sempronius's* Tools, and had now been dang-

dangling after his Heels. But now let us see what *Juba* says upon seeing him,

*Juba. What do I see? Who's this that dares usurp
The Guards and Habits of Numidia's Prince?*

We see here that *Juba* does but ask him a pertinent Question, when he very rudely makes him an impertinent Answer,

*Semp. One that was born to scourge thy Arrogance,
Presumptuous Youth.*

Now what is this Arrogance, and what this mighty Presumption? Where lies the Arrogance and the Presumption of a Man's laying claim to his own Cloaths, when he sees them upon another Man's Back? If the Meaning of the Word *Arrogance* is taking to a Man's self what does not belong to him, the Reader may easily judge on whose side the Arrogance lies. Well! *Juba* is amaz'd at this Extravagance of *Sempronius*, and so I make no doubt is the Reader.

Jub. What can this mean, Sempronius?

Sempronius, who is but for a Word and a Blow, replies,

Semp. My Sword shall answer thee, have at thy Heart.

Jub. Nay then beware thy own, proud barbarous Man.

Upon which *Juba* kills him, and upon that *Juba's* own Guards surrender themselves Prisoners to *Juba*; when that Paper-Serpent *Sempronius* goes off with the following Bounce.

Curse on my Stars! Am I then doom'd to fall

By a Boy's Hand? Disfigur'd in a vile

Numidian Dress? And for a worthless Woman?

'Tis not twenty Lines above, that this worthless Woman was a bright Prize. But Loss of Blood may pall the Imagination of the most vigorous Lover. But now let us sum up all these Absurdities together. *Sempronius* goes at Noon-day, in *Juba's* Cloaths, and with *Juba's* Guards, to *Cato's* Palace, in order to pass for *Juba*, in a Place where they were both so very well known; he meets *Juba* there, and resolves to murder him with his own Guards. Upon the Guards appearing a little bashful, he threatens them,

Ha! Dastards, do you tremble?

Or act like Men, or by yon Azure Heav'n!

But the Guards still remaining restiff, *Sempronius* himself attacks *Juba*, while each of the Guards is representing Mr. Spectator's Sign of the Gaper, aw'd, it seems, and terrified by *Sempronius's*

pronius's Threats. *Juba* kills *Sempronius*, and takes his own Army Prisoners, and carries them in Triumph away to *Cato*. Now I would fain know if any part of Mr. *Bays's* Tragedy is so full of Absurdity as this.

Upon hearing the Clash of Swords, *Lucia* and *Marcia* come in. The Question is, why no Men came in upon hearing the Noise of Swords in the Governour's Hall? Where was the Governour himself? Where were his Guards? Where were his Servants? Such an Attempt as this so near the Person of a Governour of a Place of War, was enough to alarm the whole Garrison; and yet for almost half an Hour after *Sempronius* was kill'd, we find none of those appear, who were the likeliest in the World to be alarm'd; and the Noise of Swords is made to draw only two poor Women thither, who were most certain to run away from it. Upon *Lucia* and *Marcia's* coming in, *Lucia* appears in all the Symptoms of an Histerical Gentlewoman.

Luc *Sure 'twas the Clash of Swords, my troubled Heart
Is so cast-down, and sunk amidst its Sorrows,
It throbs with Fear, and akes at ev'ry Sound!*

And immediately her old Whimsy returns upon her.

O *Marcia*, should thy Brothers for my Sake—
I die away with Horror at the Thought.

She fancies that there can be no cutting of Throats, but it must be for her. If this is Tragical, I would fain know what is Comical. Well! upon this they spy the Body of *Sempronius*, and *Marcia* deluded by the Habit, it seems, takes him for *Juba*, for, says she,

The Face is muffled up within the Garment.

Now how a Man could fight and fall with his Face muffled up in his Garment, is, I think, a little hard to conceive? Besides, *Juba* before he kill'd him knew him to be *Sempronius*. It was not by his Garment that he knew this, it was by his Face then; his Face therefore was not muffled. Upon seeing this Man with the muffled Face, *Marcia* falls a raving, and owning her Passion for the suppos'd Defunct, begins to make his Funeral-Oration. Upon which *Juba* enters listning, I suppose, on Tip-toe; for I cannot imagine how any one can enter listning in any other Posture. I would fain know how it came

to pass, that during all this time he had sent no body, no not so much as a Candle-snuffer, to take away the dead Body of *Sempronius*. Well ! but let us regard him listning. Having left his Apprehension behind him, he at first applies what *Marcia* says to *Sempronius*. But finding at last, with much ado, that he himself is the happy Man, he quits his Eves-dropping, and discovers himself just time enough to prevent his being cuckolded by a dead Man, of whom the Moment before he had appear'd so jealous ; and greedily intercepts the Bliss which was fondly design'd for one who could not be the better for it. But here I must ask a Question, How comes *Juba* to listen here, who had not listned before throughout the Play ? Or, How comes he to be the only Person of this Tragedy who listens, when Love and Treason were so often talk'd in so publick a Place as a Hall. I am afraid the Author was driven upon all these Absurdities, only to introduce this miserable Mistake of *Marcia*, which, after all, is much below the Dignity of Tragedy, as any thing is which is the Effect or Result of Trick. This Lamentation over the dead Body of living *Juba* seems to me to be nearly allied to a merry Adventure of the same Nature between Sir *Frederick Frolick* and my Lord *Bevil's* Sister.

But let us come to the Scenary of the Fifth Act. *Cato* appears first upon the Scene, sitting in a thoughtful Posture, in his Hand *Plato's* Treatise on the *Immortality of the Soul*, a drawn Sword on the Table by him. Now let us consider the Place in which this Sight is presented to us. The Place, forsooth, is a large Hall. Let us suppose that any one should place himself in this Posture, in the midst of one of our Halls in *London* ; that he should appear *solus* in a fullen Posture, a drawn Sword on the Table by him, in his Hand *Plato's* Treatise of the *Immortality of the Soul*, translated lately by *Bernard Lintott* ; I desire the Reader to consider, whether such a Person as this would pass with them who beheld him for a great Patriot, a great Philosopher, or a General, or for some whimsical Person who fancied himself all these ; and whether the People who belong'd to the Family would think that such a Person had a Design upon their Midriffs or his own.

In short, that *Cato* should sit long enough in the aforefaid Posture in the midst of this large Hall, to read over *Plato's* Treatise on the Immortality of the Soul; which is a Lecture of two long Hours: That he should propose to himself to be private there upon that Occasion, that he should be angry with his Son for intruding there, then that he should leave this Hall upon the Pretence of Sleep, give himself the mortal Wound in his Bed chamber; and then be brought back into that Hall to expire, purely to shew his good Breeding, and save his Friends the trouble of coming up to his Bed-chamber; all this appears to me to be improbable, incredible, impossible. *Aristotle* tells us, that there ought to be no Incident in a Tragedy but what ought to be reasonable. And *Boileau* tells us after him,

La Scene Demande une exacte raison.

But this Tragedy of *Cato*, instead of having all its Incidents reasonable, has hardly one that is so. And I know no one Tragedy, either Ancient or Modern, *English* or Foreign, that has a Heroe so famous for Wisdom, or a Conduct so notoriously indiscreet. But so much for the Faults that are in this Tragedy, with regard to the Rules of *Aristotle*.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

Page 48. for *Defeat of Marcus*, read the *Defeat of Sempronius*.



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